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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV San Francisco, January 2, 1915 No. 1167

MISS EVAN-BURROWS FONTAINE

Star solo-dancer, formerly with Ruth St. Denis, now of The Cliff House.

176489

# TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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## Archbishop Riordan

Our newspapers deal so much in superlatives that when they have anything really important to say they have no reserve of language in which to utter themselves adequately. Their gaze fixed on the low levels of common life, to them every molehill is a mountain, every thistle a tree, and when they find a man towering above his fellows like a colossal statue of flawless marble, how feeble their efforts at lucid description! The case of Archbishop Riordan is in point. Of him the newspapers have given us nothing but panegyrics. For such no man cared less; their value no man more accurately estimated. One of the notable facts of his career was his aloofness from a press that affects a deep concern for the morals of the people. Archbishop Riordan was no reformer in the worldly sense. He was never for banishing temptation from the world. His idea of the public duties of religion was that they were best ordered when they were consistent with "that hidden dignity and glory wherewith the church triumphant in heaven is beautified." To help the dull and lagging soul avail itself of its possibilities was his aim, to the mission for which he was ordained—inspiring men with faith and encouraging them in the practice of charity he devoted himself through all the years of his priesthood. His labors, counsels and prayers were for the common good of religion, for it was his conviction that religion satisfies the inmost desires of the mind and heart and refines and elevates human nature. In an age of much religious lacquer and sham contact with such a mind as Archbishop Riordan's was heartening and inspiriting, for it was a mind set on the accomplishment of the greatest things, a mind quickened by the noblest philosophy, a spacious mind withal, and it had a perfect mastery of the keys of knowledge. Archbishop Riordan was not a man who fell easily into any ready-made classification. A man of deep spiritual feeling, he was also a great administrator, and while possessed of an honest haughtiness of nature that gave the impression of an aristocrat at heart, his most passionate solicitude was for the poor. It would be hard to estimate or analyze all that we have lost by the death of Archbishop Riordan, but we know that he was a good man who led a blameless and useful life full of lessons of consummate grandeur.

## On to Utopia

Former President Taft declares that the War Department is twenty-five years behind the times in its business methods. And Rear-Admiral Bradley F. Fiske, speaking of the navy, says it would take five years to whip it into shape. He told the House Committee on Naval Affairs that the organization of the service was defective fundamentally, and that in order to get the results that have been attained in other navies radical reforms were imperative. Neither the War Department nor the Navy Department is exceptional in shameful mismanagement. All the departments of the federal government are at sixes and sevens. There is lack of correlation, there is duplication of activities, endless red tape, innumerable useless jobs and prodigious waste and extravagance. But Washington is full of statesmen ever ready to take a hand in the regulation of private business, and Postmaster-General Burleson is again urging government ownership of telegraph and telephone lines. However, efficiency is not the thing in demand in Washington. Idealism is all that Democracy is striving for. It is with the ethics of business, not the profits, that our statesmen of the New Freedom are concerned, and they haven't time to bring the War Department and the Navy Department down to date; nor do they wish to do so, for war is hell, and disarmament leads to Utopia.

## Demorcratic Neutrality

Though international peace is one of the ideals of twentieth century Democracy the prejudice of the Administration against traffic in the sinews of war may lead us into complications. At any rate it will tend to lower our President in British esteem, and induce unpleasant criticism of him in his favorite newspaper the London Times. Several bills have been introduced in the Senate and House which, if enacted into law, will prohibit the sale of explosives, ammunition or artillery, and Senator Works, in his zeal for peace, would prohibit the export of foodstuffs. These measures have been jocularly described as "bills for the relief of Germany," and according to a Republican member of Congress, the Democrats having killed all kinds of business except war business are now preparing to complete the job. Meanwhile the President is being raked fore and aft by the New York press for objecting to the construction of submarines for the Allies. The President argues that it would be a violation of the spirit of neutrality to supply any of the belligerents with contraband of war. To the layman the spirit of a law is whatever he may be pleased to breathe into it. The law of nations, that is, the law, according to the letter, gives to neutrals the privilege of supplying contraband of war at the risk of having it seized. Thomas Jefferson, when Secretary of State, informed the British Minister that Americans were not to be restrained from exporting arms in time of war, and a hundred years later Richard Olney, when Secretary of State, repeated the dictum of the first great Democrat of the country. The point is now made that instead of violating neutrality by selling submarines it would be a violation of neutrality to prevent the sale of them, the effect being to assist one belligerent, which is unable to import arms, at the expense of other belligerents that have control of the seas. In other words President Wilson, it appears, would minimize the great advantage that the Allies have won over Germany. Another point made by the President's critics is that it is a well settled principle of international law that during the course of a war neutrals should not change their laws to the detriment of either of the belligerents, and to do so is to be guilty of an unfriendly act. Doubtless President Wilson is actuated by the highest motives, but his critics, who are incensed at him for hurting business, are intimating that he cares less about neutrality than about the German vote. So the war is contributing somewhat to the heat and dust of American politics.

## New Freedom in the Philippines

In the Philippines as in Mexico behold the visible manifestation of the electric touch of our President's fine academic hand! Isn't he a wonder? The Prince of Pacifists, wherever he makes his genius felt, whether at home or abroad, there is confusion worse confounded and bad blood boils as in a witches' cauldron. His first and deepest concern on taking office were the poor little Filipinos whom we had but poorly redeemed from the harsh rule of Spain. At once he set about uplifting them, starting them on the primrose path of self-government under the rose-colored canopy of the New Freedom. Through the legislature more power was put into the hands of the natives; so much power in fact that American and foreign capital took fright at once. Then across the sea was shipped that blithe young fox-trot statesman, the Hon. Burton Harrison, whom the distinguished marplot at Washington had appointed Governor-General of the islands. Mr. Harrison was freighted with the President's kindest regards, and he lost no time in having it generally understood that exploitation of the Philippines by enterprising but sordid Yankee traders was no longer to be tolerated. By this time gooseflesh had broken out in the American colony. Capital sought seclusion, and adopted the owlish policy of watching and waiting. Presto! prosperity vanished, business languished and Filipinos were thrown out of work by the thousands. Thus were the times made propitious for the fostering of discontent and rebellion. We are told that officials of our insular bureau in Washington do not regard the uprising as serious. But we also learn from Washington that a week before the disturbance Governor-General Harrison reported that he "could find no basis in Manila for accounts of a threatened revolt." And so the drawing-room darling was enjoying a week-end visit far from Manila when the explosion occurred. Apparently Governor-General Harrison has the same kind of

information about affairs in Manila as our President receives about affairs in Mexico from the agents sent into the unhappy country by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan.

**A Prohibition Beverage**

Prohibitionists are now pointing with satisfaction to Russia as a prohibition nation. According to the official organ of the Anti-Saloon League "the sale for beverage uses of all sorts of liquor has been outlawed by a single stroke of the imperial pen." This statement is somewhat inaccurate; indeed, almost as much so as the average utterance of the great militant abstainer Congressman Hobson. Only one kind of liquor has been outlawed in Russia, a liquor called vodka, the like of which is to be found nowhere outside of Maine or Kansas. Vodka is the original snake-bite cure. It has the same stimulating effect as some of the high-proof patent medicines that are sold as nerve tonics to Prohibitionists in this country. The prohibition of vodka in Russia is an act that might be duplicated in this country by lifting the lid in Maine, the great American hotbed of drunkards, for if the lid were lifted in Maine the people would be permitted to cultivate a taste for beer, wine and good whisky. This is what the Russians will do, for the Czar has not prohibited the drinking of those beverages. It is only the peasants of Russia that drank vodka, and they drank it because it was cheap. Now that its manufacture is prohibited there will be a great demand in Russia for the beverages that are on the prohibition black-list in this country.

**The Mercenary Press**

However strong your faith in the intellectual honesty of the daily press when it is pursuing the even tenor of its way it is advisable in these stirring times of international conflict to take with a grain of allowance sensational stories about secret moves on the diplomatic chessboard of Europe. Our newspapers have become extremely susceptible to foreign inspiration, and not all the money which the combatants are spending in this country is for the purchase of food and the contraband of war. There is a great demand for American public sentiment, and there are many daily newspapers in the business of manufacturing that precious article. The strategy of war is not confined to Europe. When you read that Austria-Hungary is engaged in negotiating terms of peace with England, and that Germany is about to be deserted by her ally it may be well not to take the story seriously. Nor would it be advisable to give credence offhand to the yarn that Russia is secretly preparing to desert her allies. Let not even Mr. Hearst's editorial on the subject persuade you to credulity. A sly rogue is Mr. Hearst, and it takes a lot of money to keep all his papers going. The most effective of all weapons in this war is distrust, and each side has been trying to wield it from the beginning.

# A Superior Drama

**High Praise of "A Friend of the People" by a Reviewer of the New York Evening Post**

A play in four acts, "A Friend of the People," by Theodore Bonnet (San Francisco: Pacific Co.), is a work of decided ability, with qualities which seem to fit it eminently for the theatre. It is well made, tells an interesting story dealing with contemporaneous politics, and contains a number of effective situations arising legitimately out of character and circumstance and culminating in a logical catastrophe. It is introduced by a prefatory epistle in which the author relates his experiences with various theatrical magnates, who, after lavishing encomiums upon the dramatic and other qualities of the piece, have declined to produce it, because it does not have a happy ending, which, in the prescribed conditions, would be ridiculous. The case which he makes out for himself, as against the managers, is unanswerable, and what he has to say about the general incapacity of most of our theatrical directors to judge the merits of a play in manuscript or to estimate public discernment at its true value is sound and forcible. But the facts which he cites are sufficiently notorious, and nothing would be gained by repeating them. The mere fact that he treats his subject from a different point of view from that which has been adopted in the political plays which have recently proved profitable is a sufficient explanation of the managerial mistrust he has encountered. In construction and general workmanship, his play is unquestionably superior to most of the political dramas which have lately been successful, and, should it be well acted, the production of it might prove a very remunerative experiment. The one valid objection to it, that its spirit is reactionary in its attitude towards certain types of modern reformers, would not be likely to antagonize greatly the average theatrical audience. His hero is a hypocritical man and corrupt politician, of engaging parts and abilities, who has won his way to the Governorship of a great State, and a prospective United States Senatorship, by demagogic acts, life service to idealists of all kinds, and secret traffickings with the powers of darkness. His infidelity to his mistress, the wife of one of his best friends, a woman who has believed in him implicitly and who has been of great service to him, is the cause of his final overthrow. Discovering his baseness, she allies herself with his enemies, contrives his exposure, and puts him in a position so utterly hopeless that he seeks refuge in suicide. Thus baldly stated, the plot seems extravagant and sensational, but it is elaborated with uncommon skill and in full accordance with the acknowledged laws of dramatics. Technically the play is extremely well written, and the different personages in it, although unmarked by any great creative originality, are sketched with notable observation and consistency. If they belonged to a higher order of humanity, if they suggested broad conceptions rather than faithful copies, they might pass for genuine psychological studies; certainly they are much more realistic than the ordinary puppets of melodrama.—N. Y. Evening Post.

# Perspective Impressions

Labor is unemployed in the cities and unobtainable in the farming districts.

Ennui note punctuated with yawns: The Chamber of Commerce is to have another get-together banquet.

"Belgium's food problems must be met by Americans," says Arnold Bennett. Have the British run short of food in Canada, Australia, India and Africa?

We are informed (by Mr. Franklin Hichborn) that Mr. Franklin Hichborn will be on guard at Sacramento during the Legislature. The State of California should be on guard against this bilious uplifter.

Thank heaven, we haven't reached that degree of cynicism which prompts ridicule of New Year resolutions.

All the President can justly do is to chide the Filipinos for being impatient. They tried to hasten the autonomy he promised them.

Prosperity is with us, says Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. Let us hope that McAdoo is not a psychologist like his boss.

"The world," says the Rev. George Burlingame, "is still the subject of redemption, and for that task the Saviour is fully adequate." Whereupon, no doubt, his congregation moved, seconded and carried a vote of confidence in Heaven.

Good news: the cost of radium has come down. After awhile sickness will not be beyond the means of the poor.

If a San Francisco newspaper ever "does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame" we shall know that the millennium is come.

Speaking of the initiative and referendum the Examiner says: "Many things failed in Athens and Rome which succeed in more enlightened modern communities." Where have the initiative and referendum succeeded? And pending the discovery that Hearst papers were popular in Athens and Rome what proof have we that those cities were less enlightened than the average American city?

# Varied Types

## CCX—QUENTIN TOD

By Edward F. O'Day

One of the nice things about Quentin Tod is that he misses no opportunity to say nice things about his dancing partner, Mlle. Louise La Gai.

"Do come and see Louise and me in the Peacock Pantomime," he said. "Louise has a marvelous gift for creating dances. Music inspires her and she develops her ideas very rapidly. She has imagined this Peacock Pantomime for the music of Massenet's 'Bacchus,' and I think it is quite wonderful. Do come and see it."

Now I submit that it is exceedingly refreshing to hear one professional dancer speak in these terms of whole-hearted admiration about another. Such generosity is rare, very rare. Professional dancers are more given to jealousy than opera singers. We have only to recall the case of Pavlowa and Mordkin. But from what I have seen of these two interesting artists, Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod, I think I may say with a good deal of confidence that bickering, jealousy and other pettiness are wholly absent from their professional relation. They are considerate of each other, sympathetic, good-humored and in the best sense of the phrase, mutual admirers.

There are many other things about Quentin Tod to differentiate him from the ordinary professional dancer. Do you remember Mr. Turveydrop who lived in Newman Street? Not the elder Mr. Turveydrop who was the last examplar of Georgian deportment and who "showed himself to the town" every afternoon but his son Prince Turveydrop who won the heart and hand of Caddy Jellyby? Prince Turveydrop, you recall, was a dancing teacher, but he was more than that. He was a young man with a good heart, a clean, kindly, hard-working young man with a great deal of innocence and simplicity in his makeup. Quentin Tod reminds me of Prince Turveydrop.

Tod has a frank, friendly way. His heart seems to be as open as his countenance. His manner is easy. He is unstudied; there is no self-conscious constraint, no self-important air about him. Clearly he is more interested in the work he does than in the effect it produces on the spectator. He does his work with zest, relishing the effort it involves as much as he enjoys the success that crowns that effort. Praise pleases him (whom does it not?) but I should say it pleases him because it indicates a kindly feeling in the praiser, unless indeed it is very intelligent praise, the kind that is always enjoyed for its own sake.

It is no wonder that he has won popularity here, that he has, to use the conventional phrase, been "taken up." No mere dancing teacher could win the popularity which has come to him. But then he is a young gentleman of cultivation. Of how many dancing teachers can that be said?

Curiosity took me to Tait's to see the Peacock Pantomime. Having watched the two dancers with high delight in their various modern exhibition dances when they were at the Cliff House I was eager to find how they would acquit themselves in pantomime. It is one thing to dance a Maxixe with such graceful, such harmonious bodily weavings and ripplings that the imagination of the spectator leaps back to that well known picture of Paul and Virginia; and quite another thing to invade the difficult domain of pantomimic dancing. Ball room dancing is a sophisticated branch of the dancing art but rather mechanical. Pantomime requires acting skill, subtlety and the gift of rendering symbolism transparent. Few succeed in both branches. Even the great Pavlowa, queen of pantomimic dancers, has been criticized for essaying the modern steps.

I was surprised at the ease with which Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod doffed their ultra-modern manner and put on the old ways of pantomime. It was as though they had but to change from their conventional evening clothes to the beautiful costumes Bakst designed for them, to find themselves breathing the higher artistic atmosphere.

The Peacock Pantomime is a beautiful conception worthily rendered by the two dancers, and after seeing it one does not wonder that Quentin Tod should be ambitious to pass from modern ball room dancing to pantomime ballet.

"Louise and I," he said, "hope some day to have our own company. When we do we shall produce an Italian ballet which was written for me abroad. Nothing else interests me so much, and I feel that I shall succeed. Certainly, if I am disappointed it will not be for the lack of trying and working very hard."

Tod told me this in his Kearny street studio, a beautiful room decorated for him by that fine artist Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe. Devotees of the dance go there every hour of the day to learn the latest steps and keep abreast of the dancing craze; but I should ask nothing better than to drop in once in a while to study the drawings by Alastair which adorn the walls. Tod is a young man, but he has seen a good deal of life, and he is au courant with the artistic impulses of the day. I wonder how many San Franciscans had heard of Alastair before Tod covered his studio walls with these drawings? Perhaps those only who are at home in the ateliers of Munich. Tod who has been caricatured by Alastair (and by the famous Sem of Paris) brings us a breath of that larger air.

Quentin Tod has had a very interesting career, the greater part of it on the stage. He is the son of Alexander Maxwell Tod of London and of Belle Pomeroy, the daughter of Col. Robert Pomeroy of Pittsfield, Mass. His sister is Mrs. Walter Cutting of New York. He was educated at Winchester College, England, and was intended for the diplomatic service, but the call of the stage sounded irresistibly in 1906 when he was nineteen, and he answered it.

He made his first appearance as Britannicus in "Nero" with Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. After that he went to the Court Theatre to play Marzo in Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." It was the occasion of Ellen Terry's jubilee. Clearly a youngster who played his first part with Tree and his second with Ellen Terry was starting right. At the same theatre he played in "Prunella," "Pan and the Young Shepherd" and "You Never Can Tell." Next he toured England with Marie Tempest in "The Freedom of Suzanne." His first attempt in pantomime ballet was in "Christmas Eve" at the Empire where he appeared with Mme. Cavallazzi who used to be with our own Mme. Morosini at La Scala in Milan and the Academy of Music in New York. He played in "The Arcadians" in London and accompanied that pretty musical comedy to New York. After playing with Emmy Wehlen in "Marriage a la Carte" at the Casino he returned to London to create the part of Bobbie in Shaw's "Fanny's First Play." He came to New York again with that comedy and played all through its New York run of eight months. This brings Tod's career up to May, 1913. After a trip to Paris he returned to New York and danced in "The Laughing Husband" at the Knickerbocker with Josephine Harriman and Genevieve O'Hara.

Tod had begun to take an interest in ball room dancing when the mania was strong upon New York. By this time his dancing was well known and he had many pupils, among them Lou Tellegen, Bernhardt's leading man, Jane Cowl, Elsie de Wolfe, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Frances Alda, Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Martin, Baron and Baroness de Meyer, Alma Gluck and Lucrezia Bori. He danced with Joan Sawyer at the Persian Garden for three months, and then made a short tour with her. It was at this time that he first met Mlle. La Gai. La Gai and he had a contract to dance in Vienna, but the war cancelled the engagement and he came to San Francisco.

"San Francisco," he says, "is much slower to accept one than New York is. The struggle for recognition was a hard one here, but I feel now that I have arrived. I must say that once this city comes to like you, there is no half-way about its appreciation. I am proud to say that Mlle. La Gai and I have had as many as three hundred at the Fairmont tea dances.

"San Franciscans dance very well, and are improving enormously all the time. I fancy I can see a marked advance every month.

"Will the mania die? Of course. But I think the tea dance will always be fashionable. People find it so much more enjoyable and so much healthier than afternoon bridge. Manias cannot last, but it seems to me that from now on people will always dance more than they used to."

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# Little Stories of the War

COMPILED BY ROBERT McTAVISH

**A Forlorn Hope**

During the November phase of the Battle of Flanders there was a dangerous salient of twelve kilometres to the east of Ypres, in the line of the Allies. The military disadvantages of the position at this point are obvious If you glance at the map. At Bischoote, to the north of Ypres and at Saint Eloi to the south of Ypres the Germans had an opportunity of cutting through the Allied lines and extracting, as the pincers of a dentist will extract a molar, a very considerable tooth from the the defence of the Allies. They very nearly succeeded in this operation. At one time, indeed, they were fighting in the streets of Ypres. One German regiment had succeeded in piercing the line at a small village almost directly south of Ypres—at Zillebeke. The situation was more than critical.

General Moussy, who arrived on the spot at the crucial moment, sent off to the rear in search of reinforcement. His cuirassiers scoured the country in vain. Every available man was on the front, fighting already. Finally, as a forlorn hope, General Moussy ordered the corporal in charge of his escort to bring up every man he could, no matter who he might be, and to call for volunteers wherever he might run across anybody not actually in the firing line.

The corporal scoured the immediate countryside, and by appealing to every man he met, cooks in the bivouac, army service corps men, hewers of wood and drawers of water, managed to assemble some 250 soldiers of all arms, but mostly without arms, and paraded them before the general. The ground was broken by hedges, by the long lines of pollarded willows and ditches which are the characteristic features of the Flanders landscape and which render the ground extremely unsuitable for cavalry operations.

The 65 men composing the general's escort were dismounted, the cuirassiers in their silver helmets with flowing mane, their steel breastplates, their cavalry boots and sabres, preparing to take part in a bayonet charge in which there were practically no bayonets. One has to go back to the retreat of Sir John Moore upon Corunna to find even a parallel. Then a pass was to be held in order to ensure the safety of the retreating armies of England. Men were called out from the ambulance wagons to defend the pass. By their defensive action they delayed the enemy's advance. Much more was required of this scratch regiment of cooks and camp followers. They were called upon to deliver no less than a counter-attack upon a German regiment flushed with victory, having already, as it no doubt seemed to them, victory in their grasp, having after infinite struggles at the cost of tremendous sacrifices pierced the iron hoop stretched before Ypres, and being on the point of scoring one of those victories which mark a phase in the history of wars. Caught in the flank by this gallant 300 the German regiment broke and fled, and Ypres, in spite of its devastation and its ruin, was saved. That charge was led by General Moussy and his corporal.

* * * *

**Magic of the "Marseillaise"**

An instance of collective heroism is afforded by the advance of the First Bataillon d'Afrique upon the German trenches. The African battalions, "Les Zephires" or "Les Joyeux," as they are called, are disciplinary battalions. Men guilty of crime in time of peace while serving with the Colors are sentenced to terms of service with the African battalions, where the discipline is extremely severe and where service is extremely onerous. They are, as it were, the criminals of the army.

This First Battalion was ordered out from Nacelle upon the German trenches. They had to cross the terrible zone of barbed wire. Barbed wire stretched in bewildering entanglement upon the level of a flat plain of Flanders, barbed-wire entanglements sunk in vast depressions, the exact distance and location of which was known to every German battery within range. At the first forest of wire the "Joyeux" hesitated. They were under fire not only from the German heavy batteries some six miles in the rear, from the field artillery two miles nearer to them, but also from machine guns and from rifles in the trenches. The bravest of men will wither under concentrated fire of this description.

The "Joyeux"—these criminals of France—wavered for but a second. One of their number started the "Marseillaise"—"Allons enfants de la Patrie." The whole battalion caught up the magic refrain and dashed forward through a rain of lead and iron. Three hundred men remained to take the trenches.

* * * *

**Smiling Grosetti**

In the ruined village of Pervyse, while the shells were still whistling overhead or bursting in disconcerting proximity, is shown the spot opposite the ruined church where General Grosetti sat in an armchair under a perfect rain of shell and encouraged his almost worn-out troops to press on through the flaming and shell-swept village to the line of trenches beyond. For two hours this smiling, genial and gigantic general sat thus exposed, inspiring his troops with his own calm confidence, exacting from them as they passed the cheers of homage or friendship.

Standing amid the ruins of that village, which, for all human purposes now only exists upon a map, inspecting the graveyard, the very graves of which had been opened up by the terrific shells of the heavy artillery, the church tower, which now leans more obliquely than the tower of Pisa, watching the destruction of an outlying house by the German shells, it seemed incredible that any man could have remained for two hours with buildings crumbling to ruins all round him and yet retained the smile of confidence to inspire men to push on to the trenches.

* * * *

**The Little Black Dog**

The following is from the letter of a British cavalry officer written in the trenches:

In the ruined farm close to our trenches there is a little black dog, the last remaining living thing in a once large and prosperous farmhouse He won't eat, and when the soldiers gather in the dark at the back of the charred walls preparatory to filing into the trenches he runs from one to another, but when he finds that they are not the people he used to know and love he runs off again to continue his endless search from room to room, out to the barns and stables, and back again to the house. I watched him through my glasses from the trenches, and when we mustered at the farm on the way back (three days later) he was still searching, but obviously he was getting to the end of his poor little strength. Some of our fellows wanted to take him along, but being dark they could not catch him, and the men only muster there in the dark hours of the night.

* * * *

**Roast Lamb and New Boots**

The following is translated from a letter written by a Serbian soldier, a corporal in the Drina army corps:

War is the hungriest work you could have. If I wanted half as much to eat at home as I do when campaigning, my little bit of land could not support me. We all feel the same, that we must lay up at each meal what will keep us for days, the future being so uncertain. The feats done for a bit of food are worth telling. When we were in trenches 300 yards or so from the enemy (likewise in trenches) we got lonely for something besides maize, and a few men risked their skins to go foraging in the nearest village. They came back next day with three roast lambs, and in the joy of the feast we forgot precautions. Hitherto we never popped up our heads except to fire, but now we could not resist calling, "Hey, Swabos! See what we have got for breakfast!" and we showed them the roast meat, knowing it would make them wild. They fired a volley at it, breaking it into fragments.

"Thank you for carving it! We had neither knives nor forks, and in return for the service we will share with you," said our corporal. Then we lay low in our trench and ate our fill, throwing the bones to the Swabos and laughing at their shots that went all astray, they were so angry.

Next day we saw boots suspended on sticks outside the Austrian trenches, and a voice called in broken Serbian, "See, you rats! how we are shod and you have not even sound sandals." Then our commander reminded us of all the roast meat we had consumed, and said that on the strength of it we ought to be able to earn a pair of boots, so we charged at a moment when the Swabos least expected it. Sure enough we drove them out and found hundreds of brand-new boots, with other things. In that charge I was wounded, but I brought away my boots all the same, and will wear them before long, please God, in another charge.

* * * *

**Cunning of an Indian**

A very striking instance of resource and presence of mind was exhibited by an Indian trooper who has since been promoted from the ranks in recognition of his services. He and another soldier were instructed to creep out of the trench which they were defending in order to make observations of a German trench 200 yards distant. They advanced creeping in the dark with a distance of about 40 yards laterally between them. When they had covered half the distance, a brilliant German searchlight was suddenly

(Continued on Page 17.)

PASO ROBLES
MUD BATHS
MOST CURATIVE BATHS KNOWN
MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDING
LOW ROUND TRIP RATE

# English Poetry of The War

By John Palmer

Almost daily since war broke out we have read in the press verses of varying merit and accomplishment. All these verses are directly inspired by a real sense of the greatness of the time in which we live. They are transparently sincere, uttered with true feeling, and, in some notable instances, inspired with an impeccable taste in epithet and rhythm. Nevertheless it would be foolish to pretend that the great bulk of this current and occasional poetry of the war is immortal literature. We recognize the sincerity of our laureates. We freely admit that we have not the least idea how their verses could be improved. We applaud their craftsmanship. We are sensible in their work of an active literary conscience, purging and refining. Nevertheless we feel that something of the poet's fire has been lost to us in the act of expression. There has been an inspiration; but somehow it has gone astray. We miss the careless rapture of a fine passion naturally vented in song. We are not thrilled by an unpremeditated act of nature, as when we read a poem of Shelley or Browning. We do not feel that the language of the poets who have so bravely set out in these last few weeks to put our English feeling into English verse comes as spontaneously as it should. It seems rather to baulk them than to express them. When Mr. Henry Newbolt, in a poem entitled "The Vigil," constrains his verse to frame the archaic picture of a fourteenth-century knight watching beside his arms we feel that he is taking away the reality of war and valor on the plains of Belgium. He has introduced an irrelevant medieval figure between us and our need to realize meeting armies of today and the instant peril of all we cherish in this modern hour. A similar sense of unreality and thwarted feeling is conveyed by Mr. William Watson and his friends in their insistence upon forms of speech now consecrated to only the most formal poetry. The second person singular is simply a check upon the modern singer. It does not lift or dignify his appeal. It gives it rather an academic air. The second person singular has gone out of the English language. It is a dead device, only tolerable when a sense of remoteness and formality is deliberately intended. Its free use in the poems we have lately been reading raises the same problem suggested by Mr. Newbolt's figure of the knight beside his arms. It raises the old question as to whether poetry is, or should be, a living force aimed at the heart of the people—the familiar friend of our common round from day to day; or whether it should be something scholarly and remote, with forms and syllables of its own, drawing upon the past for its words and metaphors, consciously removing itself from the plane of our everyday life and feeling. Our poets of the war today undoubtedly have shared in the general inspiration of our people. They would sing for us all, yet we do not feel that they have succeeded. We feel that language has rather got in their way than helped them to sing as they would wish. We feel that, if we had been moved to utter ourselves aloud, we should not have chosen quite these moods and tenses:

"And thou that hadst no peer,
Nelson! thou need'st not fear:
Thy sons and heirs are here,
Nor shall they shame their sire."

This is not our vocabulary. These are not living words. They are the words of dead poets who once were able to give them wings. But today they do not correspond with the feeling of our hearts. They do not match our vision of this time and place.

The effect of the crisis through which we are now passing must needs be to quicken the poetic impulse. We have been living for some years in an age of careful prose. We have tended to be continually more critical and clever. The lyrical thread in the texture of our literary life has grown extremely thin of late. The modern trend has been towards the analysis of life in detail and away from simple and fundamental things. This movement has now been rudely checked by the present breaking loose, among all people and all classes, of feelings and ideas that belong to every time and race. Love of kind and the soil, primitive heroism, the virtues of war, the joy of victory or endurance in defeat—these are themes for the ballad-singer rather than the critical psychologist. Already the desire to "perform," to execute smart literary evolutions about a given point, is curiously chastened in those who feel the spirit of tomorrow silently at work. The endeavor of our poets to express this sudden impulse towards lyrical simplicity is a sign of the times to be commended and encouraged. We would like to believe that the poems we have lately been reading are the beginnings of a new period in our literature. Certainly we have no desire to belittle the accomplishments of our distinguished laureates or to doubt their will to hearten and inspire us. All honor to the men who give to us of their best at this solemn time! The comfort of good poetry is above price. Poetry is a companion only to be divorced at our peril. The greatest poetry of the world has often kept us in heart and health of mind when all else seemed to fail. Those to whom poetry is an unreal, professional thing—an odd way of dividing prose into lengths—are cut off from one of the world's purest sources of refreshment. We can only be glad that the need of poetry is felt by our people, and that our men of letters, prompted by a call in themselves, are sincerely trying to meet that need. The breaking into verse from day to day of our contemporary poets is only another sign of that general renascence in conduct and passion which this great struggle in Europe is effecting in our midst. It is a sign to be welcomed and applauded, rich in promise for the future.

At the same time it must frankly be confessed that poets who have for the most part grown to discretion in another school—there are two conspicuous and easily identifiable exceptions to the assertions of this paragraph—have been wholly taken by surprise by the call of the very different inspiration they are now attempting to obey. The literature which will grow out of this national struggle, as the Greek trilogies grew out of the struggle with Persia, as Shakespeare grew out of the struggle with Philip, as the English romantic poets grew out of the struggle with Napoleon, is now perhaps unknown. It will speak to us in another accent than that of our scholarly poets of today. Meantime we already hear a whisper of the literary revolution to come in these sincere efforts of men who have attained to the ripeness of fame under an older dispensation. They are seeking to pour new wine into a vessel that cracks under liquor too fiery to be contained. The poet who unveils for us the agony of Charleroi, who successfully teaches mankind the lesson, deathless in form and vitality, which this present generation is learning now in the hideous suffering of a continent, perhaps is not yet born. Perhaps he will not even sing of war. But we may be sure that he will appear in his own time and way, and that he will confirm the halting syllables of our poets today—poets whom this crisis has caught in the study, unprepared and full of the quiet life that has passed. We have lived in a parlor, growing delicate in our art, scrupulously feeling the pulse of our Muse, occupied with subtleties of character, small social refinements, ethical casuistry, remote worries of an induced pathology. This sudden appeal for simple fervor has embarrassed our acknowledged poets. With eyes made brighter for the world because death has come near to us all, and with a sudden energy of soul, they would express for us the new way of life; but the habit of careful speech is too strong for them. This war has fallen upon men whose art is contrived for the lecture hall or the salon; and it has suddenly required them to sing to a world which has become raw malleable stuff for great poets yet unborn, only to be wrought to beautiful and enduring form under the hammers of an inspiration not less than titanic.

Meantime let us at any rate entreat our poets to come out into the common street and grasp us by the hand, even at the cost of a preliminary stammer. Let them discard old metaphors and forms, and talk to us in familiar, household fashion. Browning begins one of his finest poems of war:

"You know we French stormed Ratisbon,
A mile or so away—"

That is the note. The poet takes you at once by the coat. He is going to tell you a quick and burning tale in a tongue that belongs equally to you and to him. Shakespeare, too, though he lived three hundred years ago, still grasps and holds you in immediate contact with the event:

"O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing—
. . . . . .Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy:
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women."

Our poets today cannot perhaps anticipate the inspiration to be drawn in future years from events now passing; but they can step down to us from their formal pediments; talk to us in the vein of the first four words of these quoted passages; discard for ever the formal dignity of a medieval address and of an imagery consecrated by tradition. But if they cannot do this—if habit and association be too strong for them—let us still be thankful for the hearts that feel the call to serve us in some poetic way. We must have no sympathy at all with those who have no desire to be warmed at the poetic fire; who too easily have sneered at those who now are seeking to cheer us on our way.

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXVIII—THE GULLS

(The following is taken from that storehouse of San Francisco verse, the files of Sunset Magazine. It is more fanciful than many poems about San Francisco, and therefore a welcome relief, for one is apt to tire of the painstaking and admirable though too unimaginative stanzas most of our poetical celebrators indulge in. Our gulls have awakened new interest since they took possession of the Marina at the Fair Grounds.)

By Haven Charles Hurst

These are the free, wild, western vikings,
Who spread their sails on the upper air,
Above the mermaid's playful strikings
And the following merman's feigned despair.

Whether billows break on the reef in thunder,
Or soft waves lap on the jeweled sands,
High and serene, the broad skies under,
They glide o'er the ocean's border lands.

Their keen eyes rest on the distant steamer,
And their hearts yearn strong for the breed of men,
As memory wakes, like some dazed dreamer,
Who traveled in lands beyond his ken.

For these are the souls that once were human,
Who found it cheerless outside death's door;
They pined for seas that the suns illumine,
For the swelling surge and the sounding shore.

So they all came back, on white wings beating,
To dream and dream o'er the purple tide,
To call to the slim, swift ships a greeting,
To sail and sail and be satisfied.

# The Spectator

### The Lidded Coast

The Barbary Coast no longer figures prominently in the public prints. Presumably the Barbary Coast has been purified. Some time ago the lid was put on. The lidding of the Barbary Coast was an Examiner triumph. Though the crusade for the lidding of the Coast was personally conducted by the rectitudinous Dr. Aked he was acting as one of the Examiner's General Staff, and the Examiner enjoyed a monopoly of the glory of the achievement. For a day or two the Examiner pointed with pride to the extinction of life in the erstwhile wicked section of the city. We were told that vice had been abolished, that righteousness prevailed in what were once the warrens of wickedness. To the glory of goodness the dance halls were deserted, for reform had sent its translucent beams into the midst of them. They had become as dull as a conclave of parsons. It seemed that there hardly remained a test of sin by which righteousness might be revealed. Apparently the great, militant journal that reflects the virtues of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst had good reason to exalt itself, for was there not to its credit the conquest of the Gibraltar of imperishable sin? Alas! our twentieth century conquests are of short duration. The expulsion of Satan is like a victory over von Hindenberg. He comes back stronger than ever.

### What Reform Has Done

The other day in an obscure corner of the Examiner was printed a paragraph to the effect that there had been a little bloodshed on the Barbary Coast. The monotony of existence had been dispelled in two dance-halls, in each of which high-spirited damsels had run amuck with knives intent on doing a little carving. Grape-juice is heady at times, thought I. The newspapers having vouchsafed us only meagre information in regard to the sensational happenings on the Barbary Coast I went for more details to the man who winds the ferry clock.

"Isn't the Barbary Coast a resort for total abstainers?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered gravely, "for total abstainers from some of the virtues of polite society."

"Has the lid been lifted?" I asked.

"No, it's on tight, but they are drinking more bad whisky on the Coast now than was ever to be found in the old days. You see," he explained, "when they were licensed to sell liquor, the police could regulate the Coast, but now every girl is a blind pig, and to stop the sale of liquor it would be necessary to put the whole police force in the dance halls."

"Then the Coast has not been reformed," I observed.

"Oh, yes it has," said the clockwinder. "That's what's the matter with it. It has been reformed like Maine and Kansas and Long Beach. There's nothing like social reform to make vice spread. The Barbary Coast of a year ago was a church sewing circle compared with the Barbary Coast of today."

### Depravity in the South

The Sacramento Bee, with a courage most unusual in newspapers, has presented at great length the ascertainable facts about degeneracy in Long Beach and Los Angeles. The Bee does this for the good of California morals and treats a nasty subject with as much reticence as possible. Its statements are appalling, but are always accompanied by proof. "That disgusting practices hold revel in Los Angeles, Long Beach, Venice and other southern cities is apparent to the most blind," writes Clayton Campbell, the Bee's investigator. "Suicides, sudden disappearances, jail sentences and heavy fines mark the trail of the exposed beast. Men prominent in the financial, social, club and civic life of Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pasadena and other cities have been caught in the mesh of the prober's net. Some have confessed their sin and been punished. Others have fought the charges and have gone free into a community which knows them to be guilty. . . . . The City Prosecutor's office of Los Angeles is authority for the statement that arrests of 'lewd and dissolute persons' average from twelve to fourteen a day."

### Corrupt but Contented

"Venice city officials," continues Mr. Campbell, "have turned a deaf ear to the proposal that its folks and its places of public resort be investigated, but Venice is no whit more pure than Los Angeles, Long Beach, or any other city where idleness consorts with its handmaiden, riches. . . . . When it was proved beyond all peradventure of a doubt that this cancerous growth was eating into the vitals of Long Beach, threatening its schools, its churches, its social organizations, not one newspaper, not one civic body went on public record as favoring a campaign of cure or extermination. Only one group of men in Long Beach came out and openly approved the action of the men who were groping for a remedy. The Brotherhood of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church adopted resolutions commending the efforts. . . . . In Los Angeles, where arrests for unmentionable offenses aver-

age at least a dozen a day, and where Chief of Police Sebastian, within the last week, issued an order that all 'social vagrants' be held in bail of $500, there is a general disposition, outside of police circles, to pooh-pooh the whole idea that such rottenness exists. No newspaper is taking up the subject with any continuity, no Church Federation, no social purity organization, no women's club, even admits openly that such an evil lives in Los Angeles."

**The Case of Rev. Baker**

To show the difficulty of punishing abnormal offenders in Los Angeles the Bee's investigator cites the case of the Rev. Franklin K. Baker. Baker is a Unitarian minister, formerly of Sacramento, but at the time of his arrest pastor of a Long Beach church. On October 9, 1913, Baker was arrested on the streets of Los Angeles after he had been shadowed for ten days by members of the Los Angeles police department. Superior Judge Taft, a member of Baker's Long Beach congregation, was summoned and secured Baker's release on his own recognizance and on Judge Taft's assurance that he would be responsible for the minister's appearance in court when wanted. His case was postponed to November 28, the accused having demanded a jury trial. That was the end of the case so far as the public records go. But Mr. Campbell supplies other facts. Two days after his arrest Baker confessed his iniquities to Samuel L. Brown, one of the investigators who recently uncovered the rottenness at Long Beach. Brown made this statement to Mr. Campbell: "Baker confessed to me that he is degenerate. I know he is such and you may say that I said so. I know why his case was dismissed. Influence was brought to bear, and yet again influence."

**London Discovers Sterling**

Fame, it has been said, begins at the frontier. Until renown passes over the boundary line a great man remains a local celebrity. Distinction must be bruited abroad, else it lacks the prerequisite of immortality. Parochial acclaim is inconsequential, regional prominence is often a snare that leads into vanity, national reputation is important, respectable; but only when a man has honor in countries other than his own does the thought of the world begin to deal seriously with him as with a figure of whom the future may wish to know. These are truisms, but perhaps I may be excused for stating them here. For "one of ours" finds his feet at last on that strait and difficult path that leads to substantial fame. The name of George Sterling has passed the American frontier. The bold prophecy of Ambrose Bierce is vindicated. London has discovered our starriest singer. London is talking of George Sterling in unwonted superlatives.

**The Rapture of "Pteleon"**

Writing in The New Age, England's brilliant radical weekly, one who signs himself Pteleon had this to say of our poet:

"The thought of oblivion is ever the springboard of high achievement. Here are two sonnets by George Sterling which, I think, not ten people in Britain will have seen. If anyone thinks my citation of these inapropos when the smoke has not yet ceased to rise from the ruins of Rheims, that person is iniquitously lacking in a sense of artistic consequence."

It may be noted in passing that no English writer seems able to keep the war out of his work at the present time. No matter how distant his topic from the great struggle, the obsession persists. Today every English writer is a Mr. Dick and the war is his King Charles' head. But to continue with Pteleon's remarks:

"Two such sonnets are worth the destruction of cities and the downfall of dynasties. But I expect most of the readers of The New Age, to whom they are new, will be 'desiderosi d'ascoltar,' when the 'poets of the reveille' (as the Saturday Westminster calls Begbie and Co.), are perpetrating worse vandalism on the poetry of the present than the Germans on the architecture of the Middle Ages. Here they are:

THE NIGHT OF GODS

Their mouths have drunken the eternal wine,
The draught that Baal in oblivion sips;
Unseen about their courts the adder slips,
Unheard the sucklings of the leopard whine;
The toad has found a resting-place divine
And bloats in stupor between Ammon's lips.
O Carthage and the unreturning ships,
The fallen pinnacle, the shifting Sign!
Lo! when I hear from voiceless court and fane
Time's adoration of eternity—
The cry of kingdoms past and gods undone—
I stand as one whose feet at noontide gain
A lonely shore, who feels his soul set free,
And hears the blind sea chanting to the sun.

THE DUST DETHRONED

Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod.
In crypts profaned the moon at midnight peers;
The owl upon the Sphinx hoots in her ears,
And scant and sear the desert grasses nod.
Where once the armies of Assyria trod
With younger sunlight splendid on their spears;
The lichens cling the closer with the years
And seal the eyelids of the weary God.
Where high the tombs of royal Egypt heave
The vulture shadows with arrested wings
The indecipherable boasts of kings,
Till Arab children hear their mothers cry
And leave in mockery their toys—they leave
The skull of Pharaoh staring at the sky!

**Malloch Inquires**

Thus far Pteleon. In a subsequent issue of The New Age the distinguished poet G. R. Malloch wrote as follows:

"Perhaps your correspondent will give us some more information about George Sterling, for in these days it's a long way to the British Museum. The only Literary Dictionary I have does not mention him, though it devotes some space to Carlyle's friend. Did he publish, and are his books obtainable? And am I right in placing him among the Victorians? How is it that such a man has been overlooked?

Where once the armies of Assyria trod
With younger sunlight splendid on their spears.

Great music! Pray give us some more."

**"Pteleon" Answers**

Whereupon the writer who signs himself Pteleon replied as follows:

"I am sorry that I am unable to give Mr. Malloch more of the poetry of George Sterling. I know little of him. The two sonnets I gave belonged to a sequence of three on the same theme —Oblivion. My transcript of the third I have unfortunately lost. I discovered them years ago in an old number of, I think, Scribner's. Like Mr. Malloch I was eager for more, but have so far failed to pleasure myself in this respect.

"Stering was mentioned some years ago in The New Age, in an article on Ambrose Bierce, whose colleague in San Francisco journalism in the old days he was stated to have been, and to whom it was mentioned he (Sterling) had dedicated a volume of his poems. But any volumes he may have published are unknown to me even by name, and do not seem to be obtainable in this country (but, then, I have not had many chances of prosecuting such a search for this hidden treasure as I should have liked!) Why, Mr. Malloch asks in conclusion, has Sterling been so neglected in this country? As a Scotsman, I may be permitted to answer in Scots fashion by asking in return—Is not a certain 'unknowableness' the common characteristic of all American artists worth knowing? What, for instance, is known in this country of Emma Lazarus, 'H. H.' (Helen Jackson), Sidney Lanier, Bliss Carmen, Richard Hovey, and others? In conclusion, Sir, may I be permitted to express my pleasure at having been able, through the medium of your columns, to introduce Mr. Malloch (whose work is well known to me) to two of the few good things that have come out of the land of the Almighty Dollar?"

**The Light Breaks on London**

In the next issue of The New Age came a certain enlightenment. Mr. D. G. Bunting wrote:

"From an advertisement in Michael Monahan's 'Phoenix,' I gather that George Sterling is a

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contributor to 'The International,' edited by George Sylvester Viereck."

And Mr. Henry Danielson supplied a far more satisfactory clue:

"George Sterling's three sonnets on Oblivion are to be found in the author's 'A Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems.' He has published at least two other books, namely 'The House of Orchids and Other Poems,' and 'The Testimony of the Suns and Other Poems.' Only the last is in the library of the British Museum. They were all published in San Francisco, and do not seem to be obtainable in this country. George Sterling was born, I believe, in 1869."

**The Vindication of Bierce**

The acute reader needs no gloss for this epistolary text. He will perceive that George Sterling has been introduced in the capital of the English-speaking world under the happiest auspices. There is an appetite for his work, and that sort of appetite never goes unsatisfied. It is sad to reflect that all this should happen at a time when Ambrose Bierce is either dead or lost to the world. It was Bierce who first authoritatively proclaimed that Sterling was a great poet. How the stage thunder of the criticasters rattled about the great critic's head when he compared his protege to Coleridge, and foretold what has now come to pass! Through all the controversy that raged over "A Wine of Wizardry" Bierce stood his ground without wavering, withering with his lofty scorn the little pedants who only recognize genius when it is starred in the literary handbooks. Too bad that Bierce cannot enjoy the beginnings of Sterling's fame! The discriminating readers of Town Talk are sure to rejoice in London's recognition of Sterling. It has been Town Talk's privilege to present a number of Sterling's poems to the lovers of literature. Two weeks ago, in our Christmas number, we published for the first time his latest poem "Humility in Art." It is a satisfaction to us to find London repeating the praises which we have so long and so enthusiastically sung. And what a satisfaction it must be to Alexander M. Robertson, the publisher, who felt from the first that he was putting poetry of the highest order in book form.

**As to State Division**

The local organizers of the State Division League cannot have gone very deeply into the difficulties of the project they have undertaken, else they would surely have abandoned it. Do they know the requirements for the division of California? They are: A two-thirds vote of both houses of the Congress; amendment of the Constitution of the United States by consent of three-fourths of all the States; agreement for division by a two-thirds vote of the California Legislature, and a majority vote of the people of the whole State. It must be a band of heroes that approaches a task of this magnitude! It is true that the Legislature of 1859 adopted and submitted to the people a proposal for the division of the State. The measure carried by a majority vote. But the adoption of a new Constitution in 1879 negatived all that work. It was the Southern element led by United States Senator Gwin which favored State division in that long ago. The proposed new State was to be known as Colorado and was to consist of Southern California with the addition of San Luis Obispo County. It was to be a slave State. About the same time there was a proposal to divide Texas into four States, and thus give the South a gain of six United States Senators. But the Texans would not countenance the proposal. It was a familiar saying at the time that there were only two hanging offenses in Texas—horse-stealing and advocating State division.

**Quenching the Blood Thirst**

Ned Hamilton who knew Alfred Henry Lewis well says that the author of "Wolfville" killed himself by drinking too much coffee. For years Lewis who was always a prodigious worker, took no other stimulant. He would write from evening till dawn, sustaining his energies on enormous quantities of strong black coffee. Hamilton thinks that the coffee did even more than the hard work to break down his health. In his early years Lewis saw a good deal of the rough frontier life about which he afterwards wrote so well. He delighted in the company of plainsmen, bandits and bad men. Hamilton tells of one night in a New York cafe when the party consisted of himself, Lewis, Bat Masterson and a reformed train robber. The talk was all of outlawry and deeds of violence. Violent death stalked in every reminiscence and blood flowed at every word. It was a conversational shambles, with Hamilton the only member of the quartet who had never taken part in slaughter.

"But I noticed," said Hamilton, "that every time we gave our order to the waiter I alone drank whisky while the other three called for vichy!"

**Ike Allen's Taunt**

Ike Allen of the Examiner is the city's dean of copy readers. He has slashed more adjectives out of cub reporters' stories, detected more libels in innocent-looking paragraphs, cut more "flimsy" and used more paste than any ten copy readers in the local service. Ike doesn't talk much, but what he says is usually to the point. He was at his post in the Examiner local room the day a thunderbolt shivered the flagpole on the Bank of Italy. When the sky darkened, the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed there was a moment of intense silence in the room. Then Ike Allen looked about him and spoke:

"Now, you atheists, say something!"

**The Door Keeper's Viewpoint**

Barnett Franklin, the press agent of the Cort, met a former door keeper of the theatre on the street one day last week. They chatted about the Forbes-Robertson engagement.

"You'll have a couple of dull weeks," said the door keeper.

"Dull!" exclaimed Franklin. "Why, we sold five thousand dollars worth of seats through mail orders before the box office opened."

"Oh, I know you'll do a big business," said the door keeper, "but they'll be pretty dull weeks just the same."

"How do you mean?" asked Franklin.

"I mean dull for the door keepers and the ushers, all the fellows in the back of the house," explained the erstwhile ticket taker. "It's hard on them, having to listen to them highbrow plays!"

**Light Needed**

I quote the following word for word from the New York Sun of Sunday, December 13:

The big window, "the Bathers," made by Louis C. Tiffany, will not be sent to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. "Owing to the fact that arrangements for the proper lighting of colored glass windows at the exposition have been entirely overlooked," the Tiffany Studios announce, "the window will be kept on view in New York until after the holidays, after which it will be installed in Mr. Tiffany's country home."


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The window, which is very large, was especially designed by Mr. Tiffany for the San Francisco fair.

So far the Sun. This is not very good publicity for our Fair. It is to be construed in no wise but as a knock. It seems to me that a little light ought to be let in on this stained glass window.

### Clark Smith's Success

Less than two years ago A. M. Robertson published a volume of poetry called "The Star Treader." The author was Clark Ashton Smith, up to that time an unknown boy of Auburn. Clark Ashton Smith is still an Auburn boy, but he is not unknown. His first volume of poetry has sold to the extent of more than a thousand copies. Those who know anything about the usual sale of a volume of poetry will appreciate what this means. It is a most remarkable sale for the first book of an unknown singer. Many established poets do worse and are not downcast. It looks as though Clark Smith's excellent work is being received by lovers of literature as it deserves to be.

### Jack London Corrects

I made a mistake in that story I told recently about Jack London hunting for and discovering the descendants of Kanakas who settled in Northern California many years ago. Jack London writes that the story "was right in every particular except one. It was not John C. Fremont who brought these Kanakas from Hawaii, but it was Sutter. Sutter crossed the plains and arrived at Port Vancouver on the Columbia River. He sailed in a schooner to Hawaii, made friends with King Kamehameha I who presented him with four Kanakas when he sailed for California." These were the ancestors of the little colony Jack London discovered. Mrs. London took a picture of one of the Kanakas with his Indian wife and children. London, by the way, is getting ready for another river-cruise of three months.

### Wilde's Son Testifies

The younger son of Oscar Wilde was called upon to testify during the trial of Lord Alfred Douglas who was charged with publishing a defamatory libel about Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor. Wilde's son was in the khaki uniform of a military officer. He stated that he was a member of the bar, and at present was serving as an officer of the Interpreters' Corps. He also stated that his elder brother was in the regular army and was at the front. He said that Ross had been "a second father" to his brother and himself. It became known that the two sons of Wilde no longer use their proper names of Cyril and Vivian Wilde. The names they have adopted were not divulged in court.

### Virginia City's Hostelry

The destruction by fire of the International Hotel in Virginia City has moved old-timers to reminiscence. Among these C. C. Goodwin, the Salt Lake editor, must be given the place of honor. Goodwin tells of the miserable accommodations at Virginia City in the first months of the great rush to the Comstock. He quotes John Mackay as saying as he shivered in his cold shack that if he could gather $5,000 together he would gladly leave the barbarous place. Then Ike Bateman built the first International Hotel. It had one long sleeping room filled with "beds about eighteen inches wide and about eighteen inches apart." It was crowded to suffocation every night and half the day, for when a man rose in the morning there was a tired man waiting to take his bed. Then he tells this story:

### The Perils of Loquacity

Worn completely out by a trip from Placerville, Lieutenant-Governor Anderson reached Virginia City at nightfall and asked for a room. There was no room vacant but a bed in about the middle of the long room was tendered him. He thankfully accepted and retired. He was too weary to sleep for hours, but about midnight was falling into a doze when two men at the lower end of the room began talking. By this time all the beds were filled. The men continued to talk until a man at the upper end said:

"Oh, dry up, and let us go to sleep!"

Then one of the talkers answered back:

"I'll be blankety blanked if I dry up."

Then from the upper end of the room came the response:

"All the same you will, you blankety blank son of a sea cook."

And then there was the click that denoted a pistol was cocked. This was answered by another click from the other end of the room, and then all up and down the room men were rising in their beds and crying:

"You two blankety blank segregated idiots, don't you dare shoot here or when the doctors dissect you they will think they have found a new lead mine."

Anderson slipped from his bed, found his clothes, went down stairs, dressed himself in a corner and dozed by the stove the rest of the night, declaring that he was not nearly sleepy enough to go to bed!

### Mark Twain Gets Even

That first hotel gave way to the structure of brick recently burned down. In front of this new hotel, says Goodwin, before there was any railroad, the great coaches of the Pioneer and Dutch Flat lines assembled. Never was there such staging. Six beautiful horses marvelously caparisoned, drivers with bear skin caps and capes—many a boy grew up there believing that no other men in all the world were as great as those masterful drivers, nothing else so fine as those horses and coaches. In one of those coaches in front of that hotel Mark Twain was sitting when George Birdsel heading the company returned the watch and other trinkets they had taken from him the night before in a bogus robbery on the divide between Virginia and Gold Hill and Mark with his drawl said:

"It is all right, but you did it a damn sight too well for amateurs. This little dab of mine is nothing, but what did you do with the $30,000 you robbed Wells-Fargo of last week?"


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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**Mrs. Spreckels' Toyland Ball**

The most original contribution to Christmas gayety was the Toyland Ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels on the evening of December 23. The mansion in Washington street was transformed into a fairy land, and more elaborate and beautiful costumes were never seen at a masquerade in this city. Mrs. Spreckels appeared as a fairy queen in a wonderful costume designed and jeweled for her by Frank Ingerson, the artist. Mr. Spreckels was Little Boy Blue. Mrs. Jack Spreckels was Cinderella. John McNear came as Blue Beard, his two wives being Mrs. McNear and Mme. Margaret Barry. Mrs. Earl Cumming represented a toy balloon. Mrs. Edgar Peixotto was Bo Peep. Mrs. William A. Lange was a Christmas tree. Mrs. David Warfield was an American Beauty doll. Mme. de Morelos was an eighteenth century doll. Mrs. Vincent Whitney and Mrs. George Wingfield also costumed as dolls. Miss Capwell was a witch. Dr. Tevis was a clown. Chauncey St. John and Captain Harry Howland were Yama Yamas. Senor de Morelos was a pierrot. Samuel M. Shortridge was a wonderful Uncle Sam. Claus Spreckels was a French officer. Senor Positano, the Argentine Commissioner to the Fair, was a great white cat. The palm for uniqueness among the men was awarded by some of the guests to Oscar De Brettville as a stick of candy and by others to Gus De Brettville as a stork. It was a very merry party, and will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of attending.

**The Children's Party**

In the afternoon the three little Spreckels children had thirty-two of their friends to meet a real live Santa Claus who brought them all lovely toys. They played merry games around a mervelous tree, saw a funny Punch and Judy show and scenes from fairyland. Besides they ate sweet things at a big round table with reindeer and fancy colored lights and gay flowers on it.

**The Instinct of Hospitality**

Mrs. Spreckels takes great pleasure in entertaining her friends. She is the fortunate possessor of the instinct of true hospitality with which one should be endowed in order to be the successful chatelaine of a home so spacious and artistic as hers. Mrs. Spreckels is young, has a sunny temperament, a generous nature and a love of the beautiful. She has a veneration for home and it is in her own home that she is most happy, especially when giving pleasure to others. Indeed, the thoughtful care she devotes to making others happy has won for her many friends and admirers.

**Rodins Coming Here**

Our artists and lovers of art were aroused to excited enthusiasm the other day when it was announced that Mrs. A. B. Spreckels had acquired ten of the great Rodin's masterpieces, and that they would soon be on their way to San Francisco. I understand that the pieces Mrs. Spreckels has acquired include the wonderful "Age of Bronze" and a head of Balzac made when Rodin was preparing the statue of the great novelist about which the most violent controversy of his career has raged. It is Mrs. Spreckels' intention to present one of these acquisitions to the city provided it can be properly housed in Golden Gate Park. It is her idea that a Greek Temple of Art may be reared in the Park, and in a fine spirit of loyalty to the city Mrs. Spreckels is now devising ways and means to finance this project. She has in contemplation a series of benefit performances. David Warfield has promised to give one of these, and La Loie Fuller another. It was through La Loie that the purchase of the Rodins was arranged. She is a lifelong friend of the sculptor, and took the matter up with him on her return to Europe after the brief visit to this city during which she was Mrs. Spreckels' guest. An effort has been made to induce Rodin to come here next year. President Charles C. Moore of the Exposition cabled him an invitation. It is feared, however, that he is too old to attempt the long journey.

**A Hope Doubly Fulfilled**

When Fred Meyerstein learned with delight that the stork was soon to visit his charming wife, he began wishing with all the fervor of his nature that it might be a boy. There is something in wishing after all, but Fred's friends are asking him if he didn't wish a little too hard. For Mrs. Meyerstein has presented him with two boys! The mother and the twins are getting along nicely.

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

In the Civic Center, which will be dedicated on Saturday night, January 9, with a grand fancy dress ball

**A Hadley Song**

At the McCormack concert Sunday the great tenor sang one of Henry Hadley's songs. Those of us to whom Mr. Hadley's orchestra has given so much pleasure were glad that he was in the audience to have the supreme joy of hearing one of his own compositions sung so beautifully.

**Tangled Families**

New York's great families are getting worse and worse tangled every year. There isn't an important genealogical tree on Manhattan that hasn't its branches inextricably entangled with the branches of every other important tree. Divorce and remarriage are responsible. The latest example is the Goelet-Clews marriage. Mrs. Robert Goelet has just married Henry Clews Jr. Mrs. Robert Goelet who is now Mrs. Henry Clews Jr. was formerly Elsie Whelen of Philadelphia. She and her first husband Robert Goelet separated just a year ago. Her mother used to be Mrs. Whelen of course, but is now Mrs. C. Hartman Kuhn. This is also the second marriage of Henry Clews Jr. His first wife was Mrs. Louise Morris Gebhard, the divorced wife of Freddie Gebhard. Clews and his first wife separated two years ago. If one were to follow these relationships a little further one would soon lose one's way in the maze of family trees.

**Louis Schwabacher Surprised**

For years Louis Schwabacher was regarded as a bachelor confirmed. Many a mamma with a debutante daughter cast longing eyes at him. For Louis is enormously wealthy and has all the qualities that mothers-in-law approve. But he was not to be lured into marriage, it seemed. His principle recreations were concertgoing and golf at the Beresford Club. And then the unexpected happened, as it pretty generally does in a world where there is nothing new under the sun. Louis has married the charming widow Mrs. Joe Loewe, and confesses to his friends around the St. Francis where he lives that he's the happiest man in the world.

Moral: There is no such thing as a confirmed bachelor.

**A Star Solo-Dancer**

Now for Sylvillia, the latest dance from South America. You may see it at the Cliff House. Mine Host Carruthers has a new celebrity in stock—the beautiful Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine, who was with Ruth St. Denis, and who received very high praise from critics all over the country, some of whom thought she was in a class by herself. She made such a hit in this city that Roy Carruthers opened negotiations with her for a season at the Cliff House, and he prevailed on her to quit the stage temporarily and dance by the glad sea waves.

**The Merry Throng**

Following are some of those who had parties ranging from twenty to two people at the Cliff

House New Year's Eve: G. H. Alpers, C. L. Beretta, L. Bloch, A. R. Bell, D. Church, J. W. Chapman, Fred Davis, S. Ponton DeArce, D. Erdrich, J. M. Eva, Calvin Eib, H. Frank, Louis Forster, M. A. Gale, C. M. George, Leon Greenebaum, Syd Hart, J. E. Kelly, A. G. Lang, Grover Magnin, A. B. Moss, Dr McGill, H. D. McCoy, H. C. Norton, Ellis Parrish, M. R. Pinghoff, Dr. Putnam, Smith O'Brien, B. Ructher, J. Reynolds, Chas. Robinson, S. S. Rau, N. E. Simmons, R. Sears, G. W. Ternes, A. C. Thornton, Walter Varney, H. Wills, F. L. Washburn, J. Winkle, J. L. Wasserman, J. Wagelein.

### Naval Officers at Coronado

The arrival of the U. S. San Diego in San Diego harbor on Thursday brought to Coronado many prominent naval officers and their wives. Rear Admiral Thomas Benton Howard who has been stationed in Mexican waters for the past year was one. Mrs. Howard has been at Coronado for the past fortnight awaiting her husband's return from the south, having crossed the continent to be with him during the holidays. Captain Ashley H. Robertson who is in command of the San Diego will be joined by Mrs. Robertson from Los Angeles. Lieut. I. S. Kidd, aide to Admiral Howard, will be joined by Mrs. Kidd at Hotel del Coronado. Many other prominent naval officers reserved apartments at Hotel del Coronado. Many of the ward room and junior officers attended the New Year's Eve celebration.

### The Influx Begins

To see the Fair open Mrs. Swift Fernauld, Miss Ida May Swift, Mr. Louis F. Swift Jr. and Mr. William E. Swift, accompanied by servants, arrived in their private car and will be at Coronado for an indefinite stay. They are members of the prominent Swift family of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Gale Thompson of Chicago arrived on Wednesday and have taken their usual apartments for the winter. Mr. John Dupee has returned to Coronado and is busy planning the final details and interior decorations of his magnificent home on Ocean boulevard which, when completed, will be one of the show places of Southern California.

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### Miss DeWolfe Expected

Miss Elsie DeWolfe, the former actress and famous interior decorator, who is a bosom friend of Miss Anna Morgan, daughter of the late John Pierpont Morgan, and Miss Elizabeth Marbury are coming to California shortly to decorate the Flood mansion in San Francisco and will be at Coronado to plan the final decorations on Mr. Dupee's residence. Miss DeWolfe will arrive in time for the Chinese Ball which will be given January 23, and will doubtless appear in one of her marvelous costumes. Miss DeWolfe created quite a sensation at the Beaux-Arts Ball at the Hotel Astor in New York last season, when she appeared in a magnificent creation of spun glass, which surpassed even the beauty of the wonderful costumes worn by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

### The Auditorium Ball

Elaborate arrangements are being made for the gala fancy dress ball with which the new Auditorium in the Civic Center is to be officially opened on the evening of January 9, under the auspices of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It promises to be a great social event. Behind it are arrayed the city's most influential elements. Pledges of support have been tendered to Thornwell Mullally, chairman of the occasion, by the Chamber of Commerce, the Portola Commitee, the Downtown Association, the Civic League of Improvement Clubs and other factors in civic progress, and every foreign and State society in the city is pledged to promote its success. The smart set is preparing to go, and the less pretentious will be there in thousands. Calls for boxes and reserved seats are pouring in not only from San Francisco and other bay cities, but orders have been received from various points in the two big California valleys, from south of the Tehachapi and from Nevada, Oregon and Arizona. It is expected that at least 25,000 people will be in attendance. Reservations can be made at Sherman and Clay's. Boxes, each containing eight chairs, are being sold for $50 apiece and reserved seats can be had for $2.50 and $1.50. General admission tickets are selling for $1 each.

### Losing No Time

The latest yarn on the untamed domestic, says Goodwin's Weekly of Salt Lake, comes from the southeastern part of the city where a second girl was recently employed. She had been in the house two or three days and one night at two o'clock, the young lady of the house was awakened by considerable noise in the next room, which was that of the maid. She partially dressed and went out in the hall to see what the trouble was, and was met by the maid, who emerged from her room fully dressed and wearing a hat and coat and the rest of the trimmings.

"Where in the world are you going at this time of night?" asked the young lady in amazement.

"Isn't this my day out?" asked the maid, as she swept past her and went out into the night.

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As you enter the wondrously beautiful ball room which occupies the entire third floor of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe building, 168 O'Farrell street, you are compelled to stop to let your eyes feast upon its stupendous grandeur. Architecturally it is different—in decoration it surpasses any ball room that the wildest flight of an artistic mind ever conceived. It is spacious and still cozy—it is fanciful and yet harmonious—In the beautiful Pavo Real each afternoon and evening the modern dance is demonstrated. Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod are the delineators each evening. The afternoon entertainment is furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Jay March Fetters. At midnight each evening Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod are seen in an original symphony of motion entitled the Peacock Dance.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

### The Great McCormack

John McCormack is a singer whose veins throb with the lyric spirit. Like a songbird he sings for the joy of singing. And nothing quickens this spirit in him like the enthusiasm of an audience. Under the spell of applause he bubbles over with song. Thus it was Sunday afternoon at the Cort. The delight of the audience went over the footlights, and filled the singer with delight, and he poured out song after song from a joyous heart. McCormack has developed into one of the world's greatest artists. His heavenly gift he has guarded well and cultivated assiduously, and today I know of no artist whose voice and singing I love so well. A voice pure, sweet, virile, it is always true of tone whether in the splendor of its full volume, through its delicate nuances or down to its softest pianissimo, and always there is in it the dramatic power, the magic that searches the emotions. Was ever rope of pearls more perfectly matched than the variations of his legato in the Mozart number with which he opened his program? His enunciation is perfect, his pronunciation a delight, his phrasing of the greatest intelligence and his sense of dramatic values amounts to another special gift. Mozart, Sinding, Rachmaninoff, Korbay, and several English song writers were in the program Sunday, and for encores he gave us some of those delightful Irish songs in the singing of which he is at once inimitable and incomparable. As an Irish singer he thrills the Irish heart with something of the emotion that fills the returning Irish wanderer at first sight of the Kerry Hills. Whether it be a comic song or one of pathos, as sung by McCormack it is a series of vivid tone pictures full of life and sentiment. In his singing of the Minstrel Boy he is like a reincarnation of that gallant patriot, and he stirs one's soul to its depths. This season McCormack is accompanied by that distinguished pianist Mr. Edwin Schneider, whom we are all glad to see again, and whose presence made us all think of our favorite, the rosy, smiling Gadski who used to take such pleasure in announcing "a song composed by Mr. Schneider." Donald McBeath was again the violinist. This young man has intelligence and artistic instincts and is evidently profiting from his environment.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### Caesar and Cleopatra

Caesar and Cleopatra brought abreast of the latest archaeological discoveries and conjectures by George Bernard Shaw make good reading, and for stage purposes the play in which they figure is full of inspiration for the producer skilled in contriving sumptuous pictures. As played by Forbes-Robertson it goes without saying that the drama is enjoyable, but one cannot help reflecting that the tone would be more consistent with the spirit of comic opera. Cleopatra's speeches in the play are in Shaw's best vein, and they are most happily rendered by Laura Cowie, who is a lovely Cleopatra,—frisky, young and vixenish. Perhaps Cleopatra was just that sort of girl when she met Julius Caesar, but one seems to see the sardonic Shaw grinning over her shoulder. Shaw has the habit of coming between the actor and his audience, and consequently though you enjoy his lines he doesn't take you very far. In this play he merely diverts you, for he is so given to creating abstractions that his dramatis personae even when torn from the pages of history cannot be other than the stock creations with which his fertile inventive mind is filled.

—H. M. B.

### Henry Miller in "Daddy Long-Legs"

Henry Miller and his special company will arrive here direct from New York this Sunday, and on Monday will open an engagement at the Columbia, presenting for the first time in the West Jean Webster's successful comedy, "Daddy Long-Legs." Mr. Miller's appearance in the title role of the now famous comedy will in no way effect the present record-breaking run of the comedy at the Gaiety Theatre in New York. The vogue of the original novel and the tremendous success achieved by the play founded on it are known to readers and playgoers alike. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Miller will be seen for the first time in a role originally written for his use. "Daddy Long-Legs" is familiar to the novel-reading world, and both as a book and as a play has been widely praised for its beautiful sentiment and rollicking fun. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The final performance of "The Yellow Ticket," Michael Morton's sensational success, will be given at the Columbia this Sunday night. Belle Mitchell and the other members of the exceptionally fine cast offer a performance quite flawless.

ALICE LLOYD

Who will begin the second week of her engagement this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

### Italian Night at Philharmonic

An Italian night with a special program has been arranged for the eighth symphony concert by the People's Philharmonic Orchestra to be given at Pavilion Rink, Sutter and Pierce streets, Thursday evening, January 7. A feature that makes this program exceptionally interesting is the fact that the different numbers have been requested by the most prominent Italian members of the P. P. O. Association. They will be principally operatic. An added attraction will be a delightful duet by artists from the Bevani Opera Co. through the courtesy of Alessandro Bevani. Over one hundred members of the Italian colony are lending their efforts to make this Italian night the most notable concert of the series. The artists from the opera company are Miss Alice Gentle, soprano, and Mr. Paola Gallazzi, baritone.

### Grand Opera at Alcazar

Monday night will start at the Alcazar the much heralded season of grand opera in Italian at popular prices. It will be given by the Alessandro Bevani Opera Company, an organization of the highest order, which has been brought to this city by Mr. Bevani himself, a well known impresario. Mr. Bevani is bringing an ensemble of distinguished soloists, chorus, ballet and orchestra and it is his intention to produce an extensive repertoire of standard and favorite grand operas. The prices will be within the reach of everyone and already a large advance sale points to the success of the undertaking. At night the prices will range from 50 cents to $1.50, with a few seats at $2.00. For the matinees the prices will be 50 cents and $1.00. Monday night will be given to "Otello" with a cast including Johanna Kristoffy, a great dramatic soprano, as Desdemona, Matilde Renis as Emilia, Fausto Castellani, a young tenor, in the role of Otello, Paola Gallazzi as Iago, Guglielmo Guiliani as Cassio and Pietro di Biasi as Lodovic. This opera will be repeated at the Thursday matinee and on Saturday night. On Tuesday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinee "Lucia" will be the offering with Hazel Sanborne in the title role, David Silva as Henry Ashton, Umberto Sacchetti as Edgardo and Pietro di Biasi as Raimondo. Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights will see a splendid production of "Il Trovatore," with a cast including Emilia Vergeri as Leonora, Alice Gentle as Azucena, Michele Giovacchini as Count di Luna, Guiseppe Opezzo as Manrico and Joseph Florian as Ferrando. In "Il Trovatore" the Gypsy Ballet will be danced by the corps de ballet, headed by Miss Ina Caldwell.

### Forbes-Robertson's Last Week

"Hamlet" will open Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's third and positively last week at the Cort on Monday night. "Passing of the Third Floor" will be played on Tuesday and Wednes-

day nights. The first and only matinee performance of "The Light that Failed" will be given on Wednesday. "Hamlet" will be repeated on Thursday night and "The Light that Failed" on Friday. The last performance of "Hamlet" will be given at the Saturday matinee. Forbes-Robertson will make his farewell appearance on the San Francisco stage on Saturday night, January 9, in "Passing of the Third Floor Back." Forbes-Robertson's intention to retire at the close of his present tour is final. He will never come back to America as an actor, though he will probably return to this country as a private citizen. He frankly says that it is due to America's generous and kindly encouragement that he is able to quit the stage while he is still at the zenith of his powers. Last season he said farewell to the larger eastern cities. His present tour includes all the important cities of the country that he did not say farewell to last year. There will be a special matinee of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" on New Year's Day. The Chicago Tribune Belgian war pictures come to the Cort for one week, commencing Sunday, January 10.

### Alice Lloyd's Last Week

Alice Lloyd who is repeating her former triumphs at the Orpheum, will begin the last week of her engagement next Sunday matinee. The remainder of the program will include seven new acts and one holdover. The Bell Family, consisting of nine brothers and sisters, hail from Mexico and are probably the only natives of that country presenting a musical offering in vaudeville. The triple trio plays skillfully on a number of instruments. It is, however, as bell ringers that they achieve their greatest success. They are also capital vocalists and sing a number of their native songs and perform several national dances. Florenze Kolb and Adelaide Harland, garbed as a Dutch boy and girl, will introduce a musical satire called "Evolution," the date of which are 1860 and 1920. Pierre Pelletier and his company will present a thrilling play of the New York underworld by Harold Selman entitled "The 10:40 West" in which two feminine blackmailers and a detective are the characters. The Spinette Quintette, three young men and two women, are described as upside down dancers. Chinko, the youthful juggling genius, will perform a number of novel equilibristic and juggling feats. Minnie Kaufman, the foremost lady trick cyclist in the world, will introduce a marvelous act. Johnny Cantwell and Reta Walker will amuse with their musical sketch "Under the Gay White Lights." The Avon Comedy Four, Goodman, Kaufman, Smith and Dale, will appear in the farce "The New Teacher" which is an excellent vehicle for the introduction of comedy and song.

### The First Symphony

Friday afternoon, January 8, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Henry Hadley, conductor, will give the first symphony concert of the new year at the Cort Theatre. The programs follow: Symphony No. 3, F major, Opus 90, Brahms; Serenade No. 3, D minor, for String Orchestra, Opus 69, Volkmann (Violoncello Obligato by Mr. Arthur Hadley); Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after the "Thousand Nights and a Night"), Opus 35, Rimsky-Korsakow.

Jack Tar! Nay, tar is much too black,
Josephus will not have it so;
Let "purity" become the rule,
We'll man the navy with Jack Snow!

FIRST CONCERT
MME. AGATHA BERKHOEL
Assisted by
GYULA ORMAY, Pianist; ELIAS HECHT, Flutist
COLONIAL BALLROOM, HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
THURSDAY EVENING, JANY. 14, 1915
Tickets on sale at Wiley B. Allen Co., Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Hotel St. Francis.
Admission $1.00. Box Seats $2.00

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason Streets
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 4TH
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS
Direct from New York
First Time West of Chicago
HENRY MILLER
Appearing in Jean Webster's Successful Comedy
"DADDY LONG-LEGS"
A Play Filled With the Spirit of Youth

ALCAZAR THEATRE
PHONE KEARNY 2
Commencing Monday Night, January 4th
Matinees Thursday and Saturday
THE ALESSANDRO BEVANI OPERA CO.
Producing Grand Operas in Italian
Repertoire First Week Monday, Thursday Mat., Saturday: "Otello;" Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Matinee: "Lucia;" Wednesday, Friday, Sunday: "Il Trovatore."
POPULAR PRICES—Nights: 50c, $1.00, $1.50; a Few Seats, $2.00. Matinees: 50c and $1.00.

HENRY MILLER
Who plays "Daddy Long-Legs" at the Columbia commencing Monday, January 4.

FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET
Forbes-Robertson begins the third and positively last week of his farewell engagement at the Cort Theatre Monday, presenting "Hamlet," "The Light that Failed" and "Passing of the Third Floor Back"

# Little Stories of the War

(Continued from Page 7.)

flung over the space which divided the two trenches. The flood of light thus projected left one of the two fully exposed, while just avoiding with its outer rim his companion. Concealment was useless for the one so exposed, and he was quick-witted enough to realize that no ordinary resource would suffice to save his life. He immediately rose to his feet and, in view of his trench, advanced saluaming to the German trench. Its occupants, disconcerted by so unusual an advance, ceased fire. He still advanced, and, approaching quite close to the trench, was allowed after some dumb show to enter. A dialogue then followed, which can be imagined more easily than it can be reproduced. The Germans, anxious to define his status, mentioned several Indian nationalities. He shook his head until the word Musulman occurred in the list. Then he nodded most vigorously. A moment later his questioners mentioned the British. He drew his hand across his throat with a lively gesture of disgust, adding, as he re-enacted the scene, a snarl. The Germans, very favorably encouraged by this indication, gave him some rations and a blanket. He spent the night with them, and the next morning by the use of his fingers indicated to a superior officer, who had been sent for to deal with so novel a case, that there were 25 other Musulmans in his trench whom, if released, he could certainly bring in. The Germans, completely deceived, gave him a final cup of coffee and set him on this promising errand. He rejoined his friends, who had long since given him up, with a report of far more than purely local interest, and he has deservedly gained both his promotion and a reputation for wit and presence of mind.

* * * *

**The Gurkha at Sea**

The Gurkhas are funny little people. When on their way from India to France they had been on the sea for two whole days without seeing land they became very perturbed. "Without doubt the captain of the ship has lost his way," they said, but they counselled together and decided at last that all was well. Someone asked them how the captain knew where to go. They led him to the stern of the vessel and pointed to the wake of water boiling behind them, and with a smile as broad as the greatness of the discovery—"Without doubt he follows the path."

---

**All Through the Night**

When looking into two blue eyes
  Which gaze straight back at you,
When watching red lips curve and pout,
  What else could mere man do?
Her golden hair lay on my breast,
  My arm embraced her waist,
Her little hand within my grasp
  In confidence was placed,
And I, fresh from the teacher's art
  In tango and maxixe,
Trod all the very latest steps
  With skill the tyro seeks,
I lame ducked first with whirl and dip,
  Then when I saw a tear
Upon my darling's cheek I changed
  And waltzed the little dear.
The clock struck "one," the clock struck "two,"
  My strength was almost spent,
Still through the mazes of the dance
  Unflinchingly I went;
Until, at last, into her face
  I took a stealthy peep
And found, oh, joy, my little babe
  At last had gone to sleep.

**A Banquet at Solari's**

Mrs. John G. Wisser, president of the Presidio 500 Club, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by that club at Fred Solari's Grill the other night. Mrs. Wisser sails for Honolulu on the U. S. Transport January 5. The banquet was a most enjoyable affair. The banquet hall was elaborately decorated, and the scene was a picturesque one. There was music and felicitous speechmaking. Those present were: Mrs. John Wisser, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. Peter Marquart, Mrs. Wm. H. Tobin, Mrs. F. Turtle, Mrs. T. H. Rees, Mrs. George Geyer, Mrs. H. D. Mitchell, Mrs. A. Hickox, Mrs. Wm. Lewis, Mrs. Lillian Baxter, Mrs. Wm. Brooks, Mrs. Alfred Hunter, Mrs. Frank Roach.

---

**The Dansant at Techau's**

So strong is the passion for dancing among the patrons of the Techau Tavern that the management has been prevailed on to hold an informal dansant every evening in the week except Sunday. Hitherto there has been dancing at Techau's only three evenings a week. These dances have grown in popularity among the fashionable guests of this beautifully appointed cafe which is distinguished for the excellence of its management. For some weeks past the Saturday afternoon souvenir for ladies at the Techau has been one of a famous perfumer's preparations. "Splendor" it is called and splendid is the verdict of its recipients, for it is really one of the most delicious of perfumes.

---

**A Vision**

Oh! would you know my Celia's charms?
She has no pet dog in her arms!
She does not dye her hair or face!
She walks with perfect ease and grace!
She does not talk in slipshod slang!
She does not sport a "rat" or "bang!"
She wears no corset tightly laced!
She has a very natural waist!
She has a voice that's sweet and low!
She's got—and I am he—one beau!
She—this is true—she's never late!
She never makes her escort wait!
She's really moderate in her talk!
She likes, in preference, to walk!
She is par excellence you'd deem,
And might be, were she not a dream!

---

**Tabloid Wisdom**

Lucky is the man who doesn't believe in luck.

It is the height of every man's ambition to reach the point where he can say just what he thinks.

Love in a cottage may be all right, provided it gets three square meals a day.

A woman must indeed be desperate when she doesn't care who knows her age.

Overwork drives almost as many people to nervous prostration as overrest does.

The world is always willing to give a man a boost after he has climbed pretty close to the top.

A bashful youth may feel almost as uncomfortable in the presence of the girl he adores as a small boy feels in his Sunday clothes.

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"Do you know, my dear," said the young husband, "there's something wrong with the cake! It doesn't taste right."

"That is all your imagination," answered the bride triumphantly, "for it says in the cook book that it is delicious."

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**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St.—For the half year ending December 31, 1914, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after January 2, 1915.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

EIGHTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

**PEOPLES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA ASSOCIATION**

HERMAN PERLET, Conductor

SPECIAL ITALIAN NIGHT

MISS ALICE GENTLE, Soprano
MR. PAOLA GALLAZZI, Baritone

PAVILION RINK, SUTTER AND PIERCE STS.

Thursday Evening, January 7th, at 8 o'clock

Three Remaining Concerts to Occur on the First Thursday of Each Month

General Admission, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Tickets for Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler and Chase, 816 Hotel St, Francis.

Overture, "William Tell," Rosini; Minuette, Bolzoni; Cello Solo; Hymn to the Sun from "Iris," Mascagni; Suite on the Melodies of the South American Indians, Sig. Domenico Brescia; I Vespri Siciliani, Verdi; Soprano Solo; Dance of the Hours from "Gioconda," Ponchielli.

**CORT** Leading Theatre
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POSITIVELY FAREWELL WEEK OF

**FORBES - ROBERTSON**

Begins Monday Night, January 4

Repertoire—Monday, Thursday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, "Hamlet;" Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, "Passing of the Third Floor Back;" Wednesday Matinee and Friday Evening, "Light that Failed."

Prices, $2.00 to 50 cents.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, JANUARY 10—The Chicago Tribune Belgian War Pictures—One Week Only.

**Orpheum**
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day
Last Week

ALICE LLOYD

England's Daintiest and Most Popular Comedienne, in Conjunction with

A GREAT NEW SHOW

THE BELL FAMILY, Nine Brothers and Sisters, in an Artistic Musical Offering; FLORENZ KOLB & ADELAIDE HARLAND, "Evolution;" PIERRE PELLETIER & CO. in "The 10:40 West;" THE SPINETTE QUINTETTE, a Novelty in Black and White; CHINKO, the Youthful Juggling Genius; MINNIE KAUFMAN, Grace and Skill; JOHNNY CANTWELL & RETA WALKER; THE AVON COMEDY FOUR in Their Farce "The New Teacher."

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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| | |
|---|---|
| Lv. Ferry Station | 9:20 a. m. |
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| Ar. El Portal | 6:20 p. m. |
| Lv. El Portal | 7:00 a. m. |
| Ar. Yosemite | 8:30 a. m. |

Round-trip fare from San Francisco, including auto-stage between El Portal and Yosemite, 14 miles

**$22.35**

Return Limit 30 Days from Date of Sale

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC**

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—After the market had been listless a good part of the week, a scarcity of stocks made advances easy to effect on small trading and prices of many issues were established at materially higher levels at the close of the week. The holiday character of the market was reflected in the fact that on a number of stocks, fluctuations of one-half to five-eighths at a time were made on transactions of a single 100 shares. Where these fluctuations took the shape of declines, buying orders quickly appeared and were responded to with immediate recoveries. The copper shares were all strong and fractionally higher, due to the better demand for copper abroad, and the metal market was advanced to 13 1-2 cents. Steel did not act well and declined to 48, the minimum at which this stock can be sold. When the dividend of only 2 per cent is taken into consideration this stock is too high at this figure. The railroads held up well, especially the leaders and granger roads. The granger roads should show an improvement in earnings from now on as they have been kept very busy taking care of the large grain crops in the Middle West. Sugar stocks were strong and higher especially American Beet Sugar which has scored a fair advance. Stocks the past week have been sold pretty freely for short account and we believe a fair shortage now exists out of proportion to the volume of business. With underlying conditions improving we see no reason to alter our opinion of buying stocks at or around minimum prices which will probably not be lowered except in isolated cases of dividend retrenchment where necessity arises.

**Wheat** has displayed more than usual strength the past week, particularly during the last few days of the week. The influential factor in advancing prices seems to be the enormous and constant export demand, while the movement to primary markets grows less. The foreign demand seems to be accelerated as time goes on rather than being satisfied by the already large purchases. The receipts at primary markets show a considerable reduction from those of recent weeks and are finally getting below last year. Argentine conditions seem to vary but little and according to advices from Liverpool the exportable surplus from that country is not expected to be the weight on prices that was first looked for. Reports relating to the condition and prospective size of foreign crops are about as heretofore made known. Countries at war naturally show a material reduction in acreage while countries at peace generally show an increase. The market seems to be acting altogether on the supply and demand situation, and as the clearances grow larger and present sales grow bigger with, at the same time, a lessening of the movement from the country, prices must logically advance. Any reluctance upon the part of the country to sell freely is more than likely to stimulate the foreign demand, as the conditions are such that the price is secondary, as compared to getting the wheat.

**Corn** has had a fair advance, being stimulated by a considerably lighter movement, and also by the fact that the severe weather is expected greatly to increase feeding. There is at the same time a fair domestic demand with a comparatively good export inquiry. Technical conditions have favored a rise in prices as there were no burdensome holdings in the market, and there has been an excellent and conservative demand partly of an investment character. This latter, with the cash demand, has been sufficient to absorb the offerings and prevent the recent heavy movement from unduly depressing values. We believe prices will work higher with wheat.

---

Murray—Did you attend that lecture on elephants?

Dodge—No; I'm off those trunk lines.


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June 30th, 1914:

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,656,635.13 |
| Capital actually paid up in Cash | 1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,857,717.65 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 177,868.71 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,367 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

**THE ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK**

SAN FRANCISCO

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid-Up Capital | $ 4,000,000 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | 1,600,000 |
| Total Resources | 40,000,000 |

OFFICERS

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| HERBERT FLEISHHACKER | President |
| SIG GREENEBAUM | Chairman of the Board |
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| C. R. PARKER | Assistant Cashier |
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| H. CHOYNSKI | Assistant Cashier |
| G. R. BURDICK | Assistant Cashier |
| G. F. HERR | Assistant Cashier |
| A. L. LANGERMAN | Secretary |


ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; No. 16,550, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as Camp Two, Franks Tract, which is a part of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract, lying, situate and being in Contra Costa County, State of California, and more definitely described in said petition, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, City of San Francisco, on the 4th day of January, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have, or any one of them may have, why the realty, viz., Camp Two of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract belonging to said estate, should not be leased for the term of one year beginning January 1, 1915, and ending December 31, 1915, at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-third of barley and beans, and one-fourth of potatoes and onions to be baled, sacked, boxed or crated and delivered on levee ready for shipment at cost of lessees. For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for 2 successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, December 16, 1914.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for J. C. Franks Estate,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-26-


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

JACQUES LABATAILLE,
Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 5, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco. 12-5-5


FAST ELECTRIC TRAINS TO SACRAMENTO

LEAVE KEY ROUTE FERRY

| Leave | Daily except as noted |
|---|---|
| 7:00A | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 8:00A | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 9:00A | Sacramento and Pittsburg only. Carries Parlor Observation Car. |
| 11.00A | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 11:20A | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 1:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 4:00P | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 4:40P | Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car. |
| 5:15P | Concord and Way (except Sundays). |
| 6:00P | Pittsburg and Way Stations. |
| 8:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg and Way. |

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From Oakland, 16th St. Station . . . 4:30 P. M.
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*The Exposition Line—1915—First in Safety*


SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIERRE BERGES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the law office of A. COMTE, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Berges, deceased.

ALBERT P. BERGES,
JOSEPH BERGES,
Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 12th, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for in the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1915. Money deposited on or before January 11, 1915, will earn interest from January 1, 1915.

L. SCATENA, President,
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1915.

H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-first streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and Seventh avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1915.

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1168 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 9, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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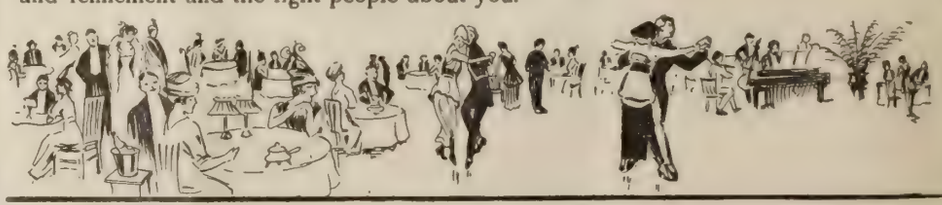

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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### Performers Transformed

So the railroads and other public service corporations "have not only reformed but have become reformers!" Manifestations of the phenomenon have dawned on the perceptions of Mr. Edward. H. Hamilton, the Examiner correspondent at Sacramento. He tells us the corporations are represented at Sacramento by a Progressive, one of Governor Johnson's friends, "who tells everybody from the housetops what he is there for," and that the railroads have become so good they will relieve the Administration of the embarrassment of a deficit by standing a raise of taxes. This is delightful news, isn't it? Inspiriting to the Man in the Street who is now convinced that the Governor has made good—put the Interests out of politics. We have observed more than once of late that the Interests have been inactive in politics—almost conspicuously inactive, not to say actively inactive. And when, during the recent campaign, hundreds of men were discharged from a railroad repair shop, and we were told by a prominent Progressive jobchasers that the action of the company was designed as a smash at the Administration, frankly, we admit, we did not believe him. Our notion was that he was bloviating for political effect. This was our notion because it appeared to us that it was decidedly to the interest of the Interests to be friendly with the Administration. It has seemed to us for a long time that the machinery of the State had been so employed that it had become important to the Interests that they should be on the most cordial terms with the Administration. This notion persists, and it has not been modified by the circumstances related by Mr. Hamilton. Indeed it has been somewhat strengthened by the fact that one of the Governor's friends has condescended to represent the Interests at Sacramento, and also by the fact that the shortage in the treasury will be reduced by the railroads and other public service corporations. This indirect method of tapping the pocket of the Man in the Street is called "painless extraction." The only criticism to be made of it is that it puts a little more callous on the conscience of politicians and encourages them to greater extravagance. We are sorry to see the Interests implicated in this sort of vicious political trickery, but there is this to be said of them—they are assisting in giving the people precisely the kind of government the people want.

### A Gift Somewhat Impaired

When President Wilson was rushing his theories of government into practice some months ago he met with very little opposition in either house of Congress. Senators and Representatives were falling over one another in their eagerness to assure him of their good will and hearty co-operation. This sympathy between the legislative and executive branches of the Government was conclusive of nothing more than the political supremacy of the President in his own party, but according to his admirers and boosters it was proof of his statesmanship, evidence of his wonderful gift of leadership. Meanwhile things have changed somewhat in Washington. The halycon days are o'er. We had an election a few months ago by means of which Senators and Representatives got news from home, and along in December they began kicking over the traces. The President, it appears, has seen fit to distribute federal patronage without consulting the Senators interested, and for this he has been unanimously rebuked by the Senate. Several of his nominations the Senate has rejected, but he has endeavored to deprive the Senate of its ancient prerogative by making "recess nominations" of rejected persons, and as a consequence great is the indignation of the Upper House. Some of the Senators have talked about impeachment proceedings, the bare suggestion of which as a means of disciplining the President makes it evident that the great statesman with the wonderful gift of leadership is losing his grip even in his own party.

### The Leaders and the Led

The gift of leadership of which President Wilson gave divers manifestations in the heyday of his Presidential career is not uncommon in American politics. Indeed it is latent in all politicians. Whoever is empowered by the dear people to distribute patronage becomes at once a born leader of men. Take for example our own darling Governor. There is in his leadership the mysterious charm of the Pied Piper of Hamlin. It is best expressed in terms of the servility of the led. See the nimble legislators, how they bask in his smile! What is it he would have them do that they would refuse to do? Who among them would dare invite his frown? One of the dailies told us this week of an assemblyman who had been threatened by an Administration whipper-in with the loss of his job on the water front in the event of his attending a certain caucus. In no mysterious way does the Governor work his wonders to perform as a leader of men. And if we examine the achievements of the great leader of men in Washington we shall find that he is not one iota more or less scrupulous in his methods than the distinguished captain of the machine in Sacramento. Our political idealists of the first quarter of the twentieth century are all of the same human pattern. They have beautiful principles for the general, but for the working out of their schemes of regeneration they have plans and specifications grounded wholly in considerations of personal expediency. And under this New Freedom has come about a new morality touching the relation between the executive and legislative branches of the government. It is now quite moral for an Executive to bribe a Senator with a job or to intimidate him with a threat to deprive him of a job. Thus may an executive by a process of corruption and demoralization become a leader of men, a noble leader of men. Thus may he render negligible one of the coordinate branches of government, the branch designed to hold him in check and safeguard the interests of the people. Thus may the executive increase the power of his political machine, for with the legislature at his beck and call he may create new jobs. He may also abrogate laws that are personally distasteful, such, for instance, as the laws that formerly required the Governor of this State to be somewhat precise in his pecuniary transactions. We have gone far toward improving the morals of private business, but at the same time how strong the proofs we have been exhibiting of our confidence in our charming politicians!

### Our Deplorably Deficient Navy

For many years Americans have been pointing with especial pride to their navy. If they could not boast of their army at least they could do a lot of bragging about their big white fleet that sailed around the world. It was their one best bet, their country's hope. It justified their calm indifference to whatever threat of war disturbed the emotions of the Government at Washington. They were sure that whatever happened the navy would be able to prevent the invasion of our shores, and when the canal was built, then of course the country was absolutely safe. In short we have been enjoying a very pleasant and protracted dream. The truth about our navy came out in Washington the other day. It came from the lips of one of the highest and most respected officers of the navy—Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske—

whose qualifications to sit in judgment are not to be questioned. Rear Admiral Fiske is no closet doctrinaire. He is a seagoing naval man with a fighting record unsurpassed in the navy. He has been in many engagements, he has commanded several battleships and a division of the Atlantic fleet. The country is indebted to him for a long list of electrical inventions that have incalculably improved the navigating and battle efficiency of the navy. He is recognized as an accomplished, practical and responsible officer, and it was his sense of duty that prompted him to speak out despite the lid that had been put on by the Administration authorities. Now according to Rear Admiral Fiske our navy is notable for its startling deficiencies. He tells us that we have only one mine laying ship with a very limited capacity; that from want of practice the gunnery of the fleet has fallen off until it is inferior to at least one other sea Power; that the personnel is not sufficiently drilled; that as there is no general staff, such as even the Argentine navy possesses, the United States would go to war in a haphazard way, with no plan of battle approach and no plan of torpedo attack; that in mine sweepers as well as mine layers, in aeronautical equipment, submarines and "all the auxiliaries" we are deplorably deficient; that having no naval reserve worth the name we could not properly man our ships for hostilities, and that five years of methodical preparation would be required to "bring our navy up to the standard of efficiency of one of the great European navies." It is our navy, by the way, that has alone sufficed for many years to satisfy many people of the soundness of the principle of government ownership. "The navy," they have said, "proves that our government is competent to handle big business."

### Our Busy Altruists

The principle of scientific altruism as expounded by the social reformer is a fine study. Unless one apprehends this principle one cannot appreciate the motives and aims of the good men and women who are engaged in revolutionizing the social order. The principle of scientific altruism is the essence of universal brotherhood. It is a principle incompatible with the sentiment of charity and the concept of self-sacrifice. To apply the principle of altruism we must extinguish the feeling that we are working for the good of others and cultivate the feeling that we and others are working for the good of all. The altruists are strong for metaphysical distinctions. They would have our wealthy, leisured men and women do good from a sense of duty, never from a desire to gratify their own emotions. Of course they look forward to a time when by its enlarged functions undertaken for the material protection of its weaker members, the State will relieve all distress, and make itself responsible for the assistance of all citizens in the common mischances and emergencies of life. The maintenance of private charity they regard as a moral luxury of the well-to-do, and therefore, in their philosophy, it is intolerable to any self-respecting society. It is wrong that persons of wealth and leisure should be able to purchase ease of conscience and gratitude by signing cheques. Besides it is cruel to sap the independence of the poor. What we need is an enlightened social conscience that will not stand for the blighting sentiment of charity, that will insist on real comradeship across the barriers of class and a larger social feeling for the public weal. There is much to be said in praise of our altruists. They know what's wrong with the world, and they are remedying its defects.

### A New Broadway Record

Broadway has a record of seventy-one failures since the theatrical season opened a few months ago. It is natural the box-office should reflect the state of business throughout the country. When people have to dispense with the luxuries, nay, even the necessaries, of life, they do not find it hard to deny themselves amusement. Hence the exceptional record of failures on Broadway, but of the seventy-one in all probability more than half would have been recorded even though we were enjoying good times. There are many failures on Broadway every season. Failures in New York are so common that the theatrical business is regarded as a sort of gambling game; that is to say, it is believed to be an impossibility to tell what the attitude of the public will be toward any new play. This is a delusion cultivated by New York managers, few of whom have more than a bowing acquaintance with the drama. What the attitude of the public may be toward a good play, a play that embodies the essentials of drama while free from fatal crudities, unmarred by technical defects, nobody can foresee, but the attitude of the public toward an essentially weak and imperfect play is another matter. Now the trouble with our so-called producers is that they cannot detect in the reading the fatal imperfections of a play. They are often impressed by one or two striking situations, but whether these situations have been achieved in accordance with the almost hard-and-fast laws of the drama is a matter about which they are profoundly ignorant. In some instances it suffices that the author of the play has scored a success on Broadway. The truth about our New York producers is that with one or two exceptions they are men of very little education. The most successful of them is Mr. Charles Frohman, a clever business man, whose taste for drama as an art is no keener than his appetite for empty seats in his theatre. He may read a play occasionally, but if so he is the exception among American managers, all of whom employ readers. If he has but few failures it is because he buys most of his plays in London after they have proved successful. A few weeks ago Brieux gave it as his opinion that New York managers have the plays that are submitted to them read by their tailors. This is probably a bad guess, as the fashionable tailors of New York have some instinct for art. Fancy a really good tailor shelving "The Blue Bird!" This play was in a manager's pigeon-hole in New York two years before it was produced in London. It's London success gained it the entree to the American stage.

# Perspective Impressions

A good New Year resolution is to swear off making jokes at the expense of those who swear off.

The South's average of freakishness was considerably reduced when the Los Angeles legislators came up to Sacramento.

Examiner headline: "Progressives Cut Pie, Taking Biggest Piece." "Both feet in the trough" is the politican's slogan, however exalted his ideals.

Colonel Roosevelt has quit talking with the explanation that he knows the people are tired of him. The leader of public opinion who knows when he is "logically defunct," as Carlyle phrased it, is by no means fit for the undertaker.

There were 6,340 marriages here during 1914, a record number. In other words, this will be a great year for the divorce lawyers.

When we read that "the enemy received a bad check" we suspected that "Happy Jack" Chretien was at the front.

If total abstinence makes a man behave either like Hobson, the Rev. R. A. M. Browne or a prosperous citizen of Long Beach wouldn't it be well to make artificial stimulation with alcohol compulsory?

Apparently Secretary McAdoo does not concur in the President's dictum that the depression is merely psychological, for to predict that prosperity will come is to imply that it is not here.

It's a safe bet that William J. Bryan was a Spug.

Secretary McAdoo urges an optimistic attitude on the part of the public. As who should say, "Smile, damn you, smile!"

Holiday gifts to the French army included 1,530,000 gallons of wine. Isn't it time for Grape Juice Bill Bryan and Water Wagon Josephus Daniels to intervene?

"I am confident," says McAdoo, "that this country is entering upon a career of prosperity and of exalted idealism." Doesn't he mean that the country is about to quit a career of exalted idealism in the hope of practical redemption?

# Varied Types

## CCXI—JOHN BARRETT

By Edward F. O'Day

"It is indeed good," said John Barrett, Director General of the Pan American Union, as we gave hostages to the hat boy, "it is indeed good to be back in this city of my early career."

"Tell me about your early days here," I pleaded with Mr. Barrett's broad back as the steward led the way to a table.

"It is a curious thing," boomed Mr. Barrett's voice of rugged health as we took our chairs, "it is a curious thing that I arrived at the Sixteenth street station in Oakland on the sixteenth of August, 1889, with just sixteen dollars in my pocket. Four years later—let me consider—yes, it was just exactly four years later that I arrived again at the Sixteenth street station in Oakland, this time as the special guest of the president of the railroad in his private car, and I was met at the station by the Mayor of Oakland and the president of the Chamber of Commerce!"

As Mr. Barrett shook out his serviette we showed becoming facial appreciation of this splendid contrast. I use the plural because Mr. Barrett spoke in no confidential tone, and neighboring luncheon parties were visibly interested.

"I am sorry you have already lunched," went on Mr. Barrett, bowing politely to your humble servant; and to the waiter: "You may bring me a club sandwich and a Scotch highball."

"I had just finished at Dartmouth," he went on, "where my father had been before me. I am descended on both sides from men who fought in the Revolution, and my father was the most learned man in Vermont. Although very prominent in his community he had not the money to put me through college, so I worked my way through, and I enjoyed the privilege of occupying the room at Dartmouth once occupied by Daniel Webster.

"I had just graduated when I received a telegram from a friend who had graduated the year before, asking me if I would care to become professor of English at Hopkins Academy in Oakland for seven hundred a year and found. That 'found' appealed to me, and within a few days I was west of the Hudson river for the first time, journeying by tourist sleeper to Oakland.

"As I sat in my English class at Hopkins Academy on the Telegraph avenue hill I looked straight out across the bay to the Golden Gate. I had been brought up in a religious family, and I hadn't looked out over that scene more than three or four times before I told myself that God had some meaning in presenting it to my vision. The distant Orient stirred me. I felt that it was in some way to be connected with my future career. As it turned out, I was right."

"So strong was this impression," continued Mr. Barrett, truncating a club sandwich, "that I left Hopkins Academy and sought an opening in San Francisco. There was a man named McCarthy who issued a publication called The Annual Statistician, a very excellent publication, not merely of national but of international authority. My first job was to do the heavy work on this publication. I then became a free lance on the morning papers.

"How well I remember some of my details," exclaimed Mr. Barrett, gazing at his highball so meditatively that it might have been the hour glass of Father Time. ..."A very distinguished Chinese whose name I have quite forgotten came to San Francisco, and all the newspapers tried in vain to interview him. Strange as it may seem, in view of my subsequent career, I had gone quite deeply while at college into the history of our early diplomatic relations with the Orient. That knowledge helped me now. I sat down and wrote a note to that distinguished Chinese, mentioning the names of Anson Burlingame, Roberts, Perry and Seward and expressing my interest in the Orient. He sent for me at once. Then my New England conscience got the better of me and I confessed that I was a newspaperman. He decided however that the time had come to give out a very important interview, and the paper held the forms open for me.

"I remember another detail which had an important influence on my career. Somebody had run away from Portland with somebody else's wife, and I was sent to the steamer when it arrived, to get the story. I interviewed every passenger, but there was no such couple aboard. I was about to return to the office and confess my failure when the captain invited me to his cabin. It seems that he had constituted himself the unofficial booster of the town of Astoria. To his mind the town at the mouth of the Columbia was to become the queen city of the Pacific, the Paris-London-Berlin-Petersburg of the western hemisphere. It was very funny, and I asked the city editor's permission to write it up. Next day that interview was the talk of San Francisco. It was wired to Astoria, and I immediately received an offer from the newspaper there. I went to Astoria and wrote boom articles which attracted so much attention that the editor of the Seattle Post engaged me at a larger salary. Then the editor of the Tacoma Ledger induced me to write for him at a still higher salary. Next I received a wire from Harvey Scott of the Portland Oregonian asking me to come to see him. He wanted to put life into his evening paper the Telegram and engaged me at double the salary I was getting in Tacoma as city editor. In six months the circulation of the Telegram leaped from one to sixteen thousand.

"Socially, my advent on the Pacific Coast was under the happiest auspices. Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was my cousin. I need not explain her position in society in this city. I shall never forget the first dinner I attended at her home. I had no dress suit, and had to buy or rent one—I have forgotten which—for the occasion. I remember that dinner as though it were yesterday. I never saw so many beautiful women and handsome men in my life."

Mr. Barrett had been ignoring his food. He was self-satisfying a larger appetite. And indeed many lunchers had suspended the play of knife and fork to feed upon his utterance. While he remedied the neglect I asked if his newspaper career had stood him in good stead.

"I owe everything to it," he announced. "And in that connection I am reminded of a story. I was invited to a dinner given by Mark Hanna to John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, Elkins, Allison and others. It was a proud distinction, because I was the youngest man there, and more than that, the youngest diplomat in the American service. I was twenty-seven years old, and Minister to Siam. None has yet bettered that record. At this dinner Elkins said to Hay, 'What would you do if the entire diplomatic and consular corps were blotted out tomorrow?' Without pausing for a moment's thought Hay replied, 'I should reorganize it without the slightest difficulty and with no loss of efficiency. For my ambassadors and ministers I should take the managing editors of our big newspapers; for the secretaries of legation, the city editors; and for our consuls the star reporters.'

"Speaking of Siam, while I was there it was my good fortune to settle American claims amounting to several millions of dollars. The claimant was Dr. Cheek of Oakland. For my settlement of that matter I received the personal thanks of the President of the United States, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court declared that the case could not have been handled better by a lawyer of international reputation. And mind you, I have never studied law.

"When the war with Spain broke out," Mr. Barrett went on, laying down knife and fork, "I was offered two commissions, one by the State of Oregon and another by the Chief of Staff. When I arrived in Hong Kong I found an offer from Mr. Hearst who wished me to act as correspondent for a syndicate of papers in this country and abroad. He offered me a staggering salary which I shall not divulge, said that he would insure my life for fifty thousand dollars, placed a dispatch boat at my disposal and said that there was one hundred thousand dollars to my credit in the bank of Hong Kong. As I received at the same time letters from the Secretaries of State, War and the Treasury urging me to accept the offer and pointing out the service I might render my country, I consented.

"I was afterwards appointed Minister to the Argentine. I was made Minister to Panama immediately after the revolution. Later, after the Colombian government had rejected eleven names they found mine satisfactory, and I became Minister there. They favored me because of my work as the delegate of the United States to the Second Pan American conference in the City of Mexico. When the St. Louis Exposition was under way I was appointed Commissioner General to Foreign Nations at a salary of fifteen thousand a year, and interviewed every crowned head in the world. Of them all I was most impressed by the Empress Dowager of China whom I had the privilege of meeting in the Forbidden City. I was the first foreigner who ever stood with her upon the sacred dais of the imperial purple throne!"

The club sandwich disposed of, the highball drained, the waiter feed, we left the Tapestry Room, Mr. Barrett the moving focus of many wide eyes.

"I am now," said Mr. Barrett, "the Director General of the Pan American Union with headquarters at Washington. If you ever come to Washington," concluded Mr. Barrett as he gave a sop to Cerberus and our hostages were released, "I want you to come to see me so that I may help to make your stay enjoyable. And more than that, I want you to promise that if any friend of yours ever comes to Washington you will give him a letter to me so that he may not be neglected."

Overwhelmed I promised and shook the extended hand, conscious that all the lobby heard his distinguished entreaty, and as I faded from wondering eyes my ears hummed with the vocal impact of greatness.

# In Warsaw

**The Observations of a Tourist During the Period When the German Army was Making Its First Effort to Capture the Polish Capital**

In spite of refugees from a periphery of demolished villages, this city probably contains a quarter of a million fewer inhabitants than it did ten days ago. For conversational purposes their place has been more than filled by an amazing host of rumors, framed to suit all tastes. On the whole we are optimistic, although the cannonade grows distinctly louder day by day, and although for two days our window panes have been dancing merrily. The habitual pessimism of the Slav seems legendary in the face of some of the prevailing rumors—and their inventors. One elderly gentleman, who does Messieurs les correspondants anglais the honor of a daily call, comes always to announce a German retreat. And every day we politely point out that the cannonade sounds nearer than it did the day before. "Ah," he explains, "that is our artillery coming back." In point of fact nobody knows, or is allowed to know, what is happening ten miles away. Ten days ago only a few journalists suspected that there were Germans within fifty miles of Warsaw. By sheer chance I happened to be in Lublin on October 10th, when a large detachment of wounded men, and muddy artillery, was coming into the town, and learnt that this was part of the backwash of a big battle fought on the Vistula, around Sandomir, and to the north and south of it. A little later on it became clear that the Germans were following the left bank of the Vistula. On October 12th two journalists set out from Warsaw on an expedition of discovery, saw villages burning less than twenty miles to the west of the city, and found themselves caught up in a riotous stampede, in which a few soldiers lent the dignity of a retreat to the townward rush of a mob of frightened villagers, who were saving themselves and their cattle with such poor household goods as could be caught up and bundled off with them. And ever since the firing has been all but continuous. But these things are scarcely hinted at in the local papers. All we are told comes via Petrograd, whence official reports announce that "fighting has been taking place between Warsaw and Przemysl," and stop at that.

One's impressions seem curiously discontinuous; nothing that happens appears to bear any relation to anything else. The German aeroplanes form a category by themselves. They are among the few recurring elements. They visit us twice or thrice daily, throw a few bombs and retire. The damage done by the bombs has hitherto been inconsiderable. Two, evidently intended for the telegraph office, buried themselves in the nearest public garden, wounding one gendarme. But, generally speaking, the bombs show a curious and decided partiality for non-combatants. Every day a dozen or so people are killed or wounded, and nearly all are women and boys. The Russian soldiers, although apparently immune from the dangers of the descending bombs, have an ungrateful habit of firing recklessly at every aeroplane that comes within range. So far, the only one to be brought down in this manner was a Russian, the pilot being fortunately uninjured.

Perhaps the least satisfactory feature of the last two weeks' doings in and around Warsaw has been the behavior of some of the officers quartered in the town. They have made no attempt to conceal the dissipations with which they have whiled away their time in the principal hotels. There is a story to the effect that commander-in-chief of the Russian army, the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaevitch, made an unexpected appearance and, infuriated by what he saw, degraded a number of officers to the ranks. That is as it may be, but it is certainly true that something sudden and violent did happen, for the hotels of the first class ceased to sell intoxicating liquors and the number of officers in their public rooms visibly diminished. Another uncomfortable feature has been the attitude of the Poles and others towards the local Jews. An extraordinary collection of anti-Semitic rumors has been floating about: some of them were so patently absurd that they soon died of their own inanity, but even in the case of these the evil that rumors do lives after them. It appears that as soon as the war broke out and Polish autonomy became more than a dream, a number of Poles came to the conclusion that the best way to make their future self-government worth the while was to clear out as many Jews as possible. Today massacres of the Jews are being freely spoken of, and unpleasant little scenes of Jew-baiting are taking place in all directions. The most fantastic tales are circulated; often enough they are merely the hasty distortions of some perfectly explicable event. Thus, the Jews are accused of attempting to corner wheat—because their bakers' shops have been closed for a couple of days on account of a religious festival. The banks having left the town in panic, all the small change in the town naturally drifts towards the tramsways administration, etc., but the Jews are charged with attempting to corner small coin. A rumor was started to the effect that a Jewish funeral procession was stopped and the coffin opened by suspicious soldiers, who found therein no corpse, but several hundred thousand pounds worth of gold, destined for the German invaders. This legend gained an extraordinary popularity, and finally reached the stately columns of the all but official Novoye Vremya. Then some arithmetician worked out the weight of such a quantity of gold (it came to something in the nature of tons) and its cubic dimensions (far exceeding those of any human coffin), and the tale was unostentatiously disowned by its adopted parents. But, a week or so later, it comes up again in another form. A doubtless gallant captain assured me that with his own eyes he has seen Jews bury vast quantities of coin with their dead, but this time their object is to hide it from the Germans, and incidentlly to embarrass the Christian population by depriving it of bullion. I congratulated him on his knowledge of such a hoard, and suggested excavations before the Germans arrive. But alas! duty has called him away from Warsaw. . . . and so on.

But these are by no means the most serious of the prevailing stories. The ritual murder horror has been revived. Children butchered by the Austrians early in August at Radzivilovo and its neighborhood are, it is now being alleged, slain by the Jews, who used the Austrians as a cover. And, according to innumerable Poles with whom I have talked, every Jew is a spy. Jews are said to sit in the German aeroplanes which come over Warsaw and to indicate the chief buildings to the bomb-throwers. Jews are said to own wireless telegraph and telephone apparatus, to sell poisoned food to soldiers and poisoned oats for their horses. The German attack during its first few days came mainly from the south. The enemy was thrown back here a few miles, but continued advancing from the west. This, it was said, was because Jewish spies had warned the Germans of some mined fields to the south of Warsaw. Presently the Germans attacked again from the south, and more than recovered their lost ground. But the legend remains. And all these are but a few of the canards we have been hearing. The Jews now fear that if the town is to be evacuated by the Russian garrison, its wilder elements, such as the strange beings from the Kirghiz Steppes, whose idea of war is looting and rape, and who have already grumbled at their hitherto enforced conformity to relatively civilized methods, will be allowed to turn themselves loose on the wretched Hebrew population. If anything of this sort should happen, it is suggested, the discredit would, of course, be thrown upon the oncoming Germans.

Will the city be evacuated? Among the soldiers, and many of the officers, suspicions of incompetence and treachery are already rife. Warsaw has been largely governed by men of German name and origin in late years—and one of them, two years ago, found a pretext for dismantling most of the forts. A wounded officer with 100 men who are all that remain of two Siberian regiments of 4,000 men each, told me how his colonel died. He had been struck by a shell, and he spent the last five minutes of his life bitterly cursing his general for what he regarded as the deliberate sacrifice of his regiment. The general in question "surrendered" himself to the Germans. His name is Krause. Such are some of the circumstances which tend to promote a pessimistic view of the defense of Warsaw. If one could view them in their just proportion to the factors which are really determining the result of the campaign, the triviality of these rumors and incidents upon which we base hopes and fears would doubtless be apparent enough. But in this city within a few miles of the firing line they are all we have to think and talk about.

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# The Scandinavian Powers

The position of the Scandinavian States in Northern Europe corresponds with that of the Balkan States in the South. Both are small independent groups whose main function in the general European equilibrium is to keep the Teuton and the Slav apart. But there has been no Turk in Northern Europe, and this fact has influenced the history of the small States in two respects. In the first place, they have all a long unbroken national tradition on which they can look back, in striking contrast with the Balkan States, whose history, interrupted by the coming of the Turk, was only resumed in the nineteenth century. Norway, it is true, suffered a parallel extinction of independence, having been an appanage first of the Danish and then of the Swedish crown; but this loss of independent sovereignty did not affect the survival of a vigorous national spirit. In the second place the absence of a common enemy has modified the attitude of the Scandinavian Powers towards the colossi on their flank. They are regarded rather as aggressors than as liberators. There is, indeed, sound reason for suspicion. One kingdom —Poland—which should belong to the Scandinavian group has disappeared altogether; a second, Sweden, has lost to its mighty neighbor its possessions on the mainland; and a third, Denmark, has suffered similar diminution of territory within living memory. It is these facts which determine the attitude of the Scandinavian kingdoms towards the war now in progress.

Of recent years there has been much talk in the Northern capitals of a Scandinavian League in which the three kingdoms should pledge themselves to mutual assistance in the event of aggression by either of the neighboring Great Powers. It was hoped that the league would have the aid of the other Great Power in repelling unprovoked attack. Had such a league taken shape the idea was that both Germany and Russia would be asked to guarantee its integrity, in which case violation by either would have afforded the other a casus belli. This idea received very partial realization in the North Sea Agreement; but despite its weak expression on paper the idea itself has been full of force, and explains the present action of the Scandinavian Powers in maintaining neutrality. It is clearly to their interest that Germany and Russia should weaken one another in a non-Scandinavian question. What we have now to ask is whether circumstances may arise which will lead any one of them to depart from its present attitude.

In this connection it should be noted that while all three States are suspicious of both their great neighbors, their suspicions vary in intensity. Sweden's apprehensions are primarily of an attack by Russia. The Aland Islands are the natural base for a Russian move against Sweden, and the action directed against them by the British fleet in the Crimean war was based on sound strategic principles. The recent strengthening of the Aland defenses was one of the causes of the Swedish military program which lately involved the country in a constitutional crisis. Further, Russia's great need is an ice-free port; and in the extreme north, in the region where the Norwegian, Swedish and Russian frontiers meet, Russia is only about twenty miles from the open sea. Aggression in this quarter would threaten Norway as well as Sweden, and it is on this account that the two States began to draw together so soon after the separation and are now understood to be acting in concert. Thirdly, measures recently, and as most Englishmen think unfortunately, taken for what is called the Russification of Finland, with its strong Swedish affinities, have naturally wounded Swedish feeling; and, lastly, the royal marriage which, it was hoped, would create new ties of personal friendship between the Romanoffs and the Bernadottes has proved a failure. For all these reasons Russo-Swedish relations have been none too smooth of late, and the Swedish Government has even felt it necessary to explain officially that in this present crisis Gustavus V has no thought of emulating the exploits of Charles XII, and that no thought of recovering lost Finnish territory has ever been entertained.

The attitude of Denmark is in striking contrast with that of Sweden. To Denmark Germany is the potential enemy; and if the Danes have been the chief advocates of a Scandinavian League, that is because they think aggression is more likely to come from Germany than from Russia. Their fears are natural enough. Not only is the memory of the loss of Schleswig-Holstein comparatively recent, but the control of Danish waters would mean even more to Germany than the possession of an ice-free port in the extreme north would mean to Russia. Fear of further attack long kept Denmark's relations with Germany in a bad state, and here, too, dynastic feeling helped to keep enmity alive. The principality from which Christian IX was called to rule over Denmark was itself in the lost territory, and the extreme bitterness of his consort, Queen Louise, made any rapprochement between the two courts impossible. Relations became less strained after her death, and the courtesy of the German Emperor in personally attending King Christian's funeral a few years later, smoothed the way for the new King in his endeavor to enable Denmark to live on comfortable terms with its great neighbor. Relations between the two States improved considerably during Frederick VIII's brief reign, and the marriage of the German Crown Prince to the sister of the present Queen of Denmark replaced dynastic enmity by dynastic friendship. Berlin was the first foreign capital to be visited by Christian X, and though recent German measures in Schleswig have caused some recrudescence of the old ill-feeling, it cannot be contended that the present attitude of Danish public opinion is anything like as hostile as it was fifteen years ago.

Both geographically and politically Norway acts as a link between the divergent suspicions of Denmark and Sweden. As has been said, Norway, like Sweden, is apprehensive of Russian action in the extreme north, but the use made of the Norwegian harbors by the German fleet has made her at least equally apprehensive of the Germans. Of late years Norway has given more and more thought to the possibility of Germany's endeavoring to acquire a naval base on her coast. The fact that the German fleet has been compelled to act entirely on the defensive has, however, eased her of these fears; and though it is the British navy to which Norway is indebted for this relief, it would seem that British co-operation with Russia is not altogether to Norway's taste. But of the three Scandinavian Powers Norway has most to gain from a policy of strict neutrality, and there is no reason to think that she will depart from it.

To Britain the attitude of Denmark is of special importance. If the Allies prove their power to regulate the position according to their hopes, they will establish peace under conditions which will make political frontiers coincide with national frontiers, and which will deprive Germany of power to deliver further attacks on her peaceful neighbors. Both these conditions demand that the German frontier should be drawn at the Kiel canal. Once both banks of the canal cease to be German territory its military value will be destroyed, while its commercial utility will remain unimpaired. Moreover, whereas Holstein is thoroughly German, and its cession to another Power would sow the seeds of a future war, Schleswig is only very imperfectly Germanized, and at least a strong minority of its inhabitants would gladly renew their allegiance to the Danish crown. The future conduct of Denmark will thus become a matter of moment to Britain, especially if it should eventually become necessary to attack the German naval bases by land. Into this consideration it would not now be advisable to enter, but we may at any rate be mindful of the possibility that at a later stage of the war Britain may welcome an offer of co-operation from the smallest of the Scandinavian Powers.

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXIX—SAN FRANCISCO RENATA

(The name of Marion Cummings Stanley is not that of a well known singer in our San Francisco choir. Nevertheless this sonnet deserves a place in the anthology. It was published in Sunset several years ago.)

By Marion Cummings Stanley

As some rapt sculptor works, in haste to free
His dream of beauty from the rock's rough hold,
Seeing the spirit struggle through the cold
Inertness of the stone, so eagerly
From that marred molten ruin by the sea
Day after day with strokes a million-fold
They cut and carve beside the Gates of Gold
The City Beautiful that is to be.

See now the sea-blown hair, the dauntless brow,
The breathing bosom bright, the generous hand.
What though about her feet ruin and wrong
Still cling and coil to stay her going now,
The workers will not weary till she stand
Again a queen, free, beautiful and strong!

# The Spectator

### The Mayor's Surprise Party

"I didn't see you at the surprise party."

This was the casual observation of the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock on entering the office of the Harbor Commission. Obviously it was addressed to Commissioner Dwyer as he was alone, closeted as it were with his thoughts.

"I didn't know there was a surprise party," said Dwyer, removing his feet from the table.

"That isn't what the newspapers called it," said the clockwinder. "They said it was a celebration, a celebration of the opening of the Stockton street tunnel, but Mayor Rolph discovered that it was something quite different. To him it was a surprise party, the biggest surprise party of his life."

"Do you mean to say he didn't know there was going to be any demonstration until he got to the scene of rejoicing?"

The clockwinder dropped his key in disgust, and it rattled the windows.

"No, Joe," he said, "that isn't what I mean to say. What I mean to say is he didn't expect that kind of demonstration. There wasn't any rejoicing at all—see? Listen. The Mayor went over to the hall to get himself warmed with tributes of praise, but instead he got roasted, panned, done to a turn."

"You don't say so!" Dwyer exclaimed, vindicating his animation by mounting his feet. "Was Matt Sullivan there?"

"No," said the clockwinder, "the Chief Justice was too busy, but the Administration was pretty well represented."

"Funny I didn't see something in the newspapers about it," Dwyer remarked.

"Oh, the newspapers had something about it, but not all about it. You know, Joe, sometimes our newspapers have their own little axes to grind, and sometimes they find it more convenient to saw wood than to print the news."

By this time the Commissioner was once more in his chair of state all ears and their porches down.

### On the Grill

The clockwinder went on with his story. "The first speaker introduced," he said, "was Joe Rothschild, the attorney. Joe was loaded for bear. No tributes of praise from Joe. Nary a felicitation. Joe was in a critical mood, and rudely personal. Joe wanted to know about transportation for the Fair, and you could see every Supervisor on the platform shrink and wince. The Stockton street tunnel as an engineering triumph evidently has not appealed to Joe. Probably he has wondered why it was built, considering the easy grade over the hill as compared with other grades in the city. Being a cynical chap maybe Joe has suspected that the tunnel was built not to go through a hill but to go through pockets. At any rate Joe said it was notorious that transportation facilities were shamefully inadequate, that there would be an uproar when the Fair was opened; and turning to the Mayor and Supervisors he said: "On you gentlemen will fall the blame. More than a year ago the improvement clubs of this city warned you, and you paid no heed. Now it is too late to escape responsibility."

"That was pretty hot stuff," was Dwyer's profoundly wise comment, after which he meditated aloud: "I wonder if it's true?"

### The Director-General Talked

"That's what I wondered for a minute or two," said the clockwinder, "but the next speaker was Mr. C. C. Moore, Director-General of the Exposition, and when he finished I didn't wonder any more. He said he had been called upon to discuss transportation, but must decline to do so. He had been busy building the Fair and it would be built on time. As to the furnishing of railroad facilities, that was another matter entirely foreign to his scope of duties. It was up to the municipal Administration to make those facilities adequate, and to charges respecting their inadequacy he pleaded not guilty. Incidentally he remarked that he and Mayor Rolph were friendly. Mr. Moore left no doubt in my mind as to the true state of affairs but as to that, Joe, satisfy yourself as I did last Sunday by going out to the Fair, watching the handling of a crowd and reflecting on what will happen on any of the big days next summer."

Dwyer wanted to know what Rolph did at the surprise party.

### An Ovation for McCarthy

"Oh, I havent come to his turn yet," said the clockwinder. "The Hon. P. H. McCarthy preceded him. Say, Joe, he's a wonder. It makes me laugh when I see the Chief Justice Sullivan machine scheming to get "Andy" Gallagher on the State payroll in order to get him out of Rolph's way. They better figure out how to get McCarthy out of the way."

"Do you mean to say he's going to run for Mayor?" Dwyer asked in alarm.

"I'm told he won't run for anything, but you never can tell what may happen. Union Labor may insist on his running."

By this time the Governor's water front lieutenant was bursting with curiosity. "Well, tell me," he said, "what did P. H. do at the meeting?"

"He took it away from everybody. They gave him an ovation. And how he did smash the Administration gang right to their teeth! Not only about transportation, but about everything. He said among other things that there were fifty-four empty stores on Market street between the ferry and Sixteenth street, and he wanted to know the reason why."

"Did anybody tell him?"

"Well, the Mayor made a pretty good try at it. He said we need more water."

"For Shaughnessy or McCarthy?"

"Say, Joe, I didn't think it was in you. I'll laugh at that when I get up in the tower. But on the level, to do the Mayor justice, he turned out a good job, and at the wind-up the crowd seemed to be with him; that is, all that weren't with P. H. However, it was surely a surprise party."

### The Expediency of Suppression

As the clockwinder was about to start off with his key Commissioner Dwyer remarked that he was surprised that the newspapers had suppressed such a good story. "Some of them

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would have surprised me if they had published it," said the clockwinder. "If we haven't got cars enough to carry the crowds to the Fair we shouldn't blame the Administration so much as that great newspaper, the Examiner, which is always doing so much for the city. Don't you remember it was that wonderful man, the editor of the Examiner, who solved the transportation problem months ago? Mayor Rolph was once in favor of doing the right thing—of granting the United Railroads a few measly extensions, but the Examiner shrieked and Rolph quailed, and changed his mind much to the disgust of the directors of the Fair. The editor of the Examiner, who insists that he is the embodiment of public opinion. laid out a railroad system for us that was to make the whole city blossom like a rose and coin money till the taxpayers would be relieved of all their burdens, and there it is, eating its head off, and now there's nothing to do but pass resolutions calling on the United Railroads to put on more cars or quit business, an easy way to divert public attention from the consequences of a combination of megalomania and saphead stupidity."

**Enthusiasm at San Quentin**

New Year's was celebrated at San Quentin with a theatrical entertainment, the vaudeville talent being supplied from the free air of San Francisco. Among other numbers was a one-act play of dastardly villainy and injured but uncrushed innocence. This made a deep impression on the wards of the State, some of whom were observed to wipe away a tear when the outlook was blackest for the poor gell against whom the villain was machinating. And what a hissing they gave that villain when he was foiled at last and stood gnashing his gleaming white teeth in fury! Yes, the guests at Mine Host Jimmy Johnston's State caravanserai hissed the villain to a fareyouwell. But the line that got the biggest and noisiest reception was uttered by the poor gell of the piece.

"The State will take care of you," quoth the villain in insinuating tones.

"To hell with the State," cried Miss Injured Innocence.

The roar of approval that went up from the packed yard lasted for what seemed five minutes. It sounded loud enough to be heard by the boaters at Escalle some miles up the slough, and it came straight from the heart.

**Concerning Professor Cory**

I am in receipt of a letter from a local literary man for whose critical judgment I have the highest respect, a letter which calls to my attention Professor Herbert E. Cory of the University of California. "Am I right," says my correspondent, "in assuming that you take more than a languid interest in the intellectual and quasi-intellectual phenomena of our community? It is on such an assumption that I am sending you a copy of The Dial which contains what seems to me an exceptionally able and suggestive essay, 'The Critics of Criticism,' by my friend Herbert Cory, a professor of English in the University of California. You are not perhaps aware how completely I share your lack of respect for the traditional academician, for the attitude of mind he represents, and for his futile profession. But the 'new academician' is coming to the front—a communicative and frequently a creative type. Cory is one of these, and there are more (two or three) even at the U. of C. I'm not for the cheap and blatant radical, mind you! The point is that a chap in Berkeley is writing better stuff than anyone else in California, and nobody hereabouts, except a small circle of his friends, is any the wiser. He has to find his audience elsewhere. Why not give him a few words of recognition?"

**The "New Academician"**

I think I grasp my correspondent's distinction between the old and the new academician. For the pedant, for "the bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, with loads of learned lumber in his head," I have a plentiful lack of respect. There is indeed only one quasi-intellectual type for which I have less sympathy, and that is for what my correspondent calls "the cheap and blatant radical." The cheap and blatant radical is very much in evidence at our universities. He is constantly engaged in work which puts good men out of humor with those institutions. Still, I have not yet digested this matter of the "new academician," and until I do I shall be slow in hailing his advent. I am always uneasy in the presence of new labels.

**A Sound Writer**

I am grateful just the same that my correspondent has made me acquainted with the work of Professor Cory. I have read his article in The Dial; also a poem of his, "The Death of Cuchulin," published in the University of California Chronicle. Professor Cory writes good, nervous prose enriched with allusions and touched ever and anon with the magic of a lyric phrase. He has a fine sense of values, if I may borrow a word from the graphic arts. More than that, his viewpoint is sound (which may or may not be more than saying it is the same as mine). The stand he takes in The Dial article on "The Critics of Criticism" may be inferred from the


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[illegible]

[illegible] seven years of age and

### Borrowing Mark Twain

[illegible] I gave it to him." [illegible]

### Gillis on Bret Harte

[illegible] Harte was in later years

### Not Approve for Borrowing

[illegible]


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### Mark Twain as a Dead Shot

Of Mark Twain Steve Gillis speaks in a very different tone, saying:

"He was one of the most likable fellows imaginable. He was big in stature and in heart. He said everything in a funny way and was never downcast unless he had work staring him in the face. I met him in Virginia City, Nevada. He was editor of the Enterprise. He had not held that position long when he got into difficulties with the editor of the Union, the nearest rival paper. As was customary in those times Mark got a challenge to a duel. Well, Sam didn't like the job and he couldn't hit anything but the air with a six-shooter. I was a good shot and was one of Sam's seconds. We began practicing and one day I took one of the guns and shot the head off a bird at 50 yards. I was just telling Mark how to do it when the other editor and his seconds came up over the hill. They were out practicing too. They saw the dead bird. Sam was standing some 50 yards or more from the bird and the other principal in the prospective duel asked who shot the bird.

"'Why,' says I, 'Sam shot it from where he is standing.'

"'Did he do that?' demanded the other editor. 'Can he shoot like that?'

"'Sure,' I says. 'He can kill a bird at 50 yards any time.'

"'That's enough,' says the rival. 'I don't want to fight a duel with Clemmens.'

"And he took himself off. But the word got around that there was going to be a duel. The grand jury was in session and the foreman came to me that night with word that the jury was going to take the matter up but that if we just happened to be out of the State when it happened he imagined nothing much could come of it. Well, anyway, Mark Twain came to California because he was driven out by the grand jury and me along with him. We went to San Francisco, leaving on a 2 a. m. stage from Virginia City."

### "The Jumping Frog"

If all the stories of the origin of "The Jumping Frog" were collected they would make a small book, a distinct addition to the "curiosities of literature." Gillis has one:

"I sent Mark up to Jackass Hill to my brother. Jim, my brother, and Twain went into partnership pocket mining. One rainy day Jim struck a good lead. He carried the dirt about 100 yards to water to pan it and Mark stood in the rain and shivered and waited for Jim to get back after washing each pan. Twain shivered and begged Jim to go back to the cabin with him. He shivered and begged until Jim consented, throwing down the last pan of dirt on top of the waste heap. Jim and Mark went to Angels, Mark wanting to see that section of the country, and stayed three days until the rain was over. In the meantime the notice of location on the claim ran out and two Austrians who happened along and found that last pan of dirt on the waste heap, saw it was almost all gold and just camped in the rain on the claim until the notice was invalid. Then they took out $23,000 in a few days. It would have been the greatest thing out for Twain. But, in a letter I received from him afterwards, he told me about the gold mine he struck while he was in Angels while the Austrians were busy taking out the gold he had left because of his inherent hatred of work. It was in Angels that trip that Twain got the story of the Jumping Frog, the story that made him famous. We were rooming together in San Francisco when he wrote it and he was about to sell it to a newspaper when he showed it to me. I advised him to keep it and publish it in book form with some other short stories. He did that and made his first real money as a writer. In his letter to me in later years he pointed to the fact that the frog story was a bigger strike than the mine would have been."

### Twain Practices French

If Mark Twain had never learned French English literature would lack one of his greatest works, the "Joan of Arc." This is how he learned the language, according to Gillis:

"While were were rooming in San Francisco Mark set to work to study French. And here's a story about his French which has never been published. He could read the language, eventually, but could not speak it because he was naturally a very slow enunciator and couldn't wrap his tongue around the French syllables rapidly enough. He would let me eat in nothing but French restaurants. We had to talk French to the waiters and the waiters laughed uproariously at Twain's French. He laughed, too, about it and always enjoyed his own blunders but one day the climax was reached. We chanced upon a Frenchman in Montgomery street, who was evidently a gentleman and who was trying to ask a question of the passers-by but did not meet with success. Twain spotted him and eagerly seized the opportunity to practice his French. The Frenchman asked his question again and Mark began with his reply. When he had finished the Frenchman dropped insensible in the street in a fit. Somewhat frightened we carried him into a drug store and got some restoratives. After seeing the man up again we went out and as we walked down the street Twain said to me:

"'I'll talk French if I have to kill every damn Frenchman in San Francisco.'"

### As to State Division

The plan of State division outlined by The Spectator last week was only one of several such projects, for the question was debated in every Legislature for ten years, writes an authority on California history. Jefferson Hunt of San Bernardino introduced a bill in the Assembly providing for a partition into two States. The territory included in what then composed the counties of Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, Calaveras, Amador, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, Mariposa, Tulare, Monterey, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Bernardino, with the islands on the coast, was to be united under the name of Columbia, with the consent of Congress, but meanwhile the bill was referred to a committee of thirteen representing all sections of the State of California. This committee reported a substitute bill providing for three States. It altered the eastern boundary to embrace every portion of the eastern slope of the Sierras that could be brought under profitable cultivation. The line was to run through the center of the Great American Desert, 119° W. from Greenwich, a little west of the center of Nevada, which


STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

# BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS MEMBER COMMERCIAL

Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco and The San Francisco Clearing House Association

DECEMBER 31st, 1914

ASSETS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate | | $ 6,850,580.87 |
| Real Estate, Bank Buildings, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults | | 864,956.39 |
| Time Loans (Collateral and Personal) | | 2,128,031.94 |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit | | 119,966.28 |
| Other Assets | | 59,861.22 |
| United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds | $2,677,717.70 | |
| Demand Loans (Collateral and Personal) | 2,479,177.12 | |
| CASH | $2,850,110.07 | 8,007,004.89 |
| | | $18,030,401.59 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Paid Up | $ 1,250,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | 350,217.18 |
| Dividends Unpaid | 37,655.00 |
| Letters of Credit | 119,966.28 |
| DEPOSITS | 16,272,563.13 |
| | $18,030,401.59 |

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco:

A. P. GIANNINI and A. PEDRINI, being each separately, duly sworn, each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is Vice-President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI,
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1914.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

## The Story of Our Growth

As shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Assets

| | |
|---|---|
| December 31, 1904 | $285,436.97 |
| December 31, 1905 | $1,021,290.80 |
| DECEMBER 31, 1906 | $1,899,947.28 |
| DECEMBER 31, 1907 | $2,221,347.35 |
| December 31, 1908 | $2,574,004.90 |
| December 31, 1909 | $3,817,217.70 |
| DECEMBER 31, 1910 | $6,539,861.47 |
| DECEMBER 31, 1911 | $8,379,347.02 |
| DECEMBER 31, 1912 | $11,228,814.56 |
| DECEMBER 31, 1913 | $15,882,911.61 |
| **December 31, 1914** | **$18,030,401.59** |

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS 50,253

Savings Deposits Made on or Before January 11th Will Earn Interest From January 1st

at that time was still a portion of Utah. The State of Colorado was to have taken in San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Merced, Tulare, Buena Vista and part of Mariposa county. The northern boundary of Colorado was to begin at the mouth of the Pajaro river, cross the Coast summit and proceed in a straight line to the mouth of the Merced, then across the Sierras to the new eastern boundary line. The State of Shasta was to have its southern boundary begin at the mouth of Maron river and proceed easterly along the boundaries of Yuba and Butte, Sierra and Plumas, across the summit of the Sierras to the State line, and include Klamath, Siskiyou, Humboldt, Shasta, Trinity, Plumas and a part of Mendocino, Colusa and Butte. The county between the northern boundary of Colorado and the southern limit of Shasta was to be California. Geographical ideas were hazy—for there never was a county of Buena Vista, and the Maron river existed only in the imagination of the rule-of-thumb surveyors. The inducements relied on for carrying this scheme through were the remoteness of the northern and southern sections from the capital, lack of transportation facilities, but chiefly official patronage. The Legislature adjourned before the bill reached the Senate, but it was confidently expected to pass at the next session. No doubt it would have had a favorable hearing but for an unexpected political calamity. California, which had heretofore gone Democratic, went Know-Nothing, and in 1856 the State Division Bill was not submitted.

### The Vote on Division

In 1858-59, continues my informant, Daniel Rogers introduced a bill cutting off the then six southern counties. It passed both houses, and was signed by Governor Milton Latham on April 19, 1859. The question was to be submitted to the people, a two-thirds vote to carry, and in September a special election was held with the result:

| | For | Against |
|---|---|---|
| Los Angeles | 1407 | 441 |
| San Bernardino | 441 | 65 |
| San Luis Obispo | 10 | 283 |
| San Diego | 217 | 25 |
| Santa Barbara | 395 | 51 |
| Tulare | 17 | 0 |
| | 2487 | 885 |

This result was submitted to Congress, but the discontent in the South had reached such an acute stage that consideration of the matter was deemed inexpedient.

### The State of Nataqua

In 1855-56, my correspondent goes on, a few settlers had crossed the mountains from Plumas county into Honey Lake Valley. They believed they were east of the boundary of California, and in April, 1856, twenty of them met at the first house built in Honey Lake Valley, a log cabin erected by Isaac Roop in 1854, to formulate laws for a new territory to extend north to the southeast corner of Idaho, east to about the middle of Nevada and about fifty miles south of Carson City, to embrace about fifty thousand square miles, and to be known as Nataqua. Peter Lassen was chairman and Isaac Roop secretary, and a number of laws and regulations were adopted. Some time later they discovered that their proposed territory included the Washoe and Carson Valleys, which contained about ten times the population of their own district, and that they themselves were without the boundaries they had set. As the other residents refused to ratify their action, there was no alternative but to abandon the project. For many years until his death Isaac Roop was a resident of San Francisco.

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### American Art at the Fair

Announcement has just been made of the names of the American artists who are to have rooms in the Palace of Fine Arts at the World's Fair. To have a room all to oneself is the highest distinction that can be conferred upon an artist exhibiting at an exposition—at least until the time comes to award the medals. Then it occasionally happens that the humble exhibitor of a few canvases lords it over the proud "room man." Each of the rooms, I find, has been devoted to an American artist supposed to represent "the highest expression of a particular school or style or art medium." Of course Whistler will have a room. That goes without saying. The particular importance of the news lies in the fact that a Whistler exhibition is one of the hardest in the world to arrange. Most Whistlers are owned privately, and the owners are exceedingly chary about lending them. Public galleries that boast more than one Whistler are rare indeed. But I understand we are to have a representative collection at the Fair. Three other deceased American artists are to have rooms—John Twachtman, Howard Pyle and William Keith. We know little of Twachtman in this neck of the woods, and the opportunity to increase that knowledge will be welcome indeed. This Cincinnati artist is regarded as a leader among the impressionists, and yet his work has an almost Japanese refinement. I wonder if we shall see his pictures of Niagara and the Yellowstone? Howard Pyle we know through reproductions of his works. He was the foremost American illustrator, and if we are shown some of his unsurpassed paintings of Colonial life in New England we shall be very grateful. The award of a room to our own William Keith will be received with mixed feelings. Those who discuss Keith are divided into two camps—Keithophiles and Keithophobes. There seems to be no middle way—you must either adore Keith or cast him out. He is either the leading American artist or a poor imitator of the Barbizon school. I look for merry war when the Keiths are hung.

### The Living Artists

Among the living artists who are to have rooms is John S. Sargent. None will except to that. He is our foremost portrait painter, a worthy pupil of Carolus Duran, feared by many of his sitters for the inexorable skill with which he makes the body reveal the soul. Then there is William M. Chase who gave up his New York studio to conduct a class at Carmel last summer. There are also John W. Alexander of Pennsylvania, Frank Duvenek of Kentucky, Gari Melchers of Detroit, Edward W. Redfield of Delaware, a pupil of Bouguereau, Edmund C. Tarbell of Massachusetts, and that prince of etchers Joseph Pennell whose work is on the line of every important gallery in the world. These are all good selections. But with the exception of the dead Keith there is not a Californian among them. I could name two or three Californians who deserve rooms, but I refrain for fear of bringing the rest of our artists down upon my poor head. It must be said, by the way, that Californian artists are none too well pleased with the way they have been treated by the powers-that-be in the Fine Arts department of the Fair. Only one Californian, Arthur Mathews, was commissioned to do murals, and his work has not yet been hung. That was an eminently good selection, but there are others, some of them so superior to certain Eastern artists whose murals are now on view that there is really no comparison. I have heard certain distinguished Californian artists say that they will not exhibit at the Fair at all. If they persist in this determination I shall tell the whole story at the proper time.

### Henry Miller's Welcome

"It isn't the welcome I used to know. It has changed. I am conscious of an apathy that I did not find before, of a dull indifference that is very different from the former enthusiasm. Have I come once too often?"

Thus Henry Miller in a Town Talk interview when he was presenting "The Rainbow" here in November of 1913. The audience at the Columbia Monday night—perhaps the smartest audience we have had this season—supplied an answer, if answer was needed. Judging from its enthusiasm it seems unlikely that Henry Miller can ever come to us once too often. It was an audience in evening clothes, and therefore more than usually cold—I am not referring to the weather. But when Henry Miller made his first appearance in the kitchen of the John Grier Home and caught his first glimpse of the girl who was to know him as "Daddy-Long-Legs," the audience applauded so warmly that the performance was interrupted. And at the end of the first act there was so much applause that Miller had to step before the curtain and return thanks for it, a most unprecedented thing. At the end of the third act the applause called for a speech, and Miller's words of gratitude indicated that he had forgotten all about his misgivings of November, 1913. Incidentally he made an oblique reference to Forbes-Robertson. "I want no farewell," he said; "I wish to pass from the stage unheralded."

### The Lure of the Tavern

The souvenirs presented to the ladies at Techau Tavern on Saturday afternoons have always been of the highest order of merit, and now the management has been successful in securing the productions of Colgate, the famous perfumer, for distribution. Every Saturday until further notice some one of the many products of this well known manufacturer will be given away. Last week the souvenir was "Splendor," a perfume of exquisite scent, which has no superior. Every evening in the week has not proved too often to attract the public to the Informal Dansants which so long have been a feature of the Tavern. Each evening sees the gathering of more and more dancers who have learned that nowhere else may they find in such perfection the three great essentials of pleasurable dancing—a perfect floor, fine music and scientific ventilation.

### In the Dark Ages

When Rastus Johnsing's son arrived,
He looked just like his poppy,
In fact, the doctah done declahed
He was a carbon copy.

# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Omar in Washington Street

Old Omar of Persia was reincarnated in San Francisco on New Year's night. The poetical tentmaker came back to earth to chant the glories of love and of the vine in the charming person of Madame Margaret Barry, an artist of considerable note and a friend of Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels. Mrs. Spreckels gave a big reception in her Washington-street mansion on the first evening of the New Year, and the reappearance of the long-departed Sufi was the most enjoyable feature of the affair, the crowning episode of an elaborate Persian cabaret. Mrs. Spreckels' guests took seats in the spacious hall of the home, facing the curtained entrance of the beautiful Pompeiian room. The lights were dimmed, and the silence was first broken by the fine voice of Charles Bulotti singing Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden." Then the curtain was withdrawn and a light as of dawn lit the Pompeiian room which had been transformed into a gorgeous Persian harem. Rare rugs and tiger skins covered the tesselated pavement; a peacock strutted proudly about; the waters of the white marble fountain caught the light and fell like showers of gold into the basin, making a music that harmonized sweetly with the soft strains of the orchestra. In the midst of this setting for oriental romance Omar and his beloved slumbered. Omar was Madame Barry, while his beloved was Mrs. Jack Spreckels. Beyond the fountain reclined two Persian attendants in the persons of Edgar Walter and Chauncey St. John. A very engaging Omar was Madame Barry, and Mrs. Jack Spreckels was a Persian damsel of surpassing beauty. The scene was so well conceived and so artistically carried out that it elicited immediate applause from Mrs. Spreckels' guests.

### Summarizing the Rubaiyat

Omar awoke, awakened his light o' love with a kiss and recited in a very musical voice the first quatrain of the Rubaiyat:

Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

It then became apparent to the audience that it was Madame Barry's intention to summarize the spirit and teaching of the Rubaiyat. She had chosen the most striking quatrains, those most meaningful and at the same time most dramatic, and she recited them with a great deal of eloquence. Mrs. Spreckels meanwhile, in the character of Omar's sweetheart, assisted the interpretation by a very illuminative pantomime of graceful gesture and facial expression, and only spoke once or twice in the course of the recitation. The pretty interlude came to an end when the two clasped hands about a rose-wreathed wine cup, Omar chanting:

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I make One—turn down an empty Glass!

### Distinguished Guests

Mrs. Spreckels' reception had the air of an embassy gathering. It began very formally with the presentation of the guests to their hostess and her receiving party which numbered a dozen ladies. The presence of a large number of foreigners gave it a distinction unusual in this city. The Prince and Princess Kampengpetch of Siam were there; and so were the Japanese, Chinese, French, Argentine and Cuban Commissioners to the World's Fair with their entourages. The distinguished women from the Orient were in the gala attire of their native lands, and this lent an exotic charm to the party, a charm which was accentuated when some of them joined in the latest ball room dances, displaying a proficiency worthy of down-to-the-minute Occidentals. The guests were some two hundred in number and included the most representative exponents of our artistic activites in painting, sculpture and music.

### Mullally on the Job

And now for the great ball which is to open the Auditorium! As this issue goes to press, Tantalus in common with thousands of others is fidgety with eagerness for the music to strike up and the merriment to begin. Will the great ball this Saturday night be a success? I am positive of that. And why? Because Thornwell Mullally is "on the job." I saw the vice-president of the United Railroads on the street Wednesday, but he didn't see me. He was preoccupied, and I knew on what he was intent. He was thinking and planning about the Auditorium ball. Mullally was placed in charge of the arrangements for the very good reason that he was the man who made an overwhelming success of the stupendous Ball of All Nations in the Palace of Machinery at the World's Fair. And how he has worked! No detail seemed too unimportant to engage his care. Decorations, lights, music, tickets, publicity—everything has come within the scope of his tireless activities. This sort of toil is its own reward, for there is no other emolument. But one of these days there is apt to be a movement to strike a medal for Thornwell Mullally with the great seal of San Francisco on one side and on the other Thornwell's handsome profile with the words, "Arbiter Elegantiarum."


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In a scene from the vivid, vital drama of New York life, "Today," which will be seen at the Cort beginning Sunday, January 17.

### A Celebration at Puckett's

This Friday evening Professor G. R. Puckett gave his twenty-first anniversary ball in the magnificent ball room at 1268 Sutter street near Van Ness avenue. Puckett's is one of the oldest established dancing colleges in the city, and the presence of his smart clientele in large numbers made the anniversary ball one of the most enjoyable as well as one of the most beautiful ever held here. A more exquisite ballroom can not be conceived. Fancy a dancing space 63x96 feet, an unsurpassed maple floor, and in the center of the ballroom an electric fountain with a thousand colored incandescent lamps playing in fairylike sprays and sending forth delicate perfumes. In the ceiling in various places are hidden bells which can be melodiously manipulated from the musicians' stage, adding to the magic effect. Those who have been abroad and have visited the famous French palaces find this ballroom a replica of a Parisian salon. The walls are of a pale shade of old rose, and the hangings of the galleries are of a deeper shade of the same color. There are six balconies, from which spectators may look down upon the dancers. Mirrors in the doors of the main floor reflect the sparkling scene of the dancers, the palm-shaded stage where the musicians hold forth, and the playing of the fountain. Something new in the furnishings of the ballroom are the chairs and settees, which, instead of being of the old style opera pattern, are of pale green wicker work. Owing to the commodious nature of the building and its perfect appointments, the Puckett College of Dancing will be the headquarters of the convention of the International Association of Masters of Dancing which will be held here in June.

### Society Folk at the Somerton

One of the most charming affairs of New Year's eve was the dinner and supper dance given at the Hotel Somerton on Geary street, between Mason and Taylor, under the direction of Mrs. W. F. Morris. The tea dance room and the ball room were arranged like a cabaret, a delightful program being rendered by both professional and amateur talent. The Somerton has been opened but two short weeks but in that time it has established its right to be known as one of the smart family hotels of San Francisco. Among the prominent folk domiciled there at present are Admiral and Mrs. V. L. Cottmann, U. S. Navy; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Street of Chicago, Lieutenant and Mrs. Bowers Davis, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. F. Bischof, Mr. and Mrs. John Peck of Los Angeles, Captain W. W. Bush of Seattle, Major S. D. Keleher, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. P. C. Rockwell and son of San Francisco, G. B. Bean, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Moran of Los Angeles, Mrs. Orie Lebus, Miss Martha Lebus and Miss M. Alline Garbett of Cynthiana, Kentucky, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Gingg and daughter of Los Altos, J. Harry Jenkins of Fresno and Mr. A. F. Schmidt.

PROF. G. R. PUCKETT
Who gave his twenty-first anniversary ball this week

### Some "Pavo Real" Parties

Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained a party in "Pavo Real" on Monday night, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Breeden and Mr. D. C. Jackling. Others present were: Mrs. Leon Greenebaum and party, Mr. Sam Bissinger and party, Mr. Mack and party, Mr. Melville Marx and party, Knox Maddox and party, Thomas Bishop and party. Guests who danced on Saturday night were: Mr. and Mrs. Morshead and party, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown and party, Count Montgelas and party, Grattan Phillips and party and Mr. De Bretville and party.

### Gaiety at San Diego

The opening of the San Diego Exposition, together with the New Year celebration at Hotel Del Coronado and the premier game of polo of the winter season, at the Coronado Country Club, brought many prominent people from various parts of the country, together with the U. S. Cruiser San Diego from Mexican waters, and practically the entire torpedo flotilla of the Pacific Coast. Among the prominent guests at Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, and his wife, who were the President's personal representatives at the opening of the Exposition; Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph of San Francisco; the Count and Countess del Valle de Salazar; Baroness Daniel de Croze, personal representatives of the King of Spain; Read-Admiral and Mrs. Thomas Benton Howard (Admiral Howard is Commander in Chief of the Pacific fleet); Rear-Admiral and Mrs. William M. Folger, retired; Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Sebree, retired; Mr. M. Donaldson, vice-president of the Grand Trunk Railway, and his sister, Mrs. Reron; Captain and Mrs. Ashley H. Robertson, Commander of the U. S. S. San Diego; Lieut. and Mrs. I. S. Kidd, Aide to Admiral Howard; Lieut. L. M. James; Lieut. Commander and Mrs. R. R. Freeman; Mr. Nicholson, vice-president of the Santa Fe Railway, and many other prominent officials in the army, navy and civil life, all of whom attended the matinee dansant which was given in the ball room on Saturday afternoon. Fully 700, many of whom represented the foremost families of California were gathered about the tea tables scattered throughout the circular ball room. The exhibition dancing of Miss Cornelia Strobhar and Mr. John Darby in Russian costume, when they did Chalif's Cossack Dance and La Russe under the spotlight, was a delight as their dancing and technique were perfect.

### Sand

The auto traveled with a whirl
Along the pave;
He turned and asked the pretty girl
If she were brave.
She gulped a pint of dust—or less;
She sneezed a bit;
And then she gayly answered, "Yes,
I'm full of grit."


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# Henry Miller Exhibits His Art

By Edward F. O'Day

It is possible to imagine Henry Miller reading the script of "Daddy-Long-Legs" from beginning to end, absorbing the plot, fixing the chief character in his mind and in his mind's eye, deciding within himself in just what key that character should be pitched to give it the perfect tone, and then turning over the pages again, now slowly, now rapidly, to find the most important episodes of the characterization. One can imagine further that Henry Miller paused twice in this review of the part; that his attention was fixed, fixed tenaciously, concentrated on the scene in the third act where Jervis Pendleton declares his love to Judy Abbott, and again on that scene in the fourth act where he reads her letter.

Who that has seen Henry Miller in many parts can say that he was ever commonplace? Who ever spoke of him as adequate (damning phrase!) or average? Miller has always played at the top of his power, has always put conscience and brains into the work he submitted to his public. The best he is capable of is never too good for Henry Miller's audience. And where his author rises, Henry Miller transcends. That is why I venture to imagine Henry Miller as picking out the two scenes I have mentioned for the lavishment of his acting art. They are the best scenes in this part of Daddy-Long-Legs. They are better as Miller plays them, I venture to add, than they were in the visualization of the playwright.

Consider the first of these scenes, Daddy-Long-Leg's avowal of his love. Here is a good-hearted man of the world who avoids women for one of the two sound reasons why women may be avoided—because they have never interested him. He has taken an unhappy girl out of an orphan asylum, has placed her on a par with girls fortunately born, has educated her and allowed her the opportunity to develop her natural powers. He has been to her an unknown benefactor, an unseen, anonymous "Daddy-Long-Legs" reached only through letters to which he returns no answer. She has been to him at first only a worthy object of charity; then through her letters an interesting young human being; later through interviews so contrived that his identity is still concealed, a desirable young woman; finally through the closer and closer intimacy that is born of and feeds on warming sentiment, the object of his love. Impersonal charity has given way to sympathy, sympathy has developed into affection. When the time comes when Jervis Pendleton feels that he must reveal this to Judy Abbott without also revealing to her that he is the Daddy-Long-Legs who has made her life a a fairy tale of happiness, Henry Miller rises to the occasion with a bit of acting that holds his audience spellbound. It is a long speech the playwright has given him, a speech he must speak from his chair by the table, scarcely moving, without the violent action or gesticulation that stands the mediocre actor in such good stead. And how Henry Miller speaks that speech. He leans forward in his chair, eagerly, plaintively, beseechingly, now and again twisting the table cover between strained fingers, as he speaks. And all the time there is a marvelous play of shifting lights in the remarkable Henry Miller eyes. It is like a piece of music, rising, falling, now hurried, now retarded, here soft and low, there exultant, always profoundly passionate. At first it is a spring trickling drop by drop, but it gains strength until it is a burst of tenderness that overflows the soul. Its accumulating power sweeps over the audience, overawing the emotions. If ever an actor is conscious of the power he exerts upon the audience, Henry Miller must be exalted as he plays this scene.

Consider too the scene of the letter. Jervis Pendleton has had his love rejected. He is in the depths of despondency. There comes to him, in his character of Daddy-Long-Legs a letter in which Judy Abbott tells of that avowal, of her own answering love and of the motive which prompted her to say "no." It is a good letter, ringing true, but undoubtedly it gains much in Henry Miller's reading of it. At first he reads calmly enough, smilingly, almost complacently. But as he proceeds, and as the force of its meaning comes upon him, his voice falters on a word, he hesitates, he stumbles, he rereads, he stops short, his eyes are blinded. His hand wipes away a tear of which he is ashamed. He proceeds. He stops again. Finally he breaks down completely. The letter is never finished.

These are ticklish scenes. With most actors they would be silly. But with Henry Miller sentimentality is never ridiculous. Henry Miller knows human nature. He has plumbed its depths. His method is sure, his touch firm. The result is that in these two scenes Henry Miller demonstrates his consummate art by going straight to the heart of his audience and bidding it beat no otherwise than as he wishes.

# Gossip of the Theatre

### The Italian Opera Season

Italian grand opera at the Alcazar! The enthusiasm that formerly thundered at the Tivoli now in O'Farrell street! Odd, isn't it? You can shut your eyes at the Alcazar these nights, and fancy that you are again in the little old temple of music in Eddy street, where the music of Verdi used to evoke the plaudits of his worshippers from the Latin Quarter. The Bevani Company, now at the Alcazar, is remembered in this city for the excellent performances that it gave here a few years ago when it introduced to us one or two singers who subsequently distinguished themselves in opera companies of the first rank. So on Monday night there was a large audience at the Alcazar. The opera was Otello, beloved of musicians for its fine music in Verdi's best style and by lovers of Shakespeare for its tragic story. Judging from this first performance one may reasonably expect to receive much genuine pleasure at the Alcazar during the engagement of the Bevanis. The best effects of the opening performance were those of the spirited ensembles and the orchestra. The vocal honors were carried off by Paola Galazzi as Iago with a fine baritone, and as is usually the case with Italian baritones he proved himself a realistic actor. Otello was played in a somewhat nervous fashion by Fausto Castellani, who succeeded however in giving a graphic portrayal of the Moor. Johanna Kristoffy was an ideal Desdemona, beautiful, fair, young and gentle. She sang the music very well, and was always in the picture. Signor Giuliani was a vigorous and interesting Cassio. Josiah Zuro proved himself an effective conductor. He kept his forces both on the stage and in the orchestra fairly up to the mark, and under his baton the music was full of spirit and color. As always on such occasions our Italian colony was much in evidence. One saw them everywhere, and unmistakably heard them in their transports in the upper zone. In the Italian, love of music is instinctive, and he goes to the opera to hear the music not to be thrilled by the sensation of hearing some curious species of songbird. At the Alcazar one may hear the best Italian composers at popular prices, and at the Alcazar are available opportunities for young folk on whom money is lavished for music lessons, opportunities of incalculable value that too often go unappreciated.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

MME. AGATHA BERKHOEL

Distinguished Scandinavian contralto, who will appear in concert at the St. Francis, Thursday evening, January 14.

### McCormack to Sing Once More

John McCormack will given an extra concert at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, January 17, at 2:30. At his last concert more than enough were turned away to fill the big theatre, so Manager Greenbaum has given the Irish singer a special inducement to change his routing and give us one more opportunity to hear his glorious voice. This will be the last chance to hear the tenor for at least two years, as his time is booked solid until 1917. The program will be a most beautiful one, and special attention will be given to requested works. The main portion of the offering will be entirely different from his previous concerts. Among the splendid features will be the beautiful Handelian aria "Waft Me,

Angels," the ever-welcome aria "Salve Dimora" from Faust" and by special request the Schubert "Ave Maria." The old Irish gems will not be neglected, and among those promised are "The Snowy Breasted Pearl" and "The Minstrel Boy." As soon as Manager Greenbaum has canvassed the requests which are coming in by the hundreds the complete program will be announced. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase and the Cort. To avoid disappointment all who wish to embrace this final opportunity of hearing the "master-singer" should secure their seats in good time and Mr. Greenbaum will pay special attention to all mail orders addressed to him with funds enclosed to the box office at Sherman, Clay and Company's. Particular attention will be paid to out of town mail.

**San Francisco Quintet Club**

Lovers of chamber music will regret that the season of the San Francisco Quintet Club is soon

Fraser photo.
MME. BERNICE DE PASQUALI
Who will be heard in concert at the Columbia, Sunday afternoon, January 10.

to close. The final concert will be given at the St. Francis on Sunday afternoon, January 24, when works by Max Reger, Ernst Dohnanyi and Johannes Brahms will be given.

**Alma Gluck's Concerts**

On Sunday afternoon, January 31, Alma Gluck, the youngest of the world's great sopranos, will make her first appearance on the Pacific Coast at the Columbia under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. Mme. Gluck is an artist of a temperament similar to John McCormack's. Like the Irish tenor she possesses that faculty of seeming to reach the head, hand and heart of every person in her audience, and there is no doubt that she is rapidly taking the places of Mme. Nordica and Mme. Sembrich in the hearts of the music lovers of this country. Mme. Gluck is still in her early twenties, so we are to hear her while the bloom of youth is still on her voice, and Mr. Greenbaum predicts that she will create as great a sensation here as ever Schumann-Heink did when she first sang for us. Mail orders for the Alma Gluck concerts, Sunday afternoons, January 31 and February 7, will now be accepted and it is possible that an evening concert may also be arranged. The prices for Gluck will be $2.50 and $2.00 in the orchestra, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 in the balcony and $1.00 in the gallery. Mme. Gluck will not sing in Oakland this season.

**The de Pasquali Concert**

Madam Bernice de Pasquali, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House and one of the greatest living coloratura sopranos, will give the first concert of her 1915 tour at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, January 10th. Madame de Pasquali made the trip across the continent to sing at the open air concert at Lotta's Fountain. Since the announcement that she will give a recital on Sunday, the demand for seats has been very great. She has made up a program for Sunday's concert which allows her voice the greatest possible range, and will give music lovers the opportunity of hearing her at her best.

**"Today" Coming**

"Today," the vivid, vital play of New York life by George Broadhurst and Abraham Schomer, is on its way to the Cort, where it will be unfolded on Sunday night, January 17. The success and general appeal of the play are indicated by the fact that it ran for an entire year last season in Gotham. It is said to be a nicely balanced combination of tragedy, pathos, comedy and realistic situations. It deals for the most part with the present day craze for keeping up appearances and the attendant dangers. A notable cast will be headed by Arthur Byron.

**War Pictures at Cort**

Showing war as it really is, the great film taken by Edward F. Weigle, staff photographer of the Chicago Tribune, will be shown for the first time in this city at the Cort for a single week, beginning Sunday. These wonderful Belgian War Pictures will be shown continuously from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. Fifty per cent of the profits from the exhibition goes to the Belgian Red Cross Fund. These pictures are the only ones taken with the authorization of the Belgian government. Starting with a panorama of Antwerp, the pictures show the advance of the Germans and the evacuation of the city. The battles of Termonde, Alost, Malines and Lierre are flashed on the screen. Forbes-Robertson will be seen for the last time tonight in "Passing of the Third Floor Back."

**Joseph Santley at Orpheum**

Joseph Santley, remembered as the star of "When Dreams Come True," will head the bill at the Orpheum. Mr. Santley will introduce the ball room dances in which he created such a sensation and will also contribute several songs. He will be assisted by Ruth Randall and Josephine Kernell. That clever singing comedian Frederick V. Bowers who was successfully featured with "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" and McIntyre and Heath and is also the composer of many song hits, will present an act called "Bright Smiles and Bright Songs" in which he will have the aid of Ada Ripel, Robert "Mose" Burks and Charles Jones, dancers, and Oscar Frederickson, conductor. George McKay and Ottie Ardine call their skit "On Broadway." It is composed of bright patter and distinctive songs which are given in a fresh and breezy style. Charles F. Semon, "the Narrow Fellow," who is both comedian and musician, may be relied on for a diverting act. Hal and Frances, a remarkably clever team, will divert with the song skit "The Stock Farm." Rebla, juggler and pantomimist who works with a sangfroid that is particularly appealing, will make his first appearance in this city. He is lately from Europe where he is highly thought of. The only hold overs will be the Avon Comedy Four and the Bell Family of nine in their superb musical act.

**De Cisneros, Symphony Soloist**

The music committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco announces the engagement of Eleanora de Cisneros, the great mezzo-soprano as assisting artist at the sixth regular Symphony Concert, Friday afternoon, January 22, at the Cort. The announcement

JOSEPH SANTLEY
Late star of "When Dreams Come True" next week at the Orpheum.

should meet with the approbation of all music lovers as she is an artist universally honored. Madame Cisneros, an American by birth, first came to San Francisco as one of the leading artists with the first season of the Chicago Opera Company at the Tivoli. She was for four seasons at Covent Garden, London, four seasons at La Scala, Milan, two seasons with the Hammerstein Opera Company. Last winter Madame de Cisneros filled an engagement at the Liceo of Barcelona, appearing in revivals of "Le Prophete" and "Orfeo." The public of that opera-loving city is most exacting. It is seldom that a non-Latin singer is received with enthusiasm, but the beautiful American with the voice of velvet and the glow and temperament that captivate Southern people had a series of triumphs. After the Barcelona engagement she appeared at the Royal Opera in Madrid. Having sung frequently for the king and queen of Spain, she received a command to sing at the most exclusive event of the year, the king's birthday

reception, limited to members of the royal family and the grandees of ancient lineage. On this occasion Madame de Cisneros gave a recital program of French, German and English songs. The gifted singer was personally complimented by the Queen Mother, Maria Christina, herself a distinguished musician. Her Majesty was particularly impressed with the luscious voice of the singer and her rendition of German lieder. Queen Victoria presented the singer with an exquisite jewelled ornament, and King Alfonso told the singer that "he hoped she would sing many more times in Madrid." The program for Friday afternoon, January 22, will include Goldmark's Symphony "The Rustic Wedding" and Henry Hadley's tone-poem "Salome."

**The Bevani Repertoire Next Week**

Three operas are scheduled for the next week at the Alcazar where the Bevani Company is singing. Their productions promise great brilliancy. First comes "Un Ballo In Maschera" ("The Masked Ball"), one of the favorite Verdi operas. It will be offered on Monday and Saturday nights, and at the Thursday matinee, with a cast that will include three prima donnas. These are Emilia Verger, Hazel Sanborne whose "Lucia" made a great impression, and Lida McCord, a young American singer who studied under the late Maiestro Lombardi in Florence and for whom the great teacher predicted a brilliant future. Castellani will sing the tenor role of Richard, and Michele Giovacchini will be heard as Reinhart. Di Biasis's basso will also be heard. The staging is by Luigi Raybout, and the conductor will be Josiah Zuro whom Hammerstein brought to this country for his Manhattan Opera House. On Tuesday night, Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee, "Carmen" will be the bill. Alice Gentle, the beautiful young American contralto, will sing Carmen. Johanna Kristoffy will sing Micaela. Giuseppe Opezzo will be Don Jose; Paolo Gallazzi will be Escamillo; David Silva, Morales. A feature will be the introduction of Bizet's too-seldom done Ballet Suite "Arlesiene." This will be danced under the direction of Maria Campi, ballet mistress of the Bevani Company. The childrens' chorus in the first act will be sung by a chorus of trained little tots. Josiah Zuro will conduct all the performances of the Bizet opera. On Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights, Verdi's "Rigoletto" will be the bill, with Hazel Sanborne as Gilda, Bernice Holmes, a San Francisco singer, as Madelena, Giovacchini in his great role of Rigoletto and di Biasi in the basso role of the arch-assassin. "Rigoletto" will be conducted by Luigi Rocci and will be as perfect a production as all the other Bevani offerings.

**Miller's Second Week**

Henry Miller begins his second week in "Daddy Long-Legs" at the Columbia Sunday night. This play has attracted capacity audiences. Mr. Miller's engagement calls for performances every night in the week and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

**Tom Kelly at Pantages**

The Imperial Opera company, fifteen talented vocalists, will head the new bill at Pantages in condensed versions of old-time favorites. The company had a great success here last year and the cast is the same. Tom Kelly, almost a fixture on the circuit, comes with brand new song hits and a batch of stories. Sherbourne and Montgomery have a gripping playlet "The Kidnaper." Fred Woodward, for two seasons star of Oliver Morosco's "Tick Tock Man of Oz," will be another feature, impersonating a frisky mule. The four Dekock brothers have a novelty acrobatic offering. Haley and Haley have a unique act. A Keystone comedy will be shown.

**Mme. Berkhoel's Concert**

Mme. Berkhoel is making her first appearance on the Pacific Coast on Thursday evening, January 14, at the Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis. It is predicted by the best musical authorities that she will be a great success. Mr. Gyula Ormay, pianist, who will assist Mme. Berkhoel, is an artist of the very first rank, and he says Mme. Berkhoel has a wonderful voice. She will also be assisted by Elias Hecht, flutist, who is a member of the San Francisco Quintet Club with Mr. Ormay. Mr. Hecht is likewise enthusiastic about Mme. Berkhoel's voice. European and Eastern critics say that Mme. Berkhoel's voice has just developed to its height—that her range is wide and smooth, and her contralto quality very wonderful. She was soloist at the Christiania Centennial last year.


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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Investment buying became more active and the stock market went up easily in the absence of professional operations. Such marked improvement, if maintained, will stimulate the reinvestment of dividend and interest disbursements this month, provided no unfavorable developments follow the reopening of the London Stock Exchange. The railroads scored the best advance and stocks like Union Pacific, Reading and the Northwestern stocks were in good demand with offerings limited. Steel sold back to 48, the minimum price at which this stock can be traded in, but Bethlehem Steel was strong and higher, due to the optimistic interview given out by its president. Later in the week U. S. Steel turned strong again and prices were bid up above the 50 mark. New York Central declared its regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent and this added confidence to the general list. This stock has been under pressure for some time, and with the declaration of the regular dividend a better feeling prevailed and the stock sold up to 83. Copper stocks were lower early in the week but a little buying movement toward the close helped these issues all around. Sugar stocks continue to show a good undertone and with the present price of raw sugar these stocks look cheap. Sentiment has now changed to the constructive side of the market and the feeling prevails that there is little to be feared from European liquidation as Europe has had plenty of time to dispose of distressed securities and with the money market showing an improvement from week to week there is nothing to be feared in the way of liquidation. Prices are now at a level where good stocks are selling below the six per cent basis and with a general improvement in all classes of trade, as freely predicted by the best posted people, the market is in a position to have a steady advance from now on. We believe in buying stocks conservatively at this level, adhering strictly to the better class of stocks.

**Wheat**—After having remained dormant within certain limits for a considerable period, the market this week developed pronounced strength. The situation which so long has been in the making finally made itself felt. The factor causing the advance seemed to be that of supply and demand, with the former becoming less and the latter as large and urgent as at any time. While primary receipts have been fair this week, country acceptances are now said to be limited; at the same time the sales made for export approach the maximum on the crop. Clearances continue large, with last week's the largest in the history of the trade. The Argentine surplus for export has again been restored in some estimates to the optimistic figures put out some time ago, but later reduced. The condition of winter wheat has been somewhat assured by the heavy snows of the last few weeks. Foreign advices remain about as heretofore reported. The prime factor at present is the constant buying by foreigners, with a growing reluctance on the part of the country to market the supply with the former freedom. This situation, if it persists, should logically lead to still higher prices.

**Corn** during recent days has shown an excellent tone, and considering that the movement has been on, has made a fair advance. The movement, however, is at a considerable reduction from what it was a short time ago and the advance in prices does not seem to induce much freer country offerings. The domestic demand is fair in quantity and the export inquiry is regarded as good. The semi-investment demand is still in evidence, but has not grown to unwieldy proportions; in fact, the technical position of prices remains healthy. Undoubtedly the war situation applies in a measure to this cereal, and owing to the general influence of this factor, the country is likely to part with its stuff grudgingly. We believe higher prices will be made and that purchases are proper on normal setbacks.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER MOLLOY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased.

NELLIE TWOHIG,
Administratrix of the estate of Peter Molloy, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 9, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-5


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| 11:20A | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
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| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 4:00P | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIERRE BERGES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the law office of A. COMTE, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Berges, deceased.

ALBERT P. BERGES,
JOSEPH BERGES,
Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, December 12th, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for in the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-14-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1915.

H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-first streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and Seventh avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1915.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.


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# STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

# The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

## HIBERNIA BANK

### SAVINGS BANK ONLY

## DATED DECEMBER 31, 1914

## ASSETS

1—**Bonds of the United States** ($5,305,000.00), of the State of California and Cities and Counties thereof ($5,961,725), of the State of New York ($1,899,000.00), the actual value of which is ..... $13,639,582.40

2—**Cash in Vault** ..... 3,741,595.05

3—**Miscellaneous Bonds** ($4,762,000), the actual value of which is ..... 4,657,493.91

$22,038,671.36

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($728,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,375,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds ($523,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" ($101,000.00), "Panama-Pacific International Exposition 6 per cent Notes ($70,000.00).

4—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is ..... 34,146,296.44

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is ..... 476,500.00

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) **Real Estate** situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($2,228,821.30), and in the County of Santa Clara ($1.00), in this State, the actual value of which is ..... 2,228,822.30

(b) **The Land and Building** in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is ..... 992,894.38

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—**Interest on Loans and Bonds**—Uncollected and accrued ..... 180,390.50

TOTAL ASSETS ..... $60,063,574.98

## LIABILITIES

1—**Said Corporation owes Deposits** amounting to and the actual value of which is ..... 56,090,558.37

**(Number of Depositors, 86,207.**
**Average Amount of Deposits, $650.65).**

2—**Contingent Fund**—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds ..... $ 180,390.50

3—**Reserve Fund**, Actual Value ..... 3,792,626.11

3,973,016.61

TOTAL LIABILITIES ..... $60,063,574.98

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of January, 1915.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1169 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 16, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

## An Offer of the Crown

With the good intentions of the reformers of the Commonwealth Club we heartily sympathize. They would improve the judiciary. So would we. They would have judges appointed. So would we. They would give judges life terms. So would we. But here we arrive at the parting of the ways. The reformers of the Commonwealth Club would make a clean sweep of the bench of the State, and give one man, the Governor, the power to fill all the vacancies. Now we believe it quite right to empower the Executive to appoint judges, but the thought of giving one Executive the power to fill all the courts at once with judges of his choice appals us. Was ever so much power given to one man under the democratic form of government? We are not unaware of the esteem and reverence in which the present Executive is held. The people love our Governor. He enjoys the confidence of the people. Gladly the people acquiesce in the present arrangement by which he has absorbed the legislative power of the State. Democracy in California today is well nigh what Democracy always becomes in the long run: while normally the people rule, the Executive has a crown concealed about his person. But even in countries where the Executive puts the crown on his head, it is only when he is permitted to exercise the despotic powers of a tyrant that the ministers of justice are beholden to him. Now will the people of California by reason of their great confidence in the Governor approve the remarkable plan of the Commonwealth Club? We think not. Even the Governor himself will probably think it unwise. He has so much power already that it may affright him, the thought of taking any more. As a lawyer who expects to return to private practice some day he will perceive that it may prove embarrassing to resume his profession in a State where every judge is under the deepest personal obligations. A man with so fine a sense of delicacy as the Governor's will shrink from the task which the Willie Denmans and other disinterested lawyers of the Commonwealth Club would thrust upon him.

## Another Problem Solved

At the National Conference of the Unemployed in Philadelphia one of the speakers urged a readjustment of industrial relations with a view to holding employers responsible for their employees both in "slack and busy seasons." He suggested legislation compelling employers to pay a living wage throughout the year. The gentleman who conceived this brilliant altruistic idea ought to come to California as fast as brake-beam can carry him. Assuredly he ought to make the journey while our Legislature is in session. There is no doubt that rosy arms are outstretched for him at Sacramento where large talents are consecrated to the business of establishing a new order of society. One of the few problems that remain unsolved in California is the problem of the unemployed. Perhaps the solution of it is on the way. How simple appears the solution suggested in Philadelphia! A living wage throughout the year! Who will deny that every human being is entitled to a living wage from the first of January to the thirty-first of December? And as to the obligations of employers, where are they better recognized than in California? Here is Utopia where no man pays poll tax, and where now a Legislature that is guaranteed to be safe, sound and unfreakish is about to discuss a bill for the creation of a recreation commission that California's children, all of whom are wards of a paternal State, may be supplied with games in abundant variety and thus ensured against monotony in their play.

## The New President

Mark the change that has come over the method and temperament of our President! In his Jackson Day address Mr. Wilson reveals to us a new individuality, an attitude that nobody believed him capable of. That address may be described as the most human of all Mr. Wilson's public discourses. On Jackson Day he got down from his pulpit, as it were, and shedding his solemnity he eschewed the deliberate rhetoric of the baccalaureate sermon, and delivered himself as one who would say: "Listen to me, and you'll perceive that I've got the punch." Whatever one may think of the matter of that speech, the manner of it is an inspiriting sign, for it is the speech of a man with red corpuscles in his veins. Long ago we came to regard the President's talks as expressions of intellectualized sentiment. They were devoid of the dynamic power of deep feeling. They were the utterances of a mind that saw things at a distance in a dry light, and they were phrased in a polished prose of a mincing neatness that exhaled the odor of the closet. None of this we observed in the Jackson Day address. Compare that address with any of the former formal discourses of the President, and you will detect at once a change of temperament such as occurs in the average man only by slow degrees through a long period of years. As we read the Jackson Day speech we are pleased to fancy the President emerged from his intellectual watch tower. Here is the highbrow on the ground floor. He is talking as though he had put his ear to the earth and felt the throbbing of the world of human beings. Listen! He will not bore you, for this is not a speech inspired by grape-juice. It smacks of the animal spirits of the man who is not afraid to let the nectar of the gods ply round his heart. The scholar has been thawed out. He has begun to simmer. "It is rather lonely living in Washington," he says. How fortunate that the gentleman has found it so! Lonely! nay withering, narrowing and cramping. Fancy being condemned to Washington and to the society of the Bryans, the McAdoos and the Redfields! Perhaps the President has been doing some mixing in the company of men who think of things more interesting and edifying than platforms and ideals. Perhaps this explains the new attitude, and accounts for the humor that tones the mind and that may establish, let us hope, an equilibrium between the dreaminess of idealism and the unimaginative matter-of-fact of practical things.

## His Self-Approval

Notwithstanding the state of the country under Democratic rule the President, we infer from his Jackson Day address, is well satisfied with himself. He has no apologies to offer, but he breathes defiance to his critics, especially to newspaper editors. When they censured him for "watchful waiting," he said, "Woodrow sat back in his chair and chuckled, knowing that he laughs best who laughs last." Thus in harmony with the flippant manner of this notable address the President alluded to himself familiarly in the third person; and further on he gave us a little of the delicious tang of the street when he explained that his Mexican policy was based on the consideration that before Diaz "eighty per cent of the people of Mexico never had a "look in" in determining who should be their governors." Apparently he feels that they are having a "look in" now and will continue to have it after they get through with self-slaughter, for he has determined that nobody shall be permitted to interfere. He

talked of the spilling of blood in Mexico as a glorious privilege which he was pleased to accord the people. The President is pleased with all his policies not for what has been accomplished but for what the results will be, for as a prophet he knows. "All that is needed in America now," he says, "is to believe in the future," and as a prophet he assures us "it is perfectly safe to believe in the future." If cynics cannot swallow the iridescent optimism of the speech, at least they may find solace in the manner which surely betokens an emancipation from deadly, dull solemnity. There is some hope for a man who appears to have real emotions, who can be at once trenchant and flippant, and who has indignation occasionally even though it be somewhat pale. It is terrifying to see the solemn, didactic visionary lowered from the clouds into a place of power where he may try out all his theories, and so we welcome the new President who shows us that he is human by boxing the ears of his critics in public.

---

### Puritans and Petverts

Under the microscope of the Bulletin's psychologist, the Rev. R. A. M. Browne, prohibition agitator, clergyman, son of a clergyman and grandson of a clergyman, is not what his actions argue. Judged according to plain, prosaic standards of human conduct the Rev. Browne is the type of man gallery boys love to hiss in the theatre, but scientifically viewed, that is to say, his soul phenomena analyzed, he looms up as one of God's noblemen, the kind of lover that skirted insurgents love, and that none but psychologists understand. The Bulletin's psychologist is a woman who has been impressed by the teachings of Edward Carpenter and Ellen Key, and she regards marriage as an absurd convention. Perhaps it is not at all singular that this view induces admiration for the man who had a commonplace and vulgar amour with a poor, ignorant married woman whom he drove to suicide as soon as his lust was satiated. Every superior person that has contempt for the marriage convention has a conception of love that passeth the ordinary understanding. It is a subtle, indefinable emotion, somewhat paradoxical in that it springs from a "higher nature," but calls for a barnyard morality. The indulgence of it is marked by large adventures of body and soul, and by it the sex relation is purified and spiritualized. Most of the illuminati of sex philosophy are jaded folk who regard as inferior beings all persons who, living within the law, are not weary of conventionality. The several social imperatives that make them restive they heartily detest, and pronounce contrary to the higher laws of nature. Suffering from neurasthenia or an insatiable egotism, or feeling the tedium of a personal vacancy, they find it grateful to assume that monogamists are martyrs to conventionality lacking the courage to express their individuality. The organized system under which we live they regard as nothing but a set of arbitrary rules. It never occurs to them that this system may be nothing more than compliance with life itself, or that the changes they demand might be suitable only to the abnormal. Among other delusions that they harbor is the delusion that marriage is a sort of Puritanical convention grounded in the notion that the instinct of sex is evil, at best a disagreeable necessity to be veiled and shunned. Singularly enough the average apostle of free love is a product of Puritanism. The impulse of revolt against the fundamental convention of social order is felt chiefly by persons who have been reared like Browne among Puritans. The Puritan is a person ashamed of the sex instinct. It was the Puritan who made it a crime for a man to kiss his wife on the Sabbath. It is the Puritan who is shocked by a representation of the human body as it was when it came into the world. The Puritan would blush to be told that the sex instinct is something splendid, beautiful and holy. He has been taught to believe that the pleasures of the senses are below those of the intellect, and so he masks his viciousness under pretense of yielding to the cry of the soul. The truth about the exponent of soul-mating is that he is a cross between a Puritan and a pervert. Browne is typical. He tells us in the Bulletin that it was not the physical charms of the woman that held him, but her gentleness and her intellect. Far be it from this nasty nice Puritan to confess that it was the sex instinct that controlled his impulse. Of the sex instinct the man is really ashamed. Now what does this coarse, half-educated preacher, who was steeped in Calvinism before he was born, know of love or of the beautiful passion and nobility of spirit that are inseparable from pure and holy marriage? Love and passion are good things to be encouraged not forsworn by the world, but it requires no pig-stye morality such as Browne preaches to stimulate them. The purest stimulus is art, the handmaid of religion, but if Puritanism were supreme the muses would languish and expire, and of passion there would be left not the kind that goes with high endeavor and splendid achievement but the vulgar emotion of lopsided men and women.

---

### The Shameless Preacher

Apparently it is the theory of the Bulletin's psychologist that the good things of life are on a high plane inaccessible to the average married couple. We say apparently for she gives no reason for celebrating Browne save that he gratified his passion for a woman to whom he was not married. How he vindicated his "higher nature.," or what there is to show that he inspired an "exalted love" or was thrilled by an "exceptional love" we have been unable to find out. The Bulletin's psychologist gives us all this familiar patter, but in telling Browne's story she unconsciously makes it quite clear that his was nothing but the ordinary animal passion unaccompanied by any of the finer feelings that women inspire in men. When he first met the woman she was lying down, and she was sick. He noticed that she had a beautiful white neck. "I placed a pillow under her head," he says, "and instantly there surged over me the feeling that here was the woman I should have married." The psychologist tells us that "the esthetic in him leaped to her beauty." How easy it is for the psychologist to confuse the sources of emotion and exalt a primitive animal zest in terms of the atelier! Here is a man whose flesh is so weak that it melts at sight of a sick woman. Psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding it is this sort of man that women must beware of in lonely places. Society is not concerned with the soul phenomena of these men, but with the predispositions that are discussed in terms of pathology. Browne's soul phenomena it is evident are misleading. His soul vacillated the psychologist tells us "between subservience to the old conventions and complete abandonment to the new values which his new love had created." but it was his pocket that finally controlled his emotions; for, as the same psychologist also informs us, "Money matters hastened the crisis." The "exalted love" could not stand hard times. Even this species of "exalted love" like proverbial love takes flight through the window when poverty enters at the door. The prohibition campaign was at an end, there was no more salary, and so the woman with the white neck who had been flattered by the caresses of a man intellectually her superior, was cast aside. Her ugly romance was at an end, and she committed suicide. But Browne, the man who mistakes his backbone for his soul, lives, and he has not the decency to hide his square head.


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**SOUTHERN PACIFIC**

# Varied Types

## CCXII—THORNWELL MULLALLY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I worked all day," said Thornwell Mullally speaking of the crowded weeks before the Auditorium Ball, "and at night I read Rose's 'Personality of Napoleon.' The connection may not be immediately apparent."

Confessing that it was not I begged him to elucidate.

"My favorite reading," he explained, "is all along this line," and he picked up from his desk von Bernhardi's book on Cavalry. "Military strategy is to me the most fascinating study in the world. I read text books on the subject, I devour historical treatises that deal with it, and I search the biographies of soldiers for information concerning their ways of handling great masses of troops. I love the science of strategy. I have a profound admiration for the great strategists—for Caesar, for Washington, for Grant and Lee and Stonewall Jackson, but particularly for Napoleon."

Mullally, by the way, is thought to bear a remarkable resemblance to certain portraits of the young Bonaparte, and I do not think it displeases him to have the likeness noticed.

"My interest in military strategy," he continued, "is not a mere dilettante interest. It began in the most natural way, for I was five years a member of Squadron A of the New York Cavalry. I have continued the study ever since for very practical reasons. I apply the rules of strategy to my work. The methods by which battles are won may be used to advantage in running a street railroad. They make for success in any big public undertaking, even if it happens to be a ball."

"Happens?" I repeated inquiringly. "Why do you say 'happens'?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Mullally, showing by a smile that he was glad I had put the question. "I have now had considerable experience in the organization of these affairs."

This, I need not interject, is a conservative statement of fact. Thornwell Mullally was responsible for the monster Ball of All Nations which signalized the completion of Machinery Hall on the World's Fair grounds, the largest frame building in the world. He was responsible also for the success of the ball which celebrated the opening of our Municipal Auditorium. His was the controlling hand in every department of preparation and conduct, his the tireless activity which made both of these public festivities record-breaking successes. But I am interrupting Mullally's explanation.

"My experience in these affairs," he continued, "has enlightened me concerning the psychology of the San Franciscan. I doubt whether there is a city anywhere else in the world whose people conduct their public merrymaking as admirably as San Franciscans do. When San Franciscans play they play with all their hearts and souls, giving themselves entirely to the spirit of the joyous occasion. But they have such a remarkable sense of order, their devotion to the proprieties is so instinctive that an immense public gathering such as the Auditorium Ball takes the form of a real civic achievement.

"Viewed in this light the merrymaking possesses only incidental importance. The spirit which animates the throng is so fine that one wishes it had been evoked by something of more consequence than a ball. One feels a sense of inadequacy in reflecting that such splendid qualities were called forth by a frivolous pretext. I do not think it is 'considering too curiously to consider so.' At any rate it is the dominant thought with me. I am not deprecating, far from it. I am not suggesting by any manner of means that every great public gathering should be a solemnity. There is a time for solemnity as there is a time for festivity. I am not taking my pleasure sadly, but perhaps I cannot help taking it thoughtfully. Will you believe me when I say that as I looked round the Auditorium when the ball was at its height, my principal feeling was one of awe?"

Certainly the statement surprised me.

"To see that vast assemblage responding so perfectly to the civic appeal made a tremendous impression on me," Mullally explained. "I could not help thinking that San Franciscans would be animated by the same wonderful spirit in any emergency they might be called upon to deal with. We saw that identical spirit displayed after the fire of 1906. The burning of San Francisco was the saddest sight I ever saw. The Auditorium Ball was one of the merriest. Yet the underlying spirit of the people was exactly the same. Thinking of that and speculating as we cannot help speculating in this time of bloodshed as to the demands which the future may make upon our courage, is it any wonder that I was awed? Was I alone in being thrilled by the thought that there is no demand to which this city is not equal, no test which it cannot meet?

"But let us get back from psychology to strategy," exclaimed Mullally with a laugh. "I mapped the arrangements for the Auditorium Ball as a general would map a campaign. After we had cleared the floor for the grand march Signor de Pasquali came to me and said with surprise that it had been done in forty-five seconds. Now a man can walk quite a distance in forty-five seconds, and that floor was cleared just as fast as four men starting from the centre of the floor could walk to the four corners, stretching ropes as they walked. It is so simple that it can be illustrated with four matches on a table. In the same way a diagram of a few lines will show how I cleared a special space for the exhibition dancers, and how I simplified the judging of costumes. The secret lies in making plans beforehand, leaving nothing to chance, and obtaining intelligent co-operation from those who execute orders. And the waging and winning of battles is nothing more than that, is it?"

The connection between Mullally's preliminary work by day and his study of Napoleon by night was no longer obscure.

"It is only another way of paying tribute to the San Francisco spirit," Mullally continued, "to say that while the Auditorium was well policed, there was not a policeman in uniform in the whole building. They were in dress suits, and there was no need for them to display the insignia of their office. Not a single instance of disorder was reported.

"The ball," Mullally concluded, "came at the proper moment. It came just in time to give people a foretaste of the Fair. It came to upset the calculations of the statisticians too, for as a result of it they are revising their figures of Fair attendance. It is now believed that the attendance of people from the bay region will exceed that of people similarly situated at any other World's Fair."

For all of which let us take off our hats to Thornwell Mullally, the man who never dances but who gave us the two greatest dances in our history! Let us acclaim him our master of the revels, our chamberlain of mirth, our director of masques, our steward of merriment, our monarch of merry disports, our keeper of the seals of jollity! In the Saturnalia of the earliest Roman days the king of the revels who impersonated god Saturn suffered martyrdom at the end of the celebration. Let us not treat Thornwell Mullally in that ungracious fashion, even figuratively. He suffered the martyrdom of hard work while the revel was on. Now that it has passed, let us not forget the man who made it possible, the strategist who marshalled our forces of fun, the psychologist who found a new meaning in the holiday behavior of San Franciscans.

Henry Miller, a great actor and a stage director in ten thousand, was at the Auditorium Ball. "I'd like to have Mullally for my manager," was his comment.

Morris Meyerfeld, president of the Orpheum and an executive of proved ability, was also there. "Mullally is the greatest manager I ever met," he said to a friend.

Dr. Skiff of the World's Fair is the most experienced exposition expert in the world. "Mullally is to be congratulated on a great achievement," he declared.

General Wisser was not at the Auditorium Ball, but he attended the Ball of All Nations. After that affair he wrote to an intimate: "Mullally would make a great chief of staff."

All of which I set down as it has come to me from various sources, not for the glorification of Thornwell Mullally but as the basis of a practical suggestion.

Mullally is in charge of Special Events at the World's Fair. He heads, or it might be more correct to say he is the committee which will supervise not only Special Events, but also Athletics and Military Affairs. Does not his success with the Ball of All Nations and the Auditorium Ball—he netted the Fair $55,000 out of these two events—indicate that he could be of greater service to our city and our Fair in more closely specialized work? Why diffuse Mullally's activities? Why not concentrate them in the field where he has the magic power to raise huge sums through fun? where his strategical and psychological powers can be turned to the very best account? That to me is the lesson our Fair Directors should learn from Mullally's outstanding achievements.

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# Perspective Impressions

Did anybody miss the Prince of Siam at the Auditorium Ball?

At any rate, the more nations that go to war the more we shall furbish up our geography.

Briefly the British reply: Quit cheating, and we'll quit holding up your ships.

Wonder if Mayor Rolph gave any thought to the lost opera house during the Auditorium Ball?

The President at Indianapolis was not successful in making his pedagogic ferule look like Teddy's big stick.

"Being by profession a schoolmaster" (to use his own words), President Wilson simply can't help using the switch.

Vice-President Marshall acted as starter for a transcontinental motor race. That's just about Tom's level.

President Wilson invites the independent voter into the Democratic party where "there are great emotions." Had he said promotions the response would be instantaneous.

Secretary McAdoo reminds us of Ursus in "Quo Vadis," the man who threw the bull.

Ever strike you that Rudolph Spreckels ought to be on the Chautauqua circuit?

Chicago has appointed a permanent commission on morals. Its salaried workers will show no disposition to hasten the millennium.

Can't the papers do justice to a masquerade ball without publishing the pictures of certain Blingumites?

"Young wife weary of aged millionaire," says a headline. Alimony and a younger man will probably refresh her.

By the way, we don't hear much of Pryzemysl these days. Is it because so few of us can pronounce it?

Our coast defence guns have a range of approximately 13,000 yards. War vessels could lie approximately four miles out of the range of our guns and bombard us. But everything is lovely and the goose hangs high, and teacher is having a bully time.

A young New York doctor married, and his dad eloped with the bride the night of the wedding. A clear case of the child being father to the man.

If the Legislature is to be nothing more than a rubber stamp for the Executive why keep up appearances by paying salaries to dummy statesmen?

According to a press despatch from Sherrodsville, Ohio, since the town went dry two years ago the population has dwindled from 2,000 to less than 400, and now there is a demand that saloons be voted in to get revenue enough to keep the municipal organization intact. When a town is made really dry Prohibitionists move out.

It has been officially reported to Congress that the submarines of our navy are generally in disrepair and totally unfit for service in time of war. But Secretary Daniels and the President are happy, and the Administration is now rushing through a bill to embark the nation in the shipping business at an expense of about $20,000,000. Let us sing the Star Spangled Banner, and take another swat at Japan.

# The Hope That Died

**By Rene Bazin**

(Of the French Academy)

Here is what I have seen in the Vendee I love. When autumn comes the land of hills extends fine burning sheaves toward the sky where hazy clouds pass, driven on by the wind from the sea. There are thickets on the hilltops, remains of high treed forests, orchards, belonging to farmhouses or simply trees planted along the banks, among which are found the mountain ash, wild pear trees and a kind of oak whose leaves die in splendor.

I know not what crazy owner, long since departed, planted two lines of crabapples on the brow of the hill whereon the farmhouse of La Renandiere is built, looking toward the setting sun. It takes many years before such trees give any fruit and as the avenue was over two hundred yards long, it was work for the metayer (farmer who works on the basis of sharing profits with the landlord instead of paying rent) to gather in the crop in October, all the more so that he had but little help, being married to a wife who was not strong.

The farmer's wife at La Renandiere was one of those peasants whose faces arouse pity; pale, not pretty, with features long, drawn downward and framed in the Vendean headdress which compresses the temples. What was best about her was her beautiful teeth, a rare thing in that country. Before she was married, when she laughed more often, there was a brightness in the corner of her brown eyes which made men say, "She's not altogether unpleasing, it's a pity she's so frail." After being six years married she became a mother and her child was two years old when the war began. Almost at once her husband had to leave La Renandiere and join his regiment. No one could speak of having seen Aimee Cottereau weep. Frail of body she was, it is true, but brave withal, able to bear emotion silently, and trained for centuries to meet emergencies boldly. She accompanied her husband to the station and on her return entered the village church, where were some thirty women, come like her to consecrate their sacrifice and pray for courage. When she had finished, and she was not long, she entered her house, took her little girl in her arms and murmured:

"You are all I have now!"

I saw her the next day but one in a field of wheat, so ripe that the ears were letting the grain escape. I caught sight of her, the soldier's wife, cutting the harvest. She was working so hard that it was only when I spoke that she stood up, her hair clinging to her cheeks, satisfied with the realization of her strength. "I promised him that our share of the harvest should not be lost, you see. At the end of September I will drive the plough if he is not back. But he will be back." She said this with the assurance that seeks to be assured. "You have news?" I asked. "Yes, indeed, and it is good. He has passed through Paris and is going to Belgium. Is that far?" "Yes, rather. And the little one?" "She is sleeping in her cradle down there."

In spite of the deference which she had always shown me I felt that the farmer's wife pitied me because I could suppose that a mother would leave her child in the house without any one to look after her. With a back-turned thumb she pointed to where at the side of the field a little thing, white and blue, was seated in the shade of an apple tree.

The days passed, our armies moved down, stopped and began to move upward again. Aimee Cottereau continued to work and at two o'clock to watch for the postman at the end of the crabapple avenue. He came on his bicycle, leaning over the handles, but not moving quickly all the same. "Nothing for me?" "Nothing. It will be for tomorrow." Until the end of September she never failed to come to the same spot, ask the same question and receive the same answer. The women of the little town would say to her, "Write to his captain! Write to the Red Cross at Geneva! They may know something." She wrote, and then decided to keep silent and wait, busy with her little one, her house and the farm. Up to a quarter to two each day she felt joy quite near, ready to enter into her soul and show its face, and yet it never came. Her friends among the women sought to avoid meeting her, for they feared they would betray themselves. The report was whispered around that Jean Cottereau was dead. A sergeant had seen the farmer of La Renandiere fall in a fight near Namur; his arms crossed, loosing his rifle.

During the latter days of September on the sloping lands the one-eyed farm hand held the plough while the farmer's wife touched up the four oxen with the goad. She did not sing, it is true, as a real ox driver should, but she kept to the right of the team and said the words that should be said in a quiet tone, which, however, penetrated the soul of those on the hills. "Rougeaud! Caillard! Noblet!" She called her oxen by their names and, looking at the opened furrows, smoking with mist and dust, she thought, "It is no work for a woman that I am doing, but he will be tired, poor Jean, when he returns, and I shall be able to say, 'Rest yourself!'" She interrupted herself quickly, for the spring of hope had weakened under her load of toil. Aimee Cottereau persevered for more than a week, and then the metayer from Malabri, her old neighbor, came one morning to take her place. Five days later the ploughing was finished and the

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# The German Viewpoint

By Theodore Bonnet

In the confusing perspective of passing events it is hardly less than absurd to attempt a critical analysis of the motives which have brought four-fifths of Europe onto the field of battle. The task is one, however, that has engaged many writers. In every country at war there are writers proving to their own satisfaction that they represent the right side. All are about equally more or less honest in their asseverations. In neutral countries too there are writers who have taken sides, and who are convinced that their viewpoint is correct. Of such there are many in this country, and the majority of them it is clear are not in sympathy with Germany. Many of them, indifferent to the advice of Edmund Burke as to the unreasonableness of indicting a whole people, are quite emphatic in their censures of the people of Germany. They are convinced that the war is justly to be attributed to the German ideal, which, they tell us, is a barbaric ideal, the ideal of the rightness of might, of nations of slaves ruled and led by Supermen, to whom morals are an embarrassment in the conduct of life. Hereabouts one finds many German citizens who have been much hurt by American criticism, and who are at a loss to understand why American sentiment should not be in sympathy with a nation many of whose brave sons fought for the preservation of the Union and contributed to the upbuilding of the country. I have here set myself to the task of enlightening them in space that I fear is too limited for the purpose.

For the anti-German, or, perhaps I should say, the pro-British sentiment prevailing in this country there are many reasons. Most obvious of the reasons of course is that it is easier for an English-speaking people to understand an English-speaking people and to sympathize with them than to understand a German-speaking people and sympathize with them. There are fewer differences between Americans and Englishmen than between Americans and Germans. A thoughtful exposition of the differences between Germans and Americans is to be found in the opening volume of Buckle in which he outlines the distinct mentality of Germany and America, contrasting the greater proportion of profound thinkers in the former with the wider distribution of general knowledge in this country. Buckle, by the way, observed that German authors of an earlier literature wrote only for one another, disdaining to make themselves intelligible to the mass of their countrymen. Now while this may no longer be true, German authors enjoy a splendid isolation with respect to American readers. Very little is known in this country of German literature. There are many poets, novelists and playwrights in the intellectual centres of Germany and Austria, but their voices are not heard across the seas. The German viewpoint is presented to us by the college professors of Germany and the Germanized college professors of America—ponderous pedants of the schools, lineal descendants of the learned academic doctors of all ages and all climes, good at hair-splitting, maladroit in dealing with masses of men. In the hands of such men criticism is depraved from its high rank as the art of stating and collating ideas down to an acrid trick of debate, an exercise in the art of dialetics. So while there is much to be said for Germany it has not been said, and today many people who know that Bernhardi extols war as the supreme agent of culture are laboring under the delusion that such is the German ideal. This ideal English writers have made the theme of their most brilliant essays, and they have been hammering it home with a vengeance. All the while German polemics have been arguing in support of positions that are indefensible, utterly neglecting joints in their harness against which British critics have been leveling their most pointed darts.

Nothing has contributed so much to anti-German sentiment in this country as the teachings of Bernhardi. Here is the one German writer with whom Americans have been made familiar. He has been given a very large circulation in this country—not by the German press bureau but by the British press bureau. Now it is unreasonable to assume that Bernhardi, a military specialist, speaks for German culture, but it is so assumed by hundreds of thousands of English-speaking people. Why has no great German writer been called upon to voice the ideals that were John Paul Richter's? Those ideals have not vanished from Germany. "Providence," said John Paul, "has given to the French empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, to the Germans that of—the air." So wrote Richter one hundred years before Count Zeppelin. The air for his free genius to float in, the air to people with his sweet fancies, the divine air sufficed for Richter. Are we to suppose that Germans of his lovable nature are no more; that Germans no longer love the air except as an element through which they may drop their bombs? Ah, but now they want a place in the sun, we are told? True, but why not? Is expansion abhorrent to Americans? I am but indicating that there are two sides to the German case.

There is a German statesman, lately come among us, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, formerly Colonial Secretary of the German empire—who has perceived the ineptitudes of German polemics. He has seen one of the points I am driving at. Realizing the futility of talking against the wind, he has taken a position that has too long been neglected by his countrymen. "Our invasion of Belgium," says Dr. Dernburg, "was an act necessary to the preservation of our national existence, and while we have regrets to voice, we have no apologies to make for it." A brave utterance, and a frank! True, it is but the reiteration of what was said in the first instance by the German Chancellor, but the storm of censure precipitated by the scrap-of-paper epigram was followed by a lot of backing and filling, and German controversialists, taking the defensive, were soon tangled in a web of sophistry of their own weaving. For the college professors have profited very little from the study of Schopenhauer. Dialetics is not their metier. In the strategy of debate they will never enhance the glory that Germany has won in the strategy of war.

Now Herr Dernburg's position has the merit of being plausible and not immediately untenable. "If you should see a mob bent on destruction approaching your home," says he, "you would not hesitate to hurry across a neighbor's lawn in your effort to prevent the spoliation of your property." Here is at least a debatable proposition. Herr Dernburg's adversary might argue in this wise: "Well, I can conceive of circumstances in which I might hesitate. If, for instance, having entered into a solemn agreement with my neighbor never to make a battleground of his lawn, I then provoked a mob to attack my home perhaps I should try to defend my property without involving my neighbor." Of course this bright retort would not put an end to the argument, for there is much more to be said in support of the affirmative. Herr Dernburg, for example, might demand to know upon what authority it was assumed that the allies were provoked. Here is the nub of the whole controversy, and it is this very point that German polemics have neglected. To be sure they have stoutly denied that Germany was responsible for the war, but they have done little more than deny, and to deny is merely to be on the defensive, which is an attitude the Germans have shown no inclination to at the front. It is not enough, it is futile, for Germans to protest that Germany had no hand in starting the war. A widespread impression to the contrary is of such depth that it is not to be effaced by denial. Also to the contrary is a vast preponderance of evidence in which denial makes not the slightest dent.

One may thus speak of Germany without necessarily finding Germany guilty of plunging Europe into war. This is another point German polemics have missed, the point that the cause of the war was far more remote than the Austrian ultimatum. They have concentrated on the effort to impose the blame on the enemy, but the blame they would impose is for the immediate cause of the war, and England, which was the last to take a hand, is the particular enemy against whom they have speeded the shafts of their abuse. This is somewhat beyond the intelligence of the average man. He knows that the quarrel was originally between Austria and Servia, and that the immediate pretext for the war was the assassination of a royal Duke. England entered the war ostensibly in defense of poor little Belgium. This is all the average American can understand, and so strong has been the appeal to his imagination that it is no use to try to exculpate Germany so far as the immediate cause of the war is concerned. This issue, however, German controversialists have been debating with all their might instead of extending it till it embraced propositions which they might handle to advantage.

Germans are at a decided disadvantage in seeking to maintain that to them the war was a bolt from the blue. The case for them to make out is a case grounded in the first law of nature, but they must not insist that they were called upon to avert immediate danger. The iron ring which they have mentioned casually is the thing which they should elaborate on and keep in the public eye. They have said that the Powers of the Entente, envious of German progress, alarmed at the growth of German industry and the expansion of German trade, have been intriguing to curb German activities in the commercial

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PASO ROBLES
MUD BATHS
MOST CURATIVE BATHS KNOWN
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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXX—SAN FRANCISCO TODAY

(Former Mayor Taylor has written more poems about San Francisco than any other singer we have. Dr. Taylor is a most industrious versifier. He never wearies of matching rhymes. Perhaps one thinks of quantity rather than quality in considering his output. The sonnet is his favorite verse-form, and the following is a fair sample of his sonneteering manner.)

By Edward Robeson Taylor

Not hers the soul to weep or sigh,
  Much less to yield, beneath her woes,
  But on, still on, she glorious goes
With triumph-kindled, beaming eye;
Upon her breast great blossoms lie
  Which from the heartless ashes rose,
  And through her veins fresh ichor flows,
As fadeless colors tint her sky

Her children gather round her throne
  With lifted voice in glad acclaim,
As if Hope's wealth were all their own;
  While nerved anew, in Virtue's name
They would the crime-stained past atone,
  And dash to earth each cup of shame.

# The Spectator

### The Proof of His Unworth

There was a reproachful look on the face of The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock as he entered the office of the Harbor Commission where Commissioner Dwyer was enjoying his daily siesta. The clock winder growled ominously, and the Commissioner awoke with a start.

"Say, Joe," said the man with the key, "why didn't you consult me before you did that?"

"Before I did what?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. Two weeks ago I called your attention to the fact that a lot of bums on the State payroll were getting more money than you, and advised you to ask for a raise. You took my tip without telling me you were going to do it, and see what happened."

"What do you mean?" Dwyer asked.

"I mean that you've made a bad break—you got Senator Nick Beban to introduce the bill."

"What's wrong about that?"

The clock winder bestowed a look of commiseration on the Commissioner. "I'm sorry for you, Joe," he said. "You play this political game just as you used to play the ponies—like a farmer. You shouldn't have given that bill to Beban. He's a wharfinger, employed by the Commission. Can't you see how raw it is to get one of your own taxeaters to handle the trick? It's rough work, Joe, so rough that the Governor won't stand for it. I know just what he'll say."

"What will he say?" the Commissioner eagerly inquired.

"He'll say, 'Here's a boob who wants to get raised from $3,600 to $10,000 a year, and he goes about it in a way that shows he needs a guardian.' Joe, you've made a case out against yourself."

### Hiring an Audience

As the clock winder emerged from the office of the Harbor Commission he was approached by an unemployed acquaintance who asked him for the price of a meal. He gave the man twenty-five cents. The man thanked him, and started for the nearest cafeteria. "Hold on," said the clock winder. "It occurs to me that on the Spreckels principle you've exposed yourself to a sermon."

The man looked at the clock winder in blank amazement. "Huh?" he exclaimed.

"Rudolph Spreckels gave the unemployed $500 the other day. If I were proportionately as generous I'd have given you much less than a penny, but on the strength of that five hundred contribution Rudolph tooted a horn, summoning all the unemployed to his presence, and then taking a megaphone he addressed them, or rather he employed them for a pretext to unload a little of his bile on the business men of the country. What a tormenting grouch that poor rich man has!"

"Do you mind if I go and get something to eat?" the unemployed individual asked.

"Go ahead," said the clock winder, "and never mind the change. When I have something more to say I'll give you another quarter, and I have never cut a coupon in my life."

### He Meets Judge Troutt

It was now time for the philosopher of the water front to wind the clock, and he started for the tower. At this moment he met Judge Troutt, and stopped to felicitate him on his graceful solution of the problem of the lunacy commission.

"That was a hot one you handed Judge Sturtevant," he said.

Judge Troutt looked as though he did not apprehend the clock winder's meaning.

"Whenever I find a chap cultivating newspaper approval at the expense of his associates I size him up as a false alarm."

Judge Troutt smiled, but it was evident that the homely vernacular bewildered him.

The clock winder rambled on. "I've been watching this chap Sturtevant ever since he got on the bench, and I could see from the start that he was a sort of schoolmasterly person with a new course of study that he was going to jam down everybody's throat. And then I heard from the newspaper boys that he liked to be in touch with the editors, and that he had tales to tell out of school. Then I knew my stop-watch was all right. I had him timed to the second."

By this time Judge Troutt was perspiring.

"But 'why,' I asked myself, 'why this innovation touching the lunacy commission?' Then I read about the trial of the Long divorce case—some of those foolish cracks made by the judge—and I understood. You know, Judge, these boys with a screw loose, sometimes they're very cunning."

"So I've heard," said Judge Troutt and he bade the clock winder good day without knowing what the conversation had been about.

### Governor Johnson and Phelps

At the present writing Governor Johnson has not sent any of his appointments to the State Senate for confirmation. This is an unusual situation, for the Governor is accustomed to ask the Senate to act upon his appointments as the first business of the session. Naturally Governor Johnson's delay in this matter has excited much curiosity. From the Sacramento gossip that reaches me I gather that the impression obtains in some quarters of the capital that Johnson's appointment of Insurance Commissioner Phelps is connected with this delay. Governor Johnson appointed John E. Phelps of Los Angeles to succeed E. C. Cooper whose terms ended in June of last year. Phelps has held the position for six months, and will have to be confirmed at this session. The gossip has it that the Governor is not as strong for Phelps today as he was when he appointed him. In explanation of this it is pointed out that Phelps favors the so-called "old line" insurance companies while Governor Johnson has adopted a sympathetic attitude toward the mutual companies which were authorized to do business in this State by a bill passed during Governor Johnson's first term. The "old line" companies are engaged in more or less constant war

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upon these mutual companies, and the line of cleavage may have interfered with the friendly relations between the Governor and his appointee. Of course no legislative session could be deemed complete without an insurance fight of some sort, and the battle may be joined over this delay in the submission of Phelps' name. Phelps is an easterner who has not lived very long in California. I understand that he was on the Board of Underwriters in Los Angeles and that it was the Earl influence which got him the appointment as Fire Commissioner.

**Chet Coming Back**

Recent political happenings have left Chester Rowell isolated with naught but memories of what used to be and what might have been to occupy his mind. Chet is out of it so far as his former pals of Progressivism are concerned. Can he come back? It remains to be seen. But he's making a mighty try. Here is Chet in his Fresno Republican blowing perfumed smoke at the Governor (he is commenting editorially on the announcement that former Presidents Roosevelt and Taft are to accompany President Wilson to San Francisco): "If some newspaper photographer in San Francisco could get a snapshot of the three presidential guests and Governor Johnson on the reviewing stand together he would have a unique picture of the past, present and future—the President, the only living former Presidents, and the only known future President." Chet wishes to re-enter politics as the Madame de Thebes of Progressivism.

**The Victory in Stockton**

Labor and capital are once more at peace in the city of Stockton where a fight for the open shop principle was begun in June of last year. The captains of organized labor say that they won a victory in Stockton, but these captains after putting through the resolution that put an end to the war got out of town in a great hurry. After the meeting they were whirled away in automobiles, and there were ominous rumblings in their wake. Since then many union cards have been torn up in Stockton, for union men cannot see what advantage they have gained after loafing six months on the six dollars a week contributed by organized labor. As the principle of the open shop is now recognized in Stockton, and as many non-union men are now filling the jobs formerly held by union men the employers of Stockton are not shedding any tears over the victory won by organized labor.

**In the Enemy's Camp**

The night the Chronicle published the amazing Jorgenson story the Chronicle city editor wanted to find out whether the Examiner also had the news, and if not, whether it would stop its presses and "lift" the exclusive sensation from the Chronicle. The morning papers do this when they are beaten on an important story. So a young police reporter of the Chronicle named Gompertz was sent out to keep watch on the Examiner presses. Scouting along Stevenson street below Third Gompertz noticed a bright light in the building immediately opposite the Examiner press room. He entered and found himself in a telegraph office. Going to the man who seemed to be in charge he asked:

"May I stand at your window and watch?"

"What do you want to watch?" asked the telegraph operator.

"I'm on the Chronicle," Gompertz explained, "and I want to watch to see whether the Examiner stops its presses to 'lift' an exclusive story we have."

"You're in the right church but the wrong pew," was the answer; "this is the office of the Examiner's leased wire."

"Thank you, I don't think I'll wait," said Gompertz, and fled.

**The Fire Boat's Capacity**

One of the sights which entertained the enormous throng on the Marina of the World's Fair last Sunday was the fire boat David Scannell steaming up and down the bay spouting streams from all its great nozzles. It is needless to explain that the fire boat while in action is pumping the water from the bay and discharging it at one and the same time. But this fact was not understood by a cow county assemblyman who saw the fire boat at Sacramento during the last Legislature. Chief Murphy took the David Scannell up the river to the capital when a bill was introduced appropriating half of the sum expended by this city on the boat, and gave a demonstration of its workings. The rustic solon watched it wide-eyed.

"By gum," he finally exclaimed, discharging a stream of tobacco juice, "if I hadna seen it I'd never believe such a little boat could hold so much water!"

**Vogue of the California Song**

Just how much F. B. Silverwood and A. F. Frankenstein have collected in royalties since their song "I Love You, California" was installed in popular favor I do not know for certain, but I am told that they have so far enriched themselves to the attractive tune of fifty thousand dollars, with returns still coming in. If that be the case, Edgar Leslie and Harry Puck who gave us "California and You" must face the pleasing prospect of still greater opulence, for "California and You" is a better song than "I Love You, California," and while it has not been before the public so long, has easily eclipsed it in popularity. This is the day of the vogue of the song of California, and naturally enough so, for in this music-loving State the spirit of a World's Fair was bound to express itself lyrically. The two songs I have mentioned have enjoyed no mere regional acclaim; they are known all over the country, and I shall not be surprised to learn that they have even reached the London music halls.

**A Third Entrant**

There is a third California song that is beginning to bid for general approval. It is called


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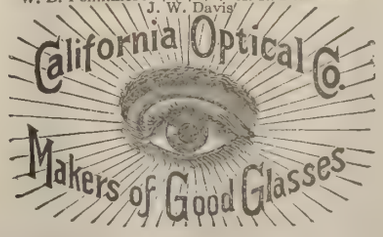


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"California, I'll Be Ever True to You," and it first intrigued my ear when I saw the dancers footing to its swinging measures at Techau's the other night. I learn that it is the composition of Andrew L. Benson, a composer who is not exactly a stranger in this city but is much better known in Stockton and Santa Barbara where he has been quite prominent both socially and in business. Benson has written a song that can be danced to as well as sung—a sure warrant of success—but he prefers not to be classified as a song writer, it seems. The song, I learn, is from an opera "The California Girl" which a New York producer is arranging to present here after the Fair opens. This opera by Benson has been tried out in Santa Barbara with gratifying results, and I learn that it is not only a good opera musically but spectacularly as well. It is fitting that we should have an opera of California during Fair time, and if Benson's fills the bill he will win more than an artistic success, gratifying as that alone might be.

### The San Diego Fair

With the tumult of the opening night and New Year's Day diminishing, the San Diego Exposition has settled down for its all year "run," with activities scattered over the entire space of 614 acres. With the exception of Nevada whose large building is situated on the Alameda, the western States have their buildings along La Via de los Estados on the lower plateau, and from early morning until late at night there is open house in all these buildings for the entertainment of visitors from other sections. The main buildings are closed at sunset to allow for the installation of fresh exhibits, but along El Prado on which they are located, and in the various plazas, there continue special evening events in the way of concerts and parades until midnight, when the gates are closed. This rule did not operate on New Year's eve. It was just at midnight that President Wilson pressed the telegraph key which officially opened the Exposition, threw on all lights at full voltage and set off the array of fireworks at the lower end of the Plaza de los Estados. At that moment there broke loose all the enthusiasm of the 42,000 people who had been pouring through the gates since sunset, many in carnival costume and all lightly clad for wandering about in the balmy climate of New Year's in Southern California. The babel of noise which started then did not end until nearly sunrise when the crowd vanished, to come back for the more dignified ceremonies of the following day in which figured Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo representing President Wilson, Former Secretary Lyman J. Gage, Count del Valle de Salazar representing Alfonso XIII of Spain, Governor Johnson of California, Governor Spry of Utah, Lieutenant Governor de Baca of New Mexico, Rear Admiral T. B. Howard, commanding the Pacific fleet, John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, representing the Latin-American nations, and other celebrities.

### Military and Naval Display

On the following day came the military and naval parade in which there were representatives of all branches of the army, the Fourth regiment of U. S. marines which is stationed on the Exposition grounds, the men of the U. S. S. San Diego, Rear Admiral Howard's flagship, and a large array of semi-military and civilian organizations. From Mexico came a military detachment just now unconcerned with the revolution in the republic twenty miles away. From Portland, Oregon, came the Royal Rosarians with their own band, the members of the society clad in white summer flannels. From Utah and Idaho came delegations by a special train, and the nearer States of the Southwest sent their representatives in imposing array.

### State Days

On each Monday there will be a special ceremony for one of the States of the Union. January 4 was Arkansas day; a week later came Delaware day, with January 18 set for the District of Columbia and January 25 for Georgia. The population of Southern California is made up largely of people who have come from other States, and these local residents supply the nucleus for the State day celebrations. All State societies are fully organized for this purpose.

### On the "Isthmus"

The "Isthmus" has achieved a notable popularity. From sunset of December 31 it has been crowded with visitors swarming through the many amusements along its 5,000 feet of frontage. They have spent hours in the Painted Desert, watching the Apache, the Hopi, Zuni, Navajo and other Indians at work in the varied arts and crafts. They have wandered about

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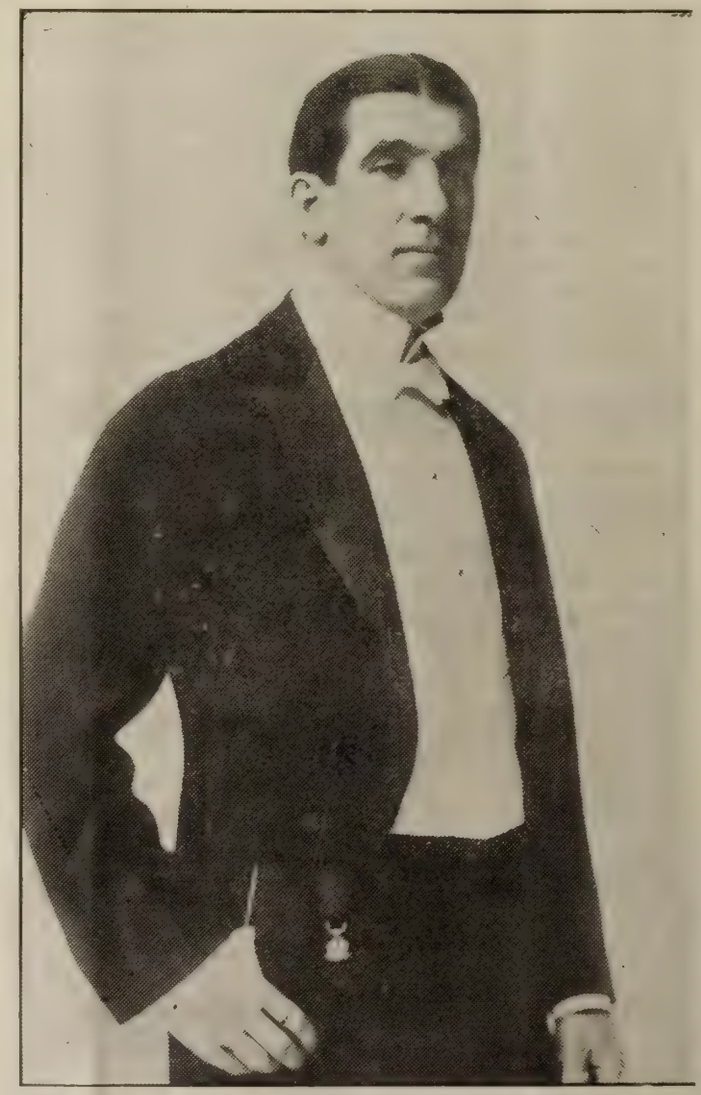

JAMES J. CORBETT
Appearing at Pantages next week.

among the palms and banana trees and pineapple shops of the Hawaiian village, listening to the singers and ukulele players and watching the hula dancers. They have strolled through the streets of Japan and the depths of underground Chinatown, and seen the other curiosities of what is asserted by San Diego to be the greatest amusement street in exposition history. The heavy attendance is the best index to the justice of the boast.

**The Prominence of Music**

Music plays a prominent part in the life of the Exposition. One of the structures on the grounds is an outdoor organ, the largest in the world, which was erected at the cost of $100,000. In addition to the organ which is played daily, there are four bands. At the United States marine barracks on the grounds is that of the Fourth regiment, and there are also the First cavalry and the Thirteenth artillery bands. Of course there is the Exposition's Spanish band. These bands which are stationed in San Diego, are supplemented by other organizations, among which is the Twenty-fifth regiment band from Ensenada, Mexico. During the first week of the Exposition all of these bands played on the grounds at different times. On one afternoon four were playing at the same time in different parts of the grounds, which cover an immense area.

**Preparing for the Fleet**

Preparations by the Pacific fleet to welcome President Wilson and the Atlantic fleet when the chief executive and the great international armada come through the Panama Canal in March are rapidly going forward at San Diego. The west coast fleet, made up of the flagship San Diego under Rear Admiral Thomas B. Howard, the cruisers Colorado and South Dakota, nine torpedo boat destroyers and four submarines, will mobilize to greet the war vessels from the Atlantic seaboard. At present the destroyers and the submarines are already stationed there, while the cruisers are on patrol duty off the Mexican coast. Composing the great fleet which will come through the Panama Canal will be the famous battleship Oregon bearing President Wilson, the cruiser Olympia which won fame at Manila, twenty-one superdreadnaughts and battleships and a flotilla of destroyers from the American Atlantic fleet, two armored cruisers from Argentina, two battleships from Brazil and four cruisers from other South American countries. The armada will steam up the west coast to San Diego, where the first stop will be made. Including auxiliaries there will be more than sixty warships at anchor in the bay there next March. This will be the greatest fleet of war vessels ever assembled in the Pacific Ocean.

**The Optimists Surprised**

Even the most optimistic failed to realize what a drawing card the Exposition would be to persons from all parts of the country. More than 42,000 persons attended the opening New Year's Eve; and since then tens of thousands have passed through the gates. Although the low railroad rates from Eastern points do not go into effect until March 1, the great stretch of country east of the Rocky Mountains is well represented among the visitors who throng the grounds. When our Exposition opens the San Diego Exposition will send a delegation to attend the opening ceremonies just as the San Franciscans were represented at the celebration in San Diego on New Year's Eve and the two days following. Who will represent the San Diego Exposition has not been decided; but it is probable that President Davidson himself will make the trip accompanied by a number of San Diego city officials.

**A Compliment from Argentine**

One of the Argentine Commissioners to the World's Fair paid this city quite a compliment during the Auditorium Ball. Exposition Director James McNab remarked to Commissioner Anasagasti that he must be used to such gatherings in the great city of Buenos Ayres.

"That is so far from being the case," replied the Argentine Commissioner, "that I have never seen such a sight as this in any part of the world. As for Buenos Ayres, we have there no building large enough to accommodate such a throng as this; and if we had the building we should still be unable to gather a throng of such high character as the thousands who are here tonight."

**Dinner Dance at Tavern**

There is to be a new maple dance floor in the center of the main cafe at Techau Tavern and on the evening of January 20 a dinner dance will be given there. The dancing will commence at eight o'clock and there will be fun-making souvenirs for everybody. The management has secured the two dancing stars of the successful musical comedy "The Tango Tea," Mr. Robert Carville and Miss La Mar, who will be present on this occasion and who will also give exhibition dances every afternoon between four and five and every evening after eight. They will also teach the steps of the latest ballroom dances to guests of the Tavern, without charge. On any evening when not engaged in exhibition dancing Miss La Mar will be pleased to dance with any gentleman, and Mr. Carville with any lady present.

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Nos. 1587-89-91 Post street and 568 Cedar avenue, 25:5 east of Laguna street; 2 frontages; Post-street improvements consist of store, with 2 rooms, and 2 flats of 6 and 7 rooms and bath; improvements on Cedar avenue consist of a two story and basement house of 6 rooms and bath; size of lot, 25:10x120. These two parcels will be sold separately to the highest bidder, subject to confirmation by the Superior Court.

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THE SAN DIEGO FAIR

Westward toward the Harbor of the Sun from the Southern Counties building, showing many of the structures along El Prado. The State buildings lie to the left and the outdoor exhibits and amusements occupy a vast area to the right.
("Copyright 1914, by Panama-California Exposition")

# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### A Great Attorney Dances

I knew long since that the great attorney Peter F. Dunne had taken dancing lessons, but it was only the other night that I had the privilege for the first time of seeing him in terpsichorean action. It was in Pavo Real where Mr. and Mrs. Dunne and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hale formed a party a few nights ago. Mr. Dunne's dignity is innate and spacious; it is the admiration of the bench and the envy of the bar. Not being as a garment that may be donned and doffed at will, it accompanies Mr. Dunne into the ball room. To watch Mr. Dunne asking the honor of a hesitation with Mrs. Hale and to observe him dancing with that charming lady was an absorbing study. Mr. Dunne made his "opening statement" with a courtly bow, and as Mrs. Hale "was ready to proceed," the "action" went forward without delay. Mr. Dunne's feet carried conviction of perfect preparation; his every move was eloquent and made a profound impression upon the jury of spectators. His "argument" must have pleased, for Mrs. Hale smiled appreciatively. No lawyer ever made better use of a stay of execution than Mr. Dunne of the hesitation in the music. His "direct" was masterly, his "cross" convincing; had he been "dipping" into Blackstone, he could not have been more effective. His conduct throughout was well balanced and without undue haste, so that there was no difficulty in following him. At the conclusion Mr. Dunne immediately moved for "a new trial," and Mrs. Hale interposing no objection, the "case was reopened." It ended as one might have expected, with a reaffirmed "judgment" from the "jury" that Mr. Dunne was correct in every item of his terpsichorean contention. That the "verdict" pleased Mr. Dunne goes without saying. He beamed, and so did Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Dunne and Mr. Hale.

### "Merrylegs" et Al., Take Note

Maurice the dancer was in a motor accident in New York a few days ago. He was bruised and skinned, and Florence Walton had to get a substitute dancing partner at "Chez Maurice" that night. The accident brought out the important news that Maurice's most valuable belongings, namely his legs, were insured for $50,000. This supplies a hint for our dancing men. Has Quentin Tod written any insurance on his underpinning? And how about our dancing amateurs? Is "Merrylegs" Bill Lange protected against accident? How about Bobby Eyre? And Jimmy Kelleher? And how about the elder dancing men who are peculiarly liable to accidents on the dancing floor itself? I refrain from mentioning the dancing ladies, although there are interesting opportunities of speculation there too. But it is a subject to which attention should be directed.

### Music as a Luxury

I note with interest that Mrs. Fred Kohl is to open her magnificent new home with music, supplying some of it herself. Mrs. Kohl possesses a pretty voice and loves to sing for her friends. There are other ladies in smart society who take a similar delight. Mrs. Frank Carolan has cultivated her singing talent assiduously, taking lessons from one of the best instructors in Paris. Another instance in the same circle is that of Miss Ethel Crocker, the young daughter of the Will Crockers. I mention these names to point a moral. Let us not make the mistake of looking on music as a luxury, of telling ourselves that we too would cultivate our musical gifts if we enjoyed the wealth of these ladies. Music is not a luxury; it is for a very large number of people a necessary of life, and those who wilfully neglect to improve their musical talents are making a blunder for which they will come in time to be very sorry. The opportunities of developing musical taste are many in San Francisco. There are good teachers, and there is constant opportunity to hear the best music, vocal and instrumental. I need only mention the symphony concerts, the concerts for which we are indebted to Will Greenbaum and others, and such seasons of opera as that the Bevanis are now giving at the Alcazar. I feel in the mood to lecture parents on neglected musical opportunities, for after all the children are the ones who are suffering most.

### Our Neglect of Music

There are many parents in San Francisco anxious and willing to give their children a musical education who think they are furnishing the educational means by placing them in the care of competent teachers. Very good so far, but why not open new vistas and arouse musical ambition by having their children attend concerts? It is positively painful to note the absence of young people at all our concerts. Perhaps the parents think they cannot afford it. Yet there are large numbers of them who can, only they have not acquired the habit of spending money for this purpose, not realizing its great educational return. Many others could afford the money if they would only make such sacrifices as they make daily for something ephemeral and valueless. No wonder so many parents are disappointed because their musical ambitions for their offspring are never realized. What of the students themselves? We are not a musical people. To only a few is music a habit of life, a necessary of life. To such it has to be counted in the expense account with the bread, the meat, the gas bill. If there is anything left it goes for clothes. If not, the same old clothes make numerous reappearances; or if one is "simply dying for new clothes," as one often is when one is young and pretty, the butcher and bread bills grow less and one subsists on enthusiasm like many a true genius, but never is the money for music spent for anything else. Why not have both parents and children realize that music costs money, and have a mutual understanding about the process of elimination that must occur in other avenues of expense in order to pay for it? The trifles which we buy, the amusements that cost us so much, will soon pass and leave not even memories; but a musical education is something that no one can take away, a source of happiness all through life, a talisman that attracts friends, an open sesame to exalted forms of pleasure, a resource from within that is a consolation to the heart and soul in the hours of isolation that come to most natures.

### A Case of Sacrifice

I know of two very interesting cases to illustrate what I mean. A few years ago there arrived in New York from a southern State two young ladies to study music. They were the daughters of a large family in comfortable circumstances. Their parents were able to pay for their music lessons and provide them with extra money for opera and concert seats (though not in the expensive part of the house), as well as to pay their board in a modest pension. That was the point, that particular pension. They had to stay there or go home because mother knew the lady who kept it and was sure she would take good care of her beautiful young daughters. The lady's sense of values was very queer,—she did indeed see that the girls were properly chaperoned but she literally starved them on tasteless food though she knew that they had come from a home where full and plenty had ever been the rule. They did not dare to complain or they would have been summarily sent for to come home, so they suffered on for three years, living on hopes of future liberation and a compensation in fame. One was a beauty, yet neither she nor her sister ever dreamed of getting clothes merely for show. One afterwards returned to her home town and became the most successful teacher in the place. The other is now a well known church choir singer in one of New York's richest churches. She has the privilege of a yearly concert tour which is a source of pleasure as well as of profit.

### Another, Still More Striking

Another case is of a girl who used to teach piano in San Francisco. For several months in the beginning, she found herself without a surplus after paying for her frugal necessaries. Then one happy day she found she had a dollar and a quarter over. What do you suppose she did with it? She bought a copy of Nevin's "Water Scenes" with it. When she gaily displayed it a friend said:

"But, my dear, you could have bought a pair of gloves which you sadly need."

"Why no indeed," she said, "I can mend the old ones some more and this little book makes me so happy."

That was an instance of the sacrifices she made. As her funds increased she spent money for cultivating her lovely voice, went upon the stage

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and made a fine success in this country and in London in musical comedy. Her early economies helped her to develop her musical talents which placed her in a position to demand a very large salary. Best of all, dear parents of daughters who are studying music, she met a multi-millionaire who never would have heard of her if she hadn't been on the stage. Their first meeting was at a friend's house at a week end. He told her afterwards that what he admired most about her was her piano playing.

"And, by Jove!" he declared, "when I heard you play those pretty Nevin things I just had to marry you."

In her magnificent music-room in a priceless little cabinet all by itself is a shabby little copy of Nevin's "Water Scenes." She tells the story herself and adds:

"Now if I'd bought gloves and spent all my hard-earned money for clothes I'd probably be teaching music out in San Francisco yet, possibly to eke out the income of a perfectly good clerk or someone who might have married me because I was such a pretty dresser."

### Miss de Wolfe's Dancing Venture

While Miss Elsie de Wolfe is down the peninsula attending to the decoration of the new Will Crocker home, at least one member of the "invincible triumvirate" to which she belongs is very busy in New York launching the Vernon Castles on a new terpsichorean enterprise. The three inseparables Miss Anne Morgan, the daughter of the late Pierpont Morgan, Miss Bessie Marbury and Miss de Wolfe are backing the Castles in a very elaborate dancing place on the top of Lew Fields' Forty-fourth Street Theatre, to which the very fanciful name of "Castles in the Air" has been given. It is said in New York that the three women have invested a great deal of money in this venture, the success of which is held to be problematical. At the opening Miss Marbury was the only one of the three to attend. Among those present was Mrs. John Jacob Astor. There were other notables, but not enough to put at rest all doubt about the future of the new establishment. I cannot say as to the other members of the triumvirate, but Miss de Wolfe's interest in dancing is not merely financial. She took lessons in New York from Quentin Tod, and is accounted a graceful ball room performer.

### The Mardi Gras Ball

The Mardi Gras ball which will take place on the night of February 16 at the Palace Hotel is the gala event to which society is looking forward with all the keen anticipation which this ball arouses every season. The Mardi Gras ball, in beauty of decoration, richness and originality of costume, art of pageantry, deserves all the encomiums and flattering adjectives which are so often wasted on the commonplace. The antics of the average superlative can not be excused when applied to the ordinary event but in the case of the Mardi Gras society has learned that each season is enriched by this ball managed by the Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital. It takes business acumen, a highly developed organizing ability, an appreciation of the possibilities of pageantry, and a combination of art and social sense to make the Mardi Gras ball the yearly feature of the social life of San Francisco. The women who so ably and so successfully lend themselves to this task include Mesdames George Cameron, Fred McNear, Augustus Taylor, William H. Taylor, Harry Scott, Walter Martin, Julian Thorne, Horace Pillsbury, Charles Templeton Crocker, Henry Dutton, Norris Davis, Lawrence Scott, Charles Felton, Harry Bates, Sam Boardman and the Misses Emily Carolan, Minnie Houghton and Marion Zeile. A floor committee of fifty men will assist on the night of the ball.

### Opening of the Plaza

The new Hotel Plaza at the corner of Post and Stockton streets, opposite the plaza of Union Square, has now been completed and is being furnished in the most up-to-date fashion. Manager John G. Barker announces that his magnificent hostelry will be opened by February 20, the day of the opening of the World's Fair. The popularity of this very experienced hotelman is so great with the traveling public that the success of the Plaza may be taken as a matter of course. Reservations have been received in large numbers, and it is quite evident that a number of prominent people have set their hearts on living in the new and fashionable hotel.

### Distinguished Guests at Coronado

Among the prominent society people entertaining at Coronado during the first days of the San Diego Fair were Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee, Mrs. Gale Thompson, Mrs. Percival Thompson and Mrs. Frank E. Godfrey. Among those from San Francisco in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, Mr. George S. Marsh, Mrs. A. N. Hinkel, Mrs. F. M. Norcom, Mrs. W. P. Candee. Among the prominent polo players now at Coronado are Carleton F. Burke, Hugh Drury, Reggie Weiss and Harry Weiss, all of Los Angeles; C. Perry Beadleston, Malcolm Stevenson, Frederic McLaughlin, J. Langford Stack, Major Colin C. Ross, Walter Hamlin Dupee, F. C. Inman and C. S. Inman.

### Bright Lights on Putting Green

The only artificially-lighted, open-air putting-green in this county is said to be the one at the Maryland, Pasadena. This California hotel has a putting-green on its grounds; and, to enable his guests to enjoy putting after dinner, Manager D. M. Linnard has had the green brilliantly lighted by high-power electric lights. The absence of mosquitoes and the comfortable warmth of the semi-tropical winter evening of Southern California make after-dinner golf a great attraction to those who are fond of the royal game.

### At the Cecil and Somerton

The week at both the Hotels Cecil and Somerton has been a very gay one. There was the weekly card party on Monday evening at the Cecil, and on Friday night the first of a series of dancing classes which will be held at both the Cecil and the Somerton every Friday. Also beginning with Saturday there will be a dinner dance at both hotels every Saturday. Among the society folk who registered at the Cecil this week were Mrs. W. S. Porter, Hugh Porter, Mrs. Charles Walker of Salt Lake City, General and Mrs. E. J. McClernand, U. S. A., Colonel F. C. Fauntleroy, U. S. A., Miss Edith Bull.

### At Fred Solari's

So great has been the success of the dansants given at Fred Solari's restaurant at the corner of Geary and Mason streets, next door to the Columbia, that it has been found necessary to increase the number. At first these popular dansants were given three times a week. Owing to the attendance which reached the proportions of a crush, the number of dansants had to be doubled. Dansants are the order of every evening now except Sunday. The result is that the attractive cafe is a center of the city's merriment, and the very best people are to be seen enjoying the pleasures of the dance there any week-day evening you visit the place.

### In Pavo Real

It is very hard to describe the emotions one experiences when pausing at the portals of Pavo Real—the grandeur of the decorations, the uniqueness of the lighting—the kaleidoscopic effect of the dancers as they whirl over the glass-like floor, all seem to hold one spellbound as at the entrance of some fairy world. San Francisco's most distinguished people, if frequency be any criterion, have adopted Pavo Real as their dance home. The afternoon entertainment is furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Jay March Fetters, while in the evening from 8:30 to 1 o'clock, those great dancers Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod surprise and delight the patrons with dancedom's latest—each midnight producing a dance in costume that is a delightful surprise. It is truly worth while to pay a visit to Pavo Real, which occupies the entire third floor of the Tait-Zinkand building, 168 O'Farrell street.


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# A Great Carmen

By Helen M. Bonnet

The Bevani singers are making some very good contributions to local musical history at the Alcazar. They have resources that were not all revealed in the first two or three performances. On Tuesday night of this week they gave us a big surprise and some real thrills. The opera was our old favorite, that classic music-drama, Carmen, which has so many appeals to elemental emotions. The enduring popularity of Carmen is not hard to understand. It is good drama with no absorbingly gorgeous musical investiture to divert interest from the thrilling story itself. It realizes the Wagner ideal of limiting the function of the music to the intensifying of the emotional appeal—an ideal that Wagner himself lost sight of. Carmen by the Bevanis is principally the cigarette girl. Alice Gentle dominates the performance. This is what an ideal Carmen generally does, but alas! how few are the ideal Carmens! Many are the singers who love to play the Merimee heroine, but it is seldom we meet one with the personality possessing at once the physique and the diablerie of the cherished traditions of the role as well as the vocal and dramatic gifts essential to an adequate portrayal. All these Alice Gentle has. Alice Gentle is the ideal Carmen. A singer of compelling beauty, in this role her acting has all the spontaneity, all the vividness and passion of inspiration and temperament. As to her singing of the role it is flawless, for Alice Gentle is a vocalist who sings with taste and intelligence. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of luscious quality and extensive range, perfect in its development. In all her registers there is brilliancy, warmth and mellowness. Of all the world-renowned heroines of the Bizet opera I know of none that ever reached the height that is scaled by Alice Gentle. Calve in her prime, nor Fremstadt, nor Zelie de Lussan, ever sang and played Carmen as it was sung and played Tuesday night at the Alcazar. The most recent favorite in the role in New York is Geraldine Farrar, but while, as was to be expected, she sings it well, many flaws have been found in her conception and acting. So right here at the little Alcazar where stock drama has been long the vogue something notable has happened in the operatic line—for the discovery of a new and great Carmen is really a matter of considerable importance. Of the other singers in the cast Tuesday night there is not much to be said. Paolo Galazzi made all the noise that is to be expected of Escamillo, and he had to repeat the Toreador song, but he is not an impressive Toreador. Micaela was sung well by Johanna Kristoffy, but she failed to realize the sweet and gentle girl whose manner so strongly contrasts with the manner of the heroine.

# Gossip of the Theatre

**The Theory of Reincarnation**

There is a theory of the reincarnation of jokes of which I was reminded at the Orpheum this week. This is said not by way of insinuating that this week's bill is lacking either in originality or in novelty. As a matter of fact there is hardly anything drab in this week's bill. There is go to it, and in spots it soars to the peaks of vaudeville, but it takes a modest start, like a reluctant aeroplane, with Charles Semon laboring at the motor. Mr. Semon is a matter of frequent resurrection at the Orpheum, which is proof that he is of an enduring quality. It was he that reminded me of the theory of the reincarnation of jokes. According to this theory there are certain parent types of jokes to which all jokes may be traced. So-called new jokes, the author of this theory tells us, are derivatives from, variants of, or reincarnations of, old jokes. This theory is based on an ingenious table of statistics by which it is shown that the number of possible jokes is limited like the number of possible harmonies in music. All jokes in this table come under certain heads—mother-in-law, marriage, social ambition, gambling, drinking. etc. This theory would give us a melancholy outlook were it not for the fact that while the number of parent-types is fixed there is no limit to the power of propagation. So while the prototype of every joke is to be found in Joe Miller, with every change of manners, every new development in human activity there is fresh opportunity for the jokesmith. Think of the broad field that has been opened up by the automobile! Mr. Semon shows how the automobile induces reincarnation. One of his jokes is about a man who takes his mother-in-law out in his automobile several times a day. He was warned that an accident might happen. "Might happen!" he exclaimed. "It must happen." He tells of a man who is filled with dread every time he hears an automobile horn. He explains that the man's wife deserted him, going off in an automobile with a chauffeur who honked all the way. Now whenever the man hears a horn he fears that his wife is being brought back. Thus does Mr. Semon seem to confirm the theory of reincarnation. . . . There is much repetition of the name of Santley on this week's program—Joseph Santley, late star of "When Dreams Come True," who is assisted by Miss Ruth Randall and Miss Josephine Kernell. The name "Santley" is printed nine times on the program, from which it may be inferred that Mr. Santley cuts some figure, and he does, for he sings well and is a graceful dancer, but with all the printers' ink he absorbs he hardly stands out with the distinctness of George McKay. It is individuality that counts in vaudeville, and McKay has it. The performance that gets the most applause this week is that of the

ALMA GLUCK

The beautiful young soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House whose exquisite voice has made her the most popular soprano now before the public. She sings at the Columbia Sunday afternoons Jan. 31 and Feb. 7.

Bell family of bell ringers, nine brothers and sisters. These folks have temperament, which is another thing that counts in vaudeville. This week there is nothing that fails to count at the Orpheum. Even Charles Semon's reincarnation jokes get by.

—Theodore Bonnet.

### The Philharmonic Concert

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra is more than vindicating itself at each performance. It is realizing its aspirations—helping to release music from the laboratories of the wise men, and making it fulfil its ultimate purpose in the midst of the plain people. The eighth concert by this organization was full of good things and it was listened to with delight by a large audience. The program was of the popular variety comprising some of the most familiar and lovable gems from the works of the great Italian exponents of the musical art. These were played in a way that made us all feel the subtle enchantments of music that woo and ravish the ear. This concert was made notable by the participation as soloists of Alice Gentle and Signor Galazzi of the Bevani company.

—H. M. B.

### The War Pictures

The movie man of the Chicago Tribune had remarkable success in obtaining Belgian war pictures, and there are thrills to be had by the spectator as the films unwind at the Cort. There are several scenes on the firing line, one of which in particular is a vivid picture of what war has become. Less thrilling but very saddening are the pictures of Belgian refugees flying before the Germans, deserting their ruined homes in Alost, Termonde and Aerschot. The Antwerp pictures are splendid too, one of the best showing the non-combatants from that great city streaming over the border into friendly and charitable Holland. To see these pictures is to study war almost at first hand, and to realize its devastating horror as never before.

—The First Nighter.

### A Great Favorite at Pantages

Tom Kelly has been in vaudeville ever since there has been American vaudeville; before that he was in variety. He must have the secret of perpetual youth, for he doesn't look a day older than when he first trod the Orpheum boards. He is still the scrupulous dresser he always was; and his voice is as good as ever. Tom Kelly is so tightly wedged in local favor that he cannot be dislodged. At Pantages this week he sends his audience into roars of laughter with a droll look, and has to wait for the storm of merriment to abate so that he may get a proper hearing for his stories. Good stories they are, too. Tom concludes his performance by singing "Tipperary," and such is his following that he easily induces the audience to sing it with him. This is one of the most difficult tests of a performer's popularity, as any performer can tell you. Tom Kelly is the particular hit of the bill, but the other numbers are on no mean level.

—The Second Nighter.

### The Next Symphony

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give the seventh subscription concert of its season at the Cort Friday afternoon, January 22. Eleonora de Cisneros, mezzo-soprano, will be the soloist, and the program will include Carl Goldmark's pleasing symphony "The Rustic Wedding," Henry Hadley's tone-poem "Salome" after the tragedy by Oscar Wilde (the first time here), Saint-Saens' great aria "Amour Viens Aider" from "Samson et Dalila" and Tschaikowsky's seldom heard but glorious "Adieu Forets" from "Jeanne d'Arc." Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony made an extraordinary sensation when given its first production by the Philharmonic Orchestra at Vienna in 1876. Hans Richter directed and the work attracted such attention that Leopold Damrosch brought it out the following year at the third concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York. Tickets will be ready Monday, January 18, at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase and the Cort. Mail orders with checks sent to Frank W. Healy, manager, will be filled now.

### "To-Day" at the Cort

George Broadhurst and Abraham Schomer's much-discussed drama of a certain phase of modern society entitled "To-Day" comes to the Cort Sunday night, for an engagement with a popular-priced matinee on Wednesday and a regular matinee on Saturday. "To-Day" enjoyed a longer run in New York last season than any other dramatic offering, and it has met with great success in all the large cities of the East and Middle West. The company which will be seen here appeared in Chicago for four months. The story is that of a woman who capitalizes her pretty face and figure. She is a thoughtless butterfly whose devoted husband has failed in business and is slowly regaining his lost ground; but she can-

ALICE EIS and BERT FRENCH

In Eston Burleigh's own creation "The Dance of the Temptress" next week at the Orpheum.

BERTHA MANN

The clever leading woman of "To-Day," the vivid play of New York life, at the Cort

not wait until he rehabilitates himself. When "To-Day" was first presented in New York it startled even the blase "first-nighters" by the vividness of its portrayal of conditions that no one had dared to hint at before. Arthur Byron will be seen in the role of the duped husband, and Bertha Mann will portray the erring wife. Others in the cast which Manager Harry von Tilzer is sending here are Clare Lindsay, Marguerite St. John, Alice Gale, Herman Gerold, Kathryn Keys and Mary MacFayden.

### Alma Gluck's Concerts

The career of Alma Gluck, the youngest prima donna that has ever starred at the Metropolitan Opera House, reads like a fairy tale. Endowed with exceptional charm, intellect, radiant health and a wonderfully beautiful voice, this young New Yorker was never subjected to the hardships and rebuffs which cross the pathway of nine out of ten young women who set out to win fame and fortune. She jumped into fame in a single night at the Metropolitan just five years ago. Gatti-Casaza needed a very young singer for the role of Sophie in Massenet's "Werther." A score of aspirants appeared and Alma Gluck was chosen. Since then she has climbed the ladder until she has reached the very top of her profession. For the past two years Mme. Gluck has devoted her energies and gifts to the concert stage—a career far more difficult than that of an opera singer, but like John McCormack she prefers it as it brings her nearer to the people and gives her audiences an opportunity of hearing her in all the branches of the art of song. To hold an audience for two hours with no assistance but a piano requires more than talent—it takes genius and an Alma Gluck audience finds her concerts all too short. Manager Greenbaum will present the singer in two glorious programs at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, January 31 and February 7, these being her first appearances in the West. At the first concert she will give groups of old classics in German, French and Italian, works by the masters of the romantic school such as Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, a group of works by the Slavic composers Rachmaninoff, Smetana and Rimsky-Korsakow and some charming works in English. Mail orders for both concerts may be addressed to Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's in San Francisco and tickets will be ready at the usual box offices as well as at the Columbia on Wednesday, January 27. The Petaluma Musical Club will hear Mme. Gluck at the Hill Opera House on Tuesday night, February 2, and she will sing for the Berkeley Musical Association at the University of California on Thursday night, February 4.

### The McCormack Farewell

So many hundreds of requests have been received for certain numbers at the John McCormack farewell concert at the Cort this Sunday afternoon, January 17, at 2:30 that it has been quite a task to arrange the program. Manager Greenbaum promises that many of the works requested will be sung as encore numbers and that Mr. McCormack will do his utmost to please one and all at his positively last concert here this season. Here is the printed list of works to be given: "Secrecy," Hugo Wolf; "Ave Maria," Schubert; "The Three Comrades," Hans Herman; "Ah! Moon of My Delight" from "In a Persian Garden," Liza Lehman; "Before the Dawn," Hubert Bath; "Life and Death," S. Coleridge Taylor; "The Bard of Armagh," "Ballynure Ballad" and "Reynardine" from Herbert Hughes' collection of old Irish folk songs and "The Foggy Dew" arranged by Milligan Fox; the closing number being the recitative and aria "Salut demeure" from "Faust." Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase and the Cort.

### The San Francisco Quintet Club

There has been a slight change made in the program for the final concert of the season by the San Francisco Quintet Club at the St. Francis Hotel next Sunday afternoon, January 24. It has been decided to devote the entire program to works never before heard here, so in place of the Quartet by Brahms originally announced the concert will open with the Quartet Op. 23 for piano and strings by Antonin Dvorak which, for some reason, seems to have been overlooked by our ensemble organizations. This will be followed by the Serenade for flute, violin and viola by Max Reger and the Quintet for piano and strings by Dohnanyi. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's.

### Extended Engagement for Miller

The charm of Henry Miller's production of the comedy "Daddy Long-Legs" has permeated all of San Francisco, if one is to judge by the success attending this attraction at the Columbia. It is a success of unusual proportions, amply evidenced by the fact that Gottlob, Marx and Company, the managers of the theatre, have induced the Eastern booking offices to rearrange contracts for various attractions so that Henry Miller and "Daddy Long-Legs" may remain at the Columbia for an additional two weeks. Still more interesting is the announcement that extra matinees will be given, and during the coming week there will be matinees on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. "Daddy Long-Legs" is a play of four acts that entertain and interest the theatregoer of every class. Jean Webster's book was widely read in San Francisco and the play will make a record quite as pronounced in its way as did the book. The third week of the engagement begins with Sunday night's performance.

### Alice Eis at Orpheum

There will be six new acts and only two holdovers in the Orpheum bill next week. Alice Eis and Bert French will present an entirely new act styled "The Dance of the Temptress" which is said to eclipse all their previous efforts. The title is self-explanatory and the stage settings are among the most original ever witnessed. Wellington Cross and Lois Josephine, the New York musical comedy stars, have just returned from London where they had a most successful run. Anna Chandler, one of the most successful exponents of syncopated melodies, will introduce a splendid repertoire of songs which are sung exclusively by her. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry will present their greatest hit, the comedy skit "The Rube." Alfred Wallenstein, the California boy 'cellist, will perform a most delightful series of solos. His accompanist will be Grace Adele Freebey, a composer of charming music. The Aerial Costas are a quartette of athletes consisting of three women and one man. The Leo Zarrell Company consisting of two men and a boy are dashing gymnasts. The remaining acts will be McKay and Ardine, and Joseph Santley assisted by Ruth Randall and Josephine Kernell in their great hit, "A Touch of Musical Comedy."

### Grand Opera at Alcazar

Next week's repertoire of grand opera at the Alcazar by the Alessandro Bevani Grand Opera Company at popular prices will include another strong list of favorite operas. On Monday and Saturday nights and at the Thursday matinee "Aida" will be sung by Kristoffy, Gentle, Castellani, Gallazzi, di Biasi and Florian; with Jo-

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THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 17, at 2:30
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Commencing Monday Night, January 18th
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The Alessandro Bevani Opera House
Monday and Saturday nights and Thursday matinee, "Aida;" Tuesday and Sunday nights, "The Barber of Seville;" Wednesday and Friday nights, "Carmen;" Thursday night, "Un Ballo in Maschera;" Saturday matinee, "Il Trovatore."
Prices: Nights—First 9 Rows, $2.00. Balance—$1.50, $1.00 and 50c. Matinees—50c and $1.00.

seph Zuro as conductor. "Aida" is Kristoffy's greatest role, she having sung it with splendid success in many of the capitals of Europe as well as in this country and South America. The prima ballerina Ina Caldwell, assisted by the grand corps de ballet, will introduce the famous "Aida Ballet Suite," and a feature will be made of the scenic and costume production and the "triumphal march of the trumpeters." "The Barber of Seville," one of the best offerings of the Bevani company, will be presented for the first time on Tuesday and Sunday nights by a great cast that will include Sanborne, Cavadori, Giovacchini, di Biasi and Florian in the cast; duet. Owing to its success "Carmen" with Alice Gentle, supported by Sanborne, Sacchetti, Giovacchini and Florian, will be repeated on Wednesday and Friday nights. Josiah Zuro will wield the baton. Thursday night and Saturday matinee will be devoted to request performances. On Thursday night the bill will be "Ballo In Maschera" with Vergeri, Sanborne, McCord, Opezzo, Giovacchini, dia Biasi and Florian in the cast; Roccia conducting. Saturday matinee will witness a repetition of "Il Trovatore," one of Bevani's greatest successes, with Vergeri, McCord, Opezzo, Silva and Florian in the cast.

**Jim Corbett at Pantages**

James J. Corbett, on tour of the world and one of the best liked vaudeville artists in America, will top the new show of eight exceptionally strong acts at Pantages on Sunday. Corbett tells yarns with punches in them that have won for him a name as a topnotcher in the ranks of classy monologists. There is no doubt that the ex-champion is one of the most popular single entertainers before the footlights. He has been breaking all box office records on the Pantages circuit and will doubtless play before record crowds all week. Corbett will leave for Australia immediately after completing his contract with the Pantages circuit. There he will appear in the Harry Rickard theatres under the management of the celebrated sportsman Hugh McIntosh. With the star is one of the best balanced bills that Alexander Pantages has yet shown, with the minstrel de luxe girls, a quintet of dashing singing and dancing beauties, as the extra attraction. The girls are nifty dressers and carry a special stage setting. Harold Holland and his comedy players will present a rip-roaring farce on the "Charley's Aunt" order entitled "He's Married Alright." The sketch is brimful of funny situations with a whirlwind climax. Skipper, Kennedy and Reeves, one of them a ludicrous black-face funmaker, return with their inimitable singing imitations. The five Baltus brothers in hand-to-hand balancing feats are another strong feature. Two bright looking maids are the Transfield sisters who play on all sorts of instruments. Little Eva Lava, a child wonder, in songs and dances, and a two reel Keystone comedy will round out the bill.

**Consolation**

I heard a tuneful thrush
Pour out his soul in song,
As though in all the world
There could be nothing wrong.

And yet the cost of worms
Perhaps might make him rue;
The mortgage on his nest
Perhaps was due.

But then, you see, a thrush
Must sing, or else be still
And silence is a fate
We all consider ill.

So when you want to grouch
And whine like everything,
Be glad you're not a bird
That simply has to sing.

Mr. Rocks—So you want to marry my daughter. Well, young man, what are your prospects?

Young Man—Excellent—if you don't spoil them.

## The German Viewpoint

(Continued from Page 7.)

world. This is what they mean by the iron ring which the enemies of Germany have been welding round the German empire. This was not an hallucination, as anybody may learn by familiarizing himself with the diplomatic moves of recent years on the political chessboard of Europe. Certain Chancellories have been very busy of late with German affairs. The war in the Balkans, for instance, was not a spontaneous explosion, but a diplomatic enterprise designed to cut off the Anatolian and Bagdad railroads which Germany was building. It appears that by reason of her innumerable coaling stations the world over England controls nearly all ocean trade routes. It was for this reason that Russia built the Siberian railroad, her purpose being to make connection with the Pacific. She was frustrated by Japan. Then Germany started building roads to the Far East, whereupon England succeeded in wresting an important point, Koweit, from Turkey, her object being to increase the obstacles which she can impose to all shipping out of the Persian Gulf.

Thus we see there has been much diplomatic manoeuvring in Europe, all with a view to keeping Germany out of the sun. Diplomacy, rather than militarism, was the cause of the war. Diplomacy and its complex subterranean processes have precipitated most of the wars of modern history. Voltaire perceived the truth. No man more bitterly abhorred the military spirit than Voltaire. With what vehemence he protested against the glory of bloodshed! The great orators of the church who preached against impurity he denounced for saying never a word against the scourge and crime of war. But it was not militarism that Voltaire held responsible for war; it was diplomacy that for ages had made the many the playthings of the few. Voltaire, as I have said, perceived the truth. He would divest diplomacy of a professional quality, and throw the adjustment of the relations between nations as much as possible into the hands of laymen of firm and upright character and full knowledge of the special matters at issue. If there had been no secret, subtle, cunning diplomacy in Europe there would have been no militarism and no war. To successful diplomacy Germany opposed militarism. She was resolved that if she was to be thwarted by diplomats in her efforts to develop her trade she would prepare to compel recognition of what she conceived to be her rights. Of course behind it all, as her critics say, was the materialist ideal. But is materialism peculiarly a German malady in this day and generation? Is it only in Germany that materialism is coarsening human nature? In that country there is much scientific teaching designed to specialize man, to make him a wheel in the social machine, but is there no spirit of artistic devotion, no inner freedom of soul? If I had depended on the college professors to instruct me on these points I should be poorly informed. Frankly I confess I have had much difficulty in maintaining a judicial mind with respect to the stupendous conflict. It is not easy to keep oneself cold in the warm glow of such intense partisanship as this war has generated, and it is not conducive to philosophic serenity to be urged to trust to what is obviously enough the misunderstanding of men for guidance in the voyage after truth. Indeed, there is no surer way of alienating a man from a cause than by insisting that he should give assent to what he is convinced is false. Hence my commendation of Herr Dernburg who has seen the folly of arguing the Belgian question. Hence also the suggestion that the Germans have much that is worth while to say which should be said in preference to much that has been said. Their case, as I have said, has been badly handled, but the college professors have not prevented me from getting an effective hold on the broad sequence and many-linked chain of events or blinded me to the fact that this war is the climax of a set of ideas general throughout Europe. Every epoch has its ideas, and the Germans are at least loyal to their epoch. The ideas that prevailed in the days of the brilliant Courts of France did not relax their hold on the intelligence of men until the country was deluged in the blood of the French Revolution. Now that the eyes of men have been suddenly caught and appalled by the spectacle of the awful monster born of the ideas of this epoch perhaps those ideas will cease to torment the world.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
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HENRY MILLER
In the Sucessful Comedy
"DADDY LONG-LEGS"
By Jean Webster

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The stock market was dull the greater part of last week, but prices held well and in some specialties fair advances were scored. The equipment stocks were in demand as well as some of the specialties such as American Can and U. S. Rubber. Steel advanced a point and copper shares showed some strength. The producer of copper is still suffering from inability to export that metal to Germany and is likely to continue to do so until the end of the war. It is probable, however, that the domestic consumption will improve now that the trend of general business points so strongly to greater activity in constructive lines. The permission to raise freight rates has already been followed by a better inquiry for steel products and trade authorities appear to believe that the railway companies will be much more liberal in appropriating funds for improvement and extension of facilities. The basic industries of the nation are gradually emerging from the gloom created by the depression that followed the outbreak of the war and the demoralized condition of the country and with this movement under way, it should not be long before the whole business structure showed a far more pleasing outlook. There is less discussion as to when the war in Europe will end as day after day goes by and so little is accomplished toward bringing about a decisive result. The quoted opinions of the leaders in our financial and industrial affairs do not appear to indicate that the end of the war in Europe is necessary to create a larger degree of activity in the United States, however, and on the contrary, they appear to believe that we are slowly but surely getting away from the effects of the war. The condition of the banks is one proof of this, although there are still emergency notes to be retired, and not until they have been retired can we be said to be back on a normal basis. In the meantime stocks are not high and we believe that at this level the high class dividend paying stocks should be bought for investment.

**Wheat**—All records were broken when May wheat sold at 141¾ last week with the exception of the Leiter deal in 1898 when May wheat sold at 185 per bushel. Sentiment which has been bullish of late became even more so as prices advanced and fluctuations were at a very rapid pace. The principal factor is still the big export demand from abroad and the foreigner did not seem to care what price he had to pay as long as he got the wheat. They were not only in the market for the cash article but were also very heavy buyers of the future market and it was the general opinion that they would want every bushel when delivery day arrives. This frightened the shorts and they were kept busy competing with the longs for wheat. The cash demand at the primary markets was strong and urgent and prices at the outside markets not only kept pace with Chicago but in some instances led the big market. Receipts were moderate and considering the high prices bid were not considered large. The visible supply showed a further falling off and the European visible showed a big decrease for the week as compared with last year. Toward the end of the week there was profit taking on a large scale but prices held up well under this selling. Should this selling continue next week we may get a fair break in the market as the market now looks over-bought and regardless of what prices may do later on we should have a good reaction from the 140 level to a point where wheat can again be bought with confidence. As long as the foreign situation remains as it is prices will undoubtedly work higher ultimately and any decline will only be a natural reaction.

**Corn**—Corn followed wheat to some extent. The feeling was bullish owing to the high prices being paid for wheat and the gossip was that with wheat selling around 140 corn was cheap and would go into consumption more readily in competition with wheat. Receipts of corn, however, continue very large and as yet there is very little inquiry for corn from abroad. The Eastern demand is also slack and stocks of corn for the week will show a further increase and are now at a point where they are beginning to become burdensome. If wheat gets a good reaction corn will follow, but we do not care to be short any commodity as long as this European war lasts and would rather confine operations to the long side on breaks.


**The German Savings and Loan Society**

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| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

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For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.


# The Hope That Died

(Continued from Page 6.)

metayer from Lachere came to see her. "Do not trouble yourself," he said. "I will harrow your fallow land; your farmhand can roll the ploughed land and I, as is only fitting, will do the sowing." No one spoke to her about her husband and yet she never doubted but their hearts were also heavy because of the long silence. I saw them at work about the middle of October. The master of Lachere was throwing out the seed; the farmhand led the mare hauling the granite roller. While they worked Aimee Cottereau could not remain in the house, and, taking a mallet, she broke the clods of earth missed by the harrow in front of the sower. I went forward into the field, but, quicker than I, a boy ran toward the farmer's wife, who did not see him, a boy of fifteen. He stopped three paces from the farmer's wife and raised his hat. "If you like," he said, "I am strong; I will harvest your crabapples on the avenue. With my sisters to help me I can easily bring them to your house."

She made no reply. The two men had stopped working. She looked at the boy, the farmhand and the old metayer. Her face became whiter than the kerchief knotted round her neck. She seemed to have come out of a dream and not to have strength to say what she had seen. There was silence for a time. At last she said:

"They all want to help me; my husband must be dead."

No one answered her. She let fall her mallet, took up her little one, who was still sitting on the grass by the edge of the field, and clasped her tightly in her arms. Then, with unseeing eyes, she went slowly and with bowed back toward the crabapple trees. She had become a widow. She had ceased to believe in life. Through the charity of friends she had become acquainted with grief.


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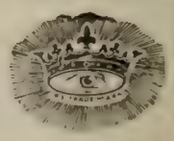

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Estate of PETER MOLLOY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased.

NELLIE TWOHIG,
Administratrix of the estate of Peter Molloy, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 9, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-5


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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for in the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.


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|---|---|
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| U. S. Bonds | 2,030,000.00 |
| Other Bonds and Securities | 1,239,385.10 |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco | 40,000.00 |
| Other Securities to Secure Circulation | 1,610,500.00 |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit | 429,815.71 |
| Amount Paid on Account of Subscription to $100,000,000 Gold Fund | 87,500.00 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange | 7,814,621.44 |
| | $27,442,796.82 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital | $ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | 3,035,143.23 |
| Circulation | 1,968,000.00 |
| Letters of Credit | 456,664.21 |
| Deposits | 19,982,989.38 |
| | $27,442,796.82 |

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1170 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 23, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Will The Battle Fleet Come?
How Wilson Is Not Helping Business
The War's Miracles of Surgery
A New Chapter In O. Henry's Life
Germany's Great War Canal
Judge Coffey, The Sensitive Humorist
Poems Inspired by The War
Dr. Aked to Reinforce Himself
Sir Oracle of Palo Alto

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, January 23, 1915 | No. 1170

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

## The Obstinacy of Culebra

We are all taking it for granted that the battleship fleet will come to San Francisco in March. The battleship fleet is to be the headliner of the great show. We can conceive of nothing with the drawing power of the big naval demonstration which Uncle Sam has kindly promised to make in the spacious waters of our land-locked harbor. It is therefore disquieting to learn that the Culebra Cut is far from being well in hand; that, in fact, the Culebra problem is a source of the gravest anxiety in Washington. Speaking of this matter a few weeks ago the New York Sun said: "We wonder whether any definite purpose of patriotic or governmental expediency is served by continuing to ignore officially, and blink optimistically the geological mystery that lies not on the banks of the great Culebra Cut but buried profoundly behind its slopes." It appears that the problem is not one of superficial landslides and the limit of the possibilities thereof, but of underlying strata and faults of formation the extent of which is at present an unknown factor in the canal's future. In the circumstances it may be conducive to optimism to learn that Colonel Goethals if puzzled is by no means disconcerted. But when he was before the House Committee on Appropriations the other day he was asked specifically whether there would be any difficulty in putting the battleship fleet through to the Pacific in March and he refused to commit himself. From what he said he but gave the impression that he had not entirely given up hope of carrying out the contemplated demonstration. He afterwards told Secretary Garrison that the continued movement of the earth in Culebra Cut was a menace to ships in the narrow channel. The naval vessels will require a depth of thirty-five feet in the channel, but merchant vessels can use the waterway when the depth is much less. One morning according to Colonel Goethals there was a depth of thirty-five feet, but at sundown there was only twenty-eight feet. While it is believed that the chances are good of the vessels escaping being caught in a slide, there are naval men who feel that nothing short of an emergency would really justify the hazard until conditions are improved. From the cantankerous moods of Culebra, then, O Lord, deliver us!

## Welcome the Lobbyist

Lobbyists are no longer personae non gratae at Sacramento. This is a sign that our Progressive friends have acquired confidence in their own virtue. When the Johnson administration was new at Sacramento it spent a lot of time making broad its phylacteries, and among other virtuous innovations by which public attention was diverted from the upbuilding of a colossal political machine was the banishment of the lobbyist to outer darkness. Good men and true, pure in heart and immaculate of conscience, deemed it important that the people should know that the Legislature was resolved to hold itself aloof from all the baleful agencies that haunt the presence of the honest public servant. This is no longer so. The rule excluding lobbyists from the floor of the Assembly has been revoked. It has been explained that the revocation was at the instigation of organized labor which maintains a lobby at Sacramento. The wishes of organized labor must always be respected. But anyway there is no longer objection to lobbying now that the public service corporations have abandoned their evil ways and received the brand of the elect. The fact that the railroad lobbyist at Sacramento in this year of grace is one of Governor Johnson's dearest friends in itself argues conclusively that the bars should be let down.

## Our Great Dogmatist

Now comes Sir Oracle of Stanford to solve the problem, "To drink or not to drink?" He solves it with the same calm assurance with which he asserted just before the Austrian ultimatum was sent to Servia that a European war was impossible. Dr. Jordan is possessed by that incorrigible demon the dogmatic spirit. This is why we find the former president of Stanford delivering "brawing judgments unashamed on all things all day long." Also this is why Dr. Jordan is taken seriously in his own parish but nowhere else. The habit of delivering judgments on all things from breeding fish to housemaid's knee is mistaken by the unlearned for superior knowledge, but the wise know that it exists only in men of superficial knowledge who have no better acquaintance with one thing than with another, but who are sustained by indomitable self-reliance. Dr. Jordan is above all things a dogmatist, but never did he make the fact quite so clear as in his article in the Bulletin by which he projected himself into a controversy on prohibition. He replied to William Schuldt, secretary of the California Brewers' Association, who had quoted a number of authorities in advocacy of the temperate use of alcohol by way of supporting an argument against prohibition and total abstinence. Dr. Jordan entered the controversy in the role of Sir Oracle. "No authority that conflicts with my opinion is sound." Such in brief is Dr. Jordan's argument. "True," he says in substance, "the scientists of the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics have said so and so, but take my assumption for it they omitted certain considerations which were essential to a correct conclusion." Again: "Prohibition in Maine is a success. True, the consensus of opinion based on investigation, opinion borne out by official records not to be disputed, is to the effect that prohibition has proved a scourge in Maine, but I have traveled in Maine, and I tell you that prohibition has proved beneficial to a whole generation." Again: "I have read what a writer in that conservative, authoritative medical journal the London Lancet has said of the great benefits to be derived from alcohol, but really he doesn't know what he's talking about. Of course he's a scientist, but I assure you I know more than he does about alcohol. If you take too much it makes you drunk. Therefore you shouldn't take it at all." Thus the scholar of Stanford, the great specialist in fish, who settles world problems, and is never mistaken. You see Dr. Jordan is sure that his opinions are written in sunbeams. His genius is so fertile that it blossoms spontaneously into knowledge. He knows more about prohibition in Maine than was learned by the Committee of Fifty that was made up of eminent scientists, publicists and clergymen. Years were spent by the Committee of Fifty in investigating the effects of prohibition, but Dr. Jordan learned all that was worth knowing traveling through Maine. If he is not a dogmatist what is he? Now dogmatism, we are told, is "puppyism come to its full growth." Among educated men it is understood that nobody can be more unphilosophical than the dogmatic man, and all that is characteristic of the dogmatist is detestable to the real scholar.

## The Purist from Los Angeles

Up from Los Angeles has come a statesman of large mind and acute sense of the few evils of politics that remain to be abated. Thompson is his name, and he is in the Senate. He has a bill making it a crime punishable by a fine of $10,000 for a corporation to contribute to the campaign fund of any political candidate or committee. Doubtless Senator Thompson would

have it known that he has a holy horror of corporations that lend their pecuniary aid to candidates and parties, and so he would cumber the statute books with his lucubrations. He knows that some corporations are wicked, and therefore he would restrain all corporations from exerting any kind of influence in politics. One of the easiest ways to achieve a reputation for devotion to the interests of the dear people is to affect an aversion to corporations similar to that which the devil is reported to have for holy water, and that aversion may be evidenced by acts which the corporations themselves might be willing to inspire. For instance, when railroads were denied the privilege of issuing free passes it was in the interest of purity of politics, but the railroads did not lament. The law that abolished passes put money in the railroad purse. And similarly, the law proposed by Senator Thompson, if enacted, will be to the pecuniary benefit of many corporations that are held up by job-chasers in every campaign. So however earnestly inclined we might be to hail the Senator from the Southland as a statesman independent of the iniquitous influence of corporations prudence warns us first to inquire whether some of the public service corporations of Los Angeles are tired of putting up. In a city where cafeterias and Fords abound it is not unlikely that corporations have perceived that money is to be saved by just such a measure as the one proposed by Senator Thompson. The bill has this merit,—that while it will enable close-fisted corporations to contribute sympathy rather than money to political campaigns, it will not prevent any wicked corporation from doing just as it pleases. Purity of election laws are more honored in the breach than in the observance, and nobody cares.

---

**Bierce and Sterling**

It seems but the other day that Ambrose Bierce was predicting for George Sterling something of the fate of Edgar Allan Poe. Bierce recognized in Sterling one of the great poets that come into the world at long intervals, but while to the master critic Sterling's poetry was the last expression of verbal beauty he believed that to the undiscriminating reviewers of this country it would remain the empty tinkling of a cymbal. Bierce was not far wrong. But for the war time would probably have vindicated his judgment. Two of Sterling's sonnets having found their way to England, the greatest war in history reminded somebody of them, and they got into print, and at once men's minds were diverted from the clash of arms. Here is a touch of fortune that makes us glad. We know that poets describe Fame as a monster, but was there ever poet that would disdain to take her by the hand? That solid and substantial greatness of soul that looks down with indifference on the censures and applause of the multitude is an inspiring theme, but it is too rare to be human. To be conscious in obscurity of the merits that deserve fame is a hard lot for a poet. Not the philosophical serenity of Fitzgerald, but rather the exquisite sensitiveness of Keats is the characteristic of the poet, and like Bobby Burns he would rather be a lion than a worm. Now, being sensible of the poetic nature we are pleased to learn that George Sterling has been discovered in London. For more than that reason we are pleased. It requires a little celebrity to enable a man to live by poetry, for whereas of old, as Francis Thompson observed, prophet and poet were one, nowadays they are generally divided, for there are few profits among poets. George Sterling's poetry has not brought him much coin of the realm, but he is a singer who has never let discouragement choke the glorious voice within, and now that foreign judgment proclaims the worth of him, doubtless he will not be averse to availing himself of the law of supply and demand. It is a great tribute to Sterling that he was discovered by poets in the capital of the English-speaking Republic of Letters. It is only the poet who can instantly recognize the qualities in poetry which have the power of producing enduring pleasure, and it required no more than two of Sterling's sonnets to reveal the sublimity of his art to the poets of London who have been singing his praises. They recognized at once the subtle harmonies of language that make exquisite poetry, and they hungered for more. What a demand there will now be for Sterling! Here in his old parish that knew him so long and neglected him so perversely there will be many revisions of judgment and demands for his volumes of verse. At this time it is natural we should be reminded of Ambrose Bierce, himself a poet, the mystery of whose disappearance remains unsolved. By a curious irony it is Bierce, not Sterling, who was destined for something of the fate of Poe. Like Marlowe and many another man of genius, Poe died in the street, unheeded, almost unrecognized. He died a victim of the stolid stupidity of circumstance. What has become of Bierce? He has gone, no man knoweth whither, few men ask. One of the few great ornaments of the literature of this country silently passes from among men, in all probability to die among strangers in a strange land, and the press takes less interest in his fate than it sometimes takes in the loss of a society woman's purse! But now that Sterling has been discovered in London perhaps we shall hear something of Bierce, for it was Bierce who first told us of the poet's great genius. Who knows but that the critic may some day shine in the reflected light of his protege, and that then curiosity may induce people to read works that are now among the classics. Bierce has bequeathed to posterity a precious legacy of prose and verse, a most stimulating current of mental activity.

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**Helping Business**

In his breezy Jackson Day address President Wilson pointed to the Democratic party as an uplifter and stimulator of business, and he called on the business men of the country to testify that this is the first January in their recollection "that did not bring a money stringency for the time being because of the necessity of paying out great sums of money by way of dividends." Business men are now giving their testimony as requested. Their testimony is to the effect that the usual annual stringency is not felt because there is so little need of money to pay dividends. This is a period of few and scant dividends, the reason being that the Democratic party has been serving business with a club. The best current example of the Democratic way of serving business is embodied in the Ship Purchase bill by which our cocksure President intends to embark the Government in the shipping business. When the war broke out so scarce were ships and so high were freight rates that American ship builders calculated that if the war were to last until the summer of 1915 an American-built ship would earn her first cost in the foreign trade, and that when interned tonnage in many ports was released at the end of the war, and the old stress of Atlantic competition had to be faced they could use their new ships in the coastwise trade under enrolment. Here was an opportunity the like of which had not arisen in more than a generation. For the first time since the middle of the last century American ship yards could turn out ships as cheaply as the British, and our ships could be manned and operated at a handsome profit. The new situation gladdened the hearts of men versed in the intricacies of the shipping business. Capital in abundance was at once available for the men who realized that their energies and enterprise would be rewarded if devoted to the commerce of the high seas. There was great activity in shipping circles, and for a few days there was fine promise of the opening up of trade routes with free ships that would take all the merchandise offered for transportation. Presently came a lull. Across the pleasant prospect fell the portentous shadow of the great academic marplot of Washington, D. C. The Administration had decided to engage in the shipping business. At once the field that looked so fertile and so fair was abandoned to the Government. Thus does President Wilson help business. Now of course a Government merchant marine is not to be operated at a profit. The Government loses money in everything it undertakes. A Government merchant marine will yield nothing but a deficit, and will be supported by the taxpayers. In other words the Democratic party that abhors subsidies for the benefit of private enterprise will subsidize a public enterprise at a time when the Treasury is on the verge of bankruptcy with a prospect ahead of Government bond sales to meet deficiencies caused by the appropriations of an extravagant Congress. But the President has no misgivings. He has resolved, in the words of Senator Root, "to embark the United States at very large expense in a business venture of a kind in which private enterprise of the United States has uniformly met with loss rather than profit," but he is not at all qualmish. The cocksureness of him is not to be abated.

# Varied Types

## CCXIII—AL JENNINGS

By Edward F. O'Day

This is an unwritten chapter of the life of O. Henry. It is also an episode left out of "Beating Back," the book in which Al Jennings, leader of the desperate "Jennings Gang" of Indian Territory train robbers, told the story of his criminal career, his two terms in federal penitentiaries and his remarkable struggle to rehabilitate himself after he had been pardoned by President McKinley and restored to citizenship by President Roosevelt.

It is fact never before given to the public. Some day it will be told at much greater length than it can be told here, and then American literature will be enriched with the most intensely human document in its collection. It is the story of the first meeting and the subsequent intimacy of Al Jennings the bandit and Sidney Porter, or O. Henry, to give him the name under which he became endeared to the American reading public. In its inception and in its growth that intimacy was as strange as any of the fanciful plots O. Henry ever wove out of his amazing imagination. When the biography of O. Henry for which America is waiting comes finally to be written, this story will be its most absorbing part. Partly because hasty treatment would spoil it, Al Jennings left it out of "Beating Back." But when I asked him to sketch it for me as we sat in his hotel apartment the other day, Jennings, a natural born story-teller, plunged into it without demur.

"If you have read 'Beating Back,'" he said, "you remember the circumstances in which my brother Frank and myself fled from the United States to Honduras. The Indian Territory grew too hot and the Spike-S gang 'split out.' Frank and I were 'cagey' about New York or Chicago; we'd been there before. So with thirty thousand dollars, the proceeds of our latest robbery in money belts under our shirts we went to New Orleans. We fell in with friends and were entertained so much that Frank and I bought full outfits of society clothes. One day we chartered a yacht and took some of our friends to Galveston for a pleasure trip. We were at a ball there in the old Beach Hotel when the warning came and we had to clear out in a hurry. We wore our money and revolvers under our dress clothes.

"We raced for the harbor, stole a yawl and rowed out to a sailing vessel. The captain was a drunken Dutchman who dealt in bananas to cover up his real business, which was brandy smuggling. For fifteen hundred dollars he immediately pulled up without clearance papers and so we sailed away on the Helena for Trujillo, Honduras. The captain was pickled in brandy, and I took to drinking with him. I was still drunk when we reached Trujillo, and conceived the idea that I'd like to vary the brand. So I went ashore.

"In my battered plug hat and my full dress coat with one of the tails torn off I must have been a queer looking object when I walked up from the beach to the American Consulate. Sitting on the porch of the Consulate was an American, a broad-shouldered, heavy, slightly corpulent man with a serious face and a very dignified manner. He was in his shirtsleeves with white linen trousers wrinkled and worn and a palm hat. He didn't seem much surprised at my appearance.

"'Why did you leave so hurriedly?' he asked.

"'Perhaps for the same reason as yourself.' I answered.

"This was impolite, and he made no reply.

"'I'm looking for a new kind of liquor,' I told him. 'I'm sick of brandy. Have you anything else in this place?'

"'Colonel,' he answered quietly, 'we've got a lotion here that makes the drunk come, no matter how sober you are.'

"'That's what I'm looking for,' I replied.

"A lot of Caribs had gathered around, and I was drunk enough to want to fight them, but when he got up and led the way I followed him. He took me to the usual estanca of those parts, and we sat down at a little round iron table and began drinking the white Honduranian poison. It was all he said it was.

"'Could I ask you your destination?' he said.

"'I left America to keep away from my destination,' I told him. 'I'm just drifting. How about yourself?'

"'I can't drift; I'm anchored,' he replied.

"'You're short?' I said.

"'Decidedly so.'

"'Then go with me.'

"'About how far could we go?'

"'As far as thirty thousand dollars will take us, and any part of it is yours, old man,' I answered.

"So he got his coat and a little bag—he didn't have much luggage—and we were rowed out to the Helena.

"That is the way I made the acquaintance of Sidney Porter. I don't know how long he had been at Trujillo, but it was long enough to give him the material for 'Cabbages and Kings.'

"We sailed down the coast of South America, and touched at Rio. At the La Plata we parted company with the Helena, and stayed some time at Buenos Ayres before taking another boat. At Buenos Ayres a funny thing happened. One night Bill (I always called Porter 'Bill'), my brother Frank and myself went to a swell cafe with the American Consul. It was a beautiful place enclosed with glass, and the elite of Buenos Ayres were there. Frank was a quiet fellow, but he didn't like to be imposed upon, and when the waiter overcharged him for a bottle of wine he got into a dispute. The waiter was nasty and Frank overturned the table. We were in action right away. Two waiters rushed at me, and I knocked them down with my .45. The women screamed, and the place was pandemonium. The police rushed in, and Frank and I shot at their feet as the four of us made for the street. I heard a noise of breaking china behind me, and turned to see Porter throwing dishes.

"'What are you doing, Bill?' I said.

"'Well,' he replied in that serious way of his, 'I have no .45, and I've got to be entertaining somebody.'

"We rounded the Horn, and finally found ourselves in the City of Mexico. Here we got into trouble because Porter was not posted on a fine point of Spanish etiquette. We met an American mining engineer, and he carried us to a big Spanish ball one night. A very beautiful young Spanish girl began making eyes at Porter. He had not been presented, but he talked to her quite a good deal. After this had gone on some time a young Spaniard, one of the handsomest men I ever saw, as beautiful really as a flower, stepped up to Porter and speaking Spanish, said:

"'You must cease your attentions to the senorita.'

"Porter did not understand the language, and he turned to me:

"'He may be cussing me, Bill, but I like the looks of the lady.'

"Shortly afterwards—it was about one in the morning—the girl passed Porter and dropped her mantilla, and I don't think it was an accident. Porter picked it up and handed it to her, instead of to her escort, the young don. This, as we learned afterwards, was an unpardonable breach of etiquette. The don's face went livid, and he slapped Porter with his open hand. Porter struck back, but the don dodged and came at Porter with his knife. I shot the knife out of his hand, shattering his wrist, and I was just in time. I believe I saved Porter's life. I fired a few more shots in the air, and we made our exit while the smoke was thickest.

"'A very enjoyable occasion,' said Porter as we rushed to the street.

"The engineer drove us to an out-of-the-way railway station and we made our getaway.

"Some little time later we found ourselves in San Diego, and decided to run up to San Francisco. The three of us looked forward to a pleasant stay here as we got off the train, but as a matter of fact we didn't see San Francisco at all. Coming over on the ferry boat one of the first men I spotted was Captain Dodge, chief special agent for Wells Fargo. I didn't know whether Captain Dodge knew me then or not—he did later—but I knew him, and I was taking no chances. We took the same boat back to Oakland, not even venturing across East street. We stayed an hour or so in Oakland, drinking in two or three saloons, and then started for San Antonio.

"Porter, Frank and I had been together for seven months, and there was about four hundred left of the thirty thousand. We hadn't stinted ourselves. So Frank and I began to talk seriously about replenishing the exchequer. The chance came when we discovered a trading station and bank run by a German near San Antonio. So I said to Porter:

"'Would you like to take part in a little affair?'

"'I don't think I could,' he answered.

"'You could hold the horses,' I told him.

"'No,' he said quietly, 'I don't think I could even hold the horses.'

"Frank and I made fifteen thousand on that job, but meanwhile we parted company with Sidney Porter. That was in August, 1897. Frank and I went back to Oklahoma to our old business. I only met Porter on one other occasion before we renewed our intimacy in New York two or three years after I came out of prison. He was famous by that time. The whole country was reading O. Henry.

"Many men have claimed that they were very close to Sidney Porter during his last years in New York. I don't think anybody was closer to

(Continued on Page 18.)

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# Perspective Impressions

Oroville is wet again, and northern California's average of sanity is slightly increased.

So the President went to hear Billy Sunday. And yet, why not? He listens to Billy Bryan every time the Cabinet meets.

The more we read about Mexico the more convinced we are that there is no von Hindenberg, Joffre or von Kluck down there.

"What is man?" queries the Rev. C. S. Dutton. According to a very respectable authority man is a two-legged bird without feathers.

A New York banker celebrated his twentieth wedding anniversary with an hotel dinner at 750 dollars a plate. Perhaps before he celebrates his golden wedding he'll know better.

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." This was said long before Dr. Jordan began expounding the psychology of events that preceded the war which, but a few months ago, he solemnly declared was a calamity that never more could happen.

"Es ist sehr weit zu Tipperary," runs the German version, thus making it a longer way than ever.

Secretary Tumulty complains that he is blamed for everything. Well, was there ever a President more in need of a scapegoat than Tumulty's boss?

"Greece and Turkey near breaking point," says the headline. We know several puns that might be made about this, but the linotype operator swears he'll quit rather than set them.

Pointing with pride to his plan for a Federal employment bureau President Wilson said at Indianapolis that the Republican party had not had a new idea in thirty years. But the employment bureau idea emanated from a Bull Moose Senator, and it encountered opposition from Mr. Wilson's Postmaster-General who has since been converted by the President.

There is to be no Nobel peace prize this year, and thus a great injustice is worked on Willie Hearst, Starr Jordan, Bill Bryan and Norman Angell, each of whom knows that he deserves it.

It is a fact not without significance that the editors who are most ostentatious in their love of peace are the busiest of all fomenters of class hatred.

We are not surprised to learn that President Wilson has indorsed the stand of the American League to Limit Armaments. The American League traces its ancestry back to a tailor who presided over a convention of three in Tooley street.

Be it understood that President Wilson stands for the inalienability of the right of cutting throats in civil strife Have not the European nations "spilt as much blood as they pleased?" he asks; also, "Shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak?" No siree bob!

As a result of the policy of paying as it goes Yuba county will have the lowest tax rate in the State this year. But "there are differences of opinion," says the Examiner, "as to the advisability of direct taxation or bond issues." 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true as San Francisco is rapidly learning.

# The Kiel Canal

**A Monument of German Engineering and German Thoroughness of Incalculable Strategic Value**

Before the making of the Kiel Canal—that great undertaking largely due to Bismarck's genius—Germany's naval position resembled that of the United States and of Russia. Like these two countries, Germany had to maintain two fleets in two seas, and it was not always easy to join these two fleets, especially if an opponent of superior strength dominated the natural passage from the Baltic to the North Sea by way of the Skager Rack and the Kattegat. It was clear that a canal cutting through Schleswig-Holstein, making a short connection under German control between the Baltic and the North Sea, would virtually double the striking power of the German navy, by enabling the whole fleet to appear unexpectedly in its full strength in either sea. Animated by these considerations, Bismarck proposed making the Kiel Canal.

The Kiel Canal connects the interior of the spacious Kiel Bay with the mouth of the Elbe. As the mouth of the Elbe is very wide at the point where the canal opens into it, and as the Elbe mouth is protected by powerful fortifications, by extensive sandbanks, and by the strongly fortified island of Heligoland lying in front of it, the opening of the Kiel Canal on the Elbe is almost unassailable from the sea. The opening on the other side is equally well protected, and the great width of Kiel Bay makes it equally difficult, if not impossible, to block the canal opening by sinking ships in it.

The canal was built in the years 1887-95 at a cost of £7,800,000, but its dimensions were too narrow. It was proposed to enlarge and make it navigable to the largest ships, now and of the future. The reconstruction was begun in 1907 and completed only a few weeks ago before the war. It is curious to recall that English warships were present at the festivities which accompanied the formal opening of the new waterway!

The canal is exceedingly well built. The walls are so solidly made that ships may pass through at great speed. They may steam through at the rate of ten miles per hour, but in war time they will probably be allowed to increase the speed. The locks are few and extremely roomy. The canal itself is very wide. It has a considerable number of passages of double width, where ships going in different directions may pass each other, and it has four turning basins which have a width of more than 900 feet at the bottom, where the largest ships may turn. Thus a fleet may enter the canal from the west, and, instead of emerging at the Kiel opening, return and leave the canal by the western entrance while the enemy is racing round Skagen to the Baltic. Close to the Elbe mouth is the second important German war harbor, Wilhelmshaven, and a little further to the west lies the subsidiary naval port of Emden. As numerous sandbanks lie in front of the North Sea shore, ships unacquainted with the intricate channels will find it dangerous to approach the coast, especially as these are protected by very powerful fortifications. Sheltered by sandbanks and enormous guns, a German squadron lying at Kiel can easily and almost unnoticed slip through the Kiel Canal and enter Wilhelmshaven, and vice versa. Almost unnoticed, too, German fleets may effect a junction.

A naval Power at war with Germany must observe the two principal war harbors. It must divide its ships, placing part in front of Wilhelmshaven and part either in front of Kiel or at a convenient spot in the Skager Rack or Kattegat, whence the passages leading through the Danish archipelago may be watched. The two watching squadrons are, of course, exposed to the danger of allowing one of the German squadrons to slip out unnoticed and join the other by passing through the canal. If they should succeed in such an attempt they would be able to fall on one of the observing squadrons in their united strength.

The enlargement of the Kiel Canal cost £11,000,000. Altogether, the cost of the canal came to about £19,000,000—as much as ten dreadnoughts. In view of the great strategical importance, the Kiel Canal was certainly worth the outlay. It is a most potent instrument for the defense of Germany. One may say that it is almost as important to the defense of Germany as the Panama Canal is to the defense of the United States.

The Kiel Canal and the Danish islands, with their numerous tortuous channels, enable Germany to play the game of hide-and-seek with a strong opponent. Besides, they strengthen very greatly Germany's position in the Baltic. Whereas Russia must send her ships through the Skager Rack and Kattegat, Germany can pass them quickly and safely through the canal. Last, but not least, the canal converts the Baltic and the North Sea into a single sea as far as Germany

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goes. Kiel is an enormous harbor, but it lies on the Baltic, while Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea is too small. The Kiel Canal has transferred the harbor of Kiel to the North Sea.

Germany's greatest commercial harbors, Hamburg and Bremen, may be said to be protected by the enormous guns in the fortifications which shelter the Elbe mouth of the canal and by the island of Heligoland, which is a colossal fort in the midst of the sea in front of the Elbe mouth with Hamburg, of the Weser mouth with Bremen, and of Wilhelmshaven. The combination of the canal with the great war harbors on either side and the strongly fortified rocky island in front is a great asset for Germany's defense.

Commercially, also, the Kiel Canal is of great importance and value. In 1896 19,960 ships of 1,848,458 tons passed through the canal. By 1900 the number of ships had increased to 29,045, and the tonnage to 4,282,094. In 1913 the canal was used by 53,382 ships of 10,349,929 tons. How enormous is the traffic passing through the canal may be seen from this—it is half as large as the traffic passing through the Suez Canal.

The making was effected regardless of expense. Therefore the canal may be considered to be a model undertaking. Its generous dimensions may be seen from this—that the canal has a depth of 34 feet, that its width at the bottom is 140 feet, and its width at the water edge 310 feet. The locks are more than a thousand feet long. Evidently the waterway can be used not only by the largest dreadnoughts existing and to come, but also by liners of 50,000 tons and more. It is a monument of German engineering and German thoroughness. As the canal had to be made very largely in marshy ground, the work was exceedingly difficult. Before its construction many engineers believed that the nature of the ground made its construction impossible. It is scarcely a paying undertaking. Its income amounted in round numbers to £50,000 in 1896, and to £235,000 in 1912. The whole income of the canal is, then, only equal to a return of 1 per cent on the capital invested. Therefore the expenditure on the canal is far larger than the interest derived from it. The dues had to be kept low, because the saving in time effected by the canal is not very great. After all, the canal was not built on economic, but on strategic grounds, and its strategical value cannot be doubted.

# Wounds

**By Lens**

There is good hope for those who feel for the wounded in this war. It is already certain that the case-mortality will be lower than in any previous campaign—lower even, no doubt, than it was on the Japanese side in the war with Russia. Not only will the proportion of deaths from wounds be unprecedentedly small, but so also will the amount of permanent mutilation or other injury done by them. The reasons for this blessed fact are definitely known, and the proper fashion in which to recount them is historical, somewhat as follows.

Brief and deep homage first to the immortal Frenchman, Ambroise Paré (1510-1590), army surgeon to many kings and acknowledged father of modern surgery. To him we owe, above all, the simple method of tying cut blood-vessels in place of cauterizing with a red-hot iron the stump after an amputation. He lives and works beneficently throughout every area of this awful war. The inventor of the ligature we may here leave with only the reminder of his famous reply to one who complimented him upon his treatment of a certain patient, of whom Paré said: "I dressed his wounds; God healed him." On some future occasion the processes by which the body repairs itself—being otherwise irreparable—may here be discussed, and the panentheist may hold Paré right.

Three centuries later, with no substantial record of intervening progress, we find the great German chemist Liebig discovering chloroform in 1831. For sixteen years this compound of carbon, hydrogen and chlorine was of merely chemical interest, but in 1847 Sir James Young Simpson of Edinburgh and a select company of friends inhaled it round a dining-table at which it has often been my good fortune to sit, and came to their senses on the floor in rare delight. It was the pains of labor that the great obstetrician sought, above all, to alleviate, but surgery in general was and is his debtor. Most surgeons outside of Edinburgh would now say—rightly, if one may judge—that chloroform alone is not usually the best of anaesthetics, but its power, its rapidity, and its convenience of application make it still quite unrivalled in warfare. The reader will remember how a quantity of chloroform was taken over from London to Belgium early in this war. Belgium was well entitled to be found with no great store of chloroform, but when the "scrap of paper" failed her the defenders of Liége must have suffered, for lack of this anaesthetic, almost as much as the myriads of soldiers of the past.

In the Franco-Prussian war chloroform was employed on both sides. Neither side, however, employed something which, in the long run, is vastly better. The anaesthetist could abolish the immediate pain of an operation, but he did nothing for any subsequent inflammation, the pain consequent thereon, and the frightful mortality. In Glasgow first, and conclusively in Edinburgh, the late Lord Lister introduced carbolic acid as a means of preventing the inflammation and suppuration which too often loosened Paré's ligatures and lost the case. In this respect Lister was, of course, merely the pupil—the one, necessary, illustrious pupil—of the French chemist Pasteur, who, without ever qualifying for a medical or surgical degree, was and always will be the greatest physician and surgeon of all time. This is that same good patriot who, on the occasion of the Franco-Prussian war, returned to the University of Bonn its honorary diploma "as a sign of the indignation inspired in a French savant by the barbarity and hypocrisy of him (William I) who, in order to satisfy his criminal pride, persists in the massacre of two great nations." Pasteur had shown that small vegetable organisms were the cause of fermentation, in controversion of Liebig's view that inanimate chemical agencies were alone concerned in that phenomenon. Lister's own microscopic observations on the blood—his father had practically invented the modern microscope—suggested to him that inflammation was none other than fermentation in the living body. He sought for an agent to kill Pasteur's "microbes," was supplied with carbolic acid, applied it to the stumps of his amputations, and so created the most directly beneficent of scientific inventions, which he called antiseptic surgery. Pasteur's France should have used his great pupil's application of his discoveries, but it did not. In South Africa, nearly a generation later, we did much better, but not nearly well enough.

It remained for the Japanese to better their instruction, in the way which they have. A small people was fighting a numerous. Every man mattered. Wounds must not be fatal; nay, they must not long detain their subjects from the firing line. Accordingly the utmost attention was paid to military and naval surgery. Success followed such care. The statistics far surpassed all on record, and Sir Frederick Treves, a first class first-hand observer, is reported to have said that "Lord Lister won that war"—singular achievement for an English Quaker! An instance of Japanese method may be cited. It is credibly stated that when any Japanese warship was shortly going into action the men were all ordered to take a bath with some disinfectant, and to don clean, freshly boiled underclothing. Thus prepared, the Japanese warrior stood up to meet his enemy in an entirely new kind of armor. His predecessors of a generation ago, as one could observe at the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition in 1910, had been arrayed in armor of wood and steel, chain and plate; but he stood up in the full panoply of a carbolized skin and a boiled shirt. Thus he substantially guaranteed that the operations performed upon him by the Russian missiles were aseptic. A rifle bullet, for instance, is a sterile thing. Its temperature, due to its discharge and the atmospheric friction, suffices to clean its surface from any living contamination. As I have pointed out elsewhere, "aseptic bullets, doing their fundamentally dirty work in at any rate the cleanest way, piercing sterile clothing, carrying only such clothing into the wound, or leaving only such clothing in contact with the edges of the wound, naturally exacted the lowest death-rate on record from inflammation and suppuration. The killing power of the modern bullet, under such conditions, is very small, and ranges little beyond the area of the brain and the heart, whilst many wounds, even of these organs, are recovered from. Not until the rifle bullet—itself, as we have seen, a sterilized instrument—was to perform its operations under substantially aseptic conditions could we discover the body's amazing power to survive uncomplicated wounding."

That comment on that war understates the facts of this. It appears that even the problem of primary hemorrhage is largely met by the cauterizing influence of the modern bullet upon the tissues. Very different must be, of course, the case of bayonet wounds in the abdomen, usually involving opportunities for the microbes in the bowel; but the enemy has inflicted very few of these upon the Allies. Lastly, it may be noted that the men are themselves provided with materials for first aid, which are proving of high value. Great simplification has lately supervened in civil surgery from the very general use of iodine in order to sterilize the skin. The old controversy as to the relative merits of "antiseptic" and "aseptic" surgery—that is, the application of antiseptics to the patient's skin, which they must somewhat devitalize, or the avoidance thereof—is almost ended, thanks to the antiseptic employment of iodine, which does its work at once, a mighty boon in crises, and does not impair the power of the skin to heal itself.

Such, much too briefly, are the main reasons why wounds in this worst of wars may yet furnish reasons—may they be the least of such—for calling it the best.

# Poems Inspired by The War

## THE SUBMARINE

**By Katharine D. M. Simons**

Ere yet the plow had fashion, or Tubal Cain had sung,
You were forged in the lame god's smithy when the whirling worlds were young.

Gray as the sea, and grimmer than the gray, gaunt, grim sea-shark,
You waited for evolution in the caves of the ancient dark.

* * *

And Vulcan whistled his prentice: "The Fish Boat model is done.
Lay it away! We work today on the Disappearing Gun."

The grand old heroes came around, and they touched the steel-nosed thing,
And Achilles said: "By Hector's head, she steers with a dinky string!

"Mirrors enough for Helen's face are under the conning tower,
But, with never a sail and never an oar—what is the galley's power?"

Then Vulcan laughed, as he tinkered aft with the bronze propeller blades,
And he sprung the white of the great searchlight in the eyes of the loafing shades.

"Aye, wonders there be in my shop," quoth he, "that the Sybil has not foreseen.
(Now, Cupid, you get that cigarette away from the gasoline!)
She is run by volts, like Jove's thunderbolts, and she's called—'a submarine!'"

"If, overtasked," Prince Jason asked, "at the oars, and swift to Scylla
The maelstrom drew, what would I do?—for a man-sized sail would spill her!"

The lame smith slid an armor-plate and showed a flint-glass jar:
"O Powers that are in the depths afar, or the heights more high than the highest star,

"Far from the sun as the spheres have spun, unbroke as the unbroke sea,
More swift than sail in the Adrian gale—they drive my ship for me!

"Her hull is the shell of an unhatched hell that mocks the Cyclops' fray—
A shard of red from the lightning's head—a laugh from the Titan's play!"

"Old days are fled," Aeneas said. "Our Epic fights are vague
As the Cambrian mists, and Pallas insists there's a Peace Scheme doped for The Hague!"

There rang a laugh from the smithy door that vied with the anvil, then:
"Oh, ho!" roared Mars, "you may change the stars, but not the hearts of men!

"Tho' it be there in Hellas fair, or afar in Mexico,
I am their god, by the wing'd rod, and the only god they know!

"Eons shall pass, and they—alas!— will smile at the olden days.
In parliament, 'enlightenment' and 'progress' they will praise.

"As 'progress' comes, to the pulse of drums and the howl of hunting shell,
Science shall teach a sharper speech than the savage cave-men tell.

"So, build your boat! The triremes float, as Carthage has devised.
But their Punic fray shall seem child's play when the world is civilized!"

Thus, long ere the plow had fashion, or Tubal Cain had sung,
You were forged in the lame god's smithy when the whirling worlds were young.

Gray as the sea, and grimmer than the gray, gaunt, grim sea-shark,
You waited for evolution in the caves of the ancient dark.

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## THE GODS OF WAR

**By George Russell**

Fate wafts us from the pygmies' shore!
We swim beneath the epic skies;
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize.
Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas!

High o'er the mountains' dizzy steep
The winged chariots take their flight.
The stately creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.
Below, above, in wave, in air,
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath;
More loud the battle cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death.
So do they fight. How have ye warred,
Defeated armies of the Lord?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour;
His victory, whoever fail:
His profits have not lost their power;
Caesar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace!
With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon their warring bands
The devil's blessing from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born
Could overthrow the pride of kings?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who adjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O nations. Is not Zeus today,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at highest noon.
Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn,
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

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## CIVILIZATION: 1915

**By E. Elwell**

For the glory of the living weep the millions of the dead;
For the happiness of hearts that beat their broken hearts have bled.

So the paean of the ages shrills a tragedy of praise
To the multitudes of martyrs, and the sighing, grief swept days
That reached piled high to heaven from the mysteries of the past;
And the first dread soul in torment cries in anguish to the last:

"We are the human hatreds, the ambitions and the greed,
The lies that make men monsters, the death thought and the deed;
We are the lusts primeval, we are the sin and shame
That have chilled the fire of charity and snuffed the Christ lit flame.
We are the deep foundation of the civilized advance;
We make fact the dreams of horror that the drug ambition grants;
We have stripped off flowing vestments; we have dropped the cap of state;
We writhe, naked, in the frankness of uncovered human hate—
A hate for others' happiness that checks the march of power.
We have made the modern nation; and our curse is all its dower."

But the glory of the living may not halt to hark the dead;
The heart that goes in gladness shall not cease for one that's bled.
Though the ages in their sequence e'er will sing a paean of praise
To the martyrs by men murdered for the love of fortune's ways,
And though prayers go up to heaven from the yet unborn past,
The world is ever building a new ruin on the last.

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## BEFORE THE SEA FIGHT

**By Charles Winslow Hall**

The waves of the gray North Sea redden
With the glow of the rising sun;
But redder both seaway and heaven
Shall glow before daylight is done.
And the sea fog's soft veil o'er the fairways
Shall blend with the murkier black
Of the thick battle cloud and the war blaze,
The red reek of the dense battle wrack.

Splendid the fleets of the Teuton,
Queenly the ships of the Gaul;
But the gray, massive line of the Briton
Is the longest and strongest of all.
Fierce, swift the torpedo boats gather
On the rear and the flanks of the line;
Above the aeroplanes hover,
Below lurks the death dealing mine.

Under the sullen waves hiding
The submarine rushes to slay;
Never have sea kings abiding
Sped to such merciless fray;
Soon shall the deep volleys rattle
Soon shall the dread death dice fall,
And the murk and the bale fire of battle
Shut out the dread horror from all.

O God, into Whose hands are given
The fate of all races and kings,
Judge Thou by whose sin are bereaven
While the cannon din thunders and rings
The women whose fonds hearts are broken,
The children who suffer and weep,
The lands where man's vengeance y-wroken
War's merciless harvest must reap.

# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXI—THE MAGIC CITY

(Charles K. Field is so busy keeping Sunset Magazine up to its high standard of excellence that he has little time to write poetry. But when he does find time to exercise his imagination the result is always worth while. Some day perhaps we shall have another book of poems from "Carolus Ager," and it will receive a hearty welcome. The following was written for Sunset.)

By Charles K. Field

Aye, Peter Pan, we do believe in fairies!
  Sure of those among us we are bound to credit yours;
Seeing to a man how magic everywhere is,
  Willy-nilly in our hearts the childish faith endures.

Sad enough were we the day the fairies found us,
  Desolate and sad enough upon our ashy hills;
Sorrowing to see our ruins lie around us,
  We were very near despair, against our helpless wills.

Then came the fairies! No one saw them winging
  Where the fire-swept city lay, a dreary land of doom,
Till we were aware of enchantment softly springing—
  'Mid the bricks and twisted steel, flowers burst in bloom.

So they began—now see the wonders wrought by them;
  Magically fairer the city blooms anew—
Aye, Peter Pan, like you we have been taught by them,
  We in San Francisco believe in fairies, too!

# The Spectator

### Andy Takes a Back Seat

The indications are that P. H. McCarthy is "coming back." At any rate he is broadening the scope of his activities of late. After his return to private life he took an active interest in the affairs of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and it is said that he rendered valuable aid to all concerned by reconciling all differences that arose between builders and working men. During this period he seemed to have lost all interest in politics. Apparently Supervisor Andy Gallagher had become the panjandarum of labor circles. Between Andy and P. H. there was little love and some rivalry. Andy had established most cordial relations with the Governor and the Mayor, and P. H. was persona non grata to both officials. Consequently Andy became a personage of some importance both as a labor leader and as a politician. Meanwhile P. H. appeared to be losing ground. The politicians had ceased to include him in their calculations. But now they are sitting up and taking notice of the boss of the Building Trades Council. Two weeks ago there was to be a contest for chairman of the St. Patrick's Day celebration. The Irish societies, which had been long divided, had came together to join in a big celebration, and it was desirable that they should find a chairman with whom all should be satisfied. Andy Gallagher was willing to receive the honor. So was McCarthy. Both were to be placed in nomination, but at the eleventh hour it seemed to the Supervisor to be the part of wisdom to withdraw. He did so, and McCarthy was unanimously elected. I have heard it explained that Gallagher had been depending on the influence of the chaplain of the Hibernians, the Rev. Father Crowley, and that of late Father Crowley's enthusiasm for St. Patrick's Day has been on the wane.

### Dr. Aked's Concerts

Music is to play a very important part in the religious services at the new First Congregational Church. Sam Mayer, for many years the organist of the church, has been made organist emeritus, his place at the keyboard being taken by young Uda Waldrop. That is one change in the established order. There is another that is quite revolutionary. For years the worshipers at Post and Mason were content with a mixed quartet. In their new church they will be regaled with the singing of forty carefully picked voices. Dr. Aked, in other words, is to have a church choir of unprecedented size. Dr. Aked is to make a concert an integral part of the divine service given under his auspices. One is tempted to ask why such prominence is to be accorded the musical part of the services. Why this jump from four to forty singers? The answer I hear is rather plausible, but "tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon." It is being said that Dr. Aked's sermons and lecturettes (to use his pet term) are not drawing the crowd as they did at first. Dr. Aked has been unable to hold those who attended out of curiosity. He has noted a falling-off. So he is going to try the attraction of an elaborate musical program at every service. If people won't come to a free lecture they may come to a free concert. Dr. Aked is going to be the Lord's impresario.

### Coffey Boils

Judge Coffey cannot abide mock trials. He said so from the bench the other day, making special reference to the mock trial of Beverly Hodghead before the Commonwealth Club. Let us have his obiter dicta on the subject. "That burlesque on our judicial system," quoth His Honor, "was a shame, and was the more deplorable on account of some of the judges of our courts taking part." Thus we behold a diversion to which such men as Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton and Comyns Carr have not hesitated to lend their wit and drollery, submerged beneath the overpowering displeasure of our most ascetic jurist. But why has the jocular J. V. so suddenly become a long-faced Jeremiah? Why has his probate throne been transformed to a mourner's bench? The answer is dead easy. One of the charges against Hodghead at the mock trial was that he had failed to laugh at one of Judge Coffey's jokes!

### The Coffey Grounds

Judge Coffey, it will be seen, had the strongest personal grounds for resenting the mock trial at the Commonwealth Club. The rest of us were pleased to learn that that very solemn club could so unbend, but Judge Coffey would have to have more of the milk of human sympathy than he is known to possess in order to enjoy the joke at his expense. In the opinion of most people, so far as that sort of milk is concerned Judge Coffey is Cafe Noir. Judge Coffey would be witty himself but not the cause why wit is in other men. He is skilled in the archery of the barbed jest, but he won't be made a target for other bowmen. And not to laugh at a Coffey joke is a crime more serious than laesa majestas or contempt of court. It is a crime, withal, often committed by lawyers of established position; never by fledgling barristers. The young lawyer is afraid to maintain a solemn face when Judge Coffey cracks a pun. He affects a funny bone though he hath it not, purely for the expediting of his probate matters.

### Coffey, Roaster

There are two principal styles of Coffey jocosity. There is the playful style, and there is the severe style. The playfulness of Judge Coffey is a sort of Lenten merriment, a slow crooking of the hinges of mirth not incompatible with fasting and praying. It is dry point "kidding" that scratches the hard surface of solemnity. It is pale and thin; it lacks sap. In the indulgence of this mincing vein (if I may use so strong a word as 'indulgence' of Judge Coffey), the Aristarchus of the Superior Court is only half of Shakespeare's justice: he has the "eyes severe" and is "full of wise saws and modern instances," but never impute to him the "fair round belly with good capon lin'd." But it is in the mood severe that Judge Coffey loves most to exercise his quippish powers. And in this mood the nervous youngster seeking his first letters of administration comes to know and fear him. For it is then Judge Coffey's humor to "roast," to "pan," to be sarcastic. Time and

time again I have seen lads just admitted to the bar humiliated before their clients in this fashion while the superserviceable attendants and hangers-on accord Judge Coffey the ready tribute of an ostentatious snicker or a seemingly irrepressible haw-haw. I have known some who lost their clients after such passages because those clients, unlearned in the ways of Coffey, did not realize that an unprotested roasting from him was no argument of incompetence in their attorneys but simply a proof that their attorneys were afraid to endanger their interests by striking back. Such attorneys feel that they must take their medicine and grin. The lawyers who do not grin, who retort upon the judge are the Beverly Hodgheads of the bar, the established practitioners who don't give a pot-mender's curse for Judge Coffey or any other occupant of the bench. Is it any wonder that Judge Coffey waxes splenetic when such as these make sport of him at a good-natured mock trial?

### Coffey, Cofeoffee

Judge Coffey would have us believe that he is cofeoffee with Gould Brown of the spacious territory of English speech. He would lord it over orthography and administer the laws of syntax. It was an exhibition of preciosity which led up to his outburst concerning the mock trial at the Commonwealth Club. That outburst was preceded by a lecture on the correct use of words, the judicial lecturer undertaking the role of a purist but not quite filling it. A lawyer had dared to say that in the case at bar a lot of immaterial "stuff" had been allowed to get into the record. This remark automatically opened the spigot of Judge Coffey's resentment. "I would have you know," he crackled, "that you should not use such a word as 'stuff' in my court. I will not allow it. Such a vulgar word might properly be employed in a proceeding such as that at the Commonwealth Club, but not in a court that is endeavoring to serve the people." This is Judge Coffey in his sciolistic vein. He objects to 'stuff' and achieves nonsense.

### "Stuff" and Coffey

I am aware that the word "stuff" may be used in a contemptuous sense, and perhaps that was the sense of the lawyer who caused the Coffey wrath to percolate. But even so used "stuff" is not contempt of court. And a good lawyer might have put forward a very sound defense for his use of "stuff" without admitting that he used it so . "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," is pretty good authority in such a matter. And how about "ambition should be made of sterner stuff?" And "that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart?" In fact a good Shakespearian of the bar, a Shortridge let us say, could easily knock the stuffing out of Judge Coffey's exception to "stuff." But "something too much of this." Let us not linger longer over our Coffey; the palate signals the tang of chicory.

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### A Poet's Account

Alexander M. Robertson, the Union Square bookseller, has published all of George Sterling's books of poetry. That means that Robertson and Sterling have had business relations for the past twelve years or so. From time to time Sterling has collected royalties from Robertson. From time to time he also bought books in Robertson's shop, charging them. But in all the years there was no accounting between the publisher and the poet. When, however, Sterling decided to leave California for New York he told Robertson of his intention and asked for a statement of the account. He had it in mind that the money still coming to him would assist materially in paying his expenses on the transcontinental trip. So Robertson bade his bookkeeper delve into the dusty ledgers that were saved from the fire and furnish him with a detailed statement of the poet's debits and credits. It was no mean task, but the transactions between Robertson and Sterling covering a dozen years or so were finally reduced to two columns of figures in red and black ink. When Sterling called to find how things stood he discovered that he owed Robertson forty dollars!

### Mathews and McComas Honored

When the list of American painters whose works are to be shown in separate rooms at the World's Fair was published, I commented on the fact that there was no living California artist among them. William Keith was the only California painter included. Now comes the news that Arthur Mathews and Francis McComas are to have a room between them. The list as first published was incomplete because the works of our living painters had not yet been passed upon. Since then the work of Mathews and McComas has been seen, and the Fair authorities on painting have decided that these painters shall be specially honored in the Palace of Fine Arts. It is a splendid decision, and we may look forward to finding representative California work in that room, for the work of Mathews in figure painting and of McComas in landscape is undoubtedly representative. California has reason to be grateful that two of its artists have been thus honored. It is to be hoped that they will put canvases on the walls which will focus the attention of art lovers. Personally I am quite confident that they will.

### The Jury's Work

The jury which passed on western art was in session at the Fair for two days, and its work is done. This jury consisted of Arthur Mathews, Francis McComas and Eugen Neuhaus, representing northern California; William Wendt, representing southern California; and Gustin of Seattle, representing the rest of the territory. These five men passed on all the paintings by artists west of Chicago. The jury is a secret body, and until the Exposition opens there will be no way of judging how thoroughly they did their work. I understand that a great mass of canvases engaged their attention, as was the case when the juries met in Eastern cities. I cannot help wondering whether any well known painters had their pictures rejected, but this we shall never know unless they themselves let the cat out of the bag. Naturally there is no other source of information available, the juror's office being one of honor. I believe notices have been sent out notifying the various artists whether their paintings were accepted or rejected; and I can imagine with what feelings an artist reads his notification.


Glasses absolutely necessary.
Demand rapidly increasing.

The demand for proper glasses is increasing every year for two reasons: First,—more work is demanded of the eyes than formerly—Second, people now realize that they are better fitted for their duties if they have good eyesight. This is particularly true of people who require two pairs of glasses—one for reading and one for distance. With the recent invention of the wonderful "One-piece" Bifocal two pairs of glasses are not required as reading and distance corrections are ground in one glass—yet there is no noticeable dividing line between the two portions.

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**Dwyer Gets a Shock**

"I say, Joe, this Railroad Commission scandal is pretty bad," said The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"Why call it a scandal?" Harbor Commissioner Dwyer demanded.

"Well, I don't consider it a boost for the Administration," said the clockwinder. "But of course I know the presumption of innocence is always in favor of reformers. You'll have to admit though that this thing looks a little queer."

"No," said Dwyer, "I don't have to admit anything of the kind. Why shouldn't a railroad commissioner have stock in a collection agency?"

"Nothing wrong about that," said the clockwinder, "but who gave the Interests the tip to get aboard?"

"How should I know?"

"Say, Joe, perhaps you'll be able to tell me after you get word from Sacramento about the bill to raise your salary."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I don't think you'll get the raise."

Commissioner Dwyer was at once deeply interested. "What have you heard?" he asked.

"I've heard," said the clockwinder, "that the Governor has been put wise about the work that wasn't done for him in the campaign."

"What are you driving at?"

"Listen, Joe. Up at Sacramento they are saying that after the primary the Governor didn't look good to some of the men whom he appointed to office. They sized him up as a loser, and they thought it wouldn't be well to waste any time or money in the campaign."

"Are they saying that about me?" Dwyer demanded.

"I'm naming no names," said the clockwinder, "but I don't mind saying that there will be no raise of salary for anybody who couldn't be convicted of pernicious activity in politics at the close of the campaign."

And the clockwinder went off with his key.

**Like Mammy Pleasant?**

One of these days the career of Mammy Pleasant, the old colored woman who exercised such a mysterious influence over Capitalist Thomas Bell and over his family affairs, will be given to the world. Sam Davis of Carson and San Francisco knows more about the strange old woman, her antecedents, her eccentricities and her relations to the Bell family than any other outsider. Perhaps when the World's Fair is over and Sam is through with his Forty-nine Mining Camp activities on the Zone, he may sit down and give the whole story to the world. If he does, his story may give us a clew to the character of Mrs. Hetty Morrison, the negress who lived for fourteen years with George Jorgenson of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha and bore him two children. Mammy Pleasant was called a witch and a voodoo doctor during her life, obviously because people found it difficult to account on simpler terms for the power she possessed. She was in reality a very masterful woman, a woman of exceedingly strong personality and unusual intelligence. It seems more than likely that Mrs. Hetty Morrison resembles her in these characteristics. There are rumors, it must be remembered, that Jorgenson was not the only white man who succumbed to her spell. If we get the answer to the Mammy Pleasant riddle from Sam Davis, we may find it easier to understand Mrs. Morrison, and so a queer by-path of psychology will be opened up.

**Hearst Buys the Pall Mall**

Just before the war was not a good time to enlarge one's business. The war has hurt business, especially in England. There is reason therefore for us to sympathize with Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who took another flyer in British journalism on the eve of the war. He bought the Pall Mall magazine, which was to make its final separate appearance in August and then to be amalgamated with Nash's Magazine which is owned by a company controlled by Hearst. Aside from the fact that the war has put a crimp in the magazine business in England, people over there are hardly in the mood at present to be entertained by the Hearst brand of journalism. The hackneyed social problems that Hearst loves to agitate have lost their savor, and it is hard to manufacture sensations more thrilling than the war itself. Speaking of the Hearst venture a London journalist asks "What is he going to do with us?" and he says: "Hearst is a past-master in all the arts of American daily journalism, but he made a false step in the Sunday paper which he tried to establish in London. It was not a success. Mr. Hearst is evidently to some extent a psychologist, but the psychology which he understands is that of America. The English reading public is a different public from that of the States; it is not only interested in different things, but it is interested in a different way. However, Mr. Hearst's attempt to capture a great English audience will be interesting to follow. He has almost unlimited funds; he has shown himself a judge of men; he is interested in public affairs; he loves influence. What will this philosopher-demagogue—we will not say philosopher—make of the English public?"

**All Things to All Men**

As a British journalist Hearst has been put in a very embarrassing predicament by the war. For Hearst is not only a British journalist and an American journalist, he is also a German journalist. In New York he publishes Das Morgen Journal, by reason of which fact it behoves him to affect a sympathy with Germany. In fact, owing to this German connection he has found it expedient to give all his papers a slight German tinge. So meanwhile he is not playing a conspicuous part in British journalism. For the present he is keeping in the background of British journalism, hoping no doubt that as everybody in London is absorbed in the war, nobody may call attention to his interest in a struggling magazine. But of course his London magazine will be pro-British, and somebody in New York may call the attention of the readers of Das Morgen Journal to the attitude of the great chameleon of journalism in London. However, the problem of playing all ends against the middle is one that Mr. Hearst has solved many times.

**A California Aeroplane**

Lincoln Beachey is building an all-Californian aeroplane for his World's Fair flights. Every part of it will be made in California. All the material that goes into it, from stem to stern and from keel to topmast (I am speaking figuratively, not knowing the aeronautical equivalents of these nautical terms) will be of California production. And when the time comes to launch this air-ship, it will be properly christened in California wine. Al Coney, the indefatigable agent of Golden State champagne, has seen to that important point.

**The Prize Play**

New York has just witnessed the first production of the play which won the $10,000 prize in the Winthrop Ames competition. Out of the sixteen hundred and forty-six manuscripts entered in the contest—quite a number were sent on from San Francisco, by the way—the judges selected Alice Brown's "Children of Earth" as the prize-winner. Alice Brown is a New England story writer, and her play deals with the same New England types that make her stories so popular with those who know that section. The three judges were Augustus Thomas the playwright, Adolph Klauber the former dramatic critic of the New York Times and Winthrop Ames, the manager of the Little Theatre, himself by the way a New Englander. It would seem that the judgment of these judges is not infallible, for New York has not shown enthusiasm about "Children of Earth." I have read reviews in the Sun, Times, Telegraph, World and Evening Post, and the World reviewer is the only one who sees any particular significance in "Children of Earth." All enlarge on its technical defects.

**Material for "Ruggles"**

Are you reading the delicious "Ruggles of Red Gay" by Harry Leon Wilson? Many with whom I have discussed it declare that it bids fair to surpass "Bunker Bean," Wilson's last previous story, and I shouldn't be surprised if their prediction is verified. When Wilson was shaping "Ruggles" in his mind—he never starts to write until he has the entire story mapped out—he spent a good deal of time in San Francisco, and he confided in me that he was gathering up all the quaint English slang and colloquialisms he could lay his hands on. I make no doubt that when he returned to his beautiful place at Point Lobos his notebook was crammed with Anglicisms. Incidentally, he has gathered some Californianisms that have served his purpose. The great Ruggles quotes an American as saying that a certain mining man was so mean he'd fight a rattlesnake and give the snake the first bite. That is one of Roy Carruthers' sayings. And the "three rousing cheers" of which such droll use is made has been Charley Dickman's drinking expression for years.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Telling Cheiro's Fortune

Mrs. John McNear is a hostess of originality, and those who have the good fortune to be bidden to the parties she gives in her Washington-street "cliff dwelling" always go in the expectation of a thrill. Mrs. McNear gave a "fortune telling party" a few nights ago with Cheiro, the world-famous palmist who is to have a concession at the World's Fair, as the center of interest. Cheiro received the guests in an oriental pavilion and read their fates in the dim light of a rosy lamp, while his assistant, an Egyptian youth, sat nearby, silent and motionless. One of those who entered the little tent where the confidant of the stars presided, was Francis McComas the artist.

"Cheiro," said McComas abruptly, "have you any fine jewelry to sell? And when I say fine, I mean it."

"Yes, indeed I have," purred Cheiro; "jewelry that has been looked at by all the crowned heads of Europe. The Kaiser particularly admired this."

And with dreamy detachment Cheiro took from a small brown bag the usual three beads on the well known brass chain.

"Cheiro, how could you?" said McComas in accents of deep hurt. "You see," making a few mystic passes, "I am esoteric; I know."

"I see that you know," said Cheiro with deep feeling. "Do you like scarabs?"

"Good scarabs, Cheiro," said McComas, whereupon Cheiro produced a string of scarabs. McComas glanced at them contemptuously.

"Cheiro, Cheiro," he chided, "you know they are not good scarabs."

Cheiro's hand went into the bag and brought out another.

"This one!" he whispered mysteriously. "It is from Assouan."

"No, Cheiro," said McComas, "not Assouan but Oakland. That is one of the well known Estuary scarabs."

At this the young Egyptian seemed to wake from his dream.

"Not from Oakland," he in his turn corrected, "but Jersey City!"

### Another House-Warming

All who were invited to the house-warming (and a great many who were not, but are willing to have it understood that they were), are talking in the most encomiastic vein about the new home of the Fred Kohls at Easton. I suppose I may call it a house-warming, although it was in reality a concert; but after all, what warms a dwelling that has just come cold from the architect's hands more effectively than music? We are soon to have another affair of the same sort, for the Italian villa of the Templeton Crockers is practically finished and they will move in shortly. Everybody is eager to see this home, curiosity centering on some of the furniture which, 'tis said, once adorned the royal palace at Lisbon. The story goes that it was put up at auction when King Manoel had no further use for it, and that Templeton and Helene happened along and bid it in. To use furniture that once served kings and queens will provide a new thrill for our blase smart-setters.

### Laying It On Thick

Speaking of the Kohl concert, I cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph from the rapturous description of one of the journalistic bavardes. "The weather," it runs, "was a sunny poem of crystalline blue and gold, inviting one forth along the open road to participate in the pastoral mood of the green-bedecked hills where spring is already in possession, putting forth her ownership signs on the sunny slopes where the poppies are flaunting their colors. The season's first straw hats, likewise, had their debut." All I can say is, "Oh, most impotent conclusion!"

MRS. JOSEPHINE CARO
Who will give a series of drama readings at Paul Elder's.

### Mrs. Spreckels Undecided

The announcement in one of the papers that Mrs. Jack Spreckels was about to start on a professional tour as a dramatic reader in company with Madame Margaret Barry, was premature. When Mrs. Spreckels' friends read it they sought the telephone for immediate confirmation or denial of the announcement. Mrs. Spreckels frankly told them that she had been considering the idea, but added that she had not yet passed the considering stage. Thus far she has arrived at no decision. She may embark on the enterprise, and then again she may not. Mrs. Spreckels appears to be in no haste to determine the matter. Meanwhile her friends are canvassing her chances of success. Those who have seen her in amateur theatricals, those especially who saw her in the beautiful Omar spectacle at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels on New Year's declare their confidence that she would win applause before an audience of strangers.

### Queen Anna Peters

The queen of the Mardi Gras ball this year will be the beautiful Miss Anna Peters who is to impersonate Marie Antoinette and receive the homage of the masquers in a garden setting that will put to shame the garden of the Tuilleries in the days before the paths of that garden led to the guillotine. The king of the fete has not yet been officially announced but the ladies in waiting for the queen include the Misses Ernestine McNear, Marie Louise Black, Phyllis de Young, Corennah de Pue, Gertrude Thomas, Leslie Miller, Beatrice Nickel and Gertrude Hopkins. Boxes sell for $100 each, and are in great demand. Although the tickets have just been printed, the following have already subscribed for boxes: Messrs. and Mesdames E. W. Hopkins, Henry T. Scott, Selah Chamberlain, Frederick Kohl, James L. Flood, George McGowan, Francis Carolan, George Pope, A. S. Baldwin, Henry C. Breeden, C. O. G. Miller, M. H. de Young, William H. Crocker, C. A. Cooke, E. S. Heller, Mrs. Wililam Cluff, Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mrs. Russell Wilson and Knox Maddox.

### The Unusual Interest

Tickets will not be put on public sale until February 13, three days before the star social event of the season, but tickets may be obtained from any of the members of the Childrens' Hospital Auxiliary which has the ball in charge. Yesterday Mrs. George Cameron, who is president, had letters from friends in Seattle announcing their intention of coming for the ball. From Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, in fact from San Diego to Seattle, there is an unusual interest in the event, which means that this ball has arrived at more than local significance.

### Dancing in the Rose Room

The management of the Hotel St. Francis makes an announcement that will gladden the hearts of all our noble army of smart dancers. Beginning next Monday there is to be dancing in the beautiful Rose Room every week-day evening. Dinner and supper will be served a la carte, and dancing will begin at nine. The rule of evening dress has been laid down for these dances. Those who attend will find it convenient to use the Geary street entrance to the hotel.

### Ouimet May Be Here

San Francisco will be the golfers' Mecca during the spring months. At this time of the year the California courses are at their best after the heavy winter rains and Eastern and Continental visitors to the Fair will have an opportunity of indulging in their favorite pastime when their own links are unplayable. Charles Templeton Crocker is chairman of the Exposition Golf Committee and he has already shown himself to be

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an executive of no mean parts. This committee was called at a very late hour, considering the amount of work necessary to arrange a program for early spring, yet the schedule has been announced within two weeks of the first meeting and the co-operation of every club in Northern California, and most of those in the South and Northwest, is assured. The international championship event has been set for April 19, and Crocker and his co-workers are already assured of a representative entry from the East. No names have as yet been given out, but it is whispered that Ouimet, the national amateur champion, the boy who put America on the golfing map of the world two years ago, will be among those present. The new Sequoyah Club will open its links on that occasion and the Ingleside course will be lengthened to the requirements of a championship links.

### Tea Dance For Worthy Cause

Representative women from the various organizations of San Francisco hope to make the Tea Dansant at the Palace Hotel, Saturday afternoon, February 6, from 4 to 7 o'clock, one of the greatest successes of the season, as the funds will be devoted to bringing the Child Labor Convention and Exhibit to this city during the Exposition. It will be necessary to raise $2,000, one-half of the sum required for such a convention, at which such well-known speakers as Jane Addams, Dr. Felix Adler, Dr. Anna Strong and other authorities will speak. Miss Mildred Levy has done a striking poster and the floor managers will be William Lange, Robert Eyre and Edward Greenway. Those who will assist Mrs. Lee Rubens, who has the event in charge, and her daughter, are the Mesdames J. D. McMaster, Eleanor Martin, James Rolph Jr., Oscar Fernbach, A. Roos, Bert Schlesinger, Henry Payot, Henry A. Melvin, C. C. Moore, Frank Kerrigan, Lovell White, J. A. Hirschler, Henry Sahlein, M. Esberg, David Henderson, J. Lilienthal, Max C. Sloss, A. E. Graupner, C. A. Hawkins, I. W. Hellman, D. N. E. Walter, Manfred Heyneman, H. Meyer, Dick Newman, J. M. Jacobi, M. O. Brandenstein, J. C. Levy and the Misses Hattie Mooser and Lillian Grogan. Table reservations may now be made at the Palace Hotel.

### Drama Travelogues

One of the intellectual and artistic treats of the winter will be a series of twelve readings of modern dramas, descriptive and illustrative, of the life, manners and customs of the different centuries, rendered by Josephine L. Caro. This will be Mrs. Caro's first public reading in San Francisco this season. Her interpretations of modern dramas have won for her an enviable reputation in the artistic world. Most of her renditions in this city have been in private salons to selected audiences. These public readings will be held in the art gallery of Paul Elder, 239 Grant avenue, beginning Thursday, January 28, and continuing weekly until April 15. This series is known as "Drama Travelogues," and will include: America, Thursday, January 28, "Romance," by Edward Sheldon; England, Thursday, February 4, "The Mob," by John Galsworthy; Ireland, Thursday, February 11, "Patriots," by Lenox Robinson; Wales, Thursday, February 18, "Change," by J. O. Francis; France, Thursday, February 25, "The Other Danger," by Maurice Donnay; (a) Spain, Thursday, March 4, "Marianna," by Jose Echegaray; (b) Italy, Thursday March 4, "Sacred Ground," by Guiseppe Giacosa; (a) Austria, Thursday, March 11, "Anatol," by Arthur Schnitzler; (b) Germany, Thursday, March 11, "Margot," by Hermann Sudermann; Belgium, Thursday, March 18, "Pelleas and Melisand," by Maurice Maeterlinck; Holland, Thursday, March 25, "The Storm Bird," by Donnaert von Elton; Norway, Thursday, April 1, "Laboremus," by Bjornsterne Bjornson; Russia, Thursday, April 8, "The Sea Gull," by Anton Tchekoff; India, Thursday, April 15, "King of the Dark Chamber," by Rabindranath Tagore.

### A Card Party for Mary's Help

The card party which is to take place Friday afternoon, January 29, in the rose room of the St. Francis is the third of a series which the Ladies Auxiliary of the Mary's Help Hospital free clinic are giving to raise funds. It was to have taken place on January 10, but was postponed on account of the death of Archbishop Riordan, and therefore will be the last of the series before Lent. Mrs. E. F. Conlon will be chairman of the reception committee for Friday's affair, and will be assisted by a distinguished gathering of patronesses.

### The Tavern's New Dance Floor

Any and every function which takes place at Techau Tavern exhibits that delicate harmony between refinement and enthusiasm which is a well recognized attraction of this cafe. Such an occasion was that of last Wednesday evening when the new maple dance floor in the center of the main cafe was used for the first time. There is no doubt that everybody had a good time and, indeed, the carnival spirit usually associated with New Year's Eve prevailed throughout the evening. The management had thoughtfully provided fun-making souvenirs for all and, what with this feature, the perfect floor and superior ventilation there was everything necessary to perfect enjoyment. The appearance of Mr. Robert Carville and Miss La Marr, late dancing stars of the musical comedy success "The Tango Tea," added much to the pleasure of the guests. This magnetic couple gave some wonderfully graceful interpretations of the latest ballroom dances and their welcome was enthusiastic. The management has secured the services of Mr. Carville and Miss La Marr for a protracted engagement. They will be seen in exhibition dances every afternoon between four and five and every evening between eight and eleven-thirty. During both these periods, daily, they will be pleased to dance with any lady or gentleman who so desires and to teach, without charge, the latest ballroom dances.


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# The Dance of the Temptress

By Theodore Bonnet

Eston Burleigh, by whom was conceived "The Dance of the Temptress," a sensational pantomime now at the Orpheum, tells us in a note printed on the program that he has not attempted to adhere to any set scenario, but appeals to the imagination by bringing to us "a creature of the wilds who fascinates her victim." He explains that this victim intoxicated by the beauty of the Temptress "falls a prey to her." She "seeks by her wiles to entice him into the poisonous foam, and failing, drugs him with narcotic flowers, and accomplishes her purpose only to find too late that love for the man had entered her own heart," when "mad with remorse, she invokes the gods and in her insane frenzy destroys herself." So while Mr. Burleigh appeals to the imagination, lest the imagination should go astray he gives us a scenario with material enough for a Russian ballet in five acts. This is a case where it would be well to keep the imagination in leash, and at the same time it would not be well to take the mute language of pantomime literally. Hence the importance of the scenario explanatory of the significance of the foam. "The Dance of the Temptress" is hardly a dance. It is more in the nature of a ballet episode, or as performers call it, à divertisement. But the proper designation of it is a matter of no more consequence than the scenario that was evidently written not to supply a motive, but to provide the semblance of a coherent scheme in which music, decoration and movement are harmonized. Whatever the intent or purpose of Mr. Burleigh it is certain that Alice Eis and Bert French are giving a very sensational performance at the Orpheum. Miss Eis is a young woman well endowed with the physical qualities and the temperament essential to the role of temptress, and Bert French is no Joseph. The author of this mimodrama may have had conceptions as idealistic as those with which Wagner was concerned when he gave us the gorgeous musical tumult descriptive of Siegfried's ascent of Brunnhilde's flame-girdled rock, but pantomimic interpretation of humanly eager passions and of the elemental elomitions has not the subtle appeal of musical interpretation or illustration. One doesn't have to have poetic insight to understand the pantomime of The Dance of the Temptress, for there is nothing of reticence in the lady with the grass girdle whose paphian posturing inflames the young archer past all restraint. And while her method is of the surface, obvious, the springtime mood of the young man is Rabelaisian in its manifestations. Panurge himself was not less avid of the precious things of the sensual life. If I have written at some length of this colorful pantomime it is because it is at once indicative of a tendency and provocative of speculation regarding the ultimate development of the Russian art of using the human body to realize arbitrary conceptions and to represent definite emotions of joy, fear love, hate and jealousy. In Russia this art has been brought to a high stage of development in the so-called ballet of action, but in Russia the virtuosity of the dancers excites deeper interest than the wholly spectacular features. There, too, music plays an important part in the performance. The episode at the Orpheum is of course an offshoot as it were of the Russian idea, and doubtless it will be improved upon and perhaps be carried even to more daring heights, for this is a day of plain-speaking by purists and Puritans, and it is natural that favorite topics of discussion in the politest circles should become topics of interest in the theatre which is exceeding sensitive to atmospheric conditions.

# Broadhurst's Infringement

By Edward F. O'Day

Let me confess a hearty interest in the Police Gazette. Having no position to maintain in highbrow literary society I may do so with perfect impunity. Indeed this public avowal may serve to liquidate part of the debt I owe that fascinating weekly. For years it has been my solace in barber shops, my diversion on boot black stands. What time I await the leisure of my favorite shearer it makes the minutes fly without impatience; and while the "wop" is rubbing my shoes to a sable glow I find in its pages that easy excitement which shuts out the coils and worries of the world and lifts the mind to the enchanted regions where sports and chorus girls extract the quintessence of life. Tighted queens of burlesque smile at me from its columns; champion tonsorial artists who still wear mazeppas are half-toned there for my delectation; safely there I endure the frowns of ferocious heavyweights unknown to Coffroth; I mingle on familiar terms with world-series heroes. There is nothing in the Police Gazette which does not take my attention, from the tug-of-war team of the Pittsburg police department to the curve of the calf of shapely Mlle. Tralalah, the Paris, Kentucky, dancer. All hail, Police Gazette, pink journal of mild impropriety. Shall I ever forget the emotion that throbbed within my breast when first I stood upon Brooklyn Bridge and gazed in awe upon the printing shop from which thou issuest! And all hail, Richard K. Fox! Thou art high in the list of my favorite editors! Perish rather a dozen volumes of the Ladies Home Journal than one copy of thy tinted sheet! The stories in the Police Gazette I do not know as intimately as the entrancing pictures. I doubt if I have ever read through one of Ike Swift's stirring lucubrations. Ever in the midst of the recital comes the cry of "next!" or the softly-syllabled "hatta brusha?" to interrupt my perusal. But I know their general purport. Their tone is altitudinously moral. I am not misled by the racy drawings which accompany them. What though a siren in scanty clothes cocks her legs upon a wine-laden table and flirts a cigarette at the sport with a diamond in his shirt and a leer in his eye who gloats palpably in anticipation of the poor dear's utter ruin? Despite the artist the writer is animated by a lofty purpose. He is forever teaching baby innocence to shun the cabinet particulier, to beware the ice-dewed bucket that hangs by the well of destruction and to fly from the dyed mustache as from the devil himself. Noble Ike Swift! Uplifting Richard K. Fox! Too bad your paper does not circulate in homes where the cheek of purity is colored like its moral pages. Then might you serve the cause of good as potently as Paul Armstrong, George Bronson Howard, the author of "Any Night" and the lecturers on sex hygiene. Admirer that I am of the Police Gazette, I am jealous of its prerogative, and I cannot but protest when I find its chosen field infringed upon. Too long have the invaders been allowed to squat unmolested upon the ground preempted by the Police Gazette. George Broadhurst has joined the trespassers and it is time to blow the bugle notes that sound a halt. What right had George Broadhurst to shape the material of "To-day" into a melodrama? The story of "To-day" is a Police Gazette story, and it should have been written so and submitted to Richard K. Fox. I cannot be deceived in this matter. All the elements that are so mixed in "To-day" that Broadhurst may stand up and say to all the world: "This is a thriller," have been components of Police Gazette stories time out of mind. They are the Police Gazette's by right of prescription. The beautiful, pleasure-loving, extravagant young wife—the serious-faced, hard-working, unsuccessful husband—the gay, smiling, elegantly gowned temptress—the be-diamoned, peroxide who keeps the luxurious house of assignation and plays Chopin on the gilded piano—the photograph that reveals all to the poor unsuspecting husband—the meeting in the dark—the screams of wifey and the hoarse howls of hubby—the choking behind the arras—the message to the police—the awful "I killed her"—the despairing "Why did you do it?"—the heroic but inevitable "Because I loved her"—all these are incontestable Police Gazette properties. All these belong to the pink school of fiction. All these have been shaken and reshaken into ever-vary-

BEATRIZ MICHELENA

To be seen in the new motion picture "Mignon" at the Tivoli.

ing shapes in the Police Gazette kaleidoscope for so many years that I could swear my first knowledge of them was coincident with my first hair-cut, or was it my first shine? George Broadhurst, it isn't right! I can forgive your out-strongarming Paul Armstrong, the box-office enemy of white slavery; I can overlook your out-Bronsoning Howard, the literary rag-picker of the Smart Set; but after this offense against the only Police Gazette, this intrusion upon the domain of Richard K. Fox, how can I ever again regard you with a friendly eye?

**"Mignon" in the Movies**

"Mignon," for fifty years a grand opera favorite, will be shown for the first time as a motion picture next week when the photoplay, scenario by Charles Kenyon, author of "Kindling," is produced at the Tivoli Opera House. The star in the screen play is Beatriz Michelena. She is the daughter of Fernando Michelena who, two score years ago, was the sensationally popular tenor in the Tivoli opera company. She herself is a grand opera prima donna whose beautiful soprano has been repeatedly heard in "Mignon" during her career on the stage. Now Miss Michelena is repeating her success as the pantomime heroine in "Mignon," and her work is proof that a great artist really doesn't have to rely on one medium to reach the public. Her silent "Mignon" is a powerful piece of acting, just as her vocal "Mignon" was a rare musical treat. The California Motion Picture Corporation which produced the film "Mignon," spared no pains or expense to make this photoplay the best of its productions and one of the greatest screen dramas ever given to the public. The sum of $100,000 was expended in giving the grand opera a worthy successor in its film version. The photoplay in "Mignon" will prove a revelation to lovers of the beautiful. Not only are the pictures clear and sparkling; the scenes themselves are a delight. Four of the most beautiful country homes of wealthy residents of the bay regions were turned over to the company temporarily in order that satisfactory photographs could be made, showing "castles in France" and "palaces in Germany." Arthur W. Foster and Henry E. Bothin of San Rafael, Mrs. Theodore F. Payne of Menlo Park and Eugene de Sabla Jr. of Hillsborough rendered valuable service by lending their residences and estates for motion picture purposes. And the results are remarkably strong pictures. When the photoplay is shown at the Tivoli, "Mignon" music will be played throughout the five reels. Arias from the famous opera were played during the recent de luxe performance at the St. Francis, and the exclusive audience which saw this first showing of the film, went away enthusiastic over the artistic combination of the musical and mimic "Mignon."

**Alma Gluck's First Appearance**

At last we are to have an opportunity of hearing that famous singer Alma Gluck. This young and beautiful artist who has won world-wide fame before reaching her twenty-fifth year and whose voice, art and personal magnetism have made her one of the most beloved artists before the public, will make her first appearance in the West at the Columbia next Sunday afternoon, January 31, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. In former years San Francisco used to get singers after they had been before the public for many years and the glow and bloom of youth had departed from their voices, even though their art remained, but Mr. Greenbaum for the past twelve years has been bringing them to us in their very prime and has more than quadrupled the interest in music among our people. Alma Gluck we are to hear in all the glory of her charming youth and in programs that will delight music lovers of all classes. At next Sunday's concert she will sing the following varied and beautiful list of works: Air of Asteria from the opera "Il Telemaco," Gluck; Ridente la Calma, Mozart; Un moto di Gioja, Mozart; Oh, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me,

ALMA GLUCK
The wonderful and talented soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House Company who will be heard for the first time in this city in two Sunday afternoon concerts at the Columbia Theatre on January 31 and February 7.

KATE ELINORE
Next week at the Orpheum.

Handel; Mermaid's Song, Haydn; Du bist die Ruh, Schubert; Die Forelle, Schubert; Die Lotusblume, Schumann; Der Sandmann, Schumann; Botschaft, Brahms; Bohemian Cradle Song, Smetana; Peasant Song, Rachmaninoff; Chanson Indoue, Rimsky-Korsakow; Song of the Shepherd Lehl, Rimsky-Korsakow; Allah, Chadwick; Little Grey Dove, Saar; From the Land of the Sky Blue Water, Cadman; Faery Song, Schlinder; Will o' the Wisp, Spross. The second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 7, with an entire change of program. The accompanist will be Wilhelm Spoor. The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia next Wednesday morning and mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's. Mme. Gluck will not appear in Oakland.

**Miller's Continued Success**

Henry Miller's extra two weeks at the Columbia will in no wise be too long a period in which to accommodate all those who will wish to see the charming performance of Jean Webster's comedy "Daddy Long-Legs." The extra Friday matinees, in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees and the Sunday evening performances will, by Saturday night, January 30, round out a remarkable record of thirty-six consecutive presentations of the play, a record which smashes any and all ever made here at a high class theatre. That San Francisco is able to support a two dollar attraction in lavish fashion for four consecutive weeks with extra matinees is a striking commentary upon the splendid conditions existing here. Mr. Miller is to be congratulated upon having brought to this city an attraction which has been able to please the public to such an extent that crowded houses have been the rule throughout the engagement. Renee Kelly in the role of Judy Abbott has pleased theatregoers beyond measure. She is a charming little actress with a fine personality. The Wednesday and Friday matinees are given at popular prices.

**San Francisco Quintet Club**

The final concert of the first season by the San Francisco Quintet Club will be given in the St. Francis Colonial Ball Room this Sunday afternoon at 2:30. This organization has proved the most interesting group of ensemble players ever formed in this city and its work has been most excellent. The players seem to do their work as if they loved it, and Messrs. Hecht and Greenbaum feel very proud of the artistic success of the venture and promise that the good work will be resumed next season. The program for this Sunday's concert consists of three important works never before heard in this city: Quartet Op. 23 for Piano and Strings, Dvorak; Serenade for Flute, Violin and Viola, Max Reger; Quintet for Piano and Strings, Dohnanyi. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and Sunday at the St. Francis news stand. Prices are 50 cents and $1.00.

**Efrem Zimbalist Coming**

Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violin virtuoso, visited this city just four years ago when but twenty years of age. In the interim, as was to be expected, his artistry has grown and grown until today he ranks among the five greatest living masters of the violin. He possesses a style quite his own and has been called by the greatest critics "the true poet of the violin." Manager Greenbaum announces that this master-artist will give his first recital here on Sunday afternoon, February 28. He will play programs of quite an unhackneyed character including some of the important sonatas for violin and piano, with Sam Chotzinoff at the piano.

**Spalding at Symphony Concerts**

Albert Spalding, an American violinist and a great one, will be the soloist at the next subscription concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, February 5, and at a special Sunday concert of the orchestra at the Cort Sunday afternoon, February 7. Mr. Spalding will have much work to do at both concerts as he will play Beethoven's great violin concerto at the Friday concert, and at the Sunday concert Mendelssohn's gloriously beautiful concerto with orchestral accompaniment and a group of violin solos with the talented accompanist Andre Benoist at the Steinway. Both concerts will commence promptly at three, and the programs will be arranged with Conductor Hadley's skill and knowledge of what will make the best appeal. In addition to Mr. Spalding's numbers the symphony No. 7 of Beethoven and Bantock's Comedy Overture, "The Pierrot of the Moment" will be given on February 5. At the Sunday concert the orchestra will play Franck's Symphony in D Minor, three pieces from "The Damnation of Faust" and the overture from Wagner's "The Maestersingers."

**The Last Week of Opera**

The highly successful season of grand opera at popular prices by the Bevani company at the Alcazar has been all too short. Owing to future bookings at the theatre this engagement will be brought to a close next week, although business at the Alcazar stamps the Bevani organization as the most successful opera enterprise that San Francisco has known in years. Standing room only has been the rule during the past three weeks, and the advance sale for next, the farewell week, indicates a repetition of this condition. Two operas not produced so far this season are on the schedule for next week, and several of the favorites will be repeated by request. "Faust" will be offered on Monday night and at the Thursday matinee,

BERTHA MANN

The clever leading woman of "To-day," the vivid play of New York life at the Cort

with a cast that will include Kristoffy, Sacchetti, Silva and di Biasi. A special matinee of "Carmen" will be given on Tuesday afternoon. This opera with Alice Gentle singing and acting the title role as it has never been done in San Francisco, is one of the big triumphs of the present season and the announcement of this special performance will be greeted with joy by local opera lovers. Tuesday evening will be devoted to a repetition by request of "Otello," with Kristoffy, Castellani and Gallazzi again in the three leading roles. On Wednesday night the second new opera of the week will be offered when "Gioconda" will be produced by an all-star cast that will include Vergeri, Gentle, Opezzo and Gallazzi. This opera will also be the bill on Friday night. Thursday night will be given to "Il Trovatore" by request, and Saturday matinee will see a repetition of "The Barber of Seville," also by request. "Il Trovatore's" cast will enlist the services of Vergeri, Gentle and Castellani, while "The Barber of Seville" will have Sanborne, Cavadori, Gallazzi and di Biasi. Saturday night will be devoted to a special performance.

### Another Week of "To-day"

"To-day" which created quite a sensation in New York last season where it ran longer than any of its contemporaries, is a Cort hit. The engagement will continue throughout this week and next, with popular matinees on Wednesday and the usual matinees on Saturdays. "Peg o' My Heart," with Peggy O'Neil in the title role, comes to the Cort on Sunday, January 31.

### Chinese Magicians at Orpheum

The Orpheum show next week will have as headline attraction Ching Ling Foo, the world's greatest magician and his company of ten celestials in marvelous legerdemain. According to critics throughout the country there is none to compare with this oriental genius. A variety of tricks with a dash of singing and dexterous athletics are included in the feats of Ching and his company. One of the most attractive features of the act is the singing of his seventeen-year-old daughter Chee Toy who is probably the only Chinese prima donna in the world who sings American popular songs. Kate Elinore and Sam Williams will appear in their original absurdity "The Hunter and the Hunter'ess" which may be briefly summed up as twenty minutes of laughs. The Schwarz Company, two foreign pantomimists, will present their creation "The Broken Mirror." Jack E. Gardner has turned his back on the lyric stage and has become a dramatic actor. His departure is entitled "Curse You, Jack Dalton" and is an exaggerated melodrama of the old school acted npon a moving picture screen. The Danube Quartette, European casting marvels, are topnotchers. Next week will be the last of Elsa Ruegger, the greatest of all female 'cellists; Anna Chandler who is making a tremendous hit with her ludicrous songs; and Alice Eis and Bert French in "The Dance of the Temptress."

### Burt Wesner at Pantages

A. Burt Wesner, one of the best known characters on the American stage, with his own company, will make his vaudeville debut at Pantages on Sunday in Edward Scott's charming playlet of domestic life entitled "Father's Way." Wesner was for over eight years leading character actor at the Alcazar and won legions of friends and admirers by his superb performances. His versatility is boundless as he has played light roles and heavy parts with the same ease. "Father's Way" is a touching story of a mother's love for a wayward boy. Wesner is an Irish contractor who has risen to wealth. May Nannery, an old favorite here, will play the mother, while Sidney Rainer and Hector Fasham have the roles of the two sons. The Twelve American Whirlwind Beauties are also headliners. The girls display great acrobatic skill in their dancing. Cora Simpson and company have a comedy sketch dealing with women's rights which has been a big hit. O'Neal and Walmsley have a ludicrous talking act "Those Two Nuts." The Baker troupe of bicycle performers, and Mlle. Remi and Signor Ballengeri in operatic duets are other good acts. A special will be motion pictures showing the earthquake district in Italy.


# TIVOLI

ONE WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY, JANUARY 24th

**BEATRIZ MICHELENA**

**IN**

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Stocks and bonds were buoyant and the investment demand was better than it has been for five months. Pessimists were utterly routed by the monthly report of the United States Steel Corporation. The gain of 512,000 tons in unfilled orders answered all the stories about business depression, and traders began to figure up how much had been added to the bookings since the beginning of the year in the form of railroad orders for rails and equipment. The minor steel shares did better than Steel common. Bethlehem Steel sold well up in the fifties which is a good price for an industrial that has not paid a dividend. War orders are the cause of this particular boom. Copper metal sold at 13¾ cents per pound and the demand for it was good. A sharp drop in the price of raw rubber followed the lifting of the British embargo and traders were at a loss to estimate the effect it would have on the rubber shares. Companies with stocks of rubber on hand in this country will lose something while those with little on hand or with stocks warehoused abroad will be greatly benefited. Freight movements in the West are once more normal and fully equal to last year's record. The railroads are buying rails and equipment, their officials acting on the assumption that the worst is over and that trade will improve in every direction. Our export business is not only large, but enormously profitable. Men actively engaged in business have begun to invest their surpluses in stocks. At the close of the week the trade seemed to be very optimistic. The banks are opposed to a speculative boom, though the ease of the money market has made their opposition less aggressive; but they feel sure that a substantial advance in the international group will be followed by heavy foreign liquidation. We can take back securities in moderate amounts, but the banks do not wish to pay gold for them. With our trade balance maintained in its present position we could buy from Europe half a billion dollars of our securities in the course of the year without trouble.

**Wheat**—During the week a very unusual advance has taken place, prices ascending to the former high price and later advancing considerably above this level. The stimulating factor was the continued large foreign demand with supplies becoming scarcer. Added to the foreign demand is the much improved demand by millers in all markets. Primary receipts are showing a gradual shrinkage with clearances keeping at about the recent average. The condition of winter wheat is regarded as satisfactory. Foreign conditions remain about unchanged and the idea that Argentine wheat would exert a depressing influence through competitive sales has been entirely removed for the present. The animating factor in the making of prices continues to be the large export sales with growing difficulty in the way of buying the wheat in the country. There was quite a reaction from the best prices due to a rumor that the President would be asked to place an embargo on our exports, and while this is hardly probable it gave the market a setback and seemed to take the edge off the bullish feeling. There may be an investigation as to what is the cause of the high prices, but it will lead to nothing as the cash article at times sold above the May future which would indicate that there was no manipulation in the futures as May wheat should be selling at least 5 cents over cash wheat. We believe wheat will sell very much higher.

**Corn** has displayed considerable strength and made a very responsive rise. Although the movement increased somewhat for a time the absorbing in the market seemed entirely equal to the offering. There is a much better domestic demand with considerable export inquiry. The offerings from the country are said to have moderated. There is a very steady undertone to prices with a comprehensive demand, partly of an investment character. The discrepancy in prices, as compared to wheat, leads to the idea that a scarcity of other cereals will cause greater consumption of corn and the price should advance considerably from this level.

# Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

him than I was. You have read how closely he guarded himself against intrusion in the apartment on Twenty-sixth street near Broadway where he did his writing. Unless you were a close friend you had no chance to get in. I was the only man who had a latch key to that apartment. It came about in this way:

"I went there one day and tapped three times at the door. That was a signal we had. There was no answer. I knew he was in, and I was hurt. A quick temper has been the cause of most of my trouble. I decided that he had no more use for my friendship, and hurrying back to the Caledonia Hotel I started packing, determined to leave New York at once. I was still burning with resentment when the familiar three taps came at my door, and Porter entered.

"'I have brought you a latch key to my apartment,' he said.

"That was all, but it was enough. I unpacked.

"About this time he was very despondent. He was worried by great troubles, and I feared that he might make an end of himself. It was at this time that I first saw the picture of his daughter Margaret, the child of his first marriage. He showed me the picture one day and said:

"'Bill, if anything ever happens to me, and you never know what may happen in a big city like this, I want you to promise me on your word of honor that you'll take care of her. You're the only man in the world I'd trust her with.'

"Margaret's mother was dead, and she lived with her grandparents who were rich. I made the promise he asked. She has never needed my help, but we are very dear friends. In her letters she calls me foster-father."

Many other things Al Jennings told me about Sidney Porter—about the stories that were based on the bandit's career—about the nights and days they knocked around odd corners of New York, studying the human nature and seeing the sights that have since gone into literature—and about his writing habits.

"He wrote with great facility," says Jennings. "I have seen him write a short story in two hours. He had a glossary, and used it a great deal. He told me once that he never started putting a story on paper until he knew what the first and last words were to be."

But it was the story of that seven-months' jaunt along the coasts of chance that I wanted particularly to get into print. As it stands it is fragmentary, tantalizing the appetite. One of these days Al Jennings will tell it completely. Then the great O. Henry will stand forth before his country a bigger, better, more human and more beloved man than ever.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER MOLLOY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased.

NELLIE TWOHIG,
Administratrix of the estate of Peter Molloy, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 9, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-5


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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons —if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.


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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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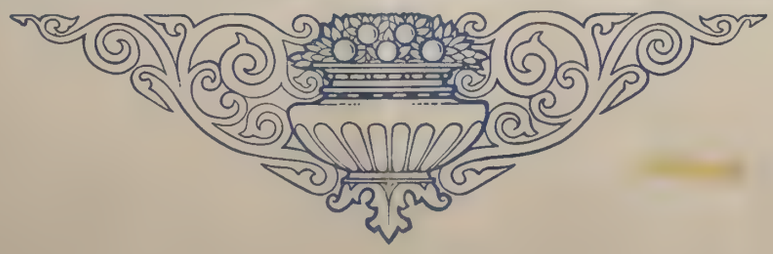

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

### Our Most Virtuous Commission

The Railroad Commission scandal is of interest mainly for the reason that it is an object lesson in Progressive party politics. When the law vested the Railroad Commission with plenary powers, and made it for a long term of years independent of everybody but God, Town Talk observed that Governor Johnson was assuming a responsibility too great for any mortal man burdened with a conscience. We perceived that a commission so constituted would be beset with many temptations irresistible to the ordinary politician born of woman. We marveled that any Governor, however rectitudinous, should care to give so great an extension to the powers of the Executive, since it would be possible for him to exercise an influence over the commissioners beholden to him after he returned to private life, when he might not consider it an impropriety to appear before the commission as an attorney. But evidently the Governor was not at all qualmish. He had confidence in his own rectitude, and was not at all concerned about what might happen in the event of his being succeeded by a less scrupulous politician. Further, notwithstanding the potentialities the people were not at all disquieted. So far as they were concerned the Governor might go as far as he liked. He was but carrying out the Progressive theory that the people should rule —as their rulers see fit. In the circumstances we are not astonished that a scandal has occurred. On the contrary we are amazed that the commission kept its virtue intact so long. We must confess that our expectations have not yet been realized to the full.

### Good Men and True

The Administration at Washington has nowhere a more sympathetic friend than the editor of the New York Post, but he has begun to gag at Mr. Bryan. Speaking of the Bryan letter to his protege at San Domingo wherein the Secretary of State inquired as to the jobs that he might fill and the salaries of the same, the editor of the Post says: "Mr. Bryan insists on making it as hard as possible for his friends and apologists." The editor is reminded of the Biblical description of evil-doers who "glory in their shame." This description is hardly applicable to Mr. Bryan who belongs to a class of evil-doers somewhat different from those discussed in the Bible. They do not glory in their shame; they are insensible of it. These men are the twentieth century reformers of American politics. All of them are idealists with ethical principles agreeable to their temperament, and temperamentally they are akin. There is much general misunderstanding respecting these men. Thus, for instance, we find the New York Sun, in discussing the exposure of Bryan, the showing up of him as a common pothouse spoilsman, incidentally assuming that the scandal is most humiliating to President Wilson. Now of course the President is not at all accessible to such an emotion in this instance. Mr. Wilson is himself an idealist of the Bryan school. It was only the other day that he was exposed by Representative Mann for having told a mean little fib for political effect in his Jackson Day speech. Mr. Mann challenged him to explain the discrepancy between the truth respecting a piece of legislation and the account that was given of it at Indianapolis. The President has not accepted the challenge; nor has he been overcome with humiliation. He has confidence in his code of ethics, and that is sufficient. It is the code for the whole Cabinet, which is probably the most self-righteous Cabinet this country has ever seen. Every member of it hymns the Psalms before going to bed, and mirrors the heavens in his eyes on the Sabbath.

### The President's Troubles

President Wilson would have us believe that the Mexican situation is quite satisfactory to the Administration, and that the policy of "watchful waiting" has brought nothing of embarrassment. We find it somewhat difficult to believe that the President himself is convinced that such is the case. Many complications have grown out of the state of anarchy that has long existed in Mexico, and in all probability the diplomatic correspondence which these complications have entailed makes it clear that the Administration has not been free from embarrassment. More than once it has been necessary to placate certain Chancelleries in Europe, for the injustice suffered by foreigners in Mexico has not been tolerated without protest. Indeed, the probability is that if Europe had not been plunged into war some pretty emphatic demands for intervention on the part of this country might have been made some months ago. We find that even now, notwithstanding the fact that Great Britain is preoccupied with affairs in France, she is not viewing with indifference the shutting down of certain oil wells in Mexico. The truth is that the policy of "watchful waiting" has caused so much exasperation in Europe that it would be very unfortunate for us were the situation which the President regards as satisfactory to be protracted beyond the return of peace. Even in this country the Wilson policy is incurring the displeasure of a large body of citizens for whom the President has some respect if not much affection. The Catholic Church is by no means indifferent to the cruelties and outrages suffered in Mexico by priests and nuns at the hands of Villa and his banditti. Catholics are observing that our Government, which is easily stirred to action by the complaints of missionaries in China and Turkey, is singularly complaisant toward Mexico. To make matters worse President Wilson's special representative, Mr. John Lind, has been giving circulation to a familiar slander against the Catholic Church. "Popular education in Mexico," he says, "except in respect to religion and politeness, was forbidden by a papal bull for two hundred years, and is now opposed by the old regime." This falsehood has been nailed so often that it seems hardly worth while to give it any more attention. The ignorance which is at the root of religious bigotry, and which has been made conspicuous in the public service by this Administration, is a stubborn thing. And wherever religious bigotry is prevalent it is agreeable to foster the mean slander that the religious institution which kept the lamp of knowledge burning through the ages is the enemy of popular education. However, it can do no harm to call Lind to account, and this has been done by the editor of the Catholic weekly America. He has addressed an open letter to the President's special representative asking him to cite the bull which he has mentioned, giving the reference to the Bullarium in which it is to be found, and, to avoid chance of error, to give the name of the Pope who issued the bull.

### The Pacifist's Argument

Senator Lodge having observed that the nation stands "unarmed, unready and undefended," a distinguished Pacifist reminds him with a chuckle that for the greater part of its existence the nation was far less armed and defended than it is today, and "yet no one interfered with its happiness." Is it possible that the apostle of peace has forgotten that somebody interfered with the happiness of the nation in the sixties of the last century? An army of one hundred thousand men could have ended the

war between the States in six weeks. As it was necessary to organize and drill an army the war lasted several years, necessitating the shedding of much blood and the spending of much money and the paying of many pensions. We interfered with our own happiness in the nineties, and there is no reason to suppose that we shall never do so again or that Uncle Sam will always prove himself as good a matchmaker as he was when he picked a scrap with poor, decrepit Spain. However, we have been pretty fortunate through the years, but we have skated on thin ice more than once, and it would be well if the people were permitted to know how many narrow escapes from war the nation has had, and to what extent we are indebted to friendly Powers for enabling us to keep out of difficulties the prospect of which gave Washington some severe shocks. If we were a nation of Pacifists there would be no urgent need of the things demanded by Senator Lodge, but Uncle Sam is not permitted to go without a chip on his shoulder, and the Earl of Swashbuckler survives in the person of more than one Representative in Congress.

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### A Little More Teaching, Please

Now comes the suggestion that in our public schools some instruction should be given in the duties and obligations of citizens. The need of such instruction is inferred from certain disclosures in the Grant-Wolfe senatorial centest. Several witnesses testified that they signed the petition for the recall of Grant without knowing the nature of it. They neglected to take the trouble to read the petition. Hence the suggestion that the public school should pay some attention to the subject of civic duties and obligations. If the public school could do all that is expected of it self-government would be easy, and unlimited democracy would be the ideal form of government. But the public school is not omnipotent. It can teach, but it cannot make the taught learn; it can instruct as to what is right, but it cannot make right preferable to wrong in every heart and every mind. It is a curious thing that while every sensible man admits that it would be foolish to give a people self-government without a system of education, yet many intelligent men assume that given a system of education a people cannot fail to be made proficient in the science of self-government. Many intelligent men are to be found who go so far as to assume that along with the acquisition of a little knowledge goes at once an inclination to do what is morally right and a disinclination to serve one's own ephemeral interest in preference to the permanent public good. Political scientists long ago established it as a maxim that in contriving any system of government and fixing the checks of the constitution it should be assumed that every man in all his actions has no other end than private interest. We have gone to the other extreme. At the same time we have assumed that whenever the citizen, having no private interest to serve is intent on serving the public good, he will be wise enough to take the right course. Our only justification for this assumption is that the citizen has had some schooling. That we have too much confidence in the intelligence and learning of the average product of the public school system is evident from the fact that even when he follows politics as a profession and becomes a legislator and presumably makes some study of the business of government he seldom rises above the level of one of our freak statesmen at Sacramento. To the statesman formed by our system of education and the editor similarly schooled must be attributed all the innovations by which we have been hurried along the road to the ideal, simple democracy which will ensure general happiness as soon as the majority of the people become paragons of learning and righteousness.

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### Our Frail Pietists

Another preacher gone wrong! In the usual way, too! How are we to account for the low average of morality and decency in a certain section of the clerical profession? This is a question that deserves serious consideration. It is not addressed to the mocker or the cynic, but rather to persons of good feeling who have the interests of religion and morality at heart. A great responsibility rests on the Christian ministry. It owes above all things good example to the world. It has been said that if a minister takes one step into the world his hearers will take two. Nowadays the wayward minister has on seven-league boots, and the pulpit attracts attention chiefly by its vices. Numerically a small profession, the Christian ministry furnishes more examples of the lust that is lawless than any other. Nearly every week it supplies the press with a scandal. A most remarkable phenomenon, this, one that should excite more than idle curiosity and at least as much concern as we give to commonplace social evils. It would seem to behoove the pulpit itself to take cognizance of the marked susceptibilities in the wrong direction of men whose lives should be visible piety. It will hardly do to account for the spread of depravity in the Christian ministry on the theory that Satan has rounded up all his legions for a drive against the citadel of morality, for as a matter of fact, and perhaps of some significance, ministers with the libidinous temperament and carnal appetite are peculiar to only two or three of the five and thirty jarring sects. The record shows that the vast majority of the clergymen who are less interested in the soul then its wrapping are of the churches that are known in England as non-conformist. These clergymen are generally of the ascetic type, men who were reared in the Puritanic atmosphere, who believe that man was made for the Sabbath, and that rum is distilled in the nether regions. Now it is a mistake to assume that these preachers who go wrong are arrant hypocrites. There is not so much hypocrisy in the world as the cynic would have us believe. That a man does what he condemns is not proof that he is a hypocrite. Many a man fails to practice all he wishes or approves. The only genuine hypocrite is the person who professes what he does not believe or who despises and detests what he affects outwardly to admire. No, the clergyman who goes in for adultery or seduction is not necessarily a hypocrite. More likely he is a weakling whose spirit is willing but whose flesh is weak. But why is there so much of a special weakness of flesh among non-conformist clergymen of the Puritanic type? Why does a man like the Rev. R. A. M. Browne, for instance, abstain from liquor and yield to a passion for another man's wife? Maybe in the Browne case is to be found the solution of the whole problem. For, as Professor Munsterberg tells us, the teetotaler is really not a total abstainer. While he abstains from liquor he indulges in other things; by repressing one instinct or craving he sharpens another. Exemplification of this is to be found in the history of the Puritans of New England. Popularly it is believed that the Puritans were a very moral people. The fact is that while they loved to censor other people's pleasures and insisted on imposing their own code of ethics on others, there was a positive laxity of morals among them. Charles Francis Adams has pointed out that a very close relationship existed between the morbid spiritual experiences for which the great and good Jonathan Edwards was primarily responsible and the "tide of immorality" which "rolled over the land between 1761 and 1775." There is much scientific evidence of the fact that the deliberate repression of the natural instincts reacts on the whole of the system. We have seen what happened to the teetotalers of Long Beach, and we know that the Turk who abstains from liquor is not averse to a phallic morality. If we ponder these things and give them the study they deserve perhaps in time we may come to see that the interests of the pulpit and religion are to served by cultivating a respect for what is natural rather than a distrust of Nature. St. Paul advised Timothy to take wine for his stomach's sake. Perhaps he spoke euphemistically. Anyway it may be well for some clergymen to take wine for their soul's sake.

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# Varied Types

## CCXIV—ALICE GENTLE

By Edward F. O'Day

The cigar girls streamed out of the factory in the approved fashion of operatic excitement. The sopranos with their eyes on the conductor, had one account of the affair; the contraltos, equally observant of the baton, had another. Both accounts were musically pleasing, so the audience didn't bother its collective head as to which one was correct. This much was clear: naughty Carmen had carved the face of La Manuelita with a cigar knife. It was up to Don Jose to do his duty. I was standing with Carmen when he came to arrest her. She showed no sign of excitement. Her blouse was torn a bit, but not enough to suit her, for just before Don Jose dragged her into the street she rent another long tatter in it. And as she was taken in custody, what do you suppose she said to me?

"You see," she smiled over her shoulder, "I have had a prosaic career. It's not worth printing, is it?"

A moment later Carmen was defying and flouting her captors to the intense delight of the Alcazar audience.

"Not Alice Gentle, but gentle Alice," Martin Merle, the publicity man of the theatre, had said a little before, and this time he was not press-agenting. The handsome girl with the splendid mezzo and the amazing high C is not a Carmen offstage. She is a tame prima donna. She has no grand operatic airs. There is nothing to indicate that she has been spoiled by San Francisco's sudden and complete subjugation to her unheralded voice. Perhaps she may develop tantrums as she gathers fame; certainly she has none now. Temperament she undoubtedly possesses, but of that which usually masquerades as temperament, namely temper, she gives no sign.

"Look what Sacchetti did to me," she had said in her dressing room, baring a white, rounded arm. Where the vaccination mark might have been there was a black and blue bruise. "Some tenors are very rough," she sighed as she whitened the spot.

Gentle Alice? Indeed she is gentle. For less than a bruised arm Collamarini used to stamp on poor little Russo's face!

Alice Gentle is brisk, vivacious and good-natured as well as gentle. And as the remark she made in the wings serves to show, she is not conceited. She apologized to me for the meagerness of her professional history.

"I suppose," she said, "that I ought to have been born in some important city, educated abroad by famous teachers, sung before kings and all that sort of thing. Isn't that what singers always say when they are interviewed?"

Clearly Alice Gentle had not been interviewed often, else she would have known the difference between news gatherers and press agents. I told her that the unvarnished truth always had a pleasing luster in print.

"In that case," she said, "I may as well confess that I'm just a plain ordinary American girl. I've never been abroad. Do you think it would be well to tell where I was born?"

"It can't possibly do any harm," I told her.

"Well, then," she said, "I was born in Peoria. It doesn't sound impressive, does it? Certainly it wouldn't do to say where I was brought up."

I intimated that it would.

"Do you think so?" she asked doubtfully. "Well, if I must make a clean breast of it, in Seattle!"

You see, this young prima donna is still quite naive. She hasn't come to realize yet that it is only the voice that counts. I doubt whether she realizes what her voice will mean to her in the years to come. Was ever a fine singer launched on her career with so small a cargo of self-consciousness?

"I went to the public school in Seattle," gentle Alice continued, "and for a time I sang in St. Mark's Church. Then I went to New York to study. I only had one teacher, Carl Bendeman. I am very grateful to him for all he did for me. I sang for a short while at the Scotch Presbyterian Church in New York, but I didn't like choir singing, it is so stiff and formal. But I had to earn my own living, so Mr. Bendeman got me a hearing at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House. I was awfully frightened when I sang for the chorus master, and when I finished he shook his head and told me I wouldn't do. But Mr. Bendeman used all the influence he had and I was finally taken into the chorus. I sang in that chorus for two years.

"My chance came when the Manhattan company was singing in Boston. The opera was 'The Love Tales of Hoffman,' with Doria, Renaud, Cavalieri, Trentini and Gilibert in the cast. Madame Doria was singing Nikolaus, and was taken violently ill at the end of the second act. This was a dreadful calamity, for Nikolaus 'doubles' in the part of the Mother in the last act. Zuro who is our conductor here, was chorus master, and he picked me out to sing the part of the Mother. I didn't know the music, and we hadn't even a pitch pipe behind the scenes. They had half an hour to coach me. I was badly frightened, but this time my fright seemed to help my voice. At the end of the performance Oscar Hammerstein came to me and said:

"'Young woman, you shall have a contract next season.'

"He kept his word, but unfortunately that next season was the season he went broke trying to give New York 'educational opera,' as he called it. Of course I sang very small parts, but before the company disbanded Oscar came to me and said:

"'Young woman, study Carmen. You have the makings of a great Carmen.'

"So I studied Carmen, and I sang it on the Bowery where Zuro gave a short season of opera. I also sang Amneris there. Isn't it strange that Zuro should be my chorus master, then my impresario and now my conductor? After that I was with Sam Bernard for a season in 'All for the Ladies.'"

Alice Gentle shook her head at the recollection of that season, and laughed a little. Plainly she did not enjoy her association with Sam Bernard's company.

"But," she said, as though arguing with herself, "it did me good to have a season of musical comedy. Grand opera makes you heavy and solemn. The acting part of it is neglected. Musical comedy gave me lightness and taught me to act. After all, I'm not sorry I went with Sam Bernard. Then Mr. Bevani came along last year and engaged me for a season in Boston. I sang Carmen and Amneris there, but people didn't take to me as they have in San Francisco. They are very cold in Boston. And there you are. That's all that happened to me until I came here. It isn't very interesting, is it? It won't make a good article, I'm sure.

"I must say that I am very grateful to the musical critic of Town Talk. I can't tell you how much I appreciate what has been said about my singing in your paper. It was very kind, and I shall try to deserve it.

"One of the critics here wondered whether I was satisfied with my Carmen, whether I thought it was a perfect Carmen. Imagine! Is anybody every satisfied with their work? Does any singer ever think that she is perfect, or anywhere near perfect? I should like to meet that critic and tell him that when he wrote that about me I had sung Carmen exactly nine times. And I should like to tell him that I learned it first in French, and had to learn it all over again in Italian when Mr. Bevani engaged me."

This was said gently, smilingly, with a proper dash of spunk but with no sprinkling of malice. Alice Gentle is young yet, and her experience of the vagaries of critics is still to come. I hope she doesn't pay too much attention to all they say. Here, for instance, is one of them complaining that her Carmen is too much like a fishwife. I wonder if he has ever read Prosper Merimee's story? I wonder if he knows what sort of woman Carmen was? Why, the first time the traveler who relates the story of Carmen met her she stole his watch! Can the gipsy wanton who slashed Manuelita's face in a little friendly dispute be too much like a fishwife in the portrayal? Fascinating she must be, with the beauty of the devil as they say in France, full of animal allure, hot in love and quarrel, deadly in hate—but a fishwife may be all of that. It was because Collamarini played Carmen in that vein that San Francisco went crazy over her. Carmen is not Manon, she is not Violetta, she is not Thais, she is not Tosca—she is just a gitanella with a glint of hell in her eye, a papelito in her mouth, a lot of nicotine on her fingers and a dagger in her stocking. Carmen could swear like a fishwife, only librettists don't believe in allowing prima donnas to swear. Carmen was guilty of many things of which a fishwife would be ashamed; yet Carmen gloried in them, and sang "tra la la," and danced and got drunk, no doubt, at Lillas-Pastia's.

Truly, I hope Alice Gentle won't take such criticism too seriously. For she interprets Carmen aright. She has the voice to begin with. More than that, she has the beauty and the youth and the fire and the physical fascination that make Merimee's and Bizet's heroine a living creature and the ruin of poor Done Jose quite easy to understand. And, O rara avis! this prima donna has a sense of her defects.

"You don't know," she said to me, "how I have worked to overcome my tremolo."

A singer who talks like that must be no mean critic herself.

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# Perspective Impressions

The French are advancing am Rhine, but the Germans are still on die wacht.

Former President Taft describes California as a "faddist" State. Wouldn't "fathead" be better?

The Rev. John Troxell of this city preached on "The Sin of Unfaithfulness" last Sunday. The Rev. R. A. M. Browne and the Rev. Arthur Maxson Smith regard this as unclubby.

"I abhor the promiscuous chasing of women and I never indulged in a bit of it," wrote the Berkeley clerical concupiscent to his wife. A unitarian sinner, in other words.

"It was passionate love that gripped me like a vice," said the pulpit carnalist in the same confession. His lady love of course was the vice-reine.

"Perhaps I was intended to be a Mormon," is another gem in the Rev. Smith's letter to his wife. A Mormon maybe, but not a latter day saint.

One of the Guggenheims thinks the State should provide work for everybody. If he doesn't watch out the I. W. W. will get him.

"It's good to be home again," said John D. as he entered the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church last Sunday. Is that church the house of God or of Rockefeller?

Congress is amending the immigration laws to bar from the country persons in whom there is evidence of "constitutional psychopathic inferiority." Isn't it more important that they should be barred from Congress, the Cabinet and other places where they do so much harm?

A Guggenheim complains that the United States has not made as much progress in paternalism and socialism as England and Germany. Quite true, but we don't hear of any workingmen immigrating to England and Germany, and we do hear that there was more comfort, less discontent, more happiness, less envy in the world several centuries back when socialism was unknown.

Now that Hearst is supporting the President's ship purchase bill perhaps the President may think it advisable to take another look at it.

"Iceland prohibits sale of liquor," says the headline. There are no snakes in Iceland, and there ain't a-goin' to be none.

Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, is developing along the lines of most conspicuously successful Americans—he's getting to be a know-it-all.

The son of a minister wants a permit for a dance hall on the Barbary Coast. That's no place for a minister's son.

Maury Diggs has just been able to sell a patent. One of these days he may be able, from personal study, to patent a cell.

"I was always to her a demigod," moans Rev. Smith, thinking of his inamorata. A Hercules doing needle work for Omphale, or a Theseus sneaking away from Ariadne?

# The Temper of Paris

By H. W. M.

War under Conscription has had the incidental effect of arresting what the foreigner is apt to regard as most characteristic in the life of Paris. Paris is eminently a talking city. But now that talking goes on in a kind of whisper. It has a peculiar gaiety and abundance of movement, to which every hour of the day lends some new expression, due to the playfulness of children, the bustle, the coquetry, the eccentricity of women, and the universal air of cheerful preparation for work and pleasure. Now it is nearly as quiet as a fashionable plage in a dying season. When the Government left for Bordeaux in the dead of night, to the accompaniment of a shower of bombs from "Taubes," masses of the population left too. They are returning; but long lines of shops and flats and hotels remain closed (or turned into hospitals), and taxis are still almost as rare as croissants or American millionaires. Simplex munditiis. Paris looks all the more beautiful for her garb of sadness, the lack of color in dress and social equipage, while streets whose charm depends on space, distinction of line, and softness of tint, shine through the December sun all the clearer for their half-abandonment.

In other than the material sense Paris has ceased to be a ville lumiere. Not a book of account has been published since the war; the presses are not working, and the authors are not writing. With the loss of her delicate apparatus of criticism, irony, research, social analysis, have gone the outer signs of her internal warfare. Where are the cartoons, the brochures, the countless sword-thrusts and pin-pricks of French politics? M. Clemenceau fights the censorship; revenges on his chosen victim the insult of a mutilated article, and pays the penalty in next morning's issue of "L'Homme Enchaine" with intervals of blank paper cutting his epigrams in two. But he stands alone; and in a critical time he does not choose to go far. What the direction and fortune of intellectual democracy in France would have been had Juares lived it is impossible to say. We may be sure that it could not have been factious; we may imagine that it would have been nobly stimulating and honorably prudent. Under Juares there might have been more fire than seems to burn in the France which, having accepted the war under the weight of the evidence which showed that Germany thrust it upon her, has become a single instrument for carrying it on and through. But there could hardly have been more resolution.

It is impossible for an Englishman at this stage of the encounter to realize what such an attitude means. Not only is the war without glory, but it is waged under conditions repugnant to the French genius for battle. It is defensive, and the waiting, wearing character it has taken on was the result of the failure of the brilliant but ill-prepared offensive which ended in the retreat from Charleroi. The nation heard the news, when events revealed it to them, with perfect calm. It continued to trust its silent and entirely loyal general; for he indeed was not responsible. The most censorious of peoples allowed itself one victim, the Minister whom it supposed to be the author of the rejected advice to surrender Paris on the eve of the battle of the Marne. The retirement of the President and the Government to Bordeaux it qualified by a certain withdrawal of popularity. Since September neither M. Poincare nor his Ministers have counted, in the imagination of Frenchmen, for more than a necessary but minor element in the work of rooting the German armies out of France. A Napoleon they neither possess nor desire; but, on the other hand, no purely political figure intervenes to check their sober hero-worship of the army and the two or three lesser chiefs—Foch, Sarrail, Castelnau—whom they associate with the commander-in-chief. Millerand and Briand represent the most powerful personalities of the Government. But they belong to one type, persistent in France, though never long attractive to her. They are makers of ministries rather than leaders of men. The French people, engaged in an historic struggle to preserve their soul and individuality, look beyond them to the sons and husbands and fathers who line the water-logged trenches. The small economies of a thrifty people, the culture of the soil, the pleasurableness of living in a delightful land, the glories of ancient faith or the visions of political theory, remain the accustomed landmarks of French society. But its quietly concentrated vision is on the line of the Aisne and beyond. There is the nation. Behind it—half a million strong—are the "new class" of youths of "vingt ans" in whose intelligence and ardor so much confidence is felt. Behind them stands the offering of still younger lives; and the grand background of all is this disciplined reserve of the French spirit.

Such a situation is new in France; and it is a pity, therefore, that a party of literary men—in rather scandalous breach of the "union sacree" which inaugurated the war—should treat it as if it were something old and familiar, a late fruit of Boulangism, or Nationalism, or Clericalism, or some other of the embodiments of the "reaction." The France of today is deeply serious; judging by the print-shops in the Rue de Rivoli she has become re-Catholicized. But she has not given up the Revolution or Parliamentary Government. MM. Bourget, Barres, Capus, Bazin, Paul Adam, seem to think so, for, book-making being out of fashion, they have descended on the Parisian press—now almost purely Nationalist in tone—in a cloud of supporting articles. M. Barres proposes to make Joan of Arc's day a national festival. M. Capus asks what need has France of politicians or Parliaments when she has soldiers—and such soldiers! M. Adam takes note of the cheers for regiments departing for the war, rising from the great procession which followed Juares to the grave. All these writers, victims of the thesis, forget that the army of

today is France, and France is the army—workman, citizen, priest, bourgeois, capitalist (save for the embusques, or shirkers, on whom M. Clemenceau keeps a reproving eye)—and that when it returns it will represent precisely the thoughts about religion, government, taxes, society, and peace which the Frenchman and Frenchwoman at home will be thinking, only more so. For unless they are much belied, the soldiers represent rather the moderation than the extravagance of French ideas about the end of the war. And if M. Poincare and M. Millerand believe, as they are supposed to believe, in a strengthened Presidency and a weakened Chamber, or in the repeal of the Separation Act, or if they see a semi-conservative country—devoted to soldiering and tenderly reminiscent of Joan of Arc—springing up out of the desolation of this war, they assume a shallow mind in the now armed democracy of France.

The greatness of the ordeal of the armies is only matched by the stoical calm of the civil population. None doubt the end of the war; but the process is a searching test of hearts. Death has taken toll of our sons; in France, as in Germany, it stands close to every door, and menaces not only the culture of the fields and vineyards and the thousand economies of urban industry, but the life of an unexpanding population. Travelers in the interminable trains exchange news of their losses. "Gustave is walking a little now." "Louis, poor fellow, has lost his arm." "Jules was to have been married a day or so before the war, but he refused." "Quite right," was the reply. "I have just seen my son back to the front with a half-healed wound which barely allows him to sit a horse," said a distinguished Frenchman to me. "But what is that to Madame A—? Sons, grandsons—all are at the war." Practically two generations present themselves for the altar, and two sets of opinions spring from them. Naturally, the older men, inheritors of the revanche, desire to have done for ever with the German menace, and see no way of removing it short of the collapse of the German nation as it exists under the Prussian hegemony, and a long military occupation for the enforcement of an indemnity. At that point of victory differences may arise. The voice of the French peasant will then, it is thought, count for peace, and the financial difficulties—the necessity of an income-tax in view of the falling off of indirect taxation, the great rent question, in which, in view of the now extended moratorium, the Government are bound to come to the rescue after the war, the call for rehabilitating the invaded departments and their ruined peoples—will count too.

There are other factors which make for a reasonable, though not an indecisive, settlement. The younger school of politicians accept the war rather than rejoice in it. They do not think, with Bourget, that for France its declaration was a "happy" thought of the Kaiser's. And, as I have said, they carry with them the generation which constitutes the real strength and elan of the Republican armies. There are varying calculations as to the term of the campaign. The most experienced civilian I consulted spoke of a year; the generals incline to a briefer estimate. They lay stress on the unredeemed failure of the German generals to reach their objectives of Paris and Calais, and the difficulty of their holding so extended a line as that of the Aisne or of advancing from it against a now impregnable defense. But I could discern no fatigue of spirit, no shrinking from a complete acceptance of the enormous burden of resistance within the soil of France and counter-attack beyond. It is true that the expression of this resolve runs less in the vein of Christian piety than of Roman endurance. The church has been active and tender in her ministrations to the army, somewhat to the discouragement, say some of her critics, of the natural cheerfulness of the French soldier. But apart from natives of the specially Catholic regions of France, the wounded do not strike observers as being conspicuously influenced by them. All over the world the poor acquiesce in what is sent; the why and the whence are not so clearly discerned. Now that in France the visitations come in the form of suffering and death, they are accepted too, as the lot of a conscript nation which the Revolution made one. That, I think, is the mood of the French soldier. The sentimentalism of M. Barres will not change it or divert it into channels where human thought and energy have ceased to run with power.

# The Submarine

**Its Development and Its Military Value—Is the Day of the Battleship Passing?**

**By Archibald Hurd**

The submarine, despite the successes achieved during the war, has been proved to be neither invincible nor invulnerable. Whether or not it will ever drive the battleship off the seas is a matter on which naval officers of experience hold diverse views. What the submarine is they know; what the submarine may become no one knows. It may be capable of almost indefinite development. Ten years ago the under-water craft which were then passing into the navies of the world were small, fragile, slow, and therefore comparatively ineffective. The submarines of recent construction are large, fairly stoutly built, and on the surface develop a speed superior to that of the battleship.

In view of the fact that war is in progress, it is perhaps advisable to illustrate the progress of the submarine by reference to the craft of the German and other navies; but it should be understood that in submarine construction England is certainly not behind any other country. When the war opened Germany possessed, either complete or nearly complete, about thirty—perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four in all—submarines. Two-thirds of these vessels were comparatively small and slow. But in 1912 the German naval authorities began launching a new series, beginning with the under-sea boat numbered 21. There is every reason to believe that it is these new craft, numbering about a dozen only, which have been operating far from their bases and have robbed England of so many ships. These latest submarines are larger than most of the destroyers in the German service, and are, in fact, very remarkable vessels. Instead of displacing less than 200 tons, as was the case with the early boats, they have a displacement on the surface of 900 tons. They are 213 feet long, and have a beam of 20 feet. Their speed on the surface is said to be 18 or 20 knots, and they carry sufficient fuel to travel two thousand sea miles without replenishing their oil tanks. Their speed when submerged is about 12 knots. These craft have three tubes for the discharge of torpedoes and also carry two guns—one a 14-pounder on a disappearing mounting, and the other a one-pounder weapon of special construction, which, it is claimed, is not injured by exposure to sea-water and is, therefore, on a fixed pedestal, remaining in position when the boat is submerged. Although the Germans took up the construction of submarines four or five years later than the British naval authorities, there can be no doubt that they have produced a series of boats of high military value. Not only is this true, but the experience of the war proves that the personnel of the submarine service is extremely efficient and the officers lack nothing in coolness and daring.

The conditions under which the crews of submarines exist have entirely changed in the past few years, and changed for the better. The boats no longer possess only cramped accommodation and therefore little air. They are large and roomy—as large, in fact, as a modern destroyer; they are provided with what passes for a deck; the commanding officer possesses a bridge from which to navigate the vessel when running on the surface, and when submerged the depth can be adjusted so nicely as to leave two periscopes, small fishlike eyes, on the surface of the water. These instruments are constructed on the principle of the camera obscura—one is available for the commanding officer when searching for his prey, and the other can be used for navigation purposes. Although it is believed that the periscopes used in different navies resemble each other in general principle, it is by no means certain that the German type is not better than that fitted in the submarines of other countries. The Germans have always been supreme in all optical matters, and it would not be surprising if in the construction of efficient periscopes they had outdistanced all rivals.

When submerged to a depth of a hundred feet or so even the most modern submarine is blind, for the periscope is then also submerged, but existence has its compensations. The vessel, propelled by electric motors fed from accumulators, is comparatively quiet and well lighted; there is an ample supply of fresh air; and the accommodation for the crew is good. The interior of a submarine, when running below the surface, somewhat resembles a section of a "Tube" railway,

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but the atmosphere is fresher, and the vessel is more brilliantly lighted. The two or more officers can pass the time reading or writing; while the crew may play cards, turn on the gramophone, or hold an impromptu concert. A submarine is somewhat democratic; the stricter rules of discipline are relaxed. There are always plenty of volunteers among the lower deck ratings for duty in under-water craft, particularly as they receive extra pay.

What is it like in the interior of a submarine? Here, again, it is advisable to rely upon German rather than upon British experience. Some time ago one of the crew of a German submarine—the wireless operator, for these craft have wireless installations—gave a description of a run in a submarine which conveys an admirable impression of the conditions under which these craft operate:—

"The sea is calm. Our hull is now completely submerged, and the water is lapping over the deck. Another few feet and the conning-tower is covered. Only the slim periscope betrays our position to the watchers on the surface. Through the periscope the spires of Kiel some distance away can be discerned. 'Five metres' (16 feet) announces the man at the depth indicator, and, a moment later, 'six metres' (19 feet). Deeper and deeper we sink, and it begins to grow chilly. The steel hull is very sensitive to changes of temperature, and down in the depths it is cold enough. Without delay the electric heater is turned on, and gives forth welcome warmth. Sixty-five feet is the depth now recorded on the dial.

"I learn that we are to engage in torpedo practice at a target towed along the surface by a steam pinnace. In the bow compartment, which usually serves as living and sleeping accommodation, the chairs and tables have been stowed away and the torpedo gunners are busy at the bow tube. A torpedo is taken from its rack, placed in the slings and swung into the breech of the tube. This is a difficult operation considering the weight and length of the torpedo and the narrow space in which work has to be done, and it is further complicated by the gentle rolling of the boat. But the tube is loaded and the breech swung home. A pump fills the air-chamber at the breech of the tube with compressed air, which is to drive the torpedo out, while the missile itself has already been charged with the compressed air which propels its engines.

"From the conning-tower come repeated orders to the men in charge of the motors, pump, and other appliances. Suddenly the motor stops. 'Stand by!' shouts the man at the voice pipe. For one moment a deadly silence reigns, broken only by the gentle hiss of the oxygen apparatus. Then the motor starts again, this time going full speed astern. We are probably determining the range of the target."

In continuation of this narrative, this German added:

"What would be happening if this were war? Supposing the enemy's ship had escaped our torpedo and discovered us by the wash of our screws, which even at some depth still make a slight disturbance on the surface; and what if he were pursuing us, ready to drive his ram through our thin plating or to overwhelm us with a storm of bursting shell?

"At this moment there is a dull thud from the bows, and the boat quivers slightly. The torpedo has been discharged and is now speeding towards the target at a velocity of forty knots. We shall not know till later whether we have made a hit or a miss.

"With the firing of the torpedo our exercise is practically over, and preparations are now made to return to the surface. The bilge pumps are set in motion to clear the diving tanks and restore our buoyancy. The horizontal and vertical rudders and the diving planes are readjusted, and we begin to ascend.

"Very soon a faint green light pervades the interior, and grows stronger. The conning-tower emerges, and an instant later we are on the surface, while the internal-combustion motors come into action and propel us through the water at increased speed. At last comes the welcome order, "Open hatches!" Ours is the first head to be thrust through the opening, and never before had the daylight seemed so welcome. The lungs take in deep draughts of fresh air instead of the "tinned" atmosphere we have been breathing since we went below, and which, in spite of the oxygen and purifying apparatus, still leaves much to be desired. The electric lamps are burning dimly and give but a pale light in comparison to the sunshine which now floods the sea. It is good to be alive and under the open sky again."

What is the future of the submarine? In ten years the displacement has been quadrupled, the speeds on the surface and submerged have been doubled, and the fighting equipment immensely improved; from being little steel caskets, in which the crew dare hardly move for fear of disturbing the stability, they have become large, roomy craft in which twenty to thirty officers and men can live in comparative comfort. Great as has been the progress, there is every indication that the submarine has not yet reached the limit of its development.

It is common knowledge that when war occurred more than one country had under construction vessels of the coastal type and vessels of the squadron type. Some of the latter, it was reported, would displace 1,200 tons on the surface, have a speed of twenty knots, with twelve knots when submerged, and would be fitted with six torpedo tubes and two guns. Even this increase in size does not mark the limit which the submarine is attaining, for the United States is about to build a vessel of 1,500 tons, with a radius of action of three thousand miles. Even larger submarines than this may be built in the near future. They will be vessels able to operate freely at a great distance from their base. In normal circumstances they will cruise on the surface, but they will be able to submerge themselves at will. It is probable that they will not only have tubes for discharging torpedoes, but will have their sterns specially constructed so as to enable them to drop mines. Indeed, the submarine minelayer is already a reality, Russia having already built a vessel of this type. Submarine cruisers of this character of the immediate future will be vessels of great menace. They will combine in some measure the qualities of a surface cruiser with those of the under-water craft with which the war is rendering us only too familiar. Like the submarines which have recently been constructed in England and in Germany, they will have guns as well as wireless installations, which will enable them to send and receive intelligence. It is not improbable that they will be fitted with some form of sound-signal apparatus, the hull of the vessel acting as a drum against which the sound caused by the screws of a big ship will strike, to be caught by a microphone and thus carried to the ears of one of the officers on duty.

It may be concluded that when large submarines of the sea-going type have been built the day of the battleship will be over. This, however, does not necessarily follow. War has already shown that speed is the big ship's best defense against submarine attack, and it is impossible to conceive a submersible man-of-war which can approach in rate of traveling the achievements of surface craft. Probably about twenty knots is as much as will ever be obtained in a submarine vessel on active service. We already have in the British fleet battleships—we call them battle-cruisers—which can steam at thirty knots, and the limit in these men-of-war has not yet been reached. It may be anticipated that as the submarine increases in offensive powers, and increases also in size, battleship design as well as cruiser design will undergo considerable alteration.


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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXII—SAN FRANCISCO

(In the following sonnet we find Dr. Taylor challenging the world on behalf of his city. Dr. Taylor believes in no half measure of praise. He "goes the whole distance," to use a homely phrase. It may truthfully be said that what Dr. Taylor lacks in inspiration he makes up in enthusiasm.)

By Edward Robeson Taylor

Queen regnant she, and so shall be for aye
As long as her still unpolluted sea
Shall wash the borders of her brave and free,
And mother her incomparable Bay.
The pharisees and falsehood-mongers may
Be rashly blatant as they care to be,
She yet with dauntless, old-time liberty
Will hold her own indomitable way.
A Royal One, all love and heart can bear,
The all of strength that human arm can wield,
Are thine devotedly, and ever thine;
And thou wilt use them till thy brow shall wear
A newer crown by high endeavor sealed
With gems emitting brilliances divine.

# The Spectator

### Johnson and Duffy

When Governor Johnson demanded and received the resignation of Dennis M. Duffy, the president of the Prison Board, finis was written to an intimate association extending over fifteen years. Long before politicians inspected the auspices, saw there Hiram Johnson's approaching success in public life and hastened to cultivate him for their own selfish ends, Dennis Duffy worked with him, knew him (or fondly thought he did) and admired him sincerely, profoundly. After Johnson's debut as an office seeker his candidacy had no warmer, no more active champion than Duffy. In his wide circle of friends Duffy did yeoman service for Johnson, and remarkable as it may seem, with no longing for personal reward. When Johnson was elected and set about distributing the plums of victory, he appointed Duffy president of the Board of Prison Directors, a position which makes enormous demands on the holder's time and energy but carries no salary. Realizing that it would take him away continually from his law practice Duffy at first declined the appointment, but when Johnson urged him to accept, pointing out the great work to be done at the two prisons, he reluctantly acceded. It was characteristic of Duffy that immediately on assuming office he filed his resignation with the Governor so that the Governor might be quite free to displace him if his official course should in any way conflict with the policy of the Administration.

### Duffy's Prison Work

It was equally characteristic of Duffy that having taken the position he threw himself heart and soul into the work it entailed. There was never a more conscientious or a more enlightened penologist in California. Prisoners, ex-convicts and paroled men occupied the hours which a less absorbed commissioner would have devoted to personal aggrandizement. Look over the names of the salaried commissioners appointed by Governor Johnson, and you will find none more zealous in the discharge of his official duties than Duffy. You may search far without finding many who have not used their connection with the Administration to advance their own fortunes. This is particularly true of the lawyers who hold office under Johnson. Not always with perfect propriety have they fattened their bank accounts by trading on their influence at Sacramento. Duffy never did this. In fact, he devoted himself so completely to the prison work which brought no remuneration except the satisfaction that comes from helping the down-and-out that his friends often expostulated with him, pointing out that he owed it to himself to give more attention to his professional practice. But Duffy's prison work had become a passion with him, and he felt that in doing it to the best of his ability he was simply meeting the obligation of friendship. His friend Johnson had given him a trust to perform, and he was determined to execute it in such wise that the administration of his friend would gather credit with the people.

### Standing the Gaff

No prison director in California history ever had such pressure brought to bear upon him as was exerted upon Duffy when the efforts to secure Abe Ruef's release from San Quentin were at their height. The Bulletin made that fight its pet fight, and hammered so hard at the door of Ruef's cell that it even forced a legislative investigation of conditions at San Quentin. Duffy stood with the Governor against the release of Ruef and refused to budge. Town Talk always took the position that Ruef should be pardoned by the Governor and it pointed out that the Bulletin should have sought his release in this way instead of attempting to extort his parole from the Prison Board. But this is not the time to review that controversy. The point is that Duffy stood by his guns and believing that he was right, allowed nothing to swerve him. He took abuse that should have been leveled at Governor Johnson because he conceived that to be one of the penalties of his official position. What would have happened to Governor Johnson if a man of another caliber occupied Duffy's position is now an idle speculation. But Johnson must have thanked his stars fervently many a time that his friend Dennis Duffy was on that troublesome job, was spending himself in that ticklish work.

### The Breach Begins

If Dennis Duffy was unmoved in the face of newspaper attack he was also independent in his relations with the Administration. He regarded it as a friend's privilege to speak frankly at all times. "The king can do no wrong" was not his motto, and no doubt when Johnson made what Duffy thought were mistakes he was in no fear of telling him so. Certainly he must have criticised other members of Johnson's official family whenever his opinion was asked, for there was plenty to criticise and Duffy was not the man to blink facts. It is easy to understand that he made enemies who lost no opportunity to hurt him. Some of these enemies were very close to the Governor, much closer than Duffy had ever been. And yet it seemed inconceivable that Johnson should turn upon his old friend. But politics is a bad game, and it is the inconceivable that too often happens when that game is played.

### Duffy's Troubles, Johnson's Chance

Some time ago Duffy suffered a great sorrow in his private life. It was a sorrow to win for him the sympathy of strangers and to make the hearts of his friends bleed for him. It was a sorrow which so possessed him that his thoughts were distracted from his professional practice. Whatever surcease came to him was derived from his prison duties, for there is a comfort in relieving others when oneself is suffering. Duffy's neglect of his practice led to the recent entanglements with which newspaper readers are familiar. Those entanglements were speedily straightened out, for Duffy's culpability was carelessness and his carelessness was due to intense worry over private unhappiness. Nobody acquainted with the details of those entanglements thinks less of Dennis Duffy because of them. But the Governor took this occasion to strike at his old friend. He struck, it is said, in sorrow of heart. It is even said that he could not sleep for worrying over Duffy's troubles. Nevertheless Duffy was fed to the lions. Poor Duffy! Never was man more in need of sympathy and consolation, but the Administration was in trouble and the Governor in the poignancy of his perplexity and sorrow butchered him by way of a vicarious sacrifice. That's the way it looks to me.

### The Clockwinder Has a Fit

There was great commotion in the office of the Harbor Commission last Tuesday. Com-

missioner Dwyer was startled out of his daily siesta by what seemed to him to be a dynamite explosion followed by the fall of a heavy piece of furniture. He rushed into the adjoining room, and found the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock writhing on the floor. Quickly he called up the Emergency Hospital, but long before the ambulance arrived the clockwinder was on his feet in the best of health. Presently he pointed to an article in a daily paper. He had been reading it, he explained. It was about Railroad Commissioner Loveland. When he read what Loveland said when asked to become a stockholder of the Modern Homestead Association, he exploded with laughter and threw a fit on the floor. All that Loveland said was: "Looks like a chance to help humanity, doesn't it—to help settlers to get a home."

"I don't see anything funny about that," said Dwyer, who had not yet recovered from his fright.

"It isn't funny," said the clockwinder, "it's superb. It shows that the ruling passion of the Administration is strong in private as well as in public business. Everybody is doing it—everybody from the Governor down to the lowliest janitor."

"Doing what?" Dwyer asked.

"Helping humanity. That was what Thelen was doing when he lent his money at ten per cent. That's why you're asking for a raise of salary, Joe—to get more money to help humanity with. It's the obsession of the generation, Joe. All the dyspeptic reformers down in Los Angeles want us all to enjoy life on a pepsin basis—they're just crazy about humanity. So is Colonel Weinstock. He has been telling the reporters in New York that four members of the firm of Weinstock, Lubin & Co. have quit business to help humanity. And here, by the way, is a copy of Assembly Bill No. 219 introduced by Mr. Gebhart, who is burning with anxiety about humanity. Have you seen it?"

"No," said Dwyer, "what's it about?"

The clockwinder read: "An act to add a new section to the Penal Code to be numbered Section 288 relating to sex perversions and defining the same to be felonies."

"Read the rest of it," said Dwyer.

"No, it wouldn't be any use, Joe; you wouldn't understand it. The humanity that this act is designed to help is of Los Angeles, where the natural passions are suppressed in the interest of the appetite from Iowa."

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### Aux Armes, A. O. H.!

"By the bye, Joe," asked the clockwinder, "who's going to be orator of the day at the St. Patrick's celebration?"

President Dwyer thought a moment, then admitted that he hadn't heard, whereupon the clock winder shook his head reprovingly.

"You ought to keep in touch with these things, Joe," he said, "or you'll lose out entirely."

"Don't be impertinent!" said Dwyer snappishly.

"I'm sorry to see that you've lost your good nature since the Governor turned down Nick Beban's salary bill," said the clockwinder. "However, we'll let that pass. I was going to say that if you run across the orator for the Seventeenth of March I've got a subject you can suggest to him for his speech."

"What is it?" asked Dwyer, a little mollified.

"Why," said the clockwinder, drawing a newspaper from his flask pocket, "I've just been reading about a rapparee in Boston who wants to change his name from Hogan to Homan because Hogan is too Irish to suit him and his high toned family."

### Wants to Be De-Hoganized

"By the soul of Napper Tandy, is it possible!" exclaimed Dwyer.

"It is," said the clockwinder consulting the paper. "It says here in this New York paper that this broth of a boy went into court with a petition to be de-hoganized and that a lawyer named Shanley was there to fight him. Shanley made Edward Joseph Hogan admit that he was a Catholic, that his mother and father were buried in a Catholic cemetery, but that he had been married in the Episcopal church. Also that he had been in the country for thirty years but was only naturalized two years ago; likewise that he had a brother in the poor house."

"The omadhaun!" exclaimed Dwyer.

"Hogan's wife went on the stand," continued the clockwinder, "and said she objected to the name because it was Irish. She said there were many grades of Irish names, and that Hogan was in the lowest grade. She said it was associated with too many cheap jokes to suit her. She said her first name was Geneva; that her daughter had been blackballed by a literary society and that in the bank where her son worked they asked him whether he was a Catholic. That must have been a very galling question for the sensitive young man to answer."

"What did the judge do?" asked Dwyer.

"The paper doesn't say," answered the clockwinder. "But the point is that this is a fine theme for the St. Patrick's Day orator. He might give it a little local color by taking a fling or two at the Irish Catholics in California who join the Masons."

The clockwinder winked, and Joe Dwyer who is a good Knight of Columbus, seemed to know what he was driving at.

### Abuse of the Kaiser

Some English writers are exhausting the vocabulary of personal abuse in trying to give adequate expression to their feelings respecting Emperor William. The German Emperor is as profoundly hated in England today as was the First Consul of a little more than a century ago. The common English idea about Napoleon was that he was a mystery of iniquity. They called him a scourge of God and the Corsican Ogre, and they caricatured him as the devil with a tail and cloven hoofs. But for more than fifty years Napoleon has been a great hero to Englishmen. More books on Napoleon have emanated from England than from any other country, not excepting France, and a few years ago there was published in London a book under the title "Contemporary Caricatures of and Satires on Napoleon," which was recommended as a means of estimating fully the extent of English stupidity, ignorance and bigoted hatred in regard to Napoleon in the days when he was deluging Europe with blood. So the prophets who are telling us of the things that are to happen as a result of the war might be given pause were they to reflect on the great change of feeling that has taken place in England in one hundred years.

### Hubbard's Masterpiece

The meanest thing that has been said of the Kaiser was not said by an Englishman. It was said by an American, one of Mr. Hearst's occasional special writers—Mr. Elbert Hubbard. Here is an American writer with a wide vogue, from which circumstance it is to be inferred that the multitude in this enlightened country of many schools, colleges and churches gets from his essays a current of sympathy which acts and reacts on the mind. Mr. Hubbard is undoubtedly one of our popular writers. Now a writer cannot become popular by producing genuine literature. He becomes popular not on account of what he reveals in the realm of pure intellect, but on account of his ability to expres the sentiments and feelings of the crowd. And this is precisely what Elbert Hubbard does. He appeals to the ideas and ideals of the Man in the Street and the Man behind the Counter; in short, he is a spokesman of the plain people, and he

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gets the money, which, after all, is the test of greatness in the U. S. A. Now, to this typical American belongs the credit of having said the very meanest of all the mean things that has been said about the Kaiser. The climax of denunciation he capped with an allusion to the Kaiser as "the man with the withered arm and the running ear." Mordant, isn't it? A fine specimen of the gentle art of disparagement, one, however, that needs no copyright. Nobody will try to steal it.

### The Deformed Arm

The Kaiser has a deformed arm, but he came by it in a quite natural way. It is not, as some folk seem to think, the result of a congenital disease. Many good Democrats with an ineradicable prejudice against kings, are firmly convinced that all monarchs have the King's evil or some physical weakness inherited from a long line of royal weaklings. They used to say that Emperor William inherited a cancer from his father, but cancers are not of imperial origin, nor are they too exclusive for the common herd, and if William has a cancer it has been a long time asserting itself.. The truth is that barring the withered arm the Kaiser is a man of good physique and of rare intellectual endowments, perhaps not inferior mentally to Mr. Hubbard, though unquestionably incapable of appreciating that great literary artist. Notwithstanding the withered arm he became the father of six strapping sons, all of them pretty good outdoor sports. Yet he had that withered arm many years; got it in fact just as he was coming into the world, not through any fault of his own, however, but as a consequence of the nervousness of the English physician whom his mother insisted on having on that momentous occasion. It was a rather difficult delivery and it was necessary to take particular care of the arms. One of the infant's arms received a little too much pressure and it was broken, and thus was Elbert Hubbard furnished with an idea for a masterpiece of invective.

### A Boston Neutral

"Do you see that man over there taking tea?" said genial Tom McCann as we strolled through the lobby of the St. Francis. I followed the half-circle described by McCann's cane, and surveyed a "well turned-out" chap of about forty who was stirring his oolong in a corner of the tea room.

"He has just arrived from Boston," said McCann who knows everything and everybody. "He had a stateroom all the way, and he spent his time during the trip knitting mufflers for the soldiers in the trenches of Belgium. Can't you imagine how happy some French or English soldier will be when he finds that Bostonian's visiting card pinned to a spotless throat protector?"

Overpowered by the picture I suggested a vanilla ice cream soda and a lady finger, but Tom insisted on rye.

### The Cry of the Rejected

As I predicted last week, the artists whose pictures were rejected by the World's Fair jury are going to utter their protests out loud. Already I have heard an emphatic murmur or two, and before long I look for the sound of objurgation and the cry of anger to drown all other sounds wherever artists congregate. One scorned artist can make a loud noise. Judge what the tumult will be when half a dozen meet for mutual commiseration and combined assault upon the decision of the jury! If your ears vibrate with bedlam in the neighborhood of a studio you may conclude that the World's Fair jury is the topic of conversation within. Artists would not be artists if they did not keep their emotions untrammelled. When trouble takes possession of the artistic breast, suffering in silence is the exception, not the rule. And while the artist who airs his grievance against the jury will thereby publish to all who care to read, the humiliating intelligence that he has been "plucked," that circumstance will not put a seal upon his lips. Every artist whose pictures were rejected will feel quite confident that the jury was actuated by an unworthy motive.

### The Case of Zuloaga

Far be it from me to put a gag upon the mouth of an artist who wants to express any grievance; yet I cannot refrain from calling to the attention of the painters whose pictures were rejected the interesting and illuminating case of the Spanish painter Zuloaga. Zuloaga is one of the very greatest of living artists. And he has not leaped suddenly to fame. Yet the fine arts jury at the Paris Exposition of 1900 turned down cold the five paintings which he submitted. His five pictures, if you please, were not considered worthy of space in the Paris Palace of Fine Arts! What happened? Did Zuloaga lift the roof with his indignant protests? Not he. He turned round and immediately sold those five rejected pictures to the governments of Germany, France, Holland, Russia and Italy, each of which wanted a Zuloaga for its national gallery. Juries, you see, are fallible. May the rejected artists of California meet with no unkinder fate!

### Killing and Gambling

I have been talking to a Chinese of this city, a well educated man of family who lives in Chinatown but works outside that district, of the latest tong war. He is thoroughly acquainted with conditions in Chinatown, and he says that there would be less murder by subsidized killers if there were more gambling in the oriental quarter. "The lid is on in Chinatown," he said, "and there is very little gambling. The lid is on in Oakland Chinatown too, but not so tight. The gunmen must get money, and if they can't get it by gambling they will get it from the tongs by killing men who have a price on their heads. The gunman gets from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars for killing. If the police want to stop murder in Chinatown they ought to let the gamblers open up a little. A gunman who can gamble won't risk a job of murder, because murder is a hard job and he may get hanged. At present there are lots of men in Chinatown who are willing to kill because they need the money." This is not an argument for the moralists, but it may commend itself to the police who know what a problem Chinatown is, and how hard it is to stop a tong war until both sides have quenched their thirst for revenge. Better a little fan tan than a lot of murder .

### Ike Upham Wins a Bet

Ike Upham has won a bet from Frank Brown who is in charge of Henry E. Huntington's San Francisco interests. The two men met in the Bohemian Club last January, just before Ike set out on his second tour of the world. Ike mentioned that Porter Garnett had given him a blue circle golf ball for Christmas and that he intended to play it on every golf links in his round-the-world itinerary, from San Francisco to the Orient, from the Orient to Europe and then across the continent to San Francisco again.

"Bet you a hundred dollars you lose it before you get back," said Brown.

"You're on," said Upham.

The money was placed in the hands of a stakeholder, and Ike Upham set forth on his travels with his trusty golf sticks and Porter Garnett's blue circle golf ball. He returned a couple of weeks ago, and collected the wager. The golf ball was a little the worse for wear, but it is still in the game.

### Adventures of a Golf Ball

I've heard of men rolling a peanut from the City Hall to the Ferry Building on an election bet, but I think Ike is the first man to lambaste a golf ball across two hemispheres. I venture to say that "blue circle" is the most traveled bit of gutta percha in the world. Aiding his memory with a memorandum book such as all golf fiends carry, Ike Upham gave me its history. "I christened the pill," said Ike, "on the three golf courses of the Oahu Country Club, playing it as per arrangement with Frank Brown on one hole of each course. In the islands it showed no sign of trying to escape my eagle eye. I decided that it was a well trained golf ball of orderly habits, as became a golf ball selected by Porter Garnett. Then I wrapped it tenderly in cotton wool and escorted it to Yokohama. On the Nippon Golf course it behaved nicely, giving me no trouble whatever. On the Royal Hong Kong course the spheroid was equally trustworthy; at Kiangwan and Shanghai it was eating out of my hand. But at Tsing Tau I had trouble, not with the Germans or Japanese, because the bombardment wasn't dreamed of then, but with the ball. There's a nice level stretch at the first hole, and I didn't dream of any danger as I sliced at the pill. But when I tried to retrieve it, behold! it had dis-

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appeared. Well, sir, I nearly had heart disease. It had fallen in a drain ditch, and I paddled down that ditch like Sherlock Holmes hunting a clue. Finally I located it. It had rolled about a hundred and fifty feet along the ditch. After that there were no more games of hide and seek, maybe because I beat it into subumission."

### Its Further Travels

"There isn't any golf in Siberia," continued Upham, "so the ball was simply a traveling companion while I was crossing that Michael Strogoff region. But I played it in Russia, in Sweden and Norway. From the North Cape I played it back to Copenhagen. Then the Powers, not knowing of my wager with Frank Brown, went to war, so the golf ball and I went to England. First I played it in Deal. Then I went to Scotland where they know quite a good deal about golf. I played it first in Edinburgh, and next at St. Andrews. On the Royal and Ancient Golf Club course there the gutta percha was on its best behavior. Perhaps it was awed by the fact that the course is five hundred years old. I also played it on the "new course" which is only forty years old. Returning to England I played it at Turnberry, at Keswick and Ambleside in the Lake Country famous for its golfers and its poets, at Sonning, Bath, Westward Ho! (yes, there is such a place), Torquay, Bournemouth, Bushey Hall and Manchester. They haven't laid out golf courses yet on the Atlantic steamers, which is a shame, so the ball had a long rest. It wasn't even seasick. Finally I played it on the Mount Vernon course in New York, and then I brought it home in triumph and collected my bet. I may play it forever, or I may have it mounted in platinum when it gets old and feeble. Certainly I never intend to lose it."

### Big Hearst Men Here

Simultaneous with the announcement that William Randolph Hearst was making sweeping changes in most of his newspaper offices throughout the country was the arrival in this city of three of his most trusted lieutenants, and naturally there is a good deal of nervousness in the Examiner office. It is feared that Hearst may have in mind changes in this as in other shops. The three visitors are Arthur Brisbane, Fred Lawrence and Pancoast. This is the freak editorial writer's first visit to San Francisco. His health is not of the best and he is resting at Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's Pleasanton hacienda. Fred Lawrence is busy renewing old friendships. He was one of the best all-round newspapermen who ever deserted the Coast for larger fields, and his success has been great. With his brother Andrew he has lifted the Chicago publications to a high place in the list of Hearst's paying newspaper properties. Pancoast is also an important Hearst man. Examiner men are wondering whether Hearst is to join the trio here.

### Sterling's Fair Ode

Ye lesser lights of poesy, hide your diminished heads! Ye MacLaffertys, ye Fred Emerson Brookses and all the rest, desert the field! A sublimer bard is sounding his harp in praise of the World's Fair. Word reaches me from New York that George Sterling is writing a Panama-Pacific International Exposition Ode. I hear from a friend who was privileged to see the first draft that it is a splendid piece of work, nobly imagined and magnificently wrought out. It is likely that the finished work will surpass Sterling's great Browning Centenary Ode, the only other attempt he has made in this difficult kind of poetry. It is only right that California's greatest singer should celebrate California's greatest artistic achievement. Lovers of the best in poetry will await the ode with impatience.

### The Princeton Way

"Allow me to thank you"—"Let me congratulate you." Reader, if you have been wont to use these locutions, put them forth from your mouth forever. They are passé, outré, de trop. They are not being said this season. The mode has changed, and they are now relegated to the dark backward and abysm of conversational obsolescence. Their place has been taken by suaver forms of diction, by subjunctives less allied to insistence, by phrases a little more pallid and therefore ever so much better form. Wild and wooly though we be in this neck of the woods, we are extremely sensitive to the fashions set in the great centers, and when no less a person than the President of these more or less United States screws the amenities of polite intercourse to a higher sticking place, it is not for us to lag behind. In his transcontinental telephone conversation with C. C. Moore and others the President gave these phrases the very latest Princeton twist. "May I not send my greetings," said the President. "May I not congratulate you," he entreated. "Will you not convey my cordial congratulations," he begged. And so, shall we not be tentative henceforward? May it not be expected of us that we should discard the too hearty "let me" for the indirect or hesitating way of gratulatory speech? I understand that Mayor Rolph, C. C. Moore, Henry T. Scott and other assiduous cultivators of the elegancies of speech have already taken their cue from the President. No such overturn of our common western speech has been noted since that epochal night some half dozen years ago when John Drew came to town in a Somerset Maugham comedy and taught us that valet rhymes with mallet.

### Those Kanakas Again

Jack London's claim that John A. Sutter brought to California four Kanakas whose descendants are still to be found in the Feather River country has sent Phil Bekeart, a specialist in California history, to those shelves of his library which contain his priceless collection of Californiana. "You will recollect," he writes me, "that we had a conversation regarding some Kanakas who, Jack London states, were the descendants of the four Kanakas brought over by Sutter. I have looked into this matter, and find that as I told you, there were more than four. In a book published by J. J. Schoonover, in Sacramento, 1895, entitled 'Life and Times of John A. Sutter,' he states on page 6 that when Sutter landed at the site of Sutter's Fort, August 12, 1839, he had with him fifteen men, eight of whom were Kanakas given to him by the King of the Sandwich Islands. You will note that this was in 1839. In 1857 there was published an interview in Hutchings' California Magazine, Volume 2, No. 5. This was Sutter's statement to J. M. Hutchings, the editor, regarding Marshall's discovery of gold. On page 197, Sutter states that after all his white help had left him and gone to the mines, 'I got together one hundred Indians and fifty Sandwich Islanders (Kanakas) which joined those I brought with me from the islands.' This shows that there were many more Kanakas than the four mentioned by Jack London. If my memory serves me correctly, most of them married squaws. They scattered all over the country."

Guest—The hot-water pipes in my room are frozen.

Hotel Proprietor—Indeed?

Guest—Yes; you'd better take up some of that ice water you served us last summer and thaw them out.


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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Lady of Santa Barbara

A very interesting woman I am sure is Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara. I am sure though I have never met her. I am sure because she entertains so many nice people from San Francisco, and because all the brewers of social small beer for the dailies have so much to say about her. Besides she has a tumid purse, and goes in for art and the esthetic joys of life. So the conclusion is irresistible that Mrs. William Miller Graham is an interesting woman whom it would be worth anybody's while to meet. And so, too, I am concerned about a statement that was attributed to her in a despatch to the Examiner of Tuesday. The statement, it occurs to me, is hardly expressive of a chaarcteristic sentiment of Mrs. Graham's. I think that the correspondent is mistaken.

### A Monopoly of Art

The despatch to which I refer was about the engagement of Anna Pavlowa and Enrico Caruso to appear at the opening of the Country Playhouse at Montecito. This playhouse is described as the "unique private theatrical venture" of "the multi-millionaire society set" of Montecito. Now in this connection the despatch informs us that Mrs. Graham has announced "that the artists coming to Montecito for the opening of the theatre must sign a contract not to appear anywhere else on the Coast during the season." Now frankly I don't believe Mrs. William Miller Graham ever made that announcement. Why should Mrs. Graham wish to deprive you and me of the pleasure of hearing Caruso and seeing Pavlowa? Is it likely that she would wish to deny us this great pleasure? If she were in the theatrical business for the purpose of making money or for boosting real estate values and the hotel business in Santa Barbara, she would be justified in requiring the great artists who are coming to Montecito to sign contracts of the kind mentioned, but Mrs. Graham is a patron of the arts and a disinterested lover of culture, and as such the probability is she would like to see the whole Coast receive the benefit of a visit from Pavlowa and Caruso.

### A Trimalchio Trick

If it be true that the artists who are coming to Montecito are required to sign a contract not to appear anywhere else on the Coast during the season the "multi-millionaire society set" of Santa Barbara takes on in my eyes the complexion of a bunch of Trimalchios. The voluptuous old Roman patrician who was immortalized by an unknown Petronius would doubtless have paid a Nubian dancer a high price to dance exclusively at his banquet. For Trimalchio was a purse-proud old Philistine, a bounder, whom wise men have pronounced the prototype of the average American multi-millionaire. Trimalchio loved art not for art's sake or for its esthetic values, but for the ostentatious display it enabled him to make. He liked to be envied. It thrilled him to realize that he could possess things beyond the reach of other men. This, it should be said in justice to the American plutocracy, is no longer a characteristic of the class. The American multi-millionaire is becoming ostentatious chiefly in his philanthropy, and he is being educated out of his Philistinism. He is speeding culture on its way down to the plain people. He is making it possible for the Man in the Street to enjoy the best music. He organizes societies to that end, and spends his money for that purpose. Incredible then is the news from Santa Barbara. Somebody must be trying to give the "multi-millionaire society set" of Santa Barbara a black eye.

### Mrs. Crocker's Experiment

Mrs. Will Crocker was in London when the war broke out, and stranded Americans were being taken care of by a relief committee of wealthy Americans residing or staying in that city. A lending fund of $40,000 was hastily raised, Mrs. Crocker contributing $5,000. Mrs. Crocker was curious to know how efficiently the money would be distributed, so she tried an experiment. Jack Hoffman, well remembered as a University of California athlete, was in charge of the disbursement of this fund. He did not know Mrs. Crocker. Mrs. Crocker went to him, represented herself as in the most urgent need of one thousand dollars and asked for the loan of that amount. Hoffman threw up his hands in amazement.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but it's impossible. We haven't given anybody more than two hundred dollars."

Then Mrs. Crocker revealed her identity, and informed Hoffman that she had contributed $5,000 to the fund.

"You took my money quickly enough," she said; "why can't I get some of it back?"

Even this plea availed her nothing, and Mrs. Crocker went away, quite satisfied that the fund was being administered properly.

### Under What King?

The ladies of the Mardi Gras committee decided early in their deliberations that the Queen of the ball should be a Marie Antoinette. Anna Peters was chosen to impersonate the fair and unfortunate Austrian. Then came the question of decorations. Whether authorized or not, the statement appeared in one of the papers that the decorations and the costumes would be Quatorze. Apparently Queen Marie Antoinette was to preside over the court of Louis XIV. As Louis XIV died in 1715, and Marie Antoinette was not born till 1755, it will be seen that there was a hitch somewhere. I do not know whether the Mardi Gras ladies were responsible, or whether the paper took too much for granted. Some of the Mardi Gras ladies know their French history too well to make a mistake of that sort, so let us blame the anachronism on the paper. It has since been corrected, and we hear no more of Louis XIV. Louis XVI has taken his rightful place by the side of his Queen.

### The Interest Is Unusual

Never has the preliminary interest in the Mardi Gras ball been so great. The sale of boxes and tickets is a record breaker. For a time it looked as if Queen Anna Peters would rule without a royal consort, so long did the committee toy with the selection. At length they agreed that Walter Hush was the man to impersonate Louis XVI and lead Queen Marie Antoinette to the throne. Miss Helen Garrett has been added to the list of court ladies, which gives Queen Marie Antoinette nine ladies in waiting to accompany her into the garden of the Tuilleries at the Palace Hotel on the night of February 16. At the last meeting of the committee it was decided to give costly prizes for the handsomest costumes, most original characters, and best dancers. Thornwell Mullally has been selected chairman of the floor committee. The prize poster is now on exhibition in all the leading stores and tickets for the ball may be obtained from any member of the Auxiliary of the Childrens' Hospital. On February 13 the tickets will be on sale at the leading hotels in San Francisco and Oakland.

### Society at the Cliff

The Cliff House was the scene of a gay party Thursday evening when those social pets, the Douglas Cranes, who recently returned to town, were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance given by the Dolce Far Niente Club. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given by this fashionable club. Among those present were the George McGowans, Miss Milo Abercrombie, Miss Margaret Abercrombie, Lieutenant Farbeck, Lieutenant Tretskett, Baron von Brincken, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jurrs, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Walker, Miss T. C. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bostwick, Miss Ramona Hamburger, Mr. J. Blumenthal, Mr. Lloyd Lomax, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Lange, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Schweitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gross, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Mulcahy, Miss Ida Weick, Miss Helen Weick, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle, Mr. Stephen Rau, Mr. Daniel M. Walker, Mr. James Wood, Mr. William F. Humphrey and Mr. and Mrs. Duttenbach.

### La Gai and Tod at Hotel Clift

Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod are to dance at the fine new Hotel Clift which opens on February 6, a circumstance which augurs well for the popularity of the ball room there. For the opening these two artists have devised an original dance called "The Black Rose" which they regard as their very best effort. Their costumes

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are to be splendid reproductions of those worn in the heyday of the Comedie Italien. They are being made from plates in a rare work from the library of Templeton Crocker who placed it at the disposal of the dancers so that they might adhere strictly to the most correct as well as most beautiful designs of the period in which their new dance is placed.

**For the Good of the Young**

Mrs. Lee Rubens is chairman of the committee in charge of the Dansant at the Palace Hotel Saturday afternoon, February 6, between the hours of four and seven for the purpose of raising funds to bring the National Child Labor Convention to this city and to further the movement in prevention of child labor. As yet California has not had much of this serious problem to contend with, but with the opening of the Panama Canal our State will have to solve it. The ladies hope to raise the $2,000 necessary to bring the convention and exhibit which will be thrown open free to the public at the Civic Auditorium, and by these means the people will be educated to make the proper laws to cope with the problem. Reservations of tables may be made at the Palace Hotel.

**Society at the Somerton**

The Hotel Somerton which was opened a month ago under the direction of Mrs. W. F. Morris of the Hotel Cecil, is quickly proving itself as much of a gathering place for smart folk as the Cecil which has always been recognized as one of the smartest private hotels in the West. This Saturday evening a supper dance will be given. Dancing will begin at nine o'clock. A Southern supper will be served with creamed chicken, corn pones and other dainties of the land of cotton. One of the most charming events of the month was the meeting of the Kentucky Society of California which took place at the Somerton on Friday evening, January 15. About 120 members were present. A most interesting program was rendered. Miss Rahnee Haider delivered a comprehensive talk on "Damascus, the Pearl of the East." Miss Marie Elizabeth Payne sang delightfully a number of songs brought from the Far East by Miss Haider. Mr. Frank Thompson also contributed several solos, his beautiful baritone being highly appreciated by the audience. Among the prominent folk who have registered at the Somerton the past week are: Mesdames C. M. Dougherty, A. Clement of Pleasanton, Miss Edith Bull, Redwood City, Mr. H. S. Bates, Menlo Park, Mrs. E. S. Lake and son, Ross Valley, Mr. W. G. Bischoff, San Francisco, Mr. H. A. Thompson, Seattle, Mr. W. A. Boland, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Knowles, Portland, Miss Elkins, Berkeley, Mr. I. Poly, San Francisco, Mrs. H. E. Long, San Francisco, Miss Crane and child, Loyalton, California.

**In "Pavo Real"**

Prominent people who supped and danced at Tait's "Pavo Real" Monday night were: Mr. J. Gottlieb and party, Baron Horst and party, Mr. M. C. Sloss and party, Captain and Mrs. Baker, Colonel and Mrs. Marchman of New Jersey, Major and Mrs. Carpenter and party, Mr. Gus Sutro and party. Guests Saturday night included: Mayor Rolph and party, Mr. J. H. Newbauer and party of fourteen, Mr. Gordon Douglas and party, Mr. Bachman and party, Captain McKettrick and party, Dr. Weeks and party.

**Notes from Coronado**

The Chinese Ball of the 23rd was by far the most brilliant affair ever given at the southern resort. The handsome ball room was ablaze with wonderful red and gold Chinese embroideries and old tapestries, while huge lanterns hung from the ceiling giving a most delightful, subdued light to the attractive scene, and bringing out rather than detracting from the oriental coloring of the costumes. Over 1,400 people were present. Among the San Franciscans enjoying the event were Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Godey, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Madam Barry, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Grace Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Godfrey, F. J. Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Durney, Miss Margaret Durney, Mrs. Harold Durney, Carl Wolff, Spaulding Edwards, Bradley Wallace and Colonel Jackling. Mrs. Morton Mitchell whose home is now in Paris, but who has been spending some months in San Francisco, arrived at the hotel on Saturday accompanied by her attractive niece Miss Laddie Eaton. They will remain south for several weeks, and see the Panama-California Exposition.

**Carnival at the Tavern**

Every Wednesday night is Carnival Night at Techau Tavern and those who are so fortunate as to be present on these gala evenings are informed with that spirit of gaiety which is characteristic of San Francisco in her light-hearted moments of recreation. The management has thoughtfully provided fun-making souvenirs for each of these evenings and if one were not in touch with a calendar one might very well mistake the occasion for a New Year's Eve celebration, so spontaneous and satisfying is the merriment. Mr. Robert Carville and Miss La Marr who give exhibition ballroom dances every afternoon and evening have made a pronounced hit and their skill in imparting the latest dance steps to those who desire instruction is greatly appreciated by the guests of the Tavern who receive this instruction without charge.


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# Gossip of the Theatre

### Topnotch Vaudeville

What is so rare as a week in vaudeville with nary an exponent of the smartest dances? A little while ago one had reason to fear that the music-hall was being rapidly resolved into a dance-hall, but this week vaudeville has come into its own in O'Farrell street, and the dancer has been made conspicuous by elimination; and I, for one, am not displeased. There is nothing so good that it cannot be done to death, and I have seen more than one bill at the Orpheum that was given a lethal dose of dancers. This week one is permitted to indulge his taste for all that is typical of the music-hall, and whether it is because I have been surfeited with geometrical variations of the dance, or because of a fortuitious conjunction of stars and near-stars, there is more to fillip the jaded appetite at the Orpheum this week than the management has vouchsafed us in a lustrum. From the going up of the curtain to the going down of the same there is nothing to cavil at, but there is much to enjoy. There is dexterity that distracts the imagination, and makes admiration breathless. There is no end of the ingenuity that is genius in trifles. There is skill surmounting difficulties, and there is beauty triumphant over adroitness. Cleverness and novelty are the keynotes of this week's bill, and withal there is art, the art of Elsa Ruegger, a most accomplished 'cellist, and the art of Miss Chee Toy, the daintiest, sweetest, cutest, loveliest little Chinese maiden that ever you saw. Miss Chee Toy has the naivete of a modest maiden from anywhere but China, and when she sings "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" you feel that the audience might be justified in rising spontaneously as one man or one woman and giving the darling Oriental an Occidental hug. Miss Chee Toy is the daughter of Ching Ling Foo, a prestidigitateur, who has a company of Celestials and who gives a very interesting performance, a complete vaudeville show in itself. But there are other novelties in the bill—among them Jack Gardener, who plays both in and out of a motion picture, and the Schwarz Company in a freak drama called "The Broken Mirror" which is a triumph of illusion and precision. Alice Eis is still defying the drafts, and making living pictures of rare beauty.

—T. F. B.

### Burt Wesner in Vaudeville

When I learned that my friend Burt Wesner had entered vaudeville I lost no time in going to Pantages to see him, for no matter what the milieu Burt Wesner is always a delightful actor. The Alcazar had no abler performer in its fine stock company than this same Burt Wesner. In a high class stock company there must always be at least one actor who can be depended on to play any sort of part, one who is equal to any demand made upon him, no matter how alien to his usual work it may seem to be. Burt Wesner was for years that man at the Alcazar. His value was so great that the Alcazar management always found a way to keep him when visiting producers would have liked to lure him to Broadway or the road. I have seen Burt Wesner act too many times to count, but I never found him in any danger of exhausting his amazing versatility. Time and again I could have sworn that the limit was about to be reached, that Burt Wesner would "fall down" because too much was being asked of him, but every time I found myself agreeably mistaken. In no line has Burt Wesner been happier than in serio-comic Irish character, and I was pleased to find that he was playing such a character at Pantages. "Father's Way," a one-act drama by Edward Scott, is built around a kind-hearted, quick-tempered Irishman who has become wealthy without losing his homely ways or the love of his good helpmeet. He has lost one of his sons, a black sheep whom he cast out in a blaze of anger. When the other son comes home a successful singer, the poor mother's heart is breaking with sorrow for her wandering ne'er-do-well. The big dramatic moment of the play comes when that son enters the house as a burglar. It is a wholesome little drama full of the homely sayings so dear to Irish hearts, of Irish sentiment and Irish song. Wesner acts it admirably, and I am sure it will be the bill-topper of this and other circuits. Pantages is to be felicitated on securing an actor of Wesner's caliber.

—E. F. O'D.

ALMA GLUCK

The Metropolitan Opera House soprano as she appeared in "Orpheus." Miss Gluck gives two concerts at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoons, January 31 and February 7

### Miller's Record-Breaking Run

This Saturday night will see the thirty-seventh and final performance of the record-breaking Henry Miller engagement at the Columbia. The actor-manager has given San Francisco even a finer production of "Daddy Long-Legs" than he gave either New York or Chicago and the charm of the Jean Webster play has spread over the city. Miller has to his credit the longest run in our theatrical history so far as two dollar shows are concerned and it is a record to be proud of these days. The last matinee will be given this Saturday. The Friday matinees have also been crowded. The Columbia will be dark next week. The bookings for the near future are of an exceptionally fine order. The first is Rose Stahl in her latest comedy hit "A Perfect Lady." This will be followed by George M. Cohan's new fantastic melodrama called "Seven Keys to Baldpate;" Ziegfeld's Follies and "Potash and Perlmutter."

### Last Week of Opera

With deep regret the management of the Alcazar is forced to announce the last week of the highly successful season of grand opera in Italian by the Alessandro Bevani Company. No season of a like nature has ever met with the enormous success scored by the Bevanis, and San Francisco will be sorry to see this really excellent organization depart. For four weeks they have been giving this city the most remarkable productions, including artists, chorus, ballet and orchestra, and next week's booking at the Alcazar was cancelled to retain the song birds for a fifth week. Several big successes of the past four weeks will be repeated by request next week, but two operas not yet produced this season will also be sung. These will be "The Love Tales of Hoffman" with its lovely Barcarolle and other marvelous melodies, and Bellini's too-long-neglected "Norma." The repertoire will be so arranged as to permit the appearance of all the Bevani artists including Johanna Kristoffy, Alice Gentle, Emilia Vergeri, Hazel Sanborn, Bernice Holmes, Rida McCord, Alida Wainwright, Matilde Renis, Fausto Castellani, Giuseppe Opezzo, Umberto Sacchetti, Paolo Gallazzi, Giuseppe Cavadore, David Silva, Guglielmo Giuliani, Pietro di Biasi and Joseph Florian. The entire corps de ballet headed by Ina Caldwell, the prima ballerina, and directed by Maria Campi, will be a feature, as will be also the conductorship of the brilliant young Russian Josiah Zuro, and Luigi Roccia. All the stage productions will be made under the immediate direction of Luigi Raybaut. The farewell night, Saturday, February 6, will be made the occasion of a gala performance, to be announced later.

### Mme. Jomelli at Orpheum

Madame Jeanne Jomelli, recently dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Musical critics everywhere she has sung credit Madame Jomelli with one of the finest voices on the grand opera stage. While with the Metropolitan she had glorious success both in New York and on tour and was regarded as one of the most brilliant stars of that organization. She will sing the choicest numbers from her repertoire. Paul Armstrong who wrote "Jimmy Valentine" and numerous other successful plays, has added to the list a one-act satire entitled "Woman Proposes" which will be presented by the well known comedienne Ruth Allen and a company of eight. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane who return from New York where they created a great sensation with their ball room dances, will present their latest terpsichorean sensations. Milt Collins, styled "The Speaker of the House," is easily elected Mayor of Laughland. His conception of the German politician discoursing on American topics is funny in the extreme. Mademoiselle Maryon Vadie, a youthful and skilful interpreter of lyric and classic dances, and a corps de ballet under the direction of Hans S. Linne will present a series of seven new dances. Rae Eleanor Ball, violin virtuosa, will be heard in classical and popular numbers. With this bill Elinore and Williams, and Ching Ling Foo and his company terminate their engagements.

### The Peoples Philharmonic

The Peoples Philharmonic Orchestra will give its ninth symphony concert on Thursday evening, February 4, at the Civic Auditorium. The

program follows: Overture Rosamunde, Franz Schubert; Reverie, An Indian Summer, Philip I. Jacoby; Romanza French Horn, Mr. F. E. Huske; Symphony 40, C Minor, W. A. Mozart; March from the Bohemian Grove Play, St. Patrick of Tara, conducted by the composer, Wallace A. Sabin; Wine, Women and Song, Strauss, The Loring Club; Ballet Suite from the Opera Feramors, Anton Rubinstein.

**German War Pictures**

All who are following the big war, and particularly our German-American citizens, will be pleased to learn that a five-reel Official German War Picture, sent to America with the permission and authority of the Kaiser, will be shown for the first time in California a week from Sunday, at a theatre yet to be announced. These are the first battle scenes from the Fatherland to be brought to America, and in New York, where they were produced under the direction of the "Staats-Zeitung," the leading German paper, they have created a profound sensation. They portray in minute detail in some four hundred scenes, the actual movements and activities of the German army, showing the power of its organization and the efficiency of its operations. Conditions as they exist in Berlin are clearly depicted.

**Efrem Zimbalist Coming**

After the festivities attending the opening of the Exposition are over, Manager Will Greenbaum will present the greatest violinist to visit us this season, Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian virtuoso who at the age of twenty-five is ranked among the world's five greatest masters of that instrument. Zimbalist has been called "the poet of the violin." He plays with a spirit of romance quite his own; his individuality of tone and style is as marked as that of Kreisler or Elman. He promises some important and unusual programs, including a rarely heard Concerto by Spohr and one of the important Brahms Sonatas. The first Zimbalist concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 28.

**De Reszke Writes to Teyte**

After the little English girl Maggie Teyte made her debut at the Opera in Paris in November, 1910, her teacher Jean de Reszke wrote her the following: "My Dear and Charming Maggie: I cannot tell you how proud and happy I am at your success. All my friends tell me of your triumphs both in your operatic work and at recitals. In fact everything you are doing and have done is appreciated as coming from a real artist and your example can serve as a model in method and style of singing. Do not tire yourself too much, but conserve your precious talent, because you will be an 'educatrice' to the present generation. With the greatest affection, your master, Jean de Reszke."

**Alma Gluck, Genius of Song**

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia lovers of beautiful song will have their first opportunity of hearing Alma Gluck who is beyond doubt the foremost of the younger generation of prima donnas. Gifted with an exceptionally beautiful soprano, with superior intellect, the talent for many languages and an abundance of "gray matter" Alma Gluck possesses every requisite for a brilliant career as a singer. Her voice has received the most careful training, and she is a musician of exceptional attainment. The past year Mme. Gluck spent in Switzerland with Mme. Sembrich with whom she worked every day, and the great Polish prima donna calls her "my true successor." In addition to her qualifications as an artist Alma Gluck possesses exceptional beauty, and what is important, the quality of charm. The program will include works by Gluck, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and other masters. The modern Russian school will be represented by works of Smetana, Rachmaninoff and Rimsky-Korsakow; and American composers such as Chadwick, Louis Victor Saar, Cadman, Kurt Schindler and Gilbert Spross will have numbers on the program. The second and last Gluck concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 7, with a complete change of program. On this occasion an Aria from the old opera "Hippolyte et Aricie" by Gluck, Beethoven's "Haiden Roselein," the Air "Come Beloved" from Handel's "Atalanta" and old English and Italian classics will comprise the first group of works. This will be followed by a group of French works by Ravel, Massenet, Charpentier and Paladhile after which Slavic composers will have a group to themselves and a

MME. JEANNE JOMELLI

Prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company who will be heard next week at the Orpheum

PEGGY O'NEIL

The charming heroine of "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort Theatre

special feature will be some songs of Little Russia arranged by Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violin virtuoso. Works by MacDowell, Parker, Worrill and other American composers will complete the offering. Tickets for both concerts are now on sale at the usual music stores. Address mail orders to Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's.

### "Peg o' My Heart" at Cort

J. Hartley Manners' blithe and breezy comedy "Peg o' My Heart" with Peggy O'Neil and the New York-Chicago company, will be the attraction at the Cort beginning Sunday, January 31. It will be remembered what a delightful impression was made by charming Miss O'Neil when she was here before as the effervescent little Irish-American girl. So many pleasant things have been said of this delightful play by the local press and the many who had the pleasure of witnessing a performance last year, that about the only item of news interest for the forthcoming engagement is in the announcement of the star cast that Oliver Morosco has selected for the Pacific Coast tour. It includes Peggy O'Neil, Henry Stanford, Reginald Mason, Emilie Melville and Clarence Handyside, all from the long run of two years in New York. From the Chicago company come Roland Hogue, Lillian Kemble Cooper, Gordon Burby and Grace Hasemier.

### Jean Traig at Pantages

Jean Traig, the young girl whose story has been running as a serial in one of the local daily newspapers, will make her theatrical debut as the star attraction of an exceptionally good bill at Pantages on Sunday. Miss Traig is unquestionably the most talked-of young woman in San Francisco and her appearance in vaudeville should crowd the Market-street theatre to the doors. Sophie Treadwell, the local newspaper writer who wrote the story of Miss Traig, has taken a page from the life of the girl which she has moulded into a stirring playlet which she entitles an "Unwritten Chapter." It recounts an incident which actually befell Jean Traig while she was struggling to gain a foothold in this city. Frederick X. Snook, a character actor of ability, and K. Kanabain, a Japanese player formerly with Walker Whiteside in the original cast of "The Typhoon," will be in support of Miss Traig. The regular circuit headliner will be the Royal Mikado Jiu Jitsu troupe of athletes consisting of fourteen of the most famous wrestlers from Japan. Danny Simmons, known as "The Military Hobo," is the big comedy hit of the new bill. Simmons was a riot here last year and he has added several new songs and topical numbers to his act. Ted and Uno Bradley sing, patter and play popular numbers on the piano. Wright and Lane, man and woman, offer society dances with a whirlwind finish. Jules Mercceau and company do juggling, hoop rolling and have a couple of comedy dogs to help out. Another laughable two-reel Keystone comedy film will also be shown.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT
CIVIC AUDITORIUM
PEOPLES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Thursday Evening, February 4th, at 8:15
HERMAN PERLET, Conductor
Assisted by
THE LORING CLUB
WALLACE A. SABIN, Director.
Tickets for sale—Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, New Era League, 816 Hotel St. Francis.
General admission—25 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents

### Two Great Symphony Concerts

Next week will be a most important one for the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. On Friday afternoon with Albert Spalding, the leading American violinist as soloist, the orchestra will give the eighth symphony concert at the Cort. The program which will commence promptly at three o'clock, includes Beethoven's Symphony No 5, Beethoven's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, and Bantock's Comedy Overture "The Pierrot of the Minute." On Sunday afternoon, February 7, at 2:30 sharp, at the Civic Auditorium, and for the benefit of the musical public of San Francisco and vicinity that has neither the time nor the inclination to patronize the severely classical Friday afternoon concerts, the orcrestra will give a special concert. The orchestra will be augmented to eighty musicians, and two of the most poppular stars of the musical world: Albert Spalding, violinist, and Rudolph Ganz, the great Swiss pianist, will appear as soloists. Conductor Hadley has arranged a program beautifully balanced and appropriate including Wagner's Overture "The Mastersingers," Beethoven's Emperor Concerto for the Piano, two movements of Goldmark's Symphony "The Rustic Wedding," Mendelssohn's Concerto for the Violin and Tschaikowsky's Overture "The Year 1812." The large seating capacity of the Civic Auditorium makes possible a scale of prices within the income of all. Four thousand general admission tickets will be sold at twenty-five cents, twenty-two hundred reserved seats at fifty cents and the boxes which total two thousand seats, and seat six or eight will be sold for five dollars each. Single box seats will be sold for one dollar. Tickets for this special concert will be on sale at Sherman, Clay's commencing Monday next and at the box offices of the Auditorium on the day of the concert.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY - - - - CONDUCTOR
TWO CONCERTS
8TH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT
CORT THEATRE
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 3 P. M.
SOLOIST: SPALDING
(Violinist)
Tickets—75c to $2.00 Box, Loge Seats $3.00. Seat sale Monday: Sherman Clay's, Cort Theatre, Kohler and Chase's.

SPECIAL SUNDAY CONCERT
FEBRUARY 7, 2:30 P. M.
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EXPOSITION CIVIC AUDITORIUM
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80—MUSICIANS—80
and
2—GREAT SOLOISTS—2
ALBERT SPALDING, Violinist
RUDOLPH GANZ, Pianist
SPECIAL PRICES
Reserved Seats, 50c; General Admission, 25c; Box Seats, $1.00 each; Full Boxes, seating six or eight, $5.00.
TICKETS—Monday at Sherman, Clay's.
MAIL ORDERS with checks and stamped envelope for all concerts of San Francisco Symphony Orchestra to FRANK W. HEALY, Mgr., always filled in advance of window sales.

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"THE LOVE TALES OF HOFFMAN"
(First Time This Season)
"NORMA"
Also Other Favorite Operas to be Announced
(See Daily Papers)
PRICES: Nights, First Nine Rows, $2. Balance, 50c, and $1. Matinees, 50c and $1.
Commencing Sunday Matinee, February 7th—Gus Hill's
"BRINGING UP FATHER"

ALMA GLUCK
The Singer-Extraordinary!
COLUMBIA THEATER
THIS SUNDAY AFT., JANUARY 31, AT 2:30
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SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 7
Tickets, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and Columbia Theater.
Knabe Piano
Coming, February 28
ZIMBALIST
The Russian Violinist
In March—MAGGIE TEYTE.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE
MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
JEAN TRAIG, HERSELF
(Heroine of "How I Got My Husband and How I Lost Him")
In
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

[illegible] London account amounts to so little that it has no appreciable effect. All dire predictions have proved false and investors of all classes are now beginning to think that the market touched bottom last October in New Street and is now [illegible] report the heaviest movement of grain ever known at this season of the year, and the return [illegible] of wheat steadily [illegible] ing. Cross shipments to Galveston for export [illegible] become more plentiful. Railroad experts claim that the stock of wheat available for export be[illegible] bushels, after making full allowance for spring seeding, regular domestic consumption and [illegible] so the need for an embargo on exports is not apparent. Railroad officials seem to think the [illegible]

**Wheat**—There was very little change in the [illegible] of wheat reached the week as compared with last week, which was of a very bullish character. There was a dip early in the week on [illegible] and help in the export demand. This [illegible] the local element who are generally bearish at heart, a chance to [illegible] prices sold off to 138 for the May option. At the decline [illegible] quantities of wheat and gave the local trade all [illegible] the market easily advanced to new high figures for the crop and sentiment again became bullish with predictions of 150 for May wheat next week. The Argentine situation has been the bear card for some time, but as net shipments from that country are even smaller than last year with prices doubled. Continuous rains in that country have cut down exportable surplus and the quality of their wheat has been lowered. The surplus of wheat on the Pacific Coast is said to be all sold and it was reported that California was bidding for wheat in Kansas and Nebraska. Receipts fell off again toward the end of the week and the visible supply will show a further decrease on Monday. We feel very friendly to wheat at the level and believe in very much higher prices for the May future.

**Corn**—The corn market was influenced more by the action of wheat than by any news relative to the supply and demand. Commission houses generally were advocating the purchase of corn instead of wheat, pointing to the difference in price as an argument for the purchase of corn, and that the risk on the long side of corn was small as compared with wheat. Cash demand, however, is not very keen and stocks are piling up at all primary points. Receipts have been quite large and [illegible] there is a better demand for this cereal from the East or for export, we believe that the large stocks of corn now at Chicago will make the price a little later on.

**Copper**—Copper metal continued to rise in price and copper shares were strong and active.

**Steel**—Steel shares were irregular but trade reports were favorable. Exports of steel products showed some improvement and industrials which consume steel were in good demand at higher prices.

## JOS. MARKS, WELL-KNOWN BROKER, STOPS SUFFERING BY TAKING AKOZ

Joseph Marks, residing at 1451 Larkin street, well known in brokerage circles, is rejoicing because he no longer suffers from bladder and stomach trouble. He took Akoz, the wonderful medicinal mineral, for a few weeks and rid his body of the suffering attendant on these ailments.

"For a year or more I had stomach and bladder trouble in a very acute form," said Mr. Marks in telling of his case. "I could not eat a hearty meal without distress. Gas formed and pains would make me feel miserable. Bladder trouble with its unpleasant symptoms went with my stomach trouble. Frequent calls during the night

JOSEPH MARKS

and pains across the back served to make me find little pleasure in life. Hearing so much of Akoz I determined to try the remedy. After taking the mineralized water for two months I felt completely well. All the pains, gas and frequent calls had disappeared. I eat heartily without distress. To be sure of permanent relief I kept up the treatment for another month. I will always keep some Akoz handy about the house for emergency, as I think it is a household necessity."

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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

[illegible]

SELLIE BERRETTA [illegible]

[illegible] of the estate of JOSEPH BERRETTA, deceased.

[illegible] San Francisco, January [illegible] 1915

BACIGALUPI & [illegible]

Attorneys for Administratrix,

[illegible] Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-30-5


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays, to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER MOLLOY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased.

NELLIE TWOHIG,
Administratrix of the estate of Peter Molloy, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 9, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-5


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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons —if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.


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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1172 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 6, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS


# RESULTS FOR 1914

## The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

GEORGE I. COCHRAN, *President* GAIL B. JOHNSON, *Vice-President*

| | |
|---|---|
| **Total Assets** | **$32,604,612.25** |
| Gain in Assets for the Year | 3,266,460.26 |
| **Cash Income** | **9,506,116.05** |
| Gain in Cash Income over 1913 | 426,250.30 |
| **Total Life Insurance in Force** | **154,525,447.00** |
| Gain in Life Insurance in Force | 9,485,254.00 |
| **New Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1914** | **22,805,828.00** |
| **Accident Premiums Collected in 1914** | **1,876,579.49** |
| **Total Payments to Policyholders (Life-Accident) 1914** | **3,690,791.83** |
| **Grand Total Paid Policyholders Since Organization** | **40,410,883.83** |
| **Total Reserves Held for Policyholders** (December 31, 1914) | **27,590,61.263** |
| Gain in Reserves over 1913 | 2,509,016.30 |
| **Surplus Funds** (Not Including Fully Paid Capital of $1,000,000) | **2,989,845.57** |
| Gain in Surplus over 1913 | 610,315.37 |
| **Dividends Paid to or Set Aside for Participating Policyholders—1914** | **1,095,373.74** |
| **Average Interest on Mean Invested Assets** | **6.23%** |

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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## Does Virtue Need this Sentinel?

Questions are often settled without being elucidated, as, for example, by a witticism, as in the case of one of the greatest and fiercest controversies of the Middle Ages involving a theological question of the first importance. It was wittily said to be a dispute about certain letters of the alphabet. Thus was a question over which men lost their tempers and their lives buried under a witticism. The majority of men are deceived by wit, accepting it as an argument. In the same way they regard a personal attack as an argument, but the man of intelligence always views with suspicion both the controversialist who relies on personal abuse and the cause that he defends. It is to be regretted therefore that the Administration at Sacramento has ordered the Bulletin to the defence of the Railroad Commission, for whereas wit is not a marked characteristic of the Bulletin's arguments personal abuse is its favorite weapon. While scandal has somewhat impaired the prestige of the Railroad Commission, the usefulness of that body has not been destroyed; and nobody believes that the whole commission is corrupt, or doubts that it has rendered good service; but here is the Bulletin taking a hand in the defence, and offering by way of vindication a little abuse of William R. Hearst and M. H. De Young. Naturally we wonder why this stale stratagem. Is the atmosphere of Denmark more tainted than we had suspected? The rule of dialectics is that when you are floored you must make a diversion, talk of something else as though it had a bearing on the matter in dispute and afforded an argument against your opponent. Hearst and De Young may be villains, but what about Loveland and his pals? That's the question at issue.

## Looking After Themselves

Even in the eyes of reactionary politicians that great catholicon of Far West government—the recall—beloved of Progressive statesmen from the deserts of Arizona to the snows of Mount Rainier, is not without at least one redeeming feature. We refer to that wise provision by which the State is required to reimburse the taxeater against whom the recall has been unsuccessfully invoked. There is one ideal common to politicians of all parties and factions—the ideal of a full trough to wallow in. And so it is that even the benighted reactionary politician, though he may not have had a new idea in thirty years, finds that the recall is not deserving of unequivocal, categorical condemnation. Of this saving grace with which the recall was endued by its inventors some of us were not aware until the other day. It is a peculiarity of Progressive contrivances that the full import, significance, potentiality and inevitable consequence of them are never apparent on the surface; never, indeed, to be conjectured even by the shrewdest students of the occult in matters governmental. It is only when they are tried out that the dear credulous people discover all that has been handed to them by the gods of the machine. So with the recall. It was thought to be wholly to the disadvantage of the politician. We learned otherwise when a bill was introduced at Sacramento last week to put $6,730.10 into the purse of Senator Jim Owens of Contra Costa and Marin, this being the sum of money that he spent to defeat the constituents by whom he was forsworn. The State has to pay this money. "The law," says a newspaper correspondent, "is mandatory, and there is no limit to the amount the successful candidate may charge if he beats the efforts to oust him." In other words the taxeater is not subject to the law made to preserve the plebiscite from impurity. Try to recall a Senator, and he may corrupt the electorate at the expense of the pee-pul. Fail to recall him, and he may let his imagination run riot and not only reimburse himself out of the State Treasury but profit by the attempt to deprive him of his job. Fortunately Jim Owens of Marin is a modest statesman. He finds that he spent only $6,730.10 to convince the people of Contra Costa and Marin that he was worthy of his hire.

## Hatred in War

A writer in the London Chronicle has had the temerity to scold Englishmen for hating Germans. "Hatred," he says, "gives courage to the weak. The strong man has no need of it." In the philosophy of this writer not many Englishmen will concur. Hatred in their philosophy is righteous wrath, and if one's enemy does not commit atrocities it is advisable to invent some that the pure milk of the word of patriotism may circulate freely. This was Macaulay's idea. Macaulay thought it barbarous to preserve a mood of passionless indifference toward an enemy while shooting him full of holes. Hatred is a passion the cultivation of which is never neglected by peoples at war. One of the three things which Nelson advised a midshipman to bear always in mind was that he must hate a Frenchman as he hated the Devil. For the present the Britisher has substituted the German for the Frenchman as the object of his hatred. He has made a change of enemy, but his spirit is unaltered. The Britisher's is a mobile hatred. It seems but the other day that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain speaking of Russia remarked: "Who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon;" and the very week in which the Austrian ultimatum was issued there was no word of loathing too extravagant to be flung at Servia by the London press. Today Russia and Servia are the allies of England, and Germany is the common enemy. The Germans, too, are pretty good haters. In this war they are concentrating nearly all the hatred of which they are capable against the English. Of the French they speak sympathetically, and even toward Russia they are less bitter than in the days agone, but this doubtless is because their rage against England is exhausting their reservoirs of hatred. The Crown Prince expressed the general feeling the other day when he said: "We are convinced that the day will come when the people of Russia and France will find out that they are only doing the dirty work for England."

## Courage in War

Whatever may be thought of the need of hatred in war there is certainly an abundance of it in this stupendous conflict, and there is courage also; and not all of it the kind of courage that is inspired by hatred. There have been many gallant deeds of heroism prompted by compassion for the wounded enemy. For love of country soldiers on every battlefield of the war have shown magnificent indifference to danger. A leading article in a London newspaper the other day asserted that courage could only be shown in a just cause, and that the difference between courage and ferocity might be seen in the comparison between the conduct of the allies and the Germans. This is the kind of sentiment that can be conceived only in the spleen of a non-combatant far away from the scene of strife. The soldier who is risking his mortal part and doing his best to slaughter the foe has much less hatred of the enemy than is gendered near the fireside at home. There is nothing like a good fight to dissolve hatred and promote respect, and the Germans, though they may never be able to justify their viewpoint or their ethics of war in a Congress of European Powers are certainly winning admiration in the trenches across the way for their pluck, their zeal for country and the extraordinary state of efficiency to which they have attained in the science of war. Tommy Atkins doesn't believe that the Germans are merely ferocious. And as to the justness of their cause the soldiers of the Kaiser are quite as firm in their convictions on this point as are the Allies. This war has clearly demonstrated that civilization does not make for the decline of

courage. On the beach at Troy or at Marathon near the sea there were no braver men than the heroes of the Vistula and the Marne.

### The Lover of Mankind

All of us take a thoughtful, more or less anxious interest, in what is passing in the world. We may be touched with pity for the sorrows of men, and smile at their follies without bitterness, but to how many of us is it given to love mankind? It is easy enough to love one's friends; here and there is a man specially endowed with the capacity for love of his wife's mother, but is there on this sublunary sphere a being with a consuming passion for mankind? The question is asked in the spirit of an academic inquirer. We regard it as a live question inasmuch as common report credits innumerable prominent citizens with this divine power of loving their fellow creatures all and singular. Formerly we were inclined to regard "love of mankind" as a cant phrase, and the profession of this love as an affectation, for it is commonly professed by the unctuous reformer top-heavy with self-righteousness and sensible of the handicap he would naturally be under were he unable to parade an exalted motive and noble aim. To have love for mankind is to be somewhat near the level of Christ, and one must be in pretty close touch with the throne of grace to reach so high a plane. Love is the purification of heart from self, and the very essence of it is to be willing to suffer for the good of others. To love mankind is to be willing to suffer for mankind. How many of us have this willingness inspired by pure love. Take away from men their vanity and their ambitions, said an ancient philosopher, and there would be few claiming to be heroes and patriots. The limelight is a great incentive to deeds of sacrifice that are mistaken for the glorious triumphs of a divine love. However, let us beware of the spirit of scepticism. If we cannot love all our fellow-men, at least it is easy to be charitable to them, and sacrifice is good whatever the inspiration. And perhaps by forgetting that the Hobsons, the Weinstocks, the Carnegies, the Pinchots and the average Puritan are our most aggressive and insistent lovers of mankind, and give thought to the fact that occasionally we find a Woodrow Wilson professing to be on fire with the holy passion, we may come to regard it as quite credible that Abou Ben Adhem was no exceptional mortal. Our President confesses that he has a passionate affection for humankind. His formal declaration of sentiment has been published and circulated. And though there is a more continuous sobriety, a profounder solemnity in Washington at present than ever before in the history of the capital, it is not to be said that humor, which is given to man as an antidote to self-consciousness, has been withheld from Mr. Wilson. Our President is a very human man, and doubtless it is because he loves humankind that he is so great an optimist. What a misanthrope was he who said: "There is not a more mean, stupid, dastardly, pitiful, selfish, spiteful, envious, ungrateful animal than the Public!"

### The Great American Fetish

Illiteracy and its rapid increase through immigration is costing the United States $500,000,000 a year, says F. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education. Commissioner Claxton reminds us that the schooling that is given to men of his calibre is costing the United States more than the finest mathematical mind is able to calculate. If we had fewer schools and fewer teachers there would be fewer men of the Claxton calibre driveling nonsense, and fewer persons to give ear to their balderdash. The mischief that is done in this country by the gratuitous assertions of the imperfectly educated, those that have been able to attain some eminence, is incalculable. Nearly all the tinkering of our laws is the result of the exaggerations, misstatements and utterly groundless assertions of dull mediocrities assured of a hearing in a country full of men and women who have received "a little learning." Education, or rather what passes for it, is a curious fetish responsible for many strange delusions. The average American has an inveterate faith in schooling as a means of enlightenment. No wonder! We are much given to confounding schooling with education. We assume that a school never misses its purpose, that knowledge is always power, that in school wisdom is absorbed automatically. Editors, professors, sociologists and politicians love to declaim on the great benefits to civilization that spring from the class-room, but they never tell us of the evil effects of a little knowledge on shallow minds. Apparently it never occurs to them that colleges are among the necessary evils. Knowledge is so desirable that we cannot afford to do without institutions of learning. Perhaps the benefits derived from them more than compensate for the evil they do, but the evil would be greatly minimized were it generally recognized. We aggravate it by making a fetish of education. As a result of our blind worship of schooling an undue importance is given to persons who have been tutored a little, and whose intellectuals have been trained to a point where the vanity and presumption of learning are asserted. According to Montaigne learning is a dangerous weapon, apt to wound its master when wielded by a feeble hand. In a country where a little learning is accessible to everybody, nay, compulsory in some places, it is a dangerous weapon not only to its master, but to whole communities and the nation itself. Consider what a scourge is one quack doctor. Ponder the awful consequences of turning loose to prey on a community one merely incompetent lawyer, not to mention innumerable shysters of the bar whose morals have received no better training than their mentality! Think of all the mischief that has been done by our imperfectly educated young doctrinaires of the academic groves since the college faculty became an inexhaustible source of governmental fads and fancies! We are far from saying that it would be better to have fewer schools in the country, but we feel sure of one thing,—that a college has no magical power to make scholars, and we are far from certain that illiteracy is costing the United States as much as imperfect education.

### Keeping Them Apart

Louis D. Brandeis, the efficiency expert, told the Commission on Industrial Relations that about the only hope labor unionism had of prevailing was the elimination of the idea that to increase the production of the individual was to harm the organization. "If I were an industrial worker," he said, "I would belong to a union, and the first thing I would try to do would be to make every other man feel that he was a traitor to the cause of unionism if he didn't give the best that was in him." According to Mr. Brandeis the mistakes of centralized capital are no worse than the mistakes of organized labor. "The worker," he said, "thinks that the employer is making a great deal more than he ought to make, and this at the expense of the workman. The trouble is that figures look big to those who have no realization of percentages. Workingmen do not realize the risk of great losses or that frequently great profits in one direction barely counterbalance losses in another." Mr. Brandeis has very much to say along these lines, but though he was given a great deal of space in the press some months ago when he was devoting himself exclusively to criticism of capital, scant notice was taken of the views he expressed in Washington. Our lovely press preferred to "play up" the wisdom of "Mother" Jones and the flubdub of Henry Ford, the manufacturer of a standardized single article, in the enjoyment of a monopoly market, who has yet to experience successful competition. To quote Brandeis would be inconsistent with the newspaper policy of cultivating discontent and widening the breach between employers and workmen. To reach a satisfactory solution of our industrial problems we must first induce employers and employed alike to recognize the importance of the part played by each other, the nature and extent of each other's strength, and the permanent need each has of the other's co-operation. These two are never to be permanently reconciled, but it may be possible for them to regard each other as friends rather than enemies, as opponents only with reference to the particular points at issue in each dispute that arises. For the welfare of both it is necessary that each should have a proper conception of the position and functions of the other, and realize that though there is possibility of indefinitely improved adjustment there can be no fundamental change. But there is no tendency toward this blissful state. It is all in the other direction owing chiefly to the machinations of the mischievous and sordid mob-coddlers and demagogues of press and politics.

# Varied Types

## CCXV—JOHN E. D. TRASK

By Edward F. O'Day

Had I swallowed some of the whoppers told by painters whose pictures were rejected, I'd have been surprised at the appearance of John Trask. The disappointed candidates for space in the Palace of Fine Arts make him a horripilant figure. In their word paintings he is a heartless and conscienceless ogre who devours the fine arts, an iconoclast whose hammer is forever pulverizing merit and smithereening sincere endeavor. Such a man should bear in his countenance the stigmata of ignorance, envy, bigotry and partiality. All the evil adumbrated in the faces of the art jury should be heavily graven in the features of the wicked chief of the department. If McComas, Mathews, Neuhaus, Wendt and Gustin are iniquitous persons—and many of the painters whose works were rejected by these five western jurymen declare as much—John Trask should be the quintessence of deep-dyed villainy.

However, the artists I have in mind do not always paint perfect likenesses. Their portraits frequently need labels. So I was not surprised to find John Trask anything but a horrific figure. He is in fact a very mild-mannered individual whose blue eyes look out rather benignantly than otherwise from an almost cherubic face surmounted by gray hair that parts in the middle and falls careslessly over the temples. His words come slowly, but always reach their goal, being well considered words and sure. A very pleasant gentleman is John Trask; slow, I should say, to anger; but being angered by injustice or intrusive stupidity, very certain of his position and quite competent to maintain it without loss of dignity or prestige.

Let me say right now that John Trask has not been angered by the censorious plaints of the painters whose pictures were deemed unworthy of exhibition at the World's Fair. He has heard some of their diatribes—indeed they took particular pains that he should—and is not indifferent to them, but he doesn't dream of assuming the defensive. He feels that he has nothing to apologize for, nothing to extenuate, nothing to explain away. Let the disappointed painters caress their rejected masterpieces and fume against him to their hearts' content; John Trask is not to be ruffled from his equanimity.

You see, John Trask has had nineteen years of experience with exhibiting painters, and that is a longer time than some of our most objurgatory painters have been sending to exhibitions. The Pennsylvania Academy of Philadelphia is the oldest institution of its kind in this country, and for eighteen years John Trask was its director. He is chairman of the exhibition committee of the American Federation of Fine Arts. He was the Commissioner General of the United States to the fine arts expositions at Buenos Ayres and Santiago, Chile. And there was no respectable authority to express disapproval when he was appointed chief of the department of fine arts at our World's Fair.

"I remember an exhibition some years ago," said John Trask, "to which E. W. Redfield sent three pictures. Two of them were rejected. Redfield came to me and said:

"'I see that the jury has rejected two of my pictures. I want to say two things. First, now that the pictures are back in my studio I can't see why any jury should be expected to accept them. Second, no jury will ever have a chance to reject my pictures again, for, by the Lord, I'm going to paint them so well that juries will have to accept them.'

"That, I think, is the spirit in which big men receive the verdict of an art jury. I have never heard of a great artist whose career was hurt by the adverse judgment of a jury. Whistler and Monet had pictures rejected and survived the experience. Speaking generally, with no particular reference to the painters here, the man who complains is incompetent. If that man were playing baseball instead of painting pictures we should all uphold the umpire for saying, 'To the clubhouse for you.'

"With reference to the jury which sat in San Francisco, I do not think that it rejected a single picture that ought to have gone in. On the other hand, some pictures were accepted which, I am inclined to think, would have been rejected elsewhere. It was a thoroughly competent jury. In my experience I have never known a jury actuated in its judgments by any but worthy motives. The art juries I have known have made mistakes of course, but they were honest mistakes. This jury was no exception. It was more lenient than most juries; I was glad to see that, and I aimed to keep it so, for this Fair is to be held in California and there are reasonable limits within which that fact should be considered.

"Some of the local painters are aggrieved because there was no provision made for the separate exhibition of California art. To my mind such provision would have been insulting to California painters. It would have implied that they feared to compete with the painters of New York or Michigan or Missouri; that they were entitled to special consideration because they happened to live in the State where the Fair was to be held.

"There has been criticism too of the makeup of the jury. The jury for western pictures originally consisted of nine men: Mathews, McComas and Neuhaus of this city; Wendt of Los Angeles; Gustin of Seattle; and from the East, Alexander, Tarbell, Redfield and myself. Alexander, Tarbell and Redfield found it impossible to come here. Would the painters who are dissatisfied have been perfectly content if those three men had sat with us? I can only say that a certain painter has been explaining in the Bohemian Club that he did not submit any pictures because he did not think an all-western jury competent to pass upon them. And yet I have in my files a letter written by that painter when the names of the nine jurymen were first announced in which he indignantly protests against the idea of having easterners pass judgment on his work.

"The complaints which have been addressed to me personally by painters whose works have been rejected seem equally unreasonable. A woman complained of the 'outrage' done her. She wrote that she had been discriminated against simply because she was a woman. Did she wish me to insult the jury by demanding that it reconsider its verdict, or did she expect me to change her sex? In another case I was warned that the sender was ill and that rejection in toto would break his heart, as he was not in physical condition to withstand the shock. Had he any business to send? If he dies of a broken heart I shall not feel that I am guilty of murder or of any moral offense. Another painter wrote that the judgment of the jury was correct in his case, but pointed out that people were in the habit of buying his pictures, that rejection by the jury would undeceive his customers and ruin his income, that he might even have to leave California in consequence. It seems to me that if his stay is based on the deception of picture buyers the sooner he leaves the better.

"And so it goes. You know, there are seven thousand artists in America who are in the habit of exhibiting somewhere or other. If we eliminated only the pictures which were utterly impossible and accepted all the rest we'd have to have a gallery three times as big as the Palace of Fine Arts. As a matter of fact, there are to be shown about thirteen hundred examples of contemporary American art. Over ten per cent are by western painters. Could they reasonably ask for more than that?

"The standard was deliberately placed very high. The juries were asked to establish and hold to this very high standard. It is fully one hundred per cent higher than the standard at the Salon. I suppose you know that the annual exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute is one of the very best in the country. That exhibition closed the day before the World's Fair jury sat in Chicago, and over one hundred pictures shown at that exhibition were submitted to the World's Fair jury. Just fifty per cent of them were rejected as not good enough to represent American art in an international show of the highest standard. A very considerable number rejected in New York were accepted by the National Academy of Design. Taking their work seriously the juries could not do otherwise.

"In explanation of the complaints by California artists it is fair to say that artists here are not so used to the ways of juries as their eastern brethren. They do not exhibit in big shows so often. They should remember that the statistics for the Metropolitan in New York, the Corcoran in Washington and the galleries in Philadelphia and Chicago show that only twenty per cent of submitted pictures are accepted. That means that out of five men who send, four go out gunning for the jury.

"When you come right down to it, I think that the men who at the bottom of their hearts think they should be represented in the Palace of Fine Arts but are not represented, are very few. I doubt whether these are making the complaints. As for the rest, my answer to their criticism is, Come and see the show before you say anything more."

"Did the jury here get any thrills?" I asked.

"Three or four painters interested the jury to the point of excitement," answered Trask. "That is a fair proportion, for it is a rare canvas that brings a jury to its feet."

I should have liked to get their names, but John Trask has a smiling way of closing his lips which discourages the prier into personalities. I suppose I'll have to wait, like the disgruntled painters, until I see the show.

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# Perspective Impressions

Prentice, Jorgensen et al, refused to wait for "psychological prosperity."

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We have yet to hear anybody express regret at the shooting of Bryan's friend Pancho Villa.

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Once more the President assures us that we are on the eve of great prosperity. The President's eve is like a day in Genesis.

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Having carefully inspected the list of proposed charter amendments we are in a position to state that taxes are going up.

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"It is good psychology and good business to put ourselves in the hands of Christ," says the Rev. Robert N. Powers of the Parkside Presbyterian Church. In other words, Come to the Lord and be prosperous.

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"The maze of interrogation points" no longer imprisons American business, the President declares. Quite right. It has been replaced by exclamation points preceded by cuss words, and the cussing is directed at President Wilson and his administration.

Hoi polloi are hard to make out. They are more interested in jitney traffic than they ever were in the war.

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Assemblyman Brown has introduced a bill requiring common carriers to provide seats for all passengers. Isn't it time to require God by Act of the Legislature to relieve us of all our discomforts?

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Assemblyman Ryan has a bill to "exempt the wages of seamen from execution up to $300." Why should any working man's wages be subject to execution? None but the wicked employer should be compelled to pay his bills.

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Assemblyman Rigdon has introduced a bill proposing a constitutional amendment creating a legislature of forty members. If Rigdon's aim is to reduce the volume of stupidity and asininity at Sacramento his bill has our approval.

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Professor Lucas of the State University says that 25 per cent of the children brought into the juvenile courts and 50 per cent of the inmates of penitentiaries are feeble-minded. What shall we say of the mind of a professor who makes wholesale assertions of this kind?

The President talked to the electric railway men like a sales manager lecturing his drummers.

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The Bulletin asks: "Does Labor believe in Labor?" We give it up. But if we were asked Does Crothers believe in Crothers the answer would be easy.

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So the United States Supreme Court holds that the "white slave" may be indicted with the "white slaver" under the Mann Act. Will this satisfy the advanced women who demand a single standard of morality?

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In the little town of Annison, Ala., eight policemen have been killed in three years while raiding blind pigs. Wouldn't it be well to give Prohibitionists a monopoly of police duty in Anniston?

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The students of Columbia University have resolved to inform Congress that they prefer harvesters to dreadnaughts. Wouldn't it be well to suspend legislation till Congress hears from the primary schools and the general sentiment of schoolmasters everywhere has been reflected in Washington?

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# Patriotism and Its Reward

**Excerpts from the Pastoral Letter of Cardinal Mercier, the Cardinal Primate of Belgium, Which Is Now Known as the "Forbidden Pastoral"**

God will save Belgium, my brethren; you cannot doubt it.

Nay, rather, He is saving her.

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the steam of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs ,of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on the second of August, a mighty foreign Power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own King and their own Government, and cried to the invader: 'Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, Res publica. And this profound will within us is Patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting the same soil, having amongst themselves relations, more or less intimate, of business, of neighborhood, of a community of memories, happy or unhappy. Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together. Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the city—that is, the State—to be the very ideal of human duty. And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the Absolute. Whence, in truth, comes this universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of insistence in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom? Whence comes it that in an hour all interests were merged in the interest of all, and that all lives were together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that our country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed. The rigidity of antique morals and the despotism of the Caesars suggested the false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive it—that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretionary power of the State is the rule of Right. Not so, replies Christian theology; Right is Peace—that is the interior order of a nation, founded upon justice. And Justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man. Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not be a preparation for war; and war is not to be made except for the attainment of peace." In the light of this teaching, which is repeated by St. Thomas Aquinas, Patriotism is seen in its religious character. Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the indiivdual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of Patriotism, for that ideal is Right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national honor. Now there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right, to Justice, and to Truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or "We were bound in honor," they express the religious character of their Patriotism. Which of us does not feel that Patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

I was asked lately by a Staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour, "that a man lay down his life for his

friends." And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain military honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful man into a saint.

Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only amongst our own men, but in any belligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service of a cause they believe to be righteous, are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how many may there not be among these young men of twenty who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the resolution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of patriotism had the resolution to die so well?

Is it not true, my brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?

We may now say, my brethren, without unworthy pride, that our little Belgium has taken a foremost place in the esteem of nations. I am aware that certain onlookers, notably in Italy and in Holland, have asked how it could be necessary to expose this country to so immense a loss of wealth and life, and whether a verbal manifesto against hostile aggression, or a single cannon-shot on the frontier, would not have served the purpose of protest. But assuredly all men of good feeling will be with us in our rejection of these paltry counsels. Mere utilitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship.

The laws of conscience are sovereign laws. We should have acted unworthily had we evaded our obligation by a mere feint of resistance. And now we would not rescind our first resolution; we exult in it. Being called upon to write a most solemn page in the history of our country, we resolved that it should be also a sincere, also a glorious page. And as long as we are compelled to give proof of endurance, so long we shall endure.

All classes of our citizens have devoted their sons to the cause of their country; but the poorer part of the population have set the noblest example, for they have suffered also privation, cold, and famine. If I may judge of the general feeling from what I have witnessed in the humbler quarters of Malines, and in the most cruelly afflicted districts of my diocese, the people are energetic in their endurance. They look to be righted; they will not hear of surrender.

Affliction is, in the hand of Divine Omnipotence, a two-edged sword. It wounds the rebellious, it sanctfiies him who is willing to endure.

God proveth us, as St. James has told us, but He "is not a tempter of evils." All that comes from Him is good, a ray of light, a pledge of love. "But every man is tempted by his own concupiscence. . . . . Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him."

Truce, then my brethren, to all murmurs of complaint. Remember St. Paul's words to the Hebrews, and through them to all of Christ's flock, when, referring to the bloody sacrifice of our Lord upon the cross he reminded them that they had not yet resisted unto blood. Not only to the Redeemer's example shall you look, but also to that of the thirty thousand, perhaps forty thousand, men who have already shed their life-blood for their country. In comparison with them, what have you endured who are deprived of the daily comforts of your lives, your newspapers, your means of travel, communication with your families? Let the patriotism of our Army, the heroism of our King, of our beloved Queen in her magnanimity, serve to stimulate us and support us. Let us bemoan ourselves no more. Let us deserve the coming deliverance. Let us hasten it by our virtue even more than by our prayers. Courage, brethren. Suffering passes away; the crown of life for our souls, the crown of glory for our nation, shall not pass.

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in the soul and conscience you owe it nether respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.

The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.

Thus, the invaders' acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interests, and this ratification, and this only, gives them juridic value.

Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having surrendered to the enemy on conditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army. That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our Allies, that has the honor and the duty of national defence. Let us entrust the army with our final deliverance.

Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation, and to help us to recover some minimum of civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid upon us so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

You especially, my dearest brethren in the priesthood, be you at once the best examples of Patriotism and the best supporters of public order. On the field of battle you have been magnificent. The King and the Army admire the intrepidity of our military chaplains in face of death, their charity at the work of the ambulance. Your Bishops are proud of you.

You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calumny. But be patient; history will do you justice. I today bear my witness for you.

Wherever it has been possible I have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who had been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity, to which I gladly render homage, has since set at liberty. Well, I affirm upon my honor, and I am prepared to assert upon faith of my oath, that until now I have not met a single ecclesiastic, secular or regular, who had once incited civilians to bear arms against the enemy. All have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they were to use their moral influence over the civil population, so that order might be preserved and military regulations observed.

I exhort you to persevere in this ministry of peace, which is for you the sanest form of Patriotism; to accept with all your hearts the privations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it is possible, your way of life. One of you who is reduced by robbery and pillage to a state bordering on total destitution, said to me lately: "I am living now as I wish I had lived always."

Multiply the efforts of your charity, corporal and spiritual. Like the great Apostle, do you endure daily the cares of your Church, so that no man shall suffer loss and you not suffer loss, and no man fall and you not burn with zeal for him. Make yourselves the champions of all those vir-

(Continued on Page 12.)


## SPECIAL NOTE

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# Poems Inspired by The War

### HOCH DER KAISER

**By George Davies**

Hoch der Kaiser! Amen! Amen!
We of the pulpit and bar,
We of the engine and car;
Hail to the Caesar who's given us men
Our rightful heritage back again.

Who kicks the dancing shoes from our feet;
Snatches our mouths from the hot forced meat;
Drags us away from our warm padded stalls;
From our ivory keys, our song books and balls;
Orders man's hands from the children's go-carts;
Closes our fool schools of "ethics" and "arts."
Puts our ten fingers on triggers and swords,
Marshals us into War's legions by hordes.

Hoch der Kaiser! Amen! Amen!
We of the sea and the land;
We of the clerking band;
Hail to the Caesar who's given us men
Our rightful heritage back again.

WHO SUMMONS:
These women who write of loves that are loose,
(Those little perversionist scribes of the Deuce!)
Laughter of lies lilting lewd at their lips,
Their souls and brains both in a maudlin eclipse;
Their bosoms as bare as their stories and songs;
These coaxers of dogs with their "rights" and their wrongs.

WHO COMMANDS:
Strike from their shoulders the transparent mesh;
Mark the Red Cross on the cloth for their flesh.

WHO ORDAINS:
Ye, men who seem women in work and at play;
Ye, who do blindly as women may say;
Ye, who kill life in the smug cabarets;
Ye, all, at the beck of the little tea-tray;
Ye, all, of the measure of daughters of clay.

Waken to face me: be women no more;
But fellow-men-born, from top branch to the core;
Men who must fight—who can kill, who can die,
While women once more shall be covered and shy.

Hoch der Kaiser! Amen! Amen!
We of the hills and the homes;
We of the plows and the tomes;
Hail to the Caesar who's given us men
Our rightful heritage back again.

---

### HE HEARD THE BUGLES CALLING

**By Carey C. D. Briggs**

There's an old red mill at the foot of the hill;
Hear the mill-wheel turning, turning
To the drip of tears through the long, long years
Of my heart's relentless yearning—
Oh, the tender note of the catch in his throat,
Oh, the tear that he dried with laughter;
"I'll be back some day—
Mind the mill while I'm away,"
And he waved one last kiss floating after.
Gone is the miller boy,
Gone from the mill;
Gone up the winding road,
Gone o'er the hill;
Gone with the drum-beat up over the hill,
Where he heard the bugles calling.

There's no grist for the mill or siller for the till,
But I've kept the mill-wheel turning
To the rumble and the beat of a million marching feet,
And my sad heart's muffled yearning.
Oh, the road his brave feet trod, lit with glory up to God,
Oh, the courage of his call shames my sorrow;
"I'll be back some day—
Mind the mill while I'm away,"
And I caught one last kiss for tomorrow.
Gone is the miller boy,
Gone from the mill;
Gone up the winding road,
Gone o'er the hill;
Gone with the drum-beat up over the hill,
Where he heard the bugles calling.

---

### TO OUR FALLEN

**By R. E. Vernede**

Ye sleepers, who will sing you?
We can but give our tears—
Ye dead men, who shall bring you
Fame in the coming years?
Brave souls. . . . . but who remembers
The flame that fired your embers? . . . .
Deep, deep the sleep that holds you
Who one time had no peers.

Yet maybe Fame's but seeming
And praise you'd set aside,
Content to go on dreaming,
Yea, happy to have died
If of all things you prayed for—
All things your valor paid for—
One prayer is not forgotten,
One purchase not denied,

But God grants your dear England
A strength that shall not cease
Till she have won for all the Earth
From ruthless men release,
And made supreme upon her
Mercy and Truth and Honor—
Is this the thing you died for?
Oh, Brothers, sleep in peace!

---

### THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

**By Barry Pain**

I dreamed that overhead
I saw in twilight gray
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark or hurt they bore,
Nor smoke nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are man
And the one King is God!

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond the tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by.

* * *

Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!

---

### VENIZEL

**By an Officer in Command of a British Battery Near Soissons**

Let me go back to Venizel
And farther still across the plain,
A garden grows beside the Aisne
With sweet black plums that like me well.

Beyond the bridge at Venizel
The sunny level plain is laid.
Last week we crossed, and had for shade
The yellow bursts of German shell.

And once again at Venizel
My boys the Prussian fire withstood,
Stout hearts still sleep within the wood,
Beside the bridge for which they fell.

Let us go back to Venizel;
To Bucy highlands let us win.
The road is northward to Berlin
And our advance the Prussians' knell.

---

### HYMN FOR AIRMEN

**By M. C. D. H.**

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky,
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storm or sunshine fair.

Thou who dost keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight,
Thou of the tempered winds be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds, with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land:
Grant steadfast eye and skilful hand,

Aloft in solitudes of space
Uphold them with Thy saving Grace.
O God, protect the men who fly
Through lonely ways beneath the sky.

---

### IN FRANCE

**By Clinton Scollard**

"Is it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?"
An old bent man to a mother said
As they met at morn by a little stall
Where the baker sold them their loaves of bread.

"Is it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?"
And the mother bowed as beneath a rod;
Then she answered, "Aye, it is well with them all,
Well with them all—they are all with God!"

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXIII—A SONG OF SPRING

(The poet does well to sing of spring these stormy days of wind and rain. It is good to be reminded that a balmier season is at hand. Charles K. Field, the editor of Sunset, is a poet and therefore sensitive to the influence of the time when the sap begins to run. But in the following effusion it is Field the loyal San Franciscan who is speaking, so his verses fit nicely in our series.)

**By Charles K. Field**

The ordinary poet sings
Of very ordinary things—
Of primroses and daffodils, the stereotype of spring;
Such rhapsodists as these belong
To the common or garden kind of song—
I string my lyre to higher strain—a city's blossoming!

The modest muse is satisfied
With violets blue and daisies pied,
With pallid flags that hide among the grasses delicate,
But to my ear such measures lag;
I hail the wild, exultant flag
That laughs above the towering steel and marks its ultimate.

The little "shooting-star" that shines
Among the tangled, grounded vines
May serve to stir the season's frenzy in a milder man;
The fire is kindled in my eye
To watch the rosy meteors fly
When red-hot rivets are flung forth and caught within a can!

A gentler laureate may dream
Of gossip with a babbling stream
(It's easy in a city flat to write that kind of drool!).
For me, no pebbled brook can teach
So musically sweet a speech
As that reiterative ring of the pneumatic tool.

Chirp on, ye bards of commerce, let
Your music stir the old spring fret;
I sing a bigger blossom-time than you have gurgled of;
From mighty roots of concrete deep
The giant flowers spring from sleep
Along the barren highways in the city of my love!

# The Spectator

### Our Great Trust Buster

"Another problem solved!" said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "Another wrong to be righted. Another trust to be busted. And of course another commission to be appointed."

"What are you talking about?" Commissioner Dwyer asked.

"I'm talking about the latest grand and glorious project for the advancement of the interests of suffering humanity by one of our great professional philanthropists—the Hon. Charles Wesley Reed, formerly prosecuting attorney of the police court, formerly supervisor, at present a civil service commissioner, and always a reformer ready and willing to hire himself to the public in the interest either of the municipality or the State."

"What is Charles Wesley doing now?" Dwyer asked.

"He is solving the fish problem and busting the fist trust."

"A great achievement," Dwyer solemnly observed. "But what's the fish problem?"

"Well," said the clockwinder, "it's not exactly a problem, it's a crime. When the fish trust catches too many fish instead of dumping them all on the market and losing money it dumps some in the bay and makes money. You see the trust is not in business for its health. It's just like organized labor which deliberately keeps down the output of our shops and factories."

"I hope," said Dwyer, "that you don't approve the conduct of the fish trust."

"The only point I'm making," said the clockwinder, "is that Charles Wesley isn't trying to bust the labor trust."

### Maximum or Minimum Price

Commissioner Dwyer went into a deep brown study and the clockwinder rambled on. "Charles Wesley," he said, "is a statesman typical of his times. He sees something wrong, something abhorrent to the multitude, and in a jiffy he takes the limelight and proposes a remedy, and the remedy is of course an Act of the Legislature."

Dwyer woke up. "Don't you think Mr. Reed is on the right track?" Dwyer asked.

"It all depends, Joe, on what you understand to be the right track. If the track that leads to an enlarged political machine is the right one Charles Wesley is on it. He's for putting the State in the fish business. He's for buying boats and all the paraphernalia for catching fish. He's for employing men to catch fish. He's for establishing markets in several sections of the State, and for selling fish to the people. He's also for empowering the State to fix the maximum price of fish every day, so that if I catch a fish and a man offers me a dollar for it I may be arrested for selling it if the State price happens to be eighty cents. What do you think of that?"

Dwyer observed that he never passed on a law point without looking up authorities.

"It strikes me," said the clockwinder, "that if any price is to be fixed it should be the minimum price else the trust might undersell the State and make a pretty kettle of fish of the whole business. I don't think Reed knows any more about fish than he does about the mules he put up for security when he was trying to make it go as a contractor."

"You don't seem to have any confidence in Reed," said Dwyer.

"Oh, yes, I have," said the clockwinder. "I have great confidence in him as a job chaser but not as a business man. As I have said, he's typical of his times. Charles Wesley is a lawyer by profession, but the only steady practice he ever had at it was in the police court when he was on the city's payroll. He tried his hand at business, and made a fluke of it, but here he is proposing to put the State in business on a very large scale and at great expense. It's easy going into business with the State's money, and that's why our politicians of the Reed type are so quick to urge the realization of their dreams of big enterprise. But I think Charles Wesley is going to be disappointed. I'm told that whenever the Governor sees him coming he takes an aeroplane."

### The Chemically Pure

The clockwinder sat down to read a morning paper. The first thing he read was a despatch from Los Angeles about the arrest of a teacher in Pastor Russell's 'Temple of the Millennial" on complaint of the father of a seven-year-old girl. The prisoner admitted that he had caressed the little one. The clockwinder called Dwyer's attention to the despatch saying, "I see they have charged him with 'violating a city ordinance.' To keep up their reputation for chemical purity in Los Angeles they have gone in strong for euphemisms. When a man is arrested for attempting to commit rape they charge him with violating a city ordinance. When a man is arrested for the crime that brought down the fires of heaven on Sodom and Gomorrah they charge him with 'social vagrancy,' and for that crime and others akin thereto more men were arrested in Los Angeles in one month than were arrested for similar offenses in all the rest of the country in one year."

"How do you know that?" Dwyer asked.

"I read the Sacramento Bee."

### The Book of the Lady Isis

Some months ago an Egyptian mummy was installed in the Bohemian Club to take the place of that destroyed in the fire of 1906. This mummy called "The Lady Isis" was, like that which preceded it, the gift of Jeremiah Lynch who would be the only Egyptologist in San Francisco if Curator George Barron of the Park Museum moved away from here. Jere Lynch once wrote

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a book of Egyptian travel sketches which was of enough importance to receive the critical attention of Ambrose Bierce. He is also the author of a biography of Senator David Broderick. Now he comes forward as the writer of another book. It is called "The Lady Isis in Bohemia," and records the doings of the Bohemian Club on the night when the mummy was solemnly set up in the jinks room. It is a beautiful volume of fine typography with illustrations by Dan Sweeney privately printed for members of the club through the generosity of Lynch. A copy has come into my hands, and I have read with interest all that was said on the memorable occasion when the Lady Isis took her place in the pantheon of Bohemia beside St. John of Nepomuck. All that was said by the participants in the ceremony, be it understood—the witticisms which the mummy drew from Gavin McNab have been omitted.

### Signs of Carelessness

I have said that it is a book of fine typography, but the statement needs qualifying. There is some bad proofreading in it, some proofreading so careless that Jere Lynch is placed in the unfortunate position of one who violates grammar. Now Jere Lynch might violate an Egyptian tomb, but he would never do violence to syntax; so it is too bad the proofreader was negligent. In the first sentence of the book this negligence is strikingly exemplified. "During the year 1890," the preface begins, "I procured in Egypt a mummy that I presented later to the Bohemian Club of which I was, even then, one of its earliest members." I know Jere didn't write that double possessive. Nor did he, I am sure, write that "this mummy had been that of a female member of the regal family," for Jere would not use the pluperfect where the past tense was called for. Nor did Jere speak of that region "whence the storms of the world are stilled." I cannot believe either that he spoke of "the impotence and sacrilege of men" who took the mummy from Egypt. Sacrilegious they may have been, but impotent? Decidedly the proofreader was not one of Bohemia's literati.

### Joe Redding, Theologian

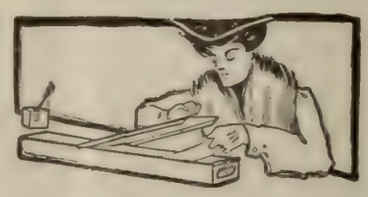
In my survey of the activities of the great I am so used to the spectacle of versatility that it has ceased to make me wonder even when it commands my admiration. Our most versatile clubman, I take it, is Joe Redding, lawyer, librettist, raconteur and post-prandial orator. So I am not amazed to find Joe appearing in the role of theologian. Whether Joe will be bracketted with Thomas Aquinas and Cornelius a Lapide is another question. Joe read a paper on the occasion of the installation of the mummy. It dealt with the mystery of death. "Reverence is founded on faith, and mystery is an element of faith," said Joe. So far so good. But when he added, "Demonstration destroys faith," I fancy St. John Nepomuck must have shaken his head in dissent. That Joe is not a mystic but simply misty is shown by his explanation, or rather his attempted explanation of his belief in the immortality of the soul. "This body is an instrument and our soul is the theme," writes Joe. "Is it not natural that the time shall come when the poor tired instrument will refuse to respond to the theme? But the theme itself does not die; it lives on forever. It will find another instrument upon which to play its melody. That is why I believe in the immortality of the soul." In other words, there is a soul, and the soul will not die, and therefore I believe the soul to be immortal. Ah, Joe, better stick to libretto, and leave theology alone.

### Joe's Immortals

When a Bohemian arises to vindicate the immortality of the soul one expects a brilliant exposition of the sort Chateaubriand gave to the world when he rhapsodized on the genius of Christianity. Joe did not rise to the occasion. He disappointed. But I do not wish to dwell on Joe's theological heterodoxy. I pass to another statement in the same paper. Joe told the Bohemians that "four thousand years ago there was a people of the highest intelligence and education living in the Valley of the Nile." Joe did not leave his meaning in doubt. "When I say intelligence," expounded Joe, "I mean from our standards—from the standard of President Eliot of Harvard, of Cardinal Newman, of Sir Isaac Newton, of Michelangelo, of Phidias, of Homer, of Solomon." I leave it to my gentle but discriminating reader. Is not this a most amazing list of immortals for Joe to cite? The author of the Proverbs, the author of the Iliad, the sculptor of the Zeus of Olympia, the sculptor of the Moses, the author of the Principia and the author of "The Idea of a University," conjoined with—the author of a five-foot bookshelf! If I wanted to be satirical I should parody Joe somewhat in this fashion: "When I say intelligence, I mean from Bohemian standards—from the standard of Joe Redding of San Francisco, of Robert Browning, of Thomas Aquinas, of da Vinci, of Praxiteles, of St. Paul, of Elbert Hubbard." Joe, Joe! if you don't watch out we are likely to regard you with a mouthful of laughter, tapping at our heads with the significant pantomime beloved of Tad which intimates that with you, Joe, there is "nobody home."

### Mercier on Death in Battle

Have you read Cardinal Mercier's pastoral letter? I hope no reader of Town Talk will overlook the excerpts given this week, for it is the most eloquent document so far brought forth by the war. We knew before that the primate of Belgium was a great pulpit orator; now we know that he is a writer with a splendid style. To me the most interesting part of the pastoral is that in which Cardinal Mercier speaks of the eternal salvation of soldiers dying in battle. At first blush it may seem that the doctrine he enunciates is on all fours with the belief of the American

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Indian that the warrior went from the field of battle to the Happy Hunting Grounds and the belief of the Mahometan that death beneath the banner of Islam is a sure warrant of eternity among the houris of Paradise. The Boxers were terrible in war because they had a similar belief. The last three are cognate doctrines, but that set forth by Cardinal Mercier must be differentiated from them. Cardinal Mercier is far from saying that every man who dies in battle goes to Heaven. His words are carefully chosen. "If I am asked," he writes, "what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defense of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul." That, I take it, is sound Christian teaching. I should like to know what some of our theologians think about it.

### Shakespeare's Utterance

It is interesting in this connection to refer to Shakespeare's Henry V. My readers will recall that fine scene the night before Agincourt when King Henry, in disguise, converses with John Bates and Michael Williams. Bates says that if the cause in which they are fighting is an unjust cause, "obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us." Whereupon Williams answers: "But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it.' To this the king answers: "Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him an advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare." It will be noted that Shakespeare was no mean theologian; indeed it has been claimed by Cardinal Wiseman and other respectable authorities that his theology like his faith was Catholic.

### A "Pome" Amended

Somebody has been joshing the versesmith of the Key Route ferry system at the expense of Alameda county. The versesmith was given a prize for this wonderful effusion:

"East bay cities offer you
Sunshine, climate, comfort, view,
Best hotels, and purest air,
Direct ferry to the Fair."

A wit on a rural journal read the masterpiece of the Key Route Parnassian, printed it, but took the unwarranted liberty of making it a little longer by adding a couplet of his own, thus:

"The big show doesn't cost us a cent;
We crawl in beneath the tent."

Now it appears that according to popular critical judgment the pome has been improved and made worth while by the rural wit, for as amended the gem is receiving wide circulation and receiving much attention, especially at the Fair grounds. I am told it has made a great hit with some of the commisioners of Pacific Coast states who have enough sporting blood in them to hate a welcher. One of the gentlemen from Oregon told me he felt so deeply about it that he was thinking of organizing a boycott among visiting delegations against the county across the bay.

### The Activities of Philaletha

The charge filed with the Police Commission that Philaletha Michelsen hired a private detective to make love to her sister and thus wean her affection from another whom Philaletha regarded as unworthy, brings this female lawyer once more into prominence. Philaletha emerges every so often to make us wonder. Philaletha and her brother Twain, also a lawyer, first burst upon the town in the crowded days of the Weller recall. I believe that at that time they had only recently bestowed themselves upon this city, their previous activities having been centered in Los Angeles. They are uplifters of the most ardent sort, and joined zestfully in the unfortunate baiting of Weller. It was at that same time that the Crist brothers hove in view and manifested the same uplifting tendencies as the Michelsens. Whether the city has been bettered for the acquisition of these four is a moot question. Trouble descended upon the Crists some time ago, and now Philaletha Michelsen is mixed in a disagreeable affair. Philaletha used to be a Progressive. Governor Johnson had no more active worker during his first campaign. But Philaletha's ardor for the Johnsonian dispensation cooled suddenly, and it is said by mean persons that the cooling came when Governor Johnson refused to make her a prison director. At any rate she was out against Johnson in the last campaign. John D. Fredericks was her champion then. If the charge made by her sister is true, Philaletha must be a strange person, one worth the notice of psychologists.

### One on Scooffy

Leonidas Scooffy is wise in the ways of the world. He is sophisticated, knowing—he can see as far into a millstone as another man. There are few men in town who would attempt to play a joke on Scooffy, not because he has no humor


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for jokes—far from it—but because jokes that are unsuccessful are also unsatisfactory, and it is exceedingly difficult to "put over" a successful "spoof" on Scooffy. But Phil Bekeart is not above attempting the seemingly impossible. Phil is a mighty hunter, and some of his feats in duck blinds and deer preserves approach so near the impossible that it is not surprising he should try to get the jocular better of Scooffy. Enough! To the yarn. It is brief.

"How is your ranch getting along?" Phil asked Leonidas, referring to the beautiful place Scooffy and his nephew Clifford Cook maintain among the redwoods of Mendocino.

"It's getting along fine, Phil," replied Scooffy. "In fact there's only one thing missing up there."

"What's that?" asked Bekeart.

"Pigeons," answered Scooffy. "I have no pigeons and I want some."

"Easy!" answered Bekeart. "I've got lots of pigeons at my place in Alameda County. I'll send you some."

"If you do, Phil," replied Scooffy with the true tone of gratitude, "I'll be your debtor forever."

In due course the pigeons arrived, a coopful of them, and Scooffy was there to receive them, having made a special trip from San Francisco for the auspicious occasion. Fine pigeons they looked too, and Scooffy pouted his chest in the pride of their ownership. He released them and scattered corn for their first Mendocino County collation, remembering as he did so how he fed the pigeons—or was it doves?—in the piazza of St. Mark at Venice. But when Scooffy, some little time later, went to see how the pigeons were getting along, they had disappeared. A blur on the horizon showed where they were "streaking it" for Alameda County! Phil Bekeart had sent Scooffy carrier pigeons!

### "Cab's" Delicate Distinction

Judge Cabaniss was invited last week to make an address to a night class at the Y. M. C. A. He went to the imposing headquarters in Golden Gate avenue loaded to the muzzle with aphorisms, witticisms, syllogisms and all the other isms that successful experience delights to discharge at callow youth. It was going to be a great address. Arrived, Judge Cabaniss was told that he was expected to talk to the law students exclusively. That sort of decimated his ammunition, so to speak in mixed figures. But he started to meet the emergency.

"When I came here tonight," began "Cab" in his best manner of easy eloquence, "I thought that I was to address not only those who were preparing for a career at the bar but also those who were fitting themselves for legitimate pursuits—"

"Cab" won't consider any more invitations of the kind unless they come from a correspondence school.

## Patriotism and Its Reward

(Continued from Page 7.)

tues enjoined upon you by civic honor as well as by the Gospel of Christ. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think of these things." So may the worthiness of our lives justify us, my most dear colleagues, in repeating the noble claim of St. Paul: "The things which ye have learned, and received, and heard, and seen, in me, these do ye, and the God of peace shall be with you."

Let us continue then, dearest brethren, to pray, to do penance, to attend Holy Mass, and to receive Holy Communion for the sacred intention of our dear country. . . . . I recommend parish priests to hold a funeral service on behalf of our fallen soldiers, on every Saturday.

Money, I know well, is scarce with you all. Nevertheless, if you have little, give of that little, for the succor of those among your countrymen who are without shelter, without fuel, without sufficient bread. I have directed my parish priests to form for this purpose, in every parish, a relief committee. Do you second them charitably and convey to my hands such alms as you can save from your superfluity, if not from your necessities, so that I may be the distributor to the destitute who are known to me.

Our distress has moved the other nations. England, Ireland, and Scotland; France, Holland, the United States, Canada, have vied with each other in generosity for our relief. It is a spectacle at once most mournful and most noble. Here again is a revelation of the Providential Wisdom which draws good from evil. In your name, my brethren, and in my own, I offer to the Governments and the nations that have succored us the assurance of our admiration and our gratitude.

With a touching goodness our Holy Father Benedict the Fifteenth has been the first to incline his heart towards us. When, a few moments after his election, he deigned to take me in his arms, I was bold enough then to ask that the first Pontifical Benediction he spoke should be given to Belgium, already in deep distress through the war. He eagerly closed with my wish, which I knew would also be yours. Today, with delicate kindness, His Holiness has taken the step to renounce the annual offering of Peter's Pence from Belgium. In a letter dated on the beautiful festival of the Immaculate Virgin, December the eighth, he assures us of the part he bears in our sufferings, he prays for us, calls down upon our Belgium the protection of Heaven, and exhorts us to hail in the then approaching advent of the Prince of Peace the dawn of better days.

Hokus—Do I know Flubdub? I should say I did. Why, we have slept together.

Pokus—Used to be roommates, eh?

Hokus—No, not exactly that; but we used to occupy the same pew in church.

Visitor—Which of those hotels is the better?

Town Guide—Wal, one of 'em has all rooms with baths, and the other believes in personal liberty—you can have a bath or not, just as you like.


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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**The Actor in a Box**

What a great difference it makes in the actor, the side of the footlights he happens to be on! Take Henry Miller, for instance. With the footlights betwixt himself and his audience, though he no longer impersonates the dashing, slashing, flashing young hero, Daddy Long Legs still manages to look very good to the romantic and susceptible matinee girl. But put him in a box, as he put himself last Sunday at the Gluck concert, and—well, whatever he may look to the matinee girl, the impression he made on a young man in the audience was somewhat different from the impression he makes on his own audience. Mr. Miller was enthused over the singing, and he did much applauding. Presently the young man, who sat several rows from me, thus: "My word! but that old gentleman in the box is getting the worth of his money."

**Ned Greenway's Legs**

Ned Greenway is one of the courageous souls who are to show their legs at the Mardi Gras. As a member of the floor committee he will wear knee breeches and silk stockings, so we shall all have a look at his calves. Ned faces the ordeal like the valorous carpet knight he is. Indeed he welcomes the exposure of his underpinning. "Somebody has said," he told me indignantly as he sipped a glass of rare old port, "that I have piano legs. That is the basest calumny. As a matter of fact I have slender legs, just as I have slender arms. Look at my wrist! Since this matter came up a certain fellow bet me that I could not wear a number nine pair of ladies' stockings. I not only put them on with ease, but I wore them all through a supper dance without tearing them. Some of the other floor committeemen may have piano legs—I could name a few if I wanted to be mean—but my legs are genuine Louis Quatorze."

**Other Underpinning**

Bobby Eyre tells me that Larry Harris is the only floor committeeman who refuses to don knickerbockers. I have tried to find out why, but give it up. Larry's friends in the Family Club say that he frequently appears at the Family Farm in golf stockings and that his calves are quite presentable. But perhaps Larry doesn't think they are good enough to show where ladies will see them. Of course the ardent golfers are used to showing their legs. Bobby Eyre, Jim Woods, Fred McNear, Walter Martin, Vincent Whitney, Harry Scott, Bill Lange—these will show their legs in the ball room as nonchalantly as they show them at the nineteenth hole. But how about Edgar Mizner's legs? And Olympian Bill Humphrey's? And the legs of Charley Cooke of the Palace? And the legs of Thornwell Mullally? Are these good legs, legs worth showing, well-calved legs? The Mardi Gras is to be a study in legs. I am speaking of men only.

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**Mrs. Spreckels' Engagement**

More than once I have pointed the moral that the spirit of romance never succumbs to an unsuccessful marriage. When divorce comes to solve the problem of incompatibility or worse, the spirit of romance is depressed, but only for a time. It mounts again, taking more vigorous hold for the temporary setback. This has been proved time and time again by the second marriages of our prominent folk. It bids fair to be proved anew. The latest to testify to the truth of this contention is Mrs. Edith Huntington Spreckels who has just surprised and delighted her friends by announcing her engagement to popular Frank Wakefield. Incompatibility forced the termination of Mrs. Spreckels' union with Jack Spreckels, to the regret of their many friends, but Mrs. Spreckels was not persuaded then that no permanent happiness was to be found in marriage. If she entertained any doubts on the subject, Frank Wakefield found the way to remove them. The engagement was announced at a dinner given by Mrs. Spreckels' very dear friend Mrs. John McNear, and those who heard the news suddenly realized that they had seen Mrs. Spreckels and Frank Wakefield together a great deal of late, also that the two had seemed to take the deepest interest in each other's company. Frank Wakefield is well liked in society and in club circles, and is being showered with congratulations on his success in winning the heart of the beautiful and cultivated Mrs. Spreckels.

**No Stage Career**

The announcement of this engagement may help to explain why Mrs. Spreckels definitely decided some little while ago not to go upon the stage. Madame Margaret Barry with whom Mrs. Spreckels appeared in a dramatic sketch based upon the Rubaiyat importuned her to join the professional ranks, but after careful consideration Mrs. Spreckels declined. Madame Barry is at Coronado where, Wednesday evening of this week, she repeated the Rubaiyat sketch and also recited one of Lawrence Hope's East Indian love lyrics. Our old friend Dr. Humphrey Stewart assisted her at the piano.

**Marjorie Josselyn, Worker**

That the daughters of our local aristocracy are not drones is well known. Their devotion to golf, bridge, dancing and other decorative, if useless activities, has testified to their energy, but unless impelled by the spur of necessity they have not hitherto engaged in any of the so-called gainful occupations. It has remained for Marjorie Josselyn to show the way. This young lady who has recently returned from a visit to Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, has entered the employment of a local weekly as an office assistant. While it is true that the appeal to vanity in the form of the signed article has not always been resisted by our local smart set yet Miss Josselyn is engaged in the business end of the journalistic venture. This petted social favorite leaves her father's luxurious suite at the St. Francis every morning before nine, enters her limousine and reports at the office of the publication where she puts in a full day's work.

**A Girl of Talent**

Miss Josselyn is a very talented young lady with decided leanings towards a literary life and is imbued with a desire to be something more than a mere dilettante—one of the crew rather than a cabin passenger. Her father, Charles Josselyn, also has shown his inclination in this direction and has published two volumes of extracts from noted authors. How long his daughter's occupation will last remains to be seen. While it is undoubtedly true that journalism is the hardest way to make a living (as having a rich father is the easiest), there is reason to suppose that Miss Josselyn's talents will make themselves known, and that she will one of these days surprise her society friends by achieving a literary success. She is a girl who has read a great deal and has assisted her father in preparing his books for the press.

**Tessie Surprises**

"Mrs. Herman Oelrichs attracted much attention while lunching at the Ritz one day last week, by keeping on her long colored gloves during the entire meal." I read that in a New York paper. And my mind went back to the day at the Palace several years ago when Mrs. Oelrichs attracted San Francisco attention in exactly the same way. Mrs. Oelrichs must be running out of stunts.

**Nobility Coming for Polo**

Society is making preparations for the gayest year ever recorded in the social history of California. With the opening of the Fair the year will be one long series of festivals. Close on the heels of the opening comes the Polo Tournament which begins March 15 and continues until April 26. There will be three matches played weekly on the Exposition polo field which, besides being an excellent battle ground for the championships, affords spectators an outlook upon a panorama of sea and hill and sky and jeweled domes that is incomparable. For some time it was feared that on account of the trouble across the water there would be no visiting nobility. This of course was a great disappointment to the country club set. But now word has been received through private correspondence that quite a few of England's aristocrats will be present some time during the Polo Tournament. The Earl of Elgin, Sir James Wilson, Countess of Leven, Duke of Leinster, Sir John Carey of Guernsey and Mr. Alan McDonald of Banff, N. B., have

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written to their friends here that they will be here early in March and will remain for some time. Also it has been learned that many families of the English nobility will pass the spring and summer in San Francisco as their own summer places in Switzerland, France, Italy and the Tyrol are inaccessible on account of the war.

**American Stars**

Some of the American polo players of national and international fame who are in Southern California en route to this city are Max Stevenson, Perry Beadlestone, Pad Rumsey and Kitty Van Stade of the Cooperstown team. With the Midwick team will be Freddy McLaughlin of Chicago and Hugh Drury, the latter having gained laurels both in England and India. From Cincinnati has come Max Fleischman with a long string of ponies. J. Langford Stack of Chicago and Thomas le Boutellier of Meadowbrook are also on their way West. Foxhall Keane, accompanied by his family, and Rene La Montagne of the Meadowbrook team will be here throughout the Polo Tournament and may remain over for the harness races in June. Interest is widespread in these events and already quite a number of boxes for the Polo Tournament have been taken. Some of those who have bought boxes are Paul D. Hamlin, Chicago; E. W. Rollins, Dover, N. H.; George I. Cochran, Los Angeles; Charles W. Clark, C. W. Penoyer, Henry C. Breeden, H. W. Leadbetter, Portland, Mrs. Walter Martin, Henry L. Corbett, Portland, Frederic McLaughlin, Chicago, Lawrence Waterbury, New York, Walter S. Hobart, F. F. Baldwin, Honolulu, Mrs. H. Bartlett, Vermejo Park, New Mexico, George N. Armsby, Carleton Burke, Los Angeles, Herbert Fleishhacker, Challen Parker, R. T. Crane Jr., Chicago, Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. George A. Pope, Joseph Sadoc Tobin. John S. Drum, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny.

**Josephine L. Caro to Read "Patriots"**

The third reading in the series of Drama Travelogues by Josephine L. Caro in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, will be given February 11 at 10:45 in the forenoon. Mrs. Caro will render Lenox Robinson's "Patriots," giving us a peep into the heart of Ireland's middle class, interpreting the play in her usual charming manner to an appreciative audience.

**The Cranes to Attend**

Everything points to a very large attendance at the dansant to be given at the Palace Hotel this Saturday afternoon, between the hours of four and seven o'clock, for the purpose of raising funds for the Child Labor Convention and Exhibit in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane, those favorite dancers, have signified their intention of dropping in for a while and Mrs. Lee Rubens, who has the affair in charge, is more than pleased at the support by San Francisco society folk. Reservations of tables may be made at the Palace Hotel.

**Dancing at Solari's**

To dine at Fred Solari's Grill on Geary street, next to the Columbia Theatre, is accounted by San Francisco's most critical people to be one of the most delightful features of metropolitan life. The cuisine is famous, the incidental entertainment delightful. Every evening at 8 o'clock there is a jolly after-dinner dance lasting until midnight. Two of the best exponents of the modern dance yet seen in this city, Mr. Le Boy and Alice Rinaldo, give nightly exhibitions of the new dances and instruction to the guests. During one dance each evening, called the "Lucky Dance," a valuable prize is given one of the ladies participating.

ALBERT SPALDING

One of the soloists at the special concert given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Sunday afternoon, February 7, at the Civic Auditorium

**I. Y. C. Gayeties**

The Indoor Yacht Club will engage in a new form of gayety when its members give a dinner-dance at the Cliff House on Friday evening, February 12. There are many enthusiastic dancers in this club, and it is sure to be a merry affair. Next Wednesday night the club will have a big jinks in its rooms at Eddy and Market streets.

**What is the Meaning of "Pavo Real?"**

When we hear the above question we know that the questioner has never paid a visit to the third floor of the Tait-Zinkand Building, 168 O'Farrell street. Those who have, know that Pavo Real is the finest ball-room in the world—that Pavo Real is more gorgeous in decoration than any other ball-room—and while it may seem paradoxical—Pavo Real with its overwhelming grandeur is at the same time the most comfortable home of dance to be found anywhere. One feels just as though one were born to the regal splendor of the surroundings the moment that one passes within the portals of this wonderful room. The walls, the ceiling, the music, the glasslike floor all make life seem one truly harmonious round of pleasure. This Pavo Real—this home of symmetry of motion—is visited both afternoon and evening by many of San Francisco's distinguished people and we are safe in saying all of her distinguished visitors. Pavo Real is open daily from 3:30 to 6 p. m. and from 8:30 to 1 a. m. Between these hours Mr. and Mrs. Jay March Fetters, the renowned Philadelphia dancers, will demonstrate the beauties of the modern dance.

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# Two Prima Donnas

By Helen M. Bonnet

Alma Gluck, the American prima donna who has won a place of distinction for herself in the world of song, appeared Sunday at the Columbia, and for about two hours entertained a large audience, and evoked much enthusiasm. A great maestro once said that to become great a singer must have three gifts: first, voice; second, voice; third, voice. These essentials are numbered among Alma Gluck's possessions. She has a voice of lovely timbre, the charming lyric quality that reminds one of a bird. It is a flexible voice of wide compass. It is beautifully placed, and even in its softest, silvery pianissimo it is full, rounded and resonant, having the carrying power that was Sembrich's. Listening to Alma Gluck, one is often reminded of Sembrich. The young singer has absorbed much from the great past-mistress of the art of song, the perfection of whose methods was evidenced the other day in New York, where, at the age of sixty, she gave a recital of two hours that held an audience rapt. Miss Gluck has made good use of her time in studying the Sembrich technique. Her phrasing is excellent, her enunciation a delight, and in light, dainty music like Schubert's "Die Forelle" her singing is superb. There remains for her little more than the knack of what is known on the stage as "getting it over;" that is, in a degree sufficient to entitle her to a place in the galaxy of great songbirds. If she has felt twice over in her own flesh the emotions that great singers must express, she has yet to acquire the power of expressing them in the way that denotes an emotional personality, the way that implies a quality of universal sympathy. But considered as a prima donna Alma Gluck is a mere infant, and a further wonderful development may be confidently expected. In her first group of songs Sunday a cold made itself manifest, especially in the Mozart numbers, but such was her artistry and the warmth of her singing as she proceeded that the cold was soon imperceptible. Next Sunday with her voice in perfect condition we may expect a greater treat. . . . . At the Alcazar is singing a woman who has precisely the power that Alma Gluck lacks. Whether Alice Gentle has "felt the emotions of the world," or is merely sensible of them, she certainly sings with profound feeling as well as great artistry, and she is also supplied with the three-fold essential—a voice. She sang Santuzza Monday night. She sang with brilliance, and the music she rendered with fervor and with the realization of its tragic import. Alice Gentle was in the region where imagination conceives and creates. It might have been well for her, however, had she been at times a little less demonstrative. In the scene with Lola, for instance, she would have been more effective had she let the audience but glimpse the smouldering fire of her jealousy, reserving the blaze of passion for Tiriddu. In this opera Miss Gentle is once more the star, though Sachetti is an excellent Tiriddu. With her great Duse-like eyes, her midnight hair, her Latin cast of countenance and her temperament she is the ideal Santuzza.

# Gossip of the Theatre

### At the Orpheum

Embattled Europe having turned the world topsy-turvy many phenomena are accounted for nowadays on what may be called the war hypothesis. The average Democrat can prove to you that the war is more to blame than the tariff for everything that has gone wrong. Every note that goes to protest reflects the war. Even the long stretch of damp weather has been accounted for on the war hypothesis—there has been so much shooting at Zeppelins in the clouds. So I am wondering whether it may be possible to find that the folk who sit behind Herr Rosner are in some way indebted to the logical outcome of militarism. For there has certainly been an awakening at the Orpheum. A little while ago there appeared to be a scarcity of vaudeville talent on the Orpheum circuit. Now there is an abundance of it. Perhaps it is because of the mines in the North Sea, or it may be that Martin Beck has become more exacting. At any rate the folks that sit behind Herr Rosner have nothing to cavil at these days. This week the dance is once more to the front. Sunday afternoon the Douglas Cranes returned, and were given so warm and boisterous a reception that when they were recalled and loaded down with flowers they infused a little sentimentality into the occasion that didn't seem to be at all theatrical. They sang "It's a Long Away to San Francisco," and Mrs. Crane had a sob in her voice that started a few tears here and there. The Cranes, by the way, have got beyond the ballroom stage. They do a series of dances of great beauty that thrill the audience with delight. This week it is the sheer beauty of the dance that counts at the Orpheum. For a while the unclad leg threatened to become the piece de resistance of the dance, but there isn't one on the stage this week, and yet nobody is disappointed. Mlle. Maryon Vadie and six girls each of whom might pose as a Venus appear in a series of dances of such compelling beauty that the stocking doesn't matter at all. There is a Paul Armstrong farce at the Orpheum this week, a rattling good one in which the New York playwright, having picked the brains of Bernard Shaw, makes good use of the motive of "Man and Superman." In this playlet you see the American flapper leading her victim to the halter. You may also hear this week Jeanne Jomelli, a prima donna with a voice of great volume, but not of pleasing quality. She sings ballads with great intensity of feeling, but she puts too much of her dramatic fervor in gestures that have nothing to do with the case, and by way, it appears at times, of signalizing certain tricks of technique.

—T. F. B.

### Final Gluck Concert

The second concert by Alma Gluck will be given at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30. The program will be of rare beauty and interest. The opening group will consist of old classics. There will be an Aria from the old French opera "Hippolyte et Aricie" by J. P. Rameau, "Haiden Raeslein" by Beethoven, "So Sweet Is She," an old English melody arranged by Arnold Dolmetsch, the Italian song "Fingo per mio dileto" arranged by Pauline Viardet and the Aria "Come Beloved" from Handel's "Atalanta." The second group will be devoted to French compositions as follows: "Psyche," Paladhile, "Tout Gai," Ravel, "Twilight," Massenet, "Les Trois Sorciers" and "Chevaux de Bois," Charpentier. Then will follow a group by Slavic composers. Rachmaninoff will be represented by "Lilacs" and "The Whispering of Spring," Rimsky-Korsakow by his beautiful "Air of the Czar's Bride," and a special feature will be some folk songs of Little Russia arranged by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. A group of American works by MacDowell, Parker, Cottenet, Worrill and Horsman will complete the list. Seats at Sherman, Clay and the Columbia.

### Zimbalist's One Concert

On Sunday afternoon, February 28, at the Columbia, Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian master of the violin, will give his one and only recital here this season. Manager Greenbaum planned for more concerts, but the demands for the virtuoso's services are such that we will have to be content with one. But that will be a splendid one, for the artist has combined the big important numbers from two programs for this occasion. There will be a Brahms Sonata, a rarely heard Concerto (No. 9) by Spohr, six works by Kalinnikow, Brahms, Kreisler, Haydn-Auer, Couperin-Liebersohn and Rameau-Liebersohn, and the famous "Faust" Fantasie by Wieniawski. Zimbalist will be special soloist at the symphony concert and appear before the Berkeley Musical Association in recital.

### Russian Dancers at Orpheum

The W. Horelik Ensemble which numbers fourteen people and includes some of the most remarkable exponents of Russian folk dances that have ever appeared in this country, will head the Orpheum bill next week in their pantomimic sensation "In the Gypsy Camp" which is a story without words of jealousy, hatred, love and beauty. Charley Grapewin, the favorite comedian, will appear in the domestic comedy "Poughkeepsie" which is one continuous laugh. He will be supported by Anna Chance. Butler Haviland and Alice Thornton will present the comedy act "At Trouville." Santly and Norton, a pair of entertaining vocalists whose songs are garnished with comedy trimmings and who also introduce burlesque and a few minutes at the piano, furnish a thoroughly enjoyable act. Next week will terminate the engagements of Paul Armstrong's one-act satire "Woman Proposes;" Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane and Milt Collins. It will also be the last of the famous Metropolitan Opera prima donna Mme. Jeanne Jomelli.

### "Bringing Up Father" at Alcazar

George McManus conceived the idea of the now famous cartoon series "Bringing Up Father" and from a newspaperman's standpoint he hit it right. To put the same characters on the stage is another matter and a very difficult one. McManus believes that there's a specialist in every line of business, therefore he consulted Gus Hill whose experience in making cartoon plays extends back many years. Mr. Hill's "Bringing Up Father" is now ready. It's a big production built on vaudeville lines and con-

tains clean and wholesale comedy, with any amount of music and girls. There are comedians and dancers. It will be at the Alcazar for two weeks beginning at the Sunday matinee.

### Greenbaum Announcements

Manager Will Greenbaum announces a return engagement with an increased company of Ruth St. Denis at the Alcazar, opening Sunday night, February 21, for one week only. Many new dances will be given here for the first time. The next of the great operatic stars to be heard will be Maggie Teyte of Covent Garden and the Paris Opera who will be presented on March 14.

### Bevanis at Columbia

So great a success has the Bevani Opera Company made in this city that the Columbia has booked it for a special engagement of one week commencing this Sunday night. On Sunday night the company will be heard in "Gioconda." "Norma" is to be sung on Monday night for the first time, the cast including Vergeri, Gentle, Castellani and di Biasi. An elaborate production is promised. On Tuesday, "Aida;" the matinee on Wednesday will be "Lucia," and on Wednesday night the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be heard. "The Love Tales of Hoffman" is the bill for Thursday night, and "Norma" will be repated on Friday. The Saturday matinee will be the company's hit "Carmen." There is a splendid advance sale of seats for all performances. The matinees are to be given at 50, 75 cents and $1. The evening prices are 50 cents to $2.

### Rose Stahl in "A Perfect Lady"

Popular Rose Stahl will be the star to open the regular season at the Columbia on Sunday night, February 14. She is to be seen for the first time here in the new comedy "A Perfect Lady," written by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. It treats of the invasion of a small town by a trio of theatrical people who make things lively by the introduction of the tango craze. Needless to say this creates great excitement, and the complications are said to be most diverting. It is said that Rose Stahl in the role of Lucille Higgins has a creation which will compare favorably with the characters she has so ably interpreted in the past.

### Special Symphony Concert

The biggest program and the lowest prices ever asked for any concert will be the feature of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's special Sunday concert at the Exposition Civic Auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Augmented to eighty musicians, the orchestra will have as soloists Albert Spalding, the leading American violinist, and Rudolph Ganz, the great Swiss pianist. Conductor Hadley's program includes: Wagner's Overture "The Mastersingers;" Beethoven's Piano Concerto "The Emperor;" Goldmark's Symphony "The Rustic Wedding;" Mendelssohn's Concerto for the Violin; and Tschaikowsky's Overture "The Year 1812." There will be 1550 reserved seats on the main floor and 708 in the balcony at 50 cents each; 1412 seats not reserved on the main floor and 2705 in the balcony, not reserved, at 25 cents each. There are 250 boxes on the main floor and balcony. The price of a box seating eight is $5.00. Single box seats are $1.00 each.

### The German War Pictures

"The German Side of the War" is the title of a remarkable motion picture which will be presented for one week only at the Savoy Theatre, beginning this Sunday. The five-reel film which is direct from Germany and bears the sanction of the Kaiser, shows the German phases of the present conflict exclusively. The Kaiser appears in many of the scenes and is shown reviewing his troops at the mobilization and again addressing his people from the Royal Palace in Berlin. Only the battlefields where the Germans have been victorious are included and it is pointed out by the sponsors of the pictures that they show conclusively that the Emperor's troops are well fed and invariably cheerful, while their prisoners are well treated, well nourished and well-cared for. A feature of the effects in the regiment photographs is the famous German "goose step" of the soldiers on the march. Scenes in Vienna, with the Emperor Franz Joseph greatly in evidence, are also included. The performance will be continuous on Sunday, from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m., and on week days the pictures will be shown at 2:30, 7:30 and 9 p. m.

### The Success of "Peg"

"Peg o' My Heart" has been more than repeating its triumph of last year at the Cort, for the attendance on the return engagement has been greater than before. The Manners comedy and Peggy O'Neil, the winesome little actress who plays Peg, are firmly established as genuine San

PEGGY O'NEIL

The charming heroine of "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort Theatre

W. HORELIK

In W. Horelik's Ensemble "In a Gypsy Camp" next week at the Orpheum

Francisco favorites. The second and final week of the engagement begins with tonight's performance. It has been arranged, however, to add one more night to the original engagement, Sunday, February 14. Peggy O'Neil's delightful interpretation of the central role is well known. She brings to the part just the Celtic piquancy that it demands, for Miss O'Neil is both Celtic and piquant. She radiates charm the moment she appears upon the stage. The humorous lines of the playwright trip from her lips with a certain rare spontaneous quality. In addition to Miss O'Neil, Oliver Morosco has sent the New York-Chicago cast, an admirable organization, in its entirety. There will be a popular-priced matinee on Wednesday in addition to the regular matinee Saturday. "The Whirl of the World," the great Winter Garden spectacle show, headed by Eugene and Willie Howard, will be seen at the Cort beginning Monday, February 15.

### Chinese Acrobats at Pantages

The Tai Peien troupe of Chinese acrobats, magicians and jugglers are the topping feature of the new bill at Pantages next week. The act will return after the Los Angeles engagement and play in the Chinese village at the Fair. The production carries a gorgeous silk stage mounting and the men are the pick of the high class theatres in China. Fred Duprez calls himself the "international monologist" and his performances for the past few months have won him the title of "the best liked comedian that has ever played the Pantages circuit." When the "Texas Tommy" was first brought to the front a lad named "Dutch Mike" English won gold medals and money prizes galore in the different contests that were the rage here at that time. "Dutch Mike" and his partner, Edith Allard, went to New York with a little ragtime band that they picked up on the Barbary Coast, and put the Gay Way in a furore. They are here with three new dances, the "Frisco Flea Hop," "Submarine Dip" and "Broncho Gallop." Guy Woodward will play a burlesque on "East Lynne." Paine and Nesbit in a comedy skit; Gaudelope, an equilibrist; and Pinca Pana, the Gypsy violinist, with a two-reel Keystone, will complete the bill.

### "Candy Dance" at Tavern

The "Candy Dance" is the latest innovation and, naturally enough, it originated in that home of unusual and entertaining novelties, Techau Tavern. At these informal dances which take place every evening in the week, except Sundays, souvenirs consisting of handsome and artistic boxes of candy will be presented to the ladies. These souvenirs were purchased by the management from Foster and Orear, whose palatial store at 137 Grant avenue is such a distinct addition to the confectionary establishments of the city and whose products are unexcelled. Wednesday evening is still known as Carnival Night at the Tavern and what with the fun-making souvenirs and the genuine merriment of the dancers it is really the city's gala night and is looked forward to from week to week with every increasing eagerness.

### Withdrawn

Among the Monday morning culprits haled before a police magistrate was a darky with no visible means of support.

"What occupation have you here in town?" asked His Honor.

"Well, jedge," said the darky, "I ain't doin' much at present—jes circulatin' round, suh."

His Honor turned to the clerk of the court and said:

"Please enter the fact that this gentleman has been retired from circulation for sixty days."

Boarder—Here's a nickel I found in the hash.

Landlady—Yes, I put it there. You've been complaining, I understand, about lack of change in your meals.

---

Trouble is a sprinter. If you don't believe it, see how he overtakes those who travel at the fastest clip.

There is nothing so mean and hateful as one woman who refuses to tell another woman a secret.

An ideal has no tangible form. It is merely a state of mind.

---

"I'm in favor of the automobile tax!" cried the Socialist.

"You horrid man!" replied the sweet young thing, "did you put any in our tires?"

---

Jim—What kind of a fellow is Briggs?

Jack—Oh, he's the sort that leaves his car in front of the church and goes across the street to shoot a game of pool.


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Sunday Night, "Gioconda;" Monday, "Norma;" Tuesday, "Aida;" Wednesday Matinee, "Lucia;" Wednesday Evening, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci;" Thursday, "Love Tales of Hoffman;" Friday, "Norma;" Saturday Matinee, "Trovatore;" Saturday Night, "Carmen."

Evenings, 50c to $2. Matinees, 50, 75c, $1.

Sunday Night, February 14—ROSE STAHL in "A Perfect Lady"

SPECIAL SUNDAY CONCERT

**SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

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**FEBRUARY 7, 2:30 P. M.**

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**Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.**

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NEXT—Beginning Monday, February 15: "THE WHIRL OF THE WORLD"

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The stock market the past week held up well considering the weakness in Steel common. After passing the annual dividend of 2 per cent, the market price sold off to the minimum price at which this stock could be sold. The minimum price proved to be too high and was reduced to 38, at which price a fair demand developed and the price held steady just under 40. The action of the Steel Corporation in passing its dividend had a bad effect on the general list, and prices were sold off in sympathy with the decline in Steel. Canadian Pacific was another bad actor; this stock lost as much as six points in one day's trading, due to the report of earnings for the year, which was considered unfavorable. Wall Street is optimistic enough, but professional operators have been working—or rather waiting—on the theory that a healthy reaction is overdue. What upsets their mode of reasoning is that this advance has been caused by steady investors who, having been behind this market in its ten-point rise, are satisfied with their bargains and some stocks are scarce in the loan crowd. Now that speculation has become more active, the market may have its healthy reaction. Banking interests will do their best to check a speculative boom, but they do not care how high the market goes on investment buying because such buying tends to put idle money in their coffers. Stocks are passing from weaker to stronger hands, and the strongest hands of all are those of the small but confident investors who have been operating so freely in odd lots.

**Wheat**—Exceptional strength has again been the characteristic of the market, new high levels being made for the movement. The July future has been advanced because of covering by shorts and the growth of outside interest, there being quite a demand through commission houses. The trade in the May future is considerably lighter and prices are moved easily either way. The export demand was regarded as being somewhat quieter, but the cash situation seems to be getting stronger with a keen milling demand. Primary receipts were moderate, were equaled by the shipments and exceeded by the clearances. The prospect of a severe cold wave in the Southwest aroused some apprehension, but the winter wheat is reported to be well snow covered. The market had some violent but comparatively moderate setbacks during the day; however the strength was well maintained and the closing is near the high figures for the week. Prices continue to be governed by the increasing demand for cash wheat, and must necessarily remain high while this demand remains unsatisfied.

**Corn** started firm and gained additional strength later in the week. There was considerable profit taking on the advance, but the demand was sufficiently great to absorb the offerings and carry prices to new high levels. The closing figures are practically at the top for the week. There was thought to be an excellent export inquiry, while local receipts showed a reduction from the recent volume of arrivals. A report that shipments of grain were interdicted from certain counties in Illinois contributed somewhat to the last advance in prices. With a growing scarcity of other cereals the demand should naturally settle on corn in a considerable measure, and we believe this factor makes higher prices the logical result.

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SUMMONS

In the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

FRANK J. EGAN, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL BREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of the Justices' Clerk of said Court.

The People of the State of California to DANIEL BREEN, [illegible]

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear in an ac- [illegible] the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before JAMES G. CONLAN, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County, State of California.

Make legal service and due return hereon; By order of the presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

[illegible]

ROBERT W. DUNNIS, [illegible] Clerk.

By J. J. SWEENEY, Deputy Clerk.

[illegible] BROWN

Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-6-10

---

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

[illegible] DEBORAH PATTERSON, Deceased. No. 18[illegible]. Dept. 10.

[illegible] with the will annexed of the estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, A. O. Colton, Room 514 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which [illegible] in all matters connected with said estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased.

SALLIE K. ROBERTS,

Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of [illegible]

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

A. O. COLTON, Attorney for Administratrix, [illegible]

San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

[illegible] AUGUST WEGENER, Deceased. No. 18440. N. S.; Dept. 10.

[illegible] with the will annexed of the estate of August Wegener, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first pub- [illegible] office of Henry A. Jacobs, 900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters [illegible]

CATHERINE WEGENER,

[illegible] Will Annexed of the Estate of [illegible]

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

[illegible] Administratrix.

900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER MOLLOY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PETER MOLLOY, deceased.

NELLIE TWOHIG,
Administratrix of the estate of Peter Molloy, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 9, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-9-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Bacigalupi & Elkus, 807 Bank of Italy Building, Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.

NELLIE BARBETTA,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 30th, 1915.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
807 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
1-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons —if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.

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of **paid for insurance,** being a **gain** for the year of

**$2,397,943.00**

The Company now has admitted assets of

**$1,802,500.84**

which represents a **gain** during 1914 in Admitted Assets of

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This shows a **gain** over 1913 of

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**The Steady, Substantial Growth of the Company Since Organization is Clearly Shown by the Following Record:**

| Dec. 31st | Admitted Assets | Net Interest Earned | Policies in Force | Paid-for Insurance in Force | Premium Income |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *1910 | $1,372,063.41 | $19,996.11 | 468 | $1,551,850.00 | $42,935.85 |
| 1911 | 1,385,825.62 | 55,208.41 | 1884 | 5,140,775.00 | 200,098.74 |
| 1912 | 1,461,792.41 | 75,148.56 | 3997 | 9,384,550.00 | 362,604.61 |
| 1913 | 1,605,812.11 | 82,226.35 | 5486 | 12,064,528.00 | 465,190.44 |
| **1914** | **1,802,500.84** | **93,159.18** | **6867** | **14,462,471.00** | **538,191.34** |

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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## Looking Backward Twenty Years

Contrary to the advice of Washington, whose birthday is coming shortly after the twentieth anniversary of Town Talk under the present editorship, we pause to take a cursory glance into the dark backward and abysm of our dead emotions. Washington said we ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and profit by dear bought experience. Well, in twenty years the people of this country have had a lot of experience from which they might derive an abundance of useful lessons. It was twenty years ago that the full dinner pail slogan was ringing in our ears. We enjoyed prosperity and some measure of contentment, and we gave little thought to ideals. The craving then was for excitement and abundant life. Conscious of the possession of unparalleled means of enjoyment, we had inspiriting enthusiasms those days, there was much red blood in the land, and existence was slashed with crimson. Presently came the preacher of the strenuous life, the lover of adventure, with a thirst for blood and violence, and contempt for the ineffective mollycoddle with his timidities and reticence and dull routine. This preacher was the symbol of Nietzsche's Overman. But, alas! he had his ear to the ground. There was a great demagogue busy in the land with many organs of public opinion at his command. He was a sharpshooter with the knack of hitting the bulls-eye, which is the lowest wit of the greatest number. Sedulously suggestionizing the public mind, appealing to some of the meanest passions of human nature—envy, class hatred and the like—he succeeded in stirring up discontent. Then the figure of the Overman began to shrink Presently this once imperial personage became a preacher of austere virtue, and of the consecration of effort and sympathy in disinterested service. In time high ardors of men were abated. They went in for fewer vices, more virtues, against all the wayward things of man's existence; but especially they went in for a paternal government on the kindergarten principle. In twenty years our government has been transformed. We are living in a country where a commission is appointed every time somebody sets fire to an interrogation mark and calls it a burning question. Meanwhile we have become somewhat effeminate. We rushed gladly, joyously into war with Spain to save millions of people from a cruel tyranny. Now we felicitate ourselves on our evasion of trouble in Mexico. What has become of the Wilson ideal of American consecration to the service of international altruism? He promulgated it about a year ago. Ideals have a butterfly existence. Today the President thinks it better that the 85 per cent of the submerged Mexican people whom he was to save should be permitted to work out their own salvation under the guidance of bandit chiefs and thieving politicians. There are lessons in the passing of ideals and their great inventors. The Bryan ideal of the unrestrained rule of the common people is passing everywhere but in the Far West, where the people have yet to perceive their own incapacity as evidenced in the legislature and recorded in a large volume of amendments and initiative proposals. Bryan himself has been tried and found wanting. If some of the grand tributes paid to him in other days were repeated now they would be saluted with a universal grin. Roosevelt, the simulacrum of the Overman, is in eclipse; and gone to the limbo of forgotten stupidities is his ideal of a supreme court of popular clamor. We are now weary of reforms and ideals, and millions of men out of work are longing for the return of the day of the full dinner pail.

## The President's English

Speaking of President Wilson's veto of the Immigration bill the New York Post says: "The literary skill of the President was never better shown than in his veto message." In that message the President, discussing the literacy test, says: "It seeks to all but close entirely the gates." Again: "The matter is too fundamental." As a rule President Wilson writes pretty good English, but, as the quoted sentences show, it is not impeccable English; nor is the President's literary skill so remarkable as to justify the special attention that is called to it every time he writes a message. Several of our Presidents possessed literary skill of a much higher order than is revealed, for instance, in "The History of the American People" which was written by Woodrow Wilson. Abraham Lincoln wrote English that is really worth talking about, and yet he never went to college, and never posed as a literary gentleman. There is much good English to be found in the messages of our Presidents, and much material as well that might serve for a text-book for students of the science of government.

## The Exceptional and the Stupid

Chairman Walsh of the Industrial Relations Committee has made it clear by his attitude, his tone and his questions that he is intent on eliciting sentiments and views inspiriting to our socialistic theorists and our bosses of the labor trust. But the kind of testimony he wanted has not been forthcoming. The inquiry has served to remind us of the "great-man theory" of social science. According to this theory society is composed of clever men, ordinary men and decidedly stupid men. The clever men are a scattered few. They are exceptional men who resemble each other in being more efficient than the majority. It was with these exceptional men that Chairman Walsh had to deal, and being one of the "decidedly stupid" the contrast was made obvious to the whole country. All believers in extreme democracy very rightly discern in the "great-man theory" the destruction of their favorite enthusiasms, and the exceptional man is the object of their hatred and their suspicion. Chairman Walsh being a radical Democrat, pestered young John D. Rockefeller with silly questions designed to feed the fanaticism of a socialist audience, but the result was that he enabled the young multi-millionaire to improve himself greatly in the esteem of men. By the time John D. Rockefeller Sr. appeared before the committee Chairman Walsh was somewhat tamed, and he was disposed to be polite and courteous. But he could not forego the opportunity to imply that there is reason to be apprehensive of the Rockefeller philanthropies. "Has it not occurred to you," he asked, "that these foundations might become a menace to the public?" The answer was: "I regard the right to amend or rescind the the respective charters of the several foundations, which centers in the legislative bodies which granted them, an entirely sufficient guarantee against serious abuse of the funds." We wonder whether it has ever occurred to Chairman Walsh that if Mr. Rockefeller is actuated at all times by sinister motives it would be wiser to keep his foundations private and use the income to abate the enthusiasms of demagogic committees on industrial relations.

## Why Bill Is for It

Says Mr. Hearst: "It is because the Administration shipping bill establishes the principle of public ownership that the Examiner is for it." What Mr. Hearst probably means is that the principle of the shipping bill is the principle of public ownership, and were he to tell the whole truth he

would admit that he is for that principle for reasons quite as selfish as those which he attributes to the "interests," and far less justifiable. There is this difference between Mr. Hearst and the so-called shipping trust: what is beneficial to Mr. Hearst is not beneficial to anybody else; what is beneficial to the shipping trust may be of benefit to the whole country. Mr. Hearst is himself the embodiment of "interests"—personal and mean interests. Mr. Hearst is crazy for power, and we all know some of the things he will do to get power. It is his theory that public ownership is a means to his end, owing to his ability to coerce public officials and use them for his political purposes. That it doesn't matter to him what public ownership costs the people has been shown by what he has done to this city. The principle of public ownership is of course absolutely indefensible. This has come to be acknowledged even in Europe where there is something of efficiency in government, and where therefore it should be supposed that public utilities were well managed. Mr. Hearst is well aware of these facts. But Mr. Hearst doesn't care. He has seen property go down and taxes go up in San Francisco as a result of our conversion to the principle of public ownership, but in the Hearst philosophy whatever pours water on the Hearst wheel is good, and the devil take all other interests.

### Aiding the Enemy

The war correspondents of England are in a towering rage, and Frank Harris, an English gentleman and noted author, is deeply in sympathy with them. This state of mind and heart prevailing among England's war correspondents is due to the restraint and reticence to which they have been subjected by the Government. It is bad enough for an enthusiastic and adventurous correspondent to be denied the thrills and ecstasies that are to be experienced when he mingles with heroes at the front, but it is excruciating torment to have his "copy" edited and deleted by a dunderheaded functionary in uniform with no instinct for fine phrases or sense of the beauties of descriptive writing. Being a literary man Frank Harris realizes what the feelings of the correspondents are, and he has uttered himself passionately in protest against what he regards as a rigorous and unreasonable censorship. More than that: he has told the army what he thinks of it, and he has made it clear that he holds military men in contempt. He argues that military science, as Tolstoy tried to show, is not a science at all, but a very simple business, and that most Generals are utter mediocrities without insight or initiative. They become Generals in time of peace by an "amiable subservience," by "lickspittling qualities" that are never characteristic of genius. This, he explains, is why commanding officers usually detest criticism and are delighted to guard themselves against it by rigorous censorship. He pronounces French, Joffre and Pau mediocrities. To Kitchener he refers as a General who was "beaten to a standstill" by a handful of undisciplined Boers with amateur commanders who kept the field against him for over a year. It is because the Allies in the West are under the direction of these mediocrities that they have been unable to break the deadlock that has existed more than three months. This is pretty plain and emphatic criticism, but Mr. Harris is not a man of judicial temperament; nor is his judgment to be vindicated in all matters that he presumes to discuss. In this very article some of his observations are those of an impulsive journalist with a grievance rather than the well digested conclusions of a calm and informed critic. For example, incidentally he complains of the English law of libel by which the British press is denied the freedom enjoyed in this country. It has never occurred to him that it is the English law of libel which secures to the subjects of King George greater freedom, more peace of mind than are enjoyed by the terrorized citizens of our press-ridden Republic. The Harris article is of interest chiefly for the reason that it is the first indication of what is probably a rapidly growing feeling of distrust in England. Hitherto we have been led to believe that misgivings were spreading only in Austria and Germany, but Harris in all likelihood voices the sentiment of a large coterie in London. It must be hard for the Englishman to maintain his characteristic stolidity when Zeppelin and submarine raids are shattering his nerves. Besides the folk at home are always impatient when victories are not of frequent occurrence. During our civil war it was the impatience of the people that kept poor Lincoln on edge, and it was criticism similar to Harris's that goaded the President and certain Generals to experiments that brought disaster to Federal arms. Mr. Harris has probably rendered the enemy of his country a fine service by getting his grouch beyond the reach of the censor into the hands of an American editor. But it is not a creditable way for an English gentleman to make a little money.

### The Liberal German Censor

Doubtless the British censor has been guilty of many ineptitudes hard to palliate, but secrecy in war is so important that it is better for the soldier whose life depends on it that a correspondent should lose a thousand innocuous scoops than that he should divulge one secret fatal to a minor stratagem. Mr. Harris's idea of the importance of greater freedom for correspondents is shown by what he has to say of one of the results of the liberality of the German censor who let James Bennett and Irvin Cobb go everywhere they liked in Belgium. The consequence was most beneficial to Germany since Mr. Bennett was able to prove, says the English critic "that Sir A. Conan Doyle's account of German 'atrocities' and German murders was all foul imaginings." This is quite true. Conan Doyle contributed an article to the London Chronicle entitled "A Policy of Murder: How Prussia has Degraded the Standard of Modern Warfare." James O'Donnell Bennett took issue with Doyle in an open letter addressed to Doyle affirming that the stories of the wrecking of Louvain are wild exaggerations, and, as eyewitness of scores of incidents, testifying to the almost unvarying kindness and fine courtesy of the German soldiery. According to Bennett the peasantry of France preferred to be invaded by Germans than robbed by "thieving filthy Turcos," as, he says, one French woman expressed it. While the Germans showed a great deal of courtesy to the American correspondents, those gentlemen were not wiring news of the movements of the armies or criticising German strategy, or complaining of the methods of the Government. They were onlookers in quest of the news of interesting happenings. Mr. Harris thinks it is the duty of the English correspondent to act as a military critic, to discover mistakes and point them out to the folks at home. The military science being no science at all in the opinion of the Shakespearean authority, any correspondent is qualified to discuss what's wrong with the army in the midst of war, and justified in proving it by current instances. It is owing to this very conception of the correspondent's function that he has made himself intolerable, not primarily because honest criticism is distasteful but because it is often more mischievous than competent.


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# Varied Types

## CCXVI—ALBERT SPALDING

By Edward F. O'Day

"I took him down to Negro's for dinner and he ragged his head off. Then we went out to the fights at Dreamland and he rooted liked a fan. I tell you what, he's a regular fellow."

It is Impresario Frank Healy speaking, and his theme is Albert Spalding, violinist. The smiling entrepreneur of the Symphony Orchestra is quite plainly excited, not to say surprised, over the regularity of Spalding's fellowship. It is obvious that his mind is at bewildered grips with a phenomenon. A violinist who "rags his head off!" A composer of music who finds entertainment in a slugging match! An artist who is "a regular fellow!" Extraordinary!

But is it extraordinary?

What is to prevent Albert Spalding from being what we call in shirtsleeve English a regular fellow? Is there any compelling reason why the man who draws a bow over the strings of a fiddle should be an irregular fellow? Fritz Kreisler, Austrian, went to war. Why shouldn't Albert Spalding, American, go to a boxing exhibition?

There would be cause for wonder if Albert Spalding showed the poses, the affectations, the eccentricities, the gaucheries of music madness. For he comes of sound stock. His father is J. Walter Spalding, head of the greatest American sporting goods establishment. His uncle is Al G. Spalding, the greatest baseball pitcher of his day, a man who would be in the United States Senate now had he shown as much speed in running for office as he used to show in running for bases. The son of such a father, the nephew of such an uncle was bound to develop the taste for healthy sport, violin or no violin.

"I'm very fond of baseball," says Albert Spalding. "Of course I used to play, but I didn't bring any honor to the family name. The fact is, I was a violinist before I was a baseball player. I get my music from my mother who thought of a professional career before she married, and I began studying the violin when I was seven. I was born in Chicago, but brought up in Florence. Our family came to America every year, and that gave me a chance at baseball. But even if I had had the makings of a good player in me the fear of a battered finger would have held me back. You see, I was thinking of my violin even on the diamond.

"Boxing? Yes, I like boxing too. Healy and I went to the Friday night fights at Dreamland and I enjoyed them—in a way. I'd have enjoyed them better if they had been better fights.

"Ragging? Of course! I learned to rag in Copenhagen and improved my steps in Stockholm, but it was in Petrograd that I became a passable ragger."

Knowing how artists of parts are paul-raineyed by our lion-hunters I suggested that doubtless he had many opportunities for social diversion here.

"Well I should think so," he smiled. "The hospitality of San Francisco is quite overwhelming. The people one meets are the soul of cordiality. They'd keep one going all the time. But that sort of thing doesn't fit in with work, so I've had to decline."

"How many hours a day do you give to your violin?"

"I have no rule about that. I don't try to systematize, especially when I'm traveling. Sometimes I don't touch my violin at all the day after a recital. A violin, you know, is like a human being. It gets tired and must rest up.

"I find though that I can work splendidly on trains. Somehow or other the music of the wheels mitigates the sound of the strings. A Pullman drawing room is a favorite place for practice with me. That reminds me. When I was traveling from New York to St. Louis the conductor came for my ticket. 'You're Spalding the violinist, ain't you?' he said. I admitted it. 'I want to ask you something,' he said. 'How many notes can you play a minute?'"

"You like ragging," I remarked. "Do you also like ragtime?"

"I love ragtime music," answered Spalding. "People are sometimes shocked to hear me say so. They must suffer a greater shock when they hear me play, for I often include a ragtime number in my program. I have written a ragtime piece called 'Alabama,' and it has had considerable success with my audiences. It was particularly popular in Russia.

"Just because a great deal of trashy music is written in ragtime is no reason why we should despise or undervalue ragtime. It seems to me that there is a great future for ragtime, that if we are to have a distinctive American school of music it will develop on the lines of ragtime and other forms of negro folk music. The music of the American soil is negro music. It is sometimes objected that the negroes are not American but African. That is so, but this music of theirs sprang from the American plantations, not from the African jungle. It is more typically American than Indian music. I have yet to hear the Indian music which makes a decisive appeal to the American ear. The melodic outline of Indian music is excellent but the rhythmic impulse seems vague. Perhaps it is too subtle for us."

"Then Cadman is not on the right track?"

"Cadman's music is beautiful, but it is not Indian music. It is not transliterated; it is translated out of Indian into Cadman."

"In composing do you aim to prove your theory?"

"One cannot tell what one's aim is in creative work. How can you tell where inspiration will take you? Theories may be deduced from completed work; in composition they are lost sight of."

"Whom do you admire most among the violinists?"

"Kreisler, both as man and artist. Kreisler is so great a violinist that nobody can hear him play without being the better for it. To attend a Kreisler recital is to be enriched spiritually and esthetically."

Which reminds me that after Spalding played at the Symphony Concert Sunday I asked an amateur of sensitive critical insight:

"Is he a Kreisler?"

"Wait till he is as old as Kreisler," was the merited rebuke.

We shall have to wait some time, for Albert Spalding is quite a young man. But those who are competent to judge will tell you that he is more than promising. Even the uninitiate can discern a striking individuality in his playing. To us who are outside the sanctum of musical erudition, who attend a concert with no equipment except a mood of sympthy and a greedy ear, his execution is delightful, there is a mind as well as a heart in his playing, he possesses the key that unlocks the door of beauty, and his appeal is never weakened by any hint of those irritating mannerisms deemed necessary by less virile and less gifted violinists. It seems to us that he is in tune with the great souls of the masters he interprets; that he has for them a due reverence which does not interfere with a manly attitude of self-respect. He played the Mendelssohn concerto for Violin, Opus 64, last Sunday. I fancy that he would not fear to play it in Mendelssohn's hearing, and that the composer would salute him and cry for more, as we did at the Auditorium. In other words, it seems to me that Albert Spalding would not be abashed in the company of the great master. That does not indicate bravado; it means that Albert Spalding is what his uncle might call "a big leaguer." It is pleasant to know that he is also all that is implied in the racy slang phrase of the country Albert Spalding loves, "a regular fellow."

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# Perspective Impressions

What in the world ever became of "Frenzied Finance" Tom Lawson?

Przemysl is no longer mentioned, and the war news doesn't look natural.

Switzerland not having gone to war Bryan can associate with the yodlers without violating neutrality.

Two war staples that ought to be declared contraband: the Petrograd-retrograde quip, and the JOF|FRE anagram.
FRE|NCH

Wonder if it was Andrew Furuseth that advised President Wilson to put the Government in the shipping business! Of course there will be no open shop in the Government ships, but each ship will carry so many seamen that there will be little room for the cargo.

Says Speaker Clark: "Every Democratic member understands thoroughly that upon the successful work of the sixty-fourth Congress depends in large measure the prosperity of the country." This is discouraging. President Wilson led us to believe that prosperity was coming and that nothing could stop it—not even Congress.

The war is only one reason why we shall not go to Europe this year.

Note in the Mark Tapley vein: These high winds help the layman in his study of anatomy.

So there's an echo in the Civic Auditorium built by the people and for the people. Probably it's an echo of the holes in the people's reservoir.

Question: What does the President sing to Santo Domingo?
Answer (with apologies to pun-haters): "I've got a Phelan for you."

There is a man in town who is determined to read all the official utterances on the war. He is still busy with the documents of August, 1914, but hopes to catch up if a six-months' armistice is ever declared.

Another problem solved. The city of Portland, Ore., is to have a social center where girls and young men may become acquainted and enjoy one another's society. It remains to be seen whether it will be worth while to become acquainted with girls or young men disposed to institutional acquaintanceship.

Question for President Wilson: When will the clock strike midnight of Prosperity Eve?

It is duly moved that the name of Reno be changed to Rhino. Any second to the motion?

Notice to Fair visitors from afar: It is good form and promotive of good feeling to register at a hotel before looking up distant relatives in their homes.

They have named an orchid after Henry Ford, the orchid being the flower farthest removed from the violet.

Hearing that Col. House was visiting Europe to study the prospects of peace King George, the Czar, the Kaiser, the King of Belgium, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Servia, President Poincare and the Sultan of Turkey were all heard to ask: Who in hades is House?

Prominent club women of Seattle have started a crusade against smoking in restaurants. In time anemic club women will banish all the commonplace pastimes, and then timid man will recover his self-consciousness and his capacity for the big, virile vices that always accompany the noble virtues.

# The Routine of War

**By Ernest Dimnet**

Many times, when, long before the war, the present writer wondered how it must feel to be at war, the never belied assueta vilescunt would come as an inevitable if not very satisfactory answer. It is a fact. One gets used to the state of war as to everything else. Life is different, to be sure, but we are the same, and we gradually forget that things are different, or we acquire an unsuspected facility for adjusting ourselves to them. We rub on between intervals of feverishness, which become rarer as the weeks wear away, in patient expectation of the something which may hasten matters and in quiet confidence of a fortunate issue.

The other day I went down to Nevers to see some friends whom the war has swept so far from their homes. It is about a hundred and eighty miles and in ordinary times the journey takes between three and four hours. I was informed that it would take eleven, and did not grumble. In fact, we crawled between the Loire on one side and the wooded hills on the other, listlessly gazing at the moist sandbanks or at the chateaux, endlessly stopping at queer little stations, sometimes waiting for a train of wine-tanks, sometimes waiting for nothing at all, or at all events for something which did not turn up, and nobody complained. Poor people still preserve the Christian attitude which the war made universal, at first, and their patient faces only await a chance of getting illuminated with kindliness; but rich people are becoming stiff and stingy again already, and people in power, say guards on board the train, have a tendency to bully you as in more comfortable seasons. There was a soldier in my compartment; of course, I lent him my newspapers, and the young woman in the corner offered him some sweets, but soldiers have ceased to be the centre of attention, and we did not speak to this one as if he were a hero until, feeling warm, he turned down the collar of his sweater and disclosed a frightful scar, partly still a gash, in his neck. He told us all about it, but he himself was tired of speaking about that, and he promptly diverged to his real interest, which, being a butcher's boy at Dakar, on the West African coast, was chiefly living in the bush in great leisure and freedom.

Nevers is a perfect country town seated on a hill above two beautiful rivers, with a cathedral and a Palais des Ducs on the top and a marvelous cascade of terraces, old houses, and old stairways running down to the banks of the Nievre. As a rule, apart from the lively season when the great fairs are held and the tall white oxen from the Morvan solitudes are shipped off to our own richer meadows to get fat, killed, and eaten, Nevers is the cathedral town in all its dull beauty. At present it is rather startling to see it distinctly more busy than Paris: the station is crowded, and, outside, the fiacres that never look like fiacres are taken by storm; the avenue de la gare and the rue du Commerce are strewn with people, and opposite the Prefecture, near the Arch on the walls of which M. de Voltaire boasts so politely about "les Anglois," there is positively a mob. But this mob is only waiting for the Bordeaux despatch, and the crowd in the streets consists of refugees, the everlasting refugees—two thousand a day—or reservists, good-natured, smiling chaps whom by and bye you will see being drilled in the park, a few of them still in their wooden sabots. Everything is as you have seen it elsewhere, with a great deal of disciplined kindness for the poor, and the only tremendous surprise is a poster on which the mayor complains that the price of beef, which you think ridiculously small, is quite out of keeping with what this magistrate has heard of the low quotations on the cattle market, and takes measures accordingly.

The little colony of exiles whom I have come to visit are also getting used to their fate. One young woman, indeed, who has not heard a word about her husband since the fall of Maubeuge, talks in a strangely optimistic tone, which does not befit her thin face and anxious, roving eyes; but a routine of life and a train of conversation has been established. Day after day they meet in the apartment of their senior and try to be cheerful. They retail and embellish little odds and ends of doubtful information, which help to give a fresh appearance to stale news one

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might have thought decidedly dead, and they work for the wounded whom you can see in the vast grounds of the Hotel Dieu opposite.

What one sees there is no novelty to them, but it is to me. Nevers is positively gorged with wounded, and the Hotel Dieu is the chief operating place. The result is that the broad walks of the garden are full of convalescents, who, alas, will never be quite themselves again! They look young and well, no doubt, after a few days in the bracing air, and they seem active and cheerful; but the activity is visible mostly in the brisk motion of their crutches on the gravel, and the poor boys will never be without those crutches. It is strange that in almost every case it should be crutches that are needed. Only once did I see an instance of an arm being removed. It was a young officer who rode a bicycle at full speed in boyish triumph. He knew that one arm gone is no obstacle to a successful career. His gaiety was contagious.

I saw him again on All Souls' Day in the immense cemetery where the Bishop conducted a procession of six or seven thousand people. He was in his best uniform, with one sleeve neatly tucked in, and walked gravely with a heavily bandaged friend under the tall pine trees of the avenues. We all found our way to where the "victims of the war," as the phrase goes, already lie: two endless lines of little wooden crosses, with a crescent here and there where the soldier happened to be an Algerian. There was something preternaturally quiet in the sameness and retpetition of these graves. The tombs of the French were covered with flowers, and people were crossing themselves over them. Then you came to the tombs of the Germans, in every point similar to those of their comrades, but without any flowers and with one solitary woman, a lady, kneeling in prayer at the grave of one Otto Tulle.

Later in the afternoon I saw more Germans, alive this time, and they were pathetic again. They were wounded prisoners, sufficiently recovered to be removed farther south in order to make room for more of their compatriots. If they had been arrogant, as German prisoners sometimes are, it would have been nothing, but they were not. They walked slowly and docilely in two files in their long, loose grey coats, and although the crowd was perfectly respectful, it was a staring crowd, and the curious eyes fixed upon them made the poor wretches look guilty. An hour or so afterwards, as I passed the bridge over the railway, I asked the sentry, a grey-haired reservist, if he had seen them and whether they had been put safely into their train. "Yes, sir," he answered, with some severity; "they are going to Algeria, and, shortly after they left, two trains full of our wounded passed through, and some were horribly sick" . . . .

Horrid war! horrid Kaiser; more horrid Kronprinz! And the horrid necessity not to be foolishly soft, to be strong and resolute, lest these horrors should be repeated in ten or fifteen years, instead of being made impossible for a few generations!

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# The Personality of Sir Edward Grey

**Being an Appreciation of the British Foreign Secretary which Appeared in The Nation of London January 20th, 1912, and which is Reprinted Here by Way of Suggesting to German Propagandists a Trail to the Things It Would be Worth While for Them to Disseminate**

**By H. W. M.**

Great Britain is perhaps the one great country which still chooses its statesmen by character and tradition rather than by achievement. When it has to deal with a man of genius from the non-governing classes, it permits him to scale the height but neither aids him on the march nor welcomes him when he attains it. It will take up an adventurer like Disraeli, or a client of the great patrician houses like Burke. But it will open both arms to the aristocrat of worth, and if it accepts from him the highest accomplishments and the most exacting toil, it requires neither at his hands. The result is that men like Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey owe half their eminence to themselves and half to our pre-disposed readiness to receive them. That fact, in itself, is a great fortification of natural talent and fitness for public life. A personality like Sir Edward Grey has the prize ready and waiting for him almost before he has trained himself for the race. Let him master the arts of clear utterance and exposition; let him enter the party system by the front gate that stands hospitably ajar for the Families, and engage the hopes of its supporters and one door after another will be open to him, as to the chosen prince in the enchanted halls of fairyland. What apprenticeship was required of the Foreign Secretary? Laborious study, prolonged travel, years of official drudgery, the murderous struggle in which the artist or the great business manager exhausts himself by the time that middle life is reached? Not at all. Sir Edward Grey has been asked to be himself; to apply his mind to the intricacies of European politics and relate to us, or withhold from us, the result. The mind is an admirable one in its way; the character is more admirable still. But neither is of the stuff on which England grew great in the eyes of the strong, and noble in the eyes of the weak.

Sir Edward Grey has had a further disadvantage in the conduct of our foreign affairs. In these days a Foreign Secretary has to do with a world full of change and movement. International Socialism, international finance, the material unification of the world by science, the growth of arbitration, the revival of the East, and its rapid infusion with Western ideas, have all arisen with his time. These events and tendencies gave a new moral purpose to enlightened statesmanship. They enable him to carry on a Liberal tradition, and to enrich it with new conceptions of policy, fresh adaptations to democracy, which implied no revolutionary change. But Sir Edward Grey's official reporters belonged in the main to the class from which he springs. They cared nothing for Liberal ideas. "What have we to do with Liberalism?' said a British Ambassador the other day. "A Liberal Government is a mere interlude. We carry on the foreign policy of the country."

The point of view of such agents as these was at once highly material, reactionary, and purely diplomatic. It was their pride to deal with Governments, and to ignore peoples, discarding all moral relationships between communities, all right of judgment by one set of rulers as to the interior policy of another. Russia's co-operation was useful in Asia and as a complement of the French entente; it was no affair of ours if she crushed Finland, and hung and transported her Socialists. Equally indifferent to the hierarchic conceptions of the Foreign Office, which oppose a wide gap between the consular and the diplomatic services, were the facts that Germany was our best trade customer, that her intellectual kinship with this country was far closer than that of France, and that it was to the advantage of one Liberal nation to cherish a fast ripening Liberal movement in another, as well as to avoid a hard embittered rivalry with a proud, self-reliant race, on its upward swing to Empire. All this seemed irrevelant to the diplomatists who, improving on Lord Lansdowne's plan of building up a friendly Europe, thought it safer in Imperial interests to divide it, and to put England at the head of the anti-German half.

This, in the main, has been the diplomatic spirit of which Sir Edward Grey has been the interpreter. He received it from the hands of two or three British Ambassadors whose anti-German prejudice was inveterate and notorious. His too uncritical adoption of it has left us, as Lord Rosebery says, "embraced in the Continental system." But what is that system? Those who know Sir Edward Grey know him to be the most loyal of men. It is probable that his entente with the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in no small degree the fruit of Mr. George's gratitude for help rendered at a critical moment to the Budget of 1909. But loyalty was not in the minds of statesmen trained in the diplomacy of assurance and re-assurance. Nor did the aims of the new associates coincide. Neither Russia's nor France's object was ours. France, cautious but grasping in pursuit of the prize that Delcasse's toil had set before her, wished for no embroilment with Germany, nor any undue stiffening of her normal European relationships.

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She wanted Morocco. Still less did Russia dream of an anti-German Leaguer. She wanted the rehabilitation of her tattered character for brute force and assimilative craft in the East. Both got their will. Both got it through Sir Edward Grey. Both advanced to their end by way of broken engagements and torn-up treaties. Both made us, an Eastern and Mohammedan Power, the accomplice of gross ill-treatment of Eastern and Mohammedan peoples. And both, as we now know, carried on an underground commerce with Germany. Such practice was inveterate on Russia's part, and not unfamiliar to French politics. Did Sir Edward Grey guess it? How much of M. Caillaux's secret embassy to Berlin was in his mind when he spoke of advances opened by French statesmen, and compensations whispered by them in German ears, as "impossible" German demands on France? If he knew nothing of the Caillaux mission, he was the more deceived; if he knew all, he knew also that he was dragging France back, at the imminent risk of war, from the German "orbit" which she wished, at least temporarily and partially, and by means which did small credit to her agents, to enter. The dilemma is of grave import to the conception of policy which Sir Edward Grey's old friend and chief has so ruthlessly criticised.

Sir Edward Grey has contributed two definitions of the course which he has pursued since he became Foreign Secretary. The first was outlined in his speech on Morocco of November 27th, 1911, the second in his following speech on Persia. Both proclaim or imply the eighteenth-century doctrine that the power of this country cannot be maintained without Continental allies. On the first occasion he said: "The policy or the ideal of 'splendid isolation' contemplated a balance of power in Europe of which we were not to be a part, and from which we were to be able to stand aside in the happy position of having no obligations and of being able to take advantage of any difficulties which arose in Europe from friction between the opposing groups. That policy is not a possible one now. The single one of the Great Powers which attempted to adopt that policy in Europe today would be felt as a public nuisance." Still more uncompromising is Sir Edward Grey's second assertion of the powerlessness of a free British diplomacy: "I cannot imagine a more impossible statement of foreign policy comprised in one sentence—'No allies; friendly with all and feared by all.' I say that it is absolutely impossible." Yet the conception of foreign policy dismissed in this slighting epigram was that held by most of the successful Foreign Ministers of the last century—by Canning, Palmerston, Russell, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, and Rosebery himself. It might be more or less self-regarding, more or less tinged by attachment to the cause of the smaller nationalities. But it involved us in only one European war since Waterloo, and it was sustained on a far less costly array of armaments than Sir Edward Grey's Continentalism requires. To that new-old monster no sacrifice can be excessive. It devours treaties, nations, ships, treasure. Like Metternich, Sir Edward Grey aims at a "stability" which is never stable, for he deals in elements of European life and policy that are never at rest. His Imperialism has nothing of Disraeli's heroic punting; it is timidity itself. Entrenched in the Franco-Russian camp, and with half-a-dozen Armadas at his call, Sir Edward Grey shirks the defence of a British trading interest, or lifts a nerveless hand to correct the misdeeds of the slightest of the Powers, or stops his ears against the siren-voice of humanity. Peace is always and consciously his object; but peace in the panoply of war, peace that went to the razor-edge of strife for us, a non-British interest, and peace subject to a harassing blackmail on the part of the associate Powers, whose good-will we must buy over and over again.

It is fair to admit the correctness of the method of commending a policy so far out of the line of Liberalism. Character is never thrown away; and if Sir Edward's course is mistaken, his personality does something to amend it. None of his contemporaries move through the jealous, over-critical world of politics, so unpractised in its meaner arts. Even Germany has borne witness to his steadiness of mind, his faithful reporting of the conversational fencing through which all the really important passes in diplomacy are made—a gift in which he specially excels—his clearness and uprightness in personal intercourse. It is on the intellectual side that he fails. His mind, fixed to a narrow range of concepts, moves stiffly over the field of world-politics. Personally accessible, if cold in manner, and winning regard by the unaffected candor and modesty of his character, he has never taken the nation into his confidence as German and French diplomatists, partly through the press, partly through the pressure of parliamentary forms, are compelled to do. And he has never thought out a policy for the British people consonant with representative government, with the moral ideals of democracy, and with the simple needs of a nation of sea-traders. He has thus inflicted a serious injury on his party, for he has made men wonder whether peace can be entrusted to the care of the regular political parties, or whether there is not needed to ensure it a new organization of opinion, such as German Social Democracy, resting on an essentially international creed.

It was an ironical fate which pushed Sir Edward Grey into the centre of the disturbance which threatens the peace of the world. What had this shy, reserved character, this lover of Wordsworth and the solitary life, this notable Commoner, whom the House of Commons hardly knows, to do with the commotions, the intrigues, the whirl of great forces and small ingenious manipulations of them, of which diplomacy consits? It was not in his nature to master or even to understand them. He is at once a finer and less practical type of politician than the average European diplomatist. Had he relied less on the arm of flesh, and more on the arm of the spirit, or had he, on the other hand, consistently pursued a purely opportunist and avowedly British policy, he might have fared better. His error has been to pursue an ideal "balance of power" where no true balance could be established or maintained. And his intellectual outfit, interesting as it is, did not fit him for such a task. There is not an ounce of the "European" in him. His qualities and their defects are English, and he is of a different stock and generation of aristocrats from that which made the Grand Tour. He learned even the language of the diplomatic man late and with difficulty; there is an uncertain legend that he once spent a penal week-end in Paris, returning with joy from the too populous Mount of Pleasure to his native streams and hills. All the ground of his really formidable accomplishment lies at home. His simplicity of mind and clearness of speech, his grave airs of the Front Bench and the Cabinet, his temperate vocabulary, his appeal to the instincts and mental associations of the class from which he springs, and the opinion that takes its cue from that ancient fount of statesmanship, are finely and naturally insular. There, indeed, lies one of the reasons why his Foreign Secretaryship is so apt to be dangerous to his country. How can a politician who is neither a traveler nor a scholar, nor a highly-trained official, nor an imaginative or intuitive genius, nor enriched wth that broad, equal, and firm judgment of men and affaars which is the highest common sense, be fit to cope with the perverse and subtle intelligences that are his rivals?

Sir Edward Grey's true course was surely to sit loose to the European situation, to avoid "the Continental system," to keep the country at least as free as Lord Lansdowne's engagements left it, to study sympathetically, if cooly, the rise of the great German Power, to watch its brilliant "orbit," but not to allow himself, or the specialist minds that surround a Foreign Secretary, to see nothing else. He denies an anti-German prepossession. But how many chances of appeasement has he missed! He might have opened a path to the Bagdad railway. He might have seized the chance which opened when King Edward died, and a more cordial relationship was established between the two Royal houses. He and his school—if he has a school—still raise the flag of continuity in foreign policy. But he has destroyed continuity. The point of his last speech on German relations which he most labored, and to whose effect on opinion he attached most importance, was, as I have said, that in which he singled out for express repudiation Lord Salisbury's policy of free detachment from specific European combinations. For the entire range of Gladstonian ideas he has reserved a still more complete disavowal of spirit and deed. He is equally remote from Canning and from Cobden. The logic of his position allows him to turn neither to the right, where purely British interests reside, nor to the left, where lies our traditional feeling for the weak and the oppressed. He has left the Empire fixed to the Continental system. He has conducted it to that fatal anchorage with the same unconscious complaisance as if he had led it to a haven of peace. It is a tribute to his personality that he has brought it so far with only a concealed rift in the Cabinet; but so upright and single-minded a man can have no joy in averting disaster from his own head only for it to fall the more heavily on his party and on his country.


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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXIV—SAN FRANCISCO

(The following poem is signed October, 1909, which would indicate that it was inspired by the first Portola Celebration. It is taken from John Vance Cheney's volume of poems "At the Silver Gate," published in 1911.)

**By John Vance Cheney**

Shadows and vanities, blind to the light,
    Too wise to know, too proud to understand;
Mortals, of brittle trust and thickened sight,
    Undone by the well doing of my hand,
Can ye not see I did it for her sake,
    High as her place was, willed to set her higher?
Under her feet the beams of earth must shake,
    Suck there the hungry gurge of wind and fire.
Mine own had need of this, she of my bone,
    Whose blood I pulsed, and her safe beauty charmed;
The world must know that she, and she alone,
    Could stand, hell-breath full in her face, unharmed.
Behold her risen, the jewels on her brow,
Proved Empress of the Western garden now.

# The Spectator

**The Clockwinder at a Concert**

"I went to the Philharmonic last Thursday night," was the way the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock greeted me when I met him on the Embarcadero.

"I didn't know you were musical," I answered in surprise.

"Do I look it?" he came back. "I'm pretty much in General Grant's class when it comes to the do, ray, me, fa business. The General used to say that he knew but two tunes—one of 'em was Yankee Doodle and the other wasn't. I guess my ear's been to the ground too long to take in music. When I go to Mass at St. Patrick's all that Mrs. Hourihan's chimes do for me is to disturb my devotions. No, I ain't musical. But I went to the Philharmonic, and enjoyed my evening."

"How did you come to go?" I asked, seeing that my guide, philosopher but friend was in a garrulous mood.

"Well," he answered, "I missed the ball engineered by my friend Thornwell Mullally, and I was among the countless thousands of celebrities who stayed away from Lincoln Beachey's party, so I went to the Philharmonic just to look the building over. The music didn't bother me a bit. While the audience was applauding Jake Schubert and Beet-oven and Philo Jacoby and Concerto and the rest of the music fellows, I feasted my eyes on the Auditorium and Jim Rolph. The Mayor had just come from Arthur Barendt's Board of Health feed at the Press Club, and I could see he had a speech concealed behind his white tie."

"What do you think of the Auditorium?" I asked.

"A fine building," the clockwinder conceded, "even if there is an acoustic or two missing. It'll be a great place for Hearst to hold a peace meeting when he has the time. But I wanted to tell you about the Mayor's speech."

**The Mayor and the Musicians**

"What about the Mayor's speech?" I asked.

"It was a grand speech and no mistake," replied my friend. "You've got to hand it to Rolph. Like Judge Dunne he has the courage of his convictions. When my friend Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin led him to the front I thought maybe he was going to talk music. But he didn't. He held a nifty little ratification meeting. Told the people about the things he had done for them. Pointed with pride to the building, to the Geary and the Stockton street roads and the Civic Centre. You could see that the Mayor's fighting blood was up. I think he's taken a page out of Hiram's book. Hiram is our greatest pointer-with-pride. But there was one thing surprised me."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Well, Rolph congratulated everybody who took part in the musical performance. Most of them he called by name, but when he came to the Loring Club he spoke of 'the vocalists.' It was plain to be seen he didn't know the Loring Club by sight. I think I'll give Ed Rainey a tip to put the Mayor wise. I'm no musician, but even I know that the Loring Club is the oldest club of its kind in these parts and that it's full of influential men, men who can do politics as well as sing. If Rolph is going to run again he better not overlook the Loring Club."

And with these words the clockwinder hailed a jitney and started uptown.

**The Busy Jitney**

Harbor Commissioner Dwyer was thinking aloud. "If they're doing that, it's an outrage," he said, as he put aside the newspaper.

"What's an outrage, Joe?" asked the Man that Winds the Ferry Clock.

"This jitney opposition to the municipal road," said Dwyer. "I see they think it's the United Railroads that's doing it."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed the clockwinder with his tongue in his cheek. "Positively monstrous! They ought all to be sent to jail."

"That's what I think," Dwyer exclaimed.

"And what do you think about the opposition to the United Railroads, Joe?"

Dwyer made no answer.

"That's a public benefaction, I suppose," the clockwinder suggested.

Dwyer frowned. "Let the greedy corporation take care of its own affairs," he growled.

"Ah, I thought so. Joe, talking to you is like conversing with an impersonation of the plain people."

Dwyer got up to go, but his friend the clockwinder gently restrained him.

**Milking the Taxpayer**

The clockwinder suggested that Mr. Dwyer could earn his salary just as well sitting down as walking along the water front. Dwyer sat down.

"I've always said," the clockwinder went on, "that the ethics of the plain people are pretty bad, and that whenever they get skinned by a grafter it's precisely what they deserve. This—"

Dwyer interrupted the clockwinder. "I don't like to hear you speak ill of the plain people," he said.

"I was about to say that this jitney business proves that even now with a reform Administration some of our Supervisors are of the same flabby moral character as the paint eaters of Ruef's day, and that after all the plain people are being properly represented."

"I can't see what you're driving at," said Dwyer.

"Listen. These Supervisors are discriminating against the United Railroads, a corporation that has a lot of money invested in this city, and that pays a lot of taxes. They think they are making a great hit with the mob, and they are making a hit with organized labor because the street railroads are run on the open shop basis. At the same time they are losing money with the municipal railroad because they are paying higher wages than the market rate and allowing the carmen shorter hours than the non-union men are getting. What right have they got to be spending money that don't belong to them in that fashion?"

"How much money are they losing?"

"I don't know, but it's more than can be easily estimated; for if the roads were under private ownership the city would be getting a large percentage of the gross receipts and the company would keep the street in repair between the tracks. These are things not to be left out of consideration when it comes to figuring what municipal ownership has cost the plain asinine

people. And remember, Joe, we were told the municipal road was to be so profitable that our taxes would be reduced. Now I say that if these Supervisors are not grafting in the old familiar way I'm not sure it's because they have conscientious scruples against that sort of business."

### The Smart Aleck Idea

Commissioner Dwyer again arose to go saying he couldn't afford to sit idly by while the plain people were being called harsh names.

"If they are not asinine, what are they?" demanded the clockwinder. "This is the one big city in the world today where it is thought to be smart to swat the vested interests. A few years ago there were smart alecks all over the country sneering at the vested interests. They made jokes about the vested interests. But nowadays people everywhere but in San Francisco are taking the vested interests seriously. Even President Wilson who thought it fine when he went into office to hold himself aloof from Big Business is now taking a deep interest in all that concerns its welfare. He is eager to know how he may help Big Business, and he isn't asking Sam Gompers. There is only one place in the United States that gives Capital a chill and a little gooseflesh when the name is mentioned, and that's California, which has San Francisco for its storm-centre and Andy Gallagher for a prophet."

"San Francisco is a city loved around the world," said Dwyer.

"Maybe," said the clockwinder, "but as far away as London they say we've gone dippy, and though Wall street knows that the common stock of one of our big corporations is worth fifty or more they are reluctant to touch it at forty."

"Nevertheless," said Dwyer, "I think it would be an outrage to run opposition to the municipal railroad."

"Well," said the clockwinder, "if I were president of the United Railroads, and I thought it would do any good, I'd crowd Geary street with Fords and put such a flock on Market street that you couldn't get across."

### A Query and a Guess

Commissioner Dwyer was again about to get away when the garrulous clockwinder stopped him with a question. "What about the Railroad Commission?" he asked.

"I don't know anything about it," Dwyer replied.

"And your friends, the plain people, they don't know anything either I suppose; don't even know why the scandal has been dropped, why the conspiracy of silence on the part of the great engines of public opinion, or why the Legislature has repressed the instinct of curiosity."

"Do you know?"

"No, but my guess is it's because Governor Johnson is actuated by the same principle that influenced Commissioner Loveland when that gentleman bought stock in the real estate company."

"What principle is that?"

"The principle of service. Mr. Loveland saw an opportunity to help mankind and he took it."

### A Notable Opinion

Our new justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Lawlor, has made his first contribution to the literature of the State's highest tribunal. Lawyers pronounce it a notable opinion. They explain that it is notable in this respect,—that whereas the average jurist would affirm in fifteen words the right of a trial judge to set aside the verdict of a jury and grant a new trial of a will contest Mr. Justice Lawlor has employed as many as fifteen hundred words. The principle recognized by Mr. Justice Lawlor has been generally recognized by the courts of England for several hundred years, and by the courts of this country ever since we had any courts, but not for many years has it been so copiously recognized as by our learned jurist.

### Four Pulpit Heroes

It is not given to many men to be extolled from the Catholic pulpit. That honor is usually reserved for canonized saints. On rare occasions a funeral panegyric is preached over the casket of a prominent citizen. But last Sunday four men who have no hope of canonization because they lay no claim to sanctity, and who are far from being "dead ones" were lauded from the altar of Old St. Mary's. It was at the popular twelve-fifteen o'clock Mass, and the preacher was Father Oliver Welch. The quartet upon which Father Welch bestowed this rare distinction consists of Eddie Graney, Matt Tierney, Jack Bermingham and Carlton Wall. At first blush it may not seem clear why these four were conjoined in Father Welch's sermon. What was the bond which drew these men together and earned for them the amazing honor of a pulpit apotheosis? The answer is that these men engaged in an exploit not unworthy of that other quartet, Porthos, Athos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, an exploit with Father Welch thought deserving of public acclaim.

### A Tar and Feather Party

Some few weeks ago a police reporter who had been discharged from the Chronicle for good and sufficient cause, Harry Hargrave by name, burst upon the town as the editor of a new weekly called "The X-Ray." The first issue of this paper contained among other noisome articles a ferocious and utterly unwarranted attack on Techau Tavern. Before the second issue of "The X-Ray" appeared Editor Hargrave received a beating on the public streets, but seemingly undaunted he continued his attacks, and Carlton Wall decided to act. Graney, Tierney and Bermingham are intimate friends of his, and they were called in conference. It was speedily determined that a hot suit of tar and feathers would fit Editor Hargrave. How they were interrupted by the policeman who guarded Hargrave's door before they lavished their sartorial attentions upon him has been told in the public prints; also how the charge of conspiracy he brought against them was dismissed. But how did this exploit earn for them a special mention from the altar?

### Champions in Bronze

Father Welch took occasion last Sunday to excoriate the curb-stone orators of Grant avenue for their blasphemies against religion, and to rebuke the luke-warm Catholics who remain indifferent while these leather-lunged vociferators insult religion and its ministers. Perhaps he had in mind a recent evening when one of these fellows said vile things about the nuns and was promptly knocked down by a judge of the Superior Court. At any rate he made it plain that such punishment fits the offense, and to point his remarks he instanced the action of the four men who went out with tar and feathers to defend the honor of Carlton Wall. "If I had the means," he said, "I should erect the statues of those four in bronze on the shores of the ocean, and every year, on the anniversary of their deed, I should go out to the ocean and strew their statues with flowers." Needless to say this sermon created a profound sensation, and it is more than possible that the mental picture of the four up-to-date vigilantes done in bronze near the Cliff House came between many worshipers and their prayers.

### The Reviewer on the Rampage

That exclusive organization, The Book Club of California, is up in arms. Indignation sits upon the brows of all its most active members. Men like Doctor Edward Robeson Taylor, W. R. K. Young, A. A. Brown, Albert Bender, Oscar Sutro, Ike Upham, Henry Brandenstein, Morgan Gunst, Milton Bremer and Dr. Gallwey—to name a few prominent members of the club—are darting furious looks across the bay to where Herbert L. Priestley, assistant curator of the Bancroft Library, sits in his sanctum of criticism. For Priestley has much offended. He has dipped his pen in gall to write of The Book Club's most ambitious work, the same being "A Bibliography of the History of California and the Pacific West, 1510-1906, by Robert Ernest Cowan." Priestley's review of this work appeared in the January number of the Southwestern Historical Quarterly. It

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is a censorious review. Priestley finds hardly anything to commend in Cowan's book, and a very great deal to condemn. He takes up the work contemptuously, tears it to pieces and scatters the fragments to the four winds. He picks a quarrel with Cowan for what he put in and for what he left out; he jabs his erudition; disputes his spelling; lectures him as he would lecture a school boy. Decidedly Priestley was on the rampage when he wrote this criticism.

### Cowan Replies

Now "Bob" Cowan is the most erudite student and collector of Californiana we have. And he's no gentle hitter in controversy. So when I saw Priestley's review I went to him and asked if he had any defense to offer. He had. "As Mr. Priestley is the assistant curator of the Bancroft Library (now known as the Academy of Pacific Coast History) his attitude is lofty, his position secure, and his erudition sound," said Cowan. "Or at least these advantages should be his. In his honest endeavor to do full justice to the subject he has been inclined at times to be somewhat amateurish, and the purity of his rhetoric is not always apparent. But his review, if it be of his own inspiration, is a masterpiece of versatility, and I am quite ready to appreciate the singular workings of a fantastic mind even though the convolutions thereof be somewhat reptilian. His work is thorough and in several senses, profound. The reviewer, in fact has found in the book almost no feature that could be commended. Honesty and generosity are not necessarily associated. With fine showing of the former, and careful suppression of the latter he has been pleased to misconstrue the precise purpose of the work. By the expressed desire of the Book Club I was limited to the description of about 1,000 titles. As these were to be selected from the 7,000 which might properly constitute a fairly complete bibliography of the subject, it is obvious that some elimination was necessary. That the reviewer has quoted liberally and accurately from the compiler's preface is true, but he has persistently approached the subject from a point where his perspective was disturbed by a mental strabismus."

### A Smash at the Bancroft Library

"Some of the objections of the reviewer," continues Cowan, "are within reason and are well assumed although generally from false premises. Others have been somewhat unfortunate and I regret to see them established in print. He states that 'among Oregon items listed some of the works of Gustavus Hines are listed, though his Voyage Around the World, with a History of the Oregon Mission, Buffalo, 1850, is conspicuously absent.' It is absent, although the edition of 1851 is listed. Had the erudition of the reviewer been more complete he might have discovered that although the titles of these two editions differ somewhat, both works were printed from the same stereotyped plates. Among older works omitted he mentions those of Ramusio, Gomara, Torquemada, and Lorenzana. This criticism is met without protest. Although these volumes are very general in character their importance was well known to me. Unfortunately, in the case of these particular works, the only available copies in this part of the State are to be found in the Bancroft Library at the University, and notwithstanding the fact that this great collection has been in the possession of that institution since 1906, researches therein have been made under extreme difficulties, as the collection up to 1913 was consistently maintained in more or less hopeless chaos. Whether this be the result of some well-defined policy to discourage or altogether exterminate those who labor upon the lower slopes, or the commendable desire to preserve the collection intact and without much present usage for the benefit of posterity, is not altogether clear."

### As to Phil Kearny

"According to the review," Cowan went on, "'works of travel containing chapters on California receive similar unequal treatment.' To the three or four works cited by the reviewer as lacking, I might add more than a hundred, all equally unimportant, of travelers who passed through California—remained a night or a week—wrote their observations—departed, and left California but little enriched by their visits or their books. 'Writings of foreign authors of the modern period might have been more systematically noticed.' Doubtless they might and again the reviewer is literally correct. But 7,000 titles had to be subjected to a process of compression whereby about 1,000 titles would be the result. Loosely speaking, it is not impossible that there may have been 7,001 titles, and I am hopeful that Mr. Priestley will agree that the result of such division would probably not be absolutely even. His method of spelling the name of Hypolite 'Rouhoud' surely does not add to the force of his criticism. 'Among biographies of men of note who have been at some time connected with California history there is a great dearth, a single instance, the omission of De Peyster's Life of Philip Kearney typifying the lack.' In this objection Mr. Priestley as usual is entirely truthful. This work was omitted as was also reference to Col. Jim Fisk. None of our historians have yet discovered that either of these individuals ever had any California career. I had thought that evil genii were of the past. Surely it must have been Mr. Priestley's 'familiar' that prompted him in this particular feature of his criticism. This is a mild enormity of course, but it is not lessened by the reviewer's method of spelling the name 'Kearney.' In time and with patience the historian may discover that the road to knowledge is not always traversed by aid of the signs that are exhibited upon our street lamps."

### A Mental Lesion

"A little learning may become dangerous," Cowan said. "In the finely strained process of reviewing he says 'the verses of Ridge, White, and Woodward are omitted.' Here again is the truth partially expressed. The verses of Ridge and White have been omitted for obvious economic reasons. But Amelia Woodward was Amelia Truesdell, and under the latter name her work may be found in the Bibliography. But with his mind so intensely occupied with the scheme of universal condemnation and his eyes somewhat blurred with the inspiration of malice, it is not to be wondered that the reviewer again overlooked his hand and played somewhat badly. Still such unusual and severe mental straining is apt to produce a lesion somewhere. Of the many really important works enumerated in this compilation (and there are a great number), Mr. Priestley has said as little as he knew, and thereby avoided violent conflict of opinion. It is to the credit of the reviewer that he has had the grace to comment favorably upon one sole feature of this work. He remarks, 'the style of printing and binding is handsome.' This is indeed sincere commendation but lest it might be mistaken for generosity the reviewer has beautifully tempered it. He says 'the price of $20.00 asked for the book is exorbitant, and deckled edges are a nuisance in a book of references.' As the work was privately printed for the Book Club, and exclusively for its members this last criticism would better have been unuttered. It is excessively impertinent and in most indifferent taste. It is almost comparable with the action of the small edition of humanity who after he has used up his supplies for attack, exhausted his adjectives and expended his venom, retreats and from long distance protrudes his tongue and waggles his fingers from the end of that frequently misapplied sensory organ—thereby not greatly contributing to dignity, decency or discretion."

### Mixed Architecture

Whenever Marcus Loewe, the vaudeville magnate, drops into a new town his first activity consists in announcing that he is about to enrich the locality with a million-dollar playhouse. This has become a habit with Loewe, and it is gen-

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erally good for a front-page story. When he arrived here to look over affairs at his Empress Theatre he made his customary announcement: He was about to build a million-dollar theatre in San Francisco. The plans were drawn; the property bought; but for certain reasons the site could not be specified. Loewe told this very impressively to an Examiner reporter.

"What style of architecture have you selected?" quizzed the reporter.

Loewe did not expect that question, and it floored him for a moment. But his lawyer, one Ludwig, was present, and came to his assistance.

"The architecture will be Italian Renaissance," said Ludwig.

"Yes, yes," said Loewe, much relieved, "that's it—and Colonial!"

### From Tait's to the Astor

When in New York if you should want to reserve a table at Tait's you may do so by telephone. Thus was one reserved Tuesday night when Jack Tait was talking to some friends in Gotham over the wire. He had received a telegram asking him to wire a sentiment to the Far Western Traveling Men's Association, which was holding banquet in the Hotel Astor. He preferred to 'phone it. He expected to have some difficulty in making himself heard, but to his astonishment he found that it was like talking to a friend across the bay. The only difficulty he had was with some impatient person in Pittsburg who butted in early in the conversation. Tait told him to get off the line, which he did, and then it was easy going. He not only recognized his friend's voice, but he could hear his own message being announced to the assembled banqueters. Fancy sitting in the Pavo Real on O'Farrel street, and talking to a friend in the Hotel Astor about the last dance! Surely the world "do move."

### Duffy Stirs 'Em Up

Poor Jim Duffy of the Santa Fe! He is receiving the condolence of all his associates from E. P. Ripley down to the office boy. Masculine associates, be it understood—the fair members of the staff regard him with unsympathetic eyes. For Duffy has dared to speak out in public on the subject of feminine attire. Requested to make an address to the senior commercial class at St. Charles' School, Jim enunciated some burning thoughts on the proper dress for a girl working in an office. "A young woman going to an office," he declared, "should not be garbed for a ballroom. A woman in an office should wear long sleeves and what is known as a one-piece dress. Shirtwaists should be barred. One thing to be abhorred is the awful practice of using a powder puff in public." Ever since these remarks were reported in the daily press poor Jim's mail has doubled in volume. Every other letter he opens is in a feminine hand, not always Spencerian or entirely legible, and is couched in the language of abuse or defiance. Here is a sample from some Miss Anonyma:

"Did you or anyone else ever see a young woman in an office with a ball gown on? 'Shirtwaists should be barred.' Indeed! You had better run a dressmaking establishment than a railroad. We need no old grouch to tell us how to dress. See?"


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### Celebrating Our Chinatown

"Serene" (except during tong wars), "indifferent of fate" (except when police raiders batter down the doors of fan tan joints), Chinatown has never grown excited over its foreign fame. Kipling made it known in the four corners of the world, but Chinatown didn't care. Joseph Pennell's etchings and Arnold Genthe's photographs brought it before the eyes of men in distant capitals, but Chinatown refused to plume itself over that fact. Chinatown is very different from the rest of San Francisco which sucks on the sweets of exploitation till all their sweetness is gone. When Fernald's "The First Born" carried the local color of Chinatown abroad, its denizens were quite indifferent. And now that Chinatown has been taken to the operatic stage, there will be no stir, no preening. "L'Oraculo," a one-act opera of our Chinatown, the music by Franco Leoni, the book by Camillo Zanoni (based on a Fernald story), has just been sung at the Metropolitan in New York with Scotti, Luca Botta, Lucrezia Bori and Sophie Braslau in the cast. Think of the noise we'd made if the Mission or the Western Addition or Bernal Heights or the Barbary Coast or Tar Flat or Cow Hollow had been so honored! But Chinatown has no illusions about such empty things.

### An Historical Concession

The gentlemanly lecturer was explaining the German war pictures at the Savoy.

"The Germans," he said, "are the greatest marksmen in the world. Witness the schuetzen vereins they organize in the United States."

"How about the Swiss?" cried a voice from the gallery.

"I concede William Tell," said the lecturer with a bow to his interlocutor.

### Growth of Western States

The annual statement of the Western States Life Insurance Co., Warren R. Porter, president, shows that this company continues to grow in strength and prosperity. The total net income during the past year was over $672,000 and represented a gain in total income over the previous year of more than $102,000. During 1914 the company wrote more than 2500 policies representing more than $5,000,000. It has now 6867 policies in force, representing more than $14,000,000 of paid-for insurance. It has assets of $1,802,500, which represents a gain during 1914 of $196,688. The total premium income was $538,191. In fact all the figures in the annual statement show how substantially this company has grown. Considering that its first policy was issued in July of 1910, its progress has been little short of phenomenal. The vice-president and agency manager H. J. Saunders is to be congratulated on his successful administration.

"I'm afraid I haven't enough backbone to be seen in a blouse like that."

"Ah, madam, but this open part is the front—not the back."


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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Festetics Yacht

The Count and Countess Festetics de Tolna are having a very enjoyable time here, so good a time that they promise to stay indefinitely. The papers mentioned in recording their arrival, that the Count was not a stranger in San Francisco. Indeed he is not! If some enterprising space-writer should consult the local newspaper files for the summer of 1900 he'd find material aplenty for an interesting sketch of Count Festetics' earlier career hereabouts. Doesn't the mention of the Festetics yacht bring back an interesting story to the minds of those who can go back twenty-five years? The Count Festetics de Tolna married Miss Ella Haggin, the daughter of Louis Haggin and the granddaughter of James B. Haggin. It was an auspicious mariage for the Count because he had no money, the ancestral estate in Hungary being quite unproductive. The Count was very romantic, and it was decided that the honeymoon should be passed on the high seas in a yacht specially built for the occasion.

### Festetics as a Navigator

So a yacht was built at Benicia with Louis Haggin's money. It was a comfortable yacht, and all might have gone well had not the Count insisted on navigating it. He prepared himself for this responsibility by taking lessons in seamanship. Mrs. Louis Haggin must have had misgivings, for she wanted to accompany the honeymooners, but this the Count would not allow. The only person outside of the crew who accompanied the bride and groom was a young physician. The crew was composed of fresh water sailors, men unused to mid-ocean voyaging, and though there was an experienced captain aboard the Count would not permit him to sail the ship. He wanted to practice his lessons in navigation. One day he insisted that the yacht had reached the Atlantic Ocean, though they were really in the Pacific which they had never left.

"My chart says we are about one hundred miles from Fire Island," he declared, "and soon I will sail you all into New York harbor. But you must let me alone."

But it was when they reached Hilo Rock that he became most obstinate in his views of navigation.

"This is not Hawaii," he said—and steered the yacht right back into the ocean. The crew wanted to put him in irons, and the mutiny was suppressed with some difficulty. Shortly afterwards the yacht foundered, and the honeymooners returned to this city in a safer vessel. The Count was cured of his love for the sea, and the Countess had been awakened from her dream of bliss. She sought and obtained a divorce. The present Countess Festetics was Miss Alice Wetherbee, daughter of the Gardner Wetherbees of New York.

### A Good Answer

When the engagement of Jack Spreckels to Miss Sidi Wirt was announced, immediately on the heels of the news that Mrs. Jack Spreckels had accepted Frank Wakefield, a reporter rang Jack up for confirmation. Incidentally he asked him what were the qualities to be sought in an ideal helpmate. It was exacting a good deal to insist on an answer to such a question over the wire. The telephone is hardly the best medium of expression for views on so difficult and so delicate a question. I must say, though, that Jack Spreckels rose to the occasion. "Modesty and refinement, mentality and beauty" were the qualities he said should be sought in a wife. How many men could better that reply after due reflection? Jack, you answered well.

### Another Crocker Necklace Lost

News comes from New York that Miss Ethel Crocker, the daughter of the Will Crockers, is advertising in the newspapers for a lost necklace of pearls. It is said to be the beautiful necklace which Mrs. Crocker gave her daughter when Ethel made her debut. This makes two necklaces of pearls that have been lost in the Crocker family. It will be remembered what a nine days' sensation we were treated to when Jennie Crocker, now Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, lost her magnificent pearl necklace at the Mardi Gras ball three years ago. The mystery of that loss was never cleared up. There were stories, more or less circumstantial, about the recovery of the necklace, but Jennie preserved silence on the subject. Now her cousin Ethel has had a similar loss. Miss Crocker has been staying in the metropolis with her aunt Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

### Our Pioneer Music Teacher

Santiago Arrillaga, who died last week, was a man who did much in his time for the cultivation of music in this community. For more than forty years he was identified with the progress and development of the taste and enthusiasm for music in San Francisco. A musician of the first rank, he was a conscientious instructor, devoted to the best in music, and his pupils through the years were performers of excellent method in whom he had awakened a deep feeling for the art. To him many prominent musicians are indebted for guidance and development. Very much of a man was Arrillaga, and he was held in the highest esteem by a large circle of friends. His was the temperament of the true musician, and yet he was free from the eccentricities that are popularly supposed to go with it. A lover of the musical atmosphere, yet his domestic life was one long episode of serenity and happiness, and now great is the sympathy that is felt for the charming wife to whom he was chivalrously devoted. Arrillaga was a native of Tolosa of the Spanish Basque region. He was a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Madrid, and a pupil of Marmontel. Only De Pachmann excelled him as an interpreter of Chopin. For thirty years he was organist at the Spanish Church. He composed a Lenten mass, an Ave Maria and other sacred compositions. His latest publications were Zortico, a Basque fragment, and Graziela, a habanera.

### Ho for the Mardi Gras!

The Mardi Gras executive committee is in high feather these days owing to the phenomenal demand for tickets for the ball at the Palace on February 16. Never in the history of these balls has there been such an advance sale of tickets which means that the Childrens Hospital will probably be enriched by a greater amount than the usual sum which flows into its treasury as a result of the annual frolic in masque. When the society woman says she has an engagement for a "fitting" these days it does not mean for the usual trotting suit or afternoon or evening gown but for a fancy dress costume. Everyone is getting a new costume for the affair and the number of men who have been inveigled into getting the habiliments most despised by the masculine contingent is legion. This means that there will be men galore there in fancy dress costume and much as they hate the effort of ordering these togs and getting into them, there is no doubt that the spirit of a ball is greatly enhanced by having the men as well as the women in fancy dress. The costumes for the royal party are about ready to be wrapped in tissue paper and sent to the members of the imperial family and their attendants. There will be several rehearsals of the pageant before the night of the ball but it is not planned to have a dress rehearsal as it is the course of the pageant not the apparel which demands previous consideration. Tickets will be on public sale at Sherman and Clay's for two days before the ball but they may be obtained now from any member of the Auxiliary of the Childrens Hospital of which Mrs. George Cameron is chairman, and at the leading hotels in this city and Oakland.

### Josephine L. Caro Will Read "Change"

On February 18 Mrs. Caro will give the fourth of her Drama Travelogues, rendering the play "Change" by J. O. Francis, which won the Lord Howard de Walden prize for the best play by a

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Welsh author dealing with life in Wales. This reading will take place in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, at 10:45 in the forenoon. The interesting series is being well attended by an appreciative and increasing audience.

### Notes of Coronado

Hotel del Coronado is having more than its share of guests, the number at present being close to the five hundred mark, many of them San Franciscans. Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, having sent their motor down by steamer, have done quite a number of the back country trips as well as seeing the Exposition. Mr. W. F. Herrin has in his party his daughter, Miss Marian Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum and Richard Tobin. They arrived with the intention of remaining two or three days, but extended their stay. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Hitt (the handsome Katherine Elkins) arrived from Washington to remain two or more weeks. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels have their family with them, also Madame Barry. Another party includes Mr. and Mrs. David Neustadt, Mrs. Ralphe, Mr. and Mrs. I. Strassburgh and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rosenfeld. Pretty Mrs. Dolly Greenebaum has also been there. She was joined by her cousins from Cincinnati, Jules and Max Fleischmann. The latter has his string of polo ponies, and is adding aviation to his amusements, having begun a course of lessons in the flying boat with Raymund V. Morris, the popular and expert pilot of the Curtiss aeroplane company. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight went down on the yacht "Venetia" as the guests of Mr. J. D. Spreckels. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the rabbit chase on North Island was postponed. Mrs. Morton Mitchell is there with her young niece, Miss Elizabeth Eaton. Mrs. Stanley Stillman with Mrs. F. P. Morrison of Redlands motored to the hotel recently. Other San Franciscans down recently are Mr. and Mrs. C. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Addison, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Somer, Mrs. McMullin and her daughter Mrs. Perrin, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Blood.

### Dancing Artists at Fred Solari's

The after-dinner dansants at Fred Solari's Grill, the beautiful appointments of the restaurant, the perfect cuisine and service appeal to the discriminating. Large parties of the kind of people one likes to meet enjoy the nightly dances that commence at 8 o'clock and continue until closing time. Mr. Le Boy and Alice Rinaldo have met with tremendous success in their expositions of modern dances. They also give free instruction to guests. Last Friday Pacific Parlor No. 10, Native Sons of the Golden West, enjoyed a dinner-dance at Fred Solari's, which was voted one of the jolliest affairs of the season.

### Fair Celebration at Tavern

The "Candy Dances" at Techau Tavern have taken the town by storm and every afternoon and evening sees the new dancing floor in the center of the main cafe alive with dancers. Art boxes of those delicious candies which are produced by Foster and Orear, the confectioners, whose new store at Grant avenue is one of the most beautiful in the city, are presented to lady guests. Wednesday night is carnival night at the Tavern and the name has a very real significance in view of the spirit of goodfellowship which on these evenings is enhanced by fun-making souvenirs and other attractive features. Saturday night, the twentieth of February, there will be a special dinner dance in honor of the opening of the Fair. This occasion will exceed in interest and enjoyment anything which has yet occurred at the Tavern and all who wish to attend will do well to make an early reservation of tables, for there is every indication of a record-breaking attendance.

Ever notice that the people who are willing to share their last dollar with you never have a dollar?

Even the people who stand up for their own rights might prefer to sit in the lap of luxury.

The one man in the world who thoroughly believes in hero worship is the hero.

The income tax doesn't bother the man whose principal holdings consist of castles in the air.

The man who says he has never forgotten to mail one of his wife's letters is either an awful liar or has never had a wife.

RUTH ST. DENIS

In her Peacock Dance, Alcazar Theatre, starting February 21


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Learn the modern dances under the capable and established teachers
Miss Claribel Kirby and Gilbert H. Littlejohn
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# Gossip of the Theatre

**Prehistoric Dancing**

It's a far cry from one dance to another at the Orpheum this week; that is to say it's a far cry from the dance of the Cranes to the dance of the gypsies—some thousands of years, I should say offhand. There is many a missing link between those dances. The Cranes give us the dernier cri to the tune of Tipperary; the gypsies go centuries beyond the period of the Dionysiac cult and Eleusinian mysteries to the time when primitive peoples, just subsequent to the day when you were a tadpole and I was a fish, indulged in wild, fantastic jumping and yelling to work off their superfluous vitality and induce the mood suitable to love-making. For the dance was always a prelude to courtship, and the more furious the dance, the more hideous the yells that accompany it, the more ancient, you may be sure, the origin of it. Savages needed a lot of dancing to fillip their dull imagination and render them susceptible to the tender appeal of their women folks. We are told of an ancient dance in which the dancers used to yell and jump in the air until their energy became almost spasmodic, and their muscles quivered from head to foot. Then they'd foam at the mouth and fall in a paroxysm. The picturesque dancers at the Orpheum never lose control of themselves, but their dancing is for pay, not for excitement, and the grace and rhythm in it stamp it as a modern version. It is an interesting spectacle. Among the other new comers worthy of note are Santley and Norton whose cleverness is on the verge of genius. The man is touched with genius who can do something better than it can be done by anybody else, though it be but a song. These young men sing the story of "Poor Pauline" in a way that reveals potentialities undreamt. Besides they are not at all like any other vaudeville team you have seen. Now that this is Mme. Jomelli's last week I don't mind telling you that I've lost faith in the critical judgment of Orpheumites with respect to the vocal art. I'm afraid they go a good deal on what the program says about a singer's antecedents. —T. F. B.

**Philharmonic Concert**

The ninth symphony concert of the Peoples Philharmonic Orchestra Association, held at the Civic Center Auditorium February 4th, drew an audience of about eight thousand music lovers, privileged to hear at popular prices musical gems from the great works of Mozart, Schubert and Rubinstein. Incidentally they were afforded the pleasure of an introduction to the new Auditorium, and of hearing the singing of the Loring Club and solos by Signor F. Castellani of the Bevani Opera Company. The Mozart Symphony in G Minor played by the orchestra was a delightful number and quite fitting to precede the great C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, which is to be given at the next and last concert of this series. The Loring Club sang the "March of the Irish Kings," composed by Wallace A. Sabin, their leader, who conducted; also, the "Wine, Women and Song" waltzes of Johann Strauss, which were rendered with great spirit, especially the gay Viennese Waltzes which are rarely heard as originally composed for chorus of men's voices and orchestra. A pleasant diversion in the concert was the singing by F. Castellani of the Aria from I Pagliacci, and for an encore the "Celeste Aida" from the opera of Aida. His voice easily filled the auditorium. The concert closed with the ballet suite from the opera of Feramors by Rubinstein. The first part was an arrangement of two dances and the second part the Wedding March, which group of selections though most brilliant, were somewhat marred by restless folks who left before the number was ended. The Philharmonic Association has done splendid work this season, and judging from the success of this concert and the increase of subscribers, the future of this worthy organization is exceedingly bright.

—Alphonse Sutter.

**"Dutch Mike" at Pantages**

Our old friend "Dutch Mike" who footed his way to local fame in the height of the Texas Tommy craze, has since achieved a transcontinental success in the latest dancing deliria and this week returns to exhibit his cosmopolitan manners and his very latest terpsichorean inventions at Pantages. "Dutch Mike" is so nimble, the flying feet of him carry such infection that a legless man would probably essay dancing after watching him. Ten fine looking Chinese are showing an act of magic, acrobatics and juggling. They comprise the Tai Pien troupe, and their skill is wonderful. Fred Duprez is a monologist who establishes immediate relations with the funny bone of his audience. There is a travesty of "East Lynne" that would make Augusta Evans laugh. The rest of the bill is also very good.

—The Second Nighter.

**More War Pictures**

The German war pictures at the Savoy are better than the Chicago Tribune pictures we saw at the Cort. There is more variety to them, and a deeper human interest. The men who filmed under authority of the Kaiser approached pretty close to the battle front at times; always they secured scenes worth while. The craving for good pictures of the war is as insistent as the appetite for authentic news. These pictures help to satisfy that craving. There are fine views of Berlin and Vienna as well as of war scenes, and the Kaiser and the Emperor Francis Joseph are presented in the midst of impressive scenes. The pictures of the Uhlans seem to make a particularly deep impression on the audience.

—The Neutral.

ROSE STAHL

In "A Perfect Lady" at the Columbia Theatre

### Second Week of Cartoon Play

The second and last week of Gus Hill's musical comedy success, "Bringing Up Father," written around the well known cartoons of George McManus, will begin at the Alcazar on Sunday, with the matinee performance. No musical comedy of a like nature that has ever visited San Francisco has scored the success of this show. It provides a delirious dancing and singing entertainment, full of surprises. It is full of pretty girls. It will be played for the last time on Saturday night, February 20.

### Ruth St. Denis to Return

The brilliant success of Ruth St. Denis and her splendid company at the Alcazar last December resulted in that enterprising management arranging with Will L. Greenbaum, Miss St. Denis' representative, for a return engagement, to be the first attraction at that theatre for the Exposition season. With a strongly augmented company the great dance artist will commence her engagement on Sunday night, February 21, for a period of one week, and special matinees at popular prices will be given on Monday (Washington's Birthday), Thursday and Saturday. Miss St. Denis will again be assisted by Ted Shawn, America's foremost classical dancer, Hilda Beyer and Rene St. Denis, besides the new members, Miss Saidee Von Hoff, Mme. Psychema who is designated as a decorative, classical and interpretative dancer, and Willard Foote and Winnifred Fair, exponents of the modern dance. Mr. Edmond Roth will against conduct the splendid orchestra. Miss St. Denis will offer a number of dances never before seen in this city, and a new dance play called "The Garden of Kama," founded on the "Indian Love Lyrics" of Laurence Hope. Miss St. Denis has been working to make a dance play from this beautiful poem for several years, and has just completed the task. It promises to be a specially beautiful and interesting divertissement. The sale of seats will open in the Alcazar next Thursday morning.

### Alma Gluck Once More

So many were unable to secure seats at the Alma Gluck concert last Sunday that Manager Greenbaum completed arrangements for the exquisite singer to return here for an extra concert on Sunday afternoon, March 7, after the completion of her coast tour. Mme. Gluck was most anxious to see the Exposition and consented to rearrange her route accordingly. She will sing a special program on this occasion, and by request will sing the Aria "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise" which is one of the "best sellers" among talking machine records. She will repeat the group of folk songs of eight countries with which she scored a great success in London and New York. Mr. Greenbaum promises that it will be a program of song such as has rarely been offered in this city. Mail orders will now be accepted for this special event.

### Zimbalist's Concert

The one and only concert by Efrem Zimbalist, "the poet of the violin," will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, February 28, at 2:30. A most interesting feature on the program will be the Concerto No. 9 by Louis Spohr, a masterpiece that has rarely if ever been heard here in public. Zimbalist will be assisted by Samuel Ghetzinoff, pianist.

### Maggie Teyte is Coming

Maggie Teyte, the charming little soprano of the Opera Comique in Paris and Covent Garden, London, who in concert work occupies a field all herself, will make her first visit to the Pacific Coast in March. Mr. Greenbaum announces concerts at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, March 14 and 21, and in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Friday afternoon, March 19. Miss Teyte specializes in old French and English songs.

### Rose Stahl at the Columbia

Rost Stahl will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks, beginning this Sunday night. The Henry B. Harris Estate is presenting Miss Stahl this season in a new comedy entitled "A Perfect Lady," and it will be her first appearance here as Lucille Higgins. It is said that there is great opportunity for character work, and at the same time scenes which give the star an opportunity to win the hearts of her audience. "A Perfect Lady" was written by Channing Pollok and Rennold Wolf. It tells the story how three members of a fly-by-night burlesque troupe decided to settle in the little town of Sycamore, Kan. In order to pay their way they determined

TEXAS GUINAN

A San Francisco favorite who is in "The Whirl of the World" at the Cort.

EDWIN STEVENS

America's well known character actor who will appear in Junie McCree's sketch "Two Old Men and the Devil" next week at the Orpheum

to inoculate the townspeople with the tango craze, which had not yet reached so far west. The complications which ensue are lively, laugh-provoking and interesting. Miss Stahl has an excellent company, including Frank Beamish, Beatrice Noyes, Raymond von Sickle, Cherrie Carlisle, G. Davidson Clark, Adelle Adams, Wilmer Bentley, Agnes Marc, Charles Mathews, Helen Leslie, Charles E. Sturges, Marion Stephenson, Carl Harbough and others. There will be matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

### The Symphony and Ganz

Next Friday afternoon at the Cort the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with Rudolph Ganz, the eminent Swiss pianist as soloist, will give its last concert but one, of the subscription series. The program will include Mendelssohn's gayest symphony, the No. 4 in A, which the composer styled "The Italian." In the Liszt E flat concerto Rudolph Ganz has always given remarkable and brilliant presentation of the composer's great message, and at next Friday's concert he will be listened to with keen sympathy and rapt attention. The tone poem "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, which completes next Friday's program, was the feature of the first season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Tickets will be ready at Sherman, Clay, Kohler and Chase and the Cort. Mail orders to Frank W. Healy, manager, filled now.

### Ed Stevens at the Orpheum

The headline honors at the Orpheum next week will be divided between the Rigoletto Brothers and Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall. Charles and Henry Rigoletto are twins. They are instrumentalists, jugglers, magicians, mimics, illusionists, acrobats and aerial gymnasts. Edwin Stevens, recognized as one of our foremost character actors, is always worth while and his colleague Miss Marshall is a winsome, dainty and accomplished actress. These artists will appear in a sketch by Junie McCree entitled "Two Old Men and the Devil." It has proved a big hit. Marie Fitzgibbons, styled "the Great Big Story Teller," is an exceptionally gifted monologist with a rare sense of humor. Eleanor Haber and her company will present an exceedingly clever one-act comedy by Ethel Rosenthaul entitled "The Office Lady." It revolves round the wit of a slangy and bright stenographer. Brent Hayes, appropriately styled "banjo virtuoso," will play the compositions of the great masters and simple plantation melodies. Louis London, the possessor of a splendid baritone, will contribute what he terms "Character Song Studies." Next week will be the last of Charley Grapewin assisted by Anna Chance. They will present a new sketch entitled "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp." It will also close the engagement of the dancing sensation, the W. Horelik Ensemble.

### War Pictures Again Next Week

So great has been the sensation created by "The German Side of the War," the five-reel motion picture at the Savoy Theatre, and so many have been unable to see it that arrangements have been perfected to extend the engagement for a second and positively last week, beginning Sunday, with continuous performances every day, running from eleven o'clock in the morning until eleven at night.

### "The Whirl of the World"

"The Whirl of the World," the latest and greatest of all Winter Garden spectacles, coming to the Cort Monday, February 15, for a two weeks' engagement from record-breaking runs in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philedalphia, is described as a "delirious dance craze sensation with enough novelties of a startling nature to stock half a dozen musical shows." It is said that no attraction of any sort has ever been so prodigally supplied with scenic splendor, costuming, light effects and pretty girls. The battery of funmakers is headed by Eugene and Willie Howard, two of the cleverest singing comedians in musical plays. A new comer will be Juliette Lippe, a prima donna from the Opera Comique, Paris. Texas Guinan who was last seen locally in "The Passing Show of 1912" returns.

### Diving Girls at Pantages

There are two big headliners on the new bill at Pantages: Harry Girard and his own company of singers in "The Luck of a Totem," and a spectacular swimming and diving production "Neptune's Daughters." The former is a condensed version of Girard's opera "The Alaskan" which was produced in New York a few seasons ago. The leading roles are played by Girard and Agnes Caine Browne. "Neptune's Daughters" are a half dozen shapely swimming maidens. Vivian Marshall is the star. Hilliar does sleight-of-hand with coins and cards. Hamilton and Barnes have a singing and talking skit with a burlesque on a wedding that is a scream. A dancing specialty with elaborate scenic effects will be the offering of the Quinn brothers and Marion. By request "His Prehistoric Past," the Keystone in which Charles Chaplin made the hit of his career, will be shown.


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Friday, February 19, 3. P. M.

9th Subscription Concert

SOLOIST: RUDOLPH GANZ, PIANIST

Tickets on sale Monday, February 15, at box offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, Cort Theatre.

Prices—75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Box and Loge Seats, $3.00.

Mail orders to Frank W. Healy, Manager, filled now.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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The Greatest Musical Hit in Years

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With Songs and Dances, Fun and Pretty Girls

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Commencing Sunday Night, February 21

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10TH SYMPHONY CONCERT, MARCH 4TH

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The market seems to have broken away from the influence of the U. S. Steel common stock, and prices were somewhat higher at the close of the week. The Copper shares were strong and higher with an excellent demand for the metal around 14¼ cents. Some of the specialties were strong and showed marked gains, such as Bethlehem Steel, Central Leather, and the automobile issues. American Sugar was weak on a report owing to this company having had a very poor year. American Beet Sugar was higher with the big advance in raw sugar and prospects of a change in the tariff schedule. Rails were strong and in good demand, especially the granger roads. It is true that the large monthly trade balances in our favor have been due almost as much to a decline of imports as to an increase of exports, but until the war ends and industry in Europe has returned to a normal basis, our importations are likely to be low. It is also to be considered that important amounts of railway notes maturing this year are held abroad and that these will have to be paid, but on the other hand the heavy expenditures abroad of American tourists will not be made this year. Under the influence of these favorable prospects, the bond and stock markets have developed an excellent tone and prices have made a moderate advance. Capital has been accumulating, and the owners have gained confidence to invest it. The first choice has been in sort-term notes, as their early maturity will enable the purchaser to take advantage of any change in market conditions. The market now has been well cleared of municipal bonds, and high-grade railway bonds have been bought freely. Easy money and low rates are encouraging the purchase of stocks, as many of them will carry themselves on borrowed money and yield a profit. The rising prices of bonds and stocks, however, have invited considerable sales from abroad, and this selling may be expected to follow every upward movement. The foreign government issues will be a constant factor in the world prices of securities until the full amount of them is out and all have been actually absorbed and paid for.

**Wheat**—The wheat market made another high record last week, selling up near the 170 level, but the advance did not hold and a reaction of about 5 cents took place. A good many of the commission houses are refusing trades in the May option, regardless of the amount of margin the customer is willing to put up, and this has had the tendency to restrict the trading in this option. There is really nothing new in the situation. Europe is in the market for wheat on every sign of weakness in our market, and not only buying the cash article but taking the futures as well with the idea of accepting delivery. Primary receipts have shown quite a falling off the past week, but this may be due to the severe storm all over the West and Southwest. Stocks of wheat for the week show a fair decrease and the visible supply is now less than last year. Shipments for the week, other than America, were small. Continuous rains in Argenine helped to check shipments from that country, and it begins to look as if the quality of wheat will also be affected if the weather does not show an improvement soon. The price of flour has been advanced again and is keeping pace with the wheat market. Millers were good buyers of wheat both for foreign and domestic use. As long as conditions remain as they are, we can expect only a natural reaction with ultimately much higher prices.

**Corn**—The action of wheat was the principal factor in the corn market. Prices followed wheat in a smaller range and generally kept well above the 80-cent level. A good many commission houses are advising their clients to let the wheat market alone and confine their operations to corn. This has been quite a help to corn and notwithstanding the general bearish statistical position, prices have kept up well. The cash demand for corn is flat—no export demand and no Eastern demand to speak of, which means that stocks are piling up at all primary points. The visible supply is the largest on record and is more than twice as large as last year. Receipts have fallen off some, but this probably is due to the severe storms in the corn belt. We can see nothing bullish in corn above 80 cents and would advise caution.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST WEGENER, Deceased; No. 18440, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of August Wegener, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, 900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of August Wegener, deceased.

CATHERINE WEGENER,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of August Wegener, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.
HENRY A. JACOBS, Attorney for Administratrix,
900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DEBORAH PATTERSON, Deceased; No. 18463, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, A. O. Colton, Room 514 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased.

SALLIE K. ROBERTS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Deborah Patterson, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.
A. O. COLTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 514 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

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SUMMONS

In the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

FRANK J. EGAN, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL BREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of the Justices' Clerk of said Court.

The People of the State of California to DANIEL BREEN, Defendant, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before JAMES G. CONLAN, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County, State of California.

Make legal service and due return hereon: By order of the presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

Given under my hand this 6th day of October, 1914.

ROBERT W. DENNIS, Justices' Clerk.
By J. J. SWEENEY, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-6-10


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Bacigalupi & Elkus, 807 Bank of Italy Building, Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.

NELLIE BARBETTA,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 30th, 1915.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
807 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
1-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons —if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.


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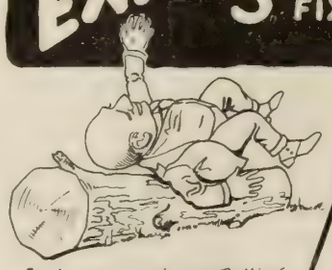
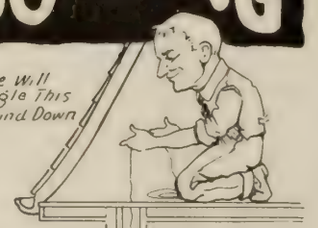


It is as simple as Rolling Off a Log



One Will Jiggle This Up and Down

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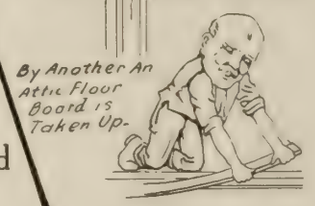
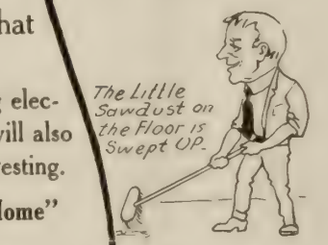


By Another An Attic Floor Board is Taken Up.

The Estimator Will Draw Up a List of SPECIFICATIONS



The Little Sawdust on the Floor is Swept UP.

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1174 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 20, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS



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of insurance, **on which the first premiums have been paid to the company in cash.** The Company now has

**6867 POLICIES**

in force, representing

**$14,462,471.00**

of **paid for insurance,** being a **gain** for the year of

**$2,397,943.00**

The Company now has admitted assets of

**$1,802,500.84**

which represents a **gain** during 1914 in Admitted Assets of

**$196,688.73**

The total Premium Income in 1914 was

**$538,191.34**

This shows **a gain** over 1913 of

**$73,000.90**

During 1914 the Company's earned interest income from invested Assets increased to

**$93,159.18**

**The Steady, Substantial Growth of the Company Since Organization is Clearly Shown by the Following Record:**

| Dec. 31st | Admitted Assets | Net Interest Earned | Policies in Force | Paid-for Insurance in Force | Premium Income |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *1910 | $1,372,063.41 | $19,996.11 | 468 | $1,551,850..00 | $42,935.85 |
| 1911 | 1,385,825.62 | 55,208.41 | 1884 | 5,140,775.00 | 200,098.74 |
| 1912 | 1,461,792.41 | 75,148.56 | 3997 | 9,384,550.00 | 362,604.61 |
| 1913 | 1,605,812.11 | 82,226.35 | 5486 | 12,064,528.00 | 465,190.44 |
| **1914** | **1,802,500.84** | **93,159.18** | **6867** | **14,462,471.00** | **538,191.34** |

*First Policy Issued July 13, 1910.

## The Company's Total Net Income During 1914 Was Over Six Hundred and Seventy-two Thousand Dollars

**This represents a gain in total income over the previous year of over**
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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, February 20, 1915 | No. 1174

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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### The War

The armies of Europe will soon be entering on the eighth month of the greatest war in all history. On all sides the question is asked, When will the war end? In this country there is agitation for pacific neutral intervention. In Europe, almost everywhere but in Germany, there is little thought of anything but the crushing of the German empire. The anti-German allies are not even in the mood to receive a suggestion of peace from neutral nations. Their idea is that wherever peace sentiment is expressed among neutrals it is of German inspiration, since Germany, being now threatened with famine, and having long since passed the period of her highest efficiency while her enemies have not yet reached their maximum, has all to lose while the war lasts. The spirit is unmistakable in the press of France, Great Britain and Russia. According to these allies they have fought Germany in all her strength to a standstill, and all that has happened is but a prelude to the great struggle that is to come when with fresh armies they undertake to regain what was won in the early months of the war. How long will this struggle last? To dislodge Germany from northern France and Belgium is a task not to be accomplished in a few months. It may take years. For Germany there remains the hope that her enemies may tire, that the people of the hostile countries may grow weary of the blood price of conquest, but meanwhile Germany may undergo rapid strangulation. If everywhere her military resources have proved adequate to hold what she has conquered, the indications are that she will soon be running short of the necessaries of life. With all the brilliant victories that Germany has won, and notwithstanding the fact that she has compelled her enemies to do most of the fighting on their own territory, her own losses have been tremendous. True, she now holds more French territory than she took in 1871, and occupies nearly all Belgium, but she has suffered great losses abroad. If like Napoleon she has defied Europe and held it at bay, great have been her losses industrially. As sea power still remains with England she is able everywhere to lay hands on German trade. And consider Germany's losses in killed, wounded and captured compared with those of England, the special object of her hatred. In killed, wounded and captured at the end of six months the losses of Germany were placed as high as 2,000,000 while in the same period those of England were only 125,000. On the whole of course her enemies have lost millions. Russia alone has lost more than 2,000,000, France has lost a million, Servia and Belgium together more than a quarter of a million. The loss of Austria is estimated at a million. Of the sacrifice still to come it would be folly to conjecture.

### What Could Napoleon Do?

Academic military experts are speculating on what Napoleon might be able to do were he leading the French armies today. According to a writer in The Nineteenth Century—Professor Johnston of Harvard—Napoleon was "a man of the moment, a creature of circumstance," and as the problems of today are different from the problems of a century ago the probability is he would not now be able to give us an equivalent for Marengo or Austerlitz. Professor Johnston has a somewhat narrow conception of the genius of Napoleon. To him Napoleon was only a soldier who had mastered the art of strategy and the science of military tactics. The intellectual endowments of the man, perhaps the greatest ever vouchsafed to an individual, are beyond Professor Johnston's power of appreciation. Napoleon's genius was not only for war; it was for everything he cared to concern himself about. Professor Johnston says he was above all things an artillery officer, and that he never became a great statesman. There were no less than three hundred and sixty different legal systems in pre-Revolutionary France. It was Napoleon who satisfied a craving for the unity of French law by the promulgation of the Civil Code, which he regarded as the most glorious of all his achievements. Was there nothing of statesmanship in that performance? When he returned from Elba, the seeds of disease in his body, his mind in the first stages of decay, he was eager to devote himself to the duties of a statesman, but war was forced upon him, and on the eve of the Waterloo campaign we find him actively engaged in reforming the system of primary education. There were few problems that Napoleon was unable to solve. Though he was never in London he knew what should be done with the Thames embankment fifty years before anything was done, and it was from him at St. Helena that the suggestion of improvement emanated. Napoleon's genius was not for the moment but for any moment. Before Napoleon's time it was considered fatal to change the line of operation during the course of an engagement. He changed it at Austerlitz. The genius of Napoleon was like the genius of Shakespeare—it defied old principles and established new ones, and the principles that he vindicated are today guiding armies on the battlefields of Europe. It is true that new problems have arisen, but there is every reason to suppose that a Napoleon would be able to solve them. This is an opinion that may be supported without the aid of the Bonapartist legend that Napoleon made no mistakes.

### Josephus Swats Satan

Gradually it is dawning on the perceptions of men that with the return of the Democratic party to power has come a recrudescence of Puritanism. It appears that a grape-juice Administration numbers among its ideals the ideal of renunciation. This ideal is an excellent one for men temperamentally inclined to it. It is an ideal that has inspired men and women with noble aims. It was the ideal of St. Francis of Assisi, a man of the most exalted impulses. But St. Francis was no Puritan. The principle of Puritanism is intolerance, a demon that moves in wrath and pauses only amid ruin, a spirit whose handiwork was the Inquisition of Spain, the fires of Smithfield and the Blue Laws of Connecticut. It was this spirit that once debarred from baptism the New England infant born on the Sabbath, the theory being that it must have been conceived on the Sabbath. Now to this moment there are parents who are convinced that it is a gross violation of the Sabbath to indulge the fundamental instinct of life on that day; and some of them have got into office at Washington. One of them, we suspect, is the Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, celebrated as the Bard of Blowing Rock. The philosophy of Josephus is the quintessence of Puritanism, which is bred in the bone, and has a habit of asserting itself in the flesh. The man with the quality which we call Puritanism, is nearly always devoid of imagination, and as a rule he values life by reference to his own sensations. He is an undersensitive person incapable of enjoying God's good earth. He would like to take his food in tabloid form, and does not mind telling you so in the midst of a duck dinner. Born with blunted senses, the average Puritan knows not the scent of the rose or the savor of wine. He has never felt the cool purity of linen. Alien to him are the sweet pangs of delicate desire, the trembling ecstasy of tender passion. Cursed with senses that will not serve him

he is intolerant of senses that help others to a fulness of life which cannot be his. This intolerance has caused a good deal of mischief in the world, for it is constantly making laws and rules of conduct that are at variance with the laws of nature. Psychologists have discovered that you cannot disturb the rhythm of life without causing troublesome reaction; and this rhythm depends on instincts and impulses rooted deep in the human animal. Of these things the Hon. Josephus Daniels being utterly ignorant is causing a good deal of mischief in the navy. It has been customary in the navy to supply the men on shore leave with a certain prophylactic against diseases which sailors in port are in danger of contracting. The Secretary of the Navy issued an order some time ago prohibiting the use of this medicament, his reason being that he regarded the use of it as immoral inasmuch as it gave men the courage of their passions. Like a true Puritan he argued that it was immoral to diminish the consequences of sin. So the most horrible of scourges is once more spreading in the navy, and at the same time, it is boldly asserted, there is an increase of the vice that provoked the wrath of God against one of the Cities of the Plain. But there is this compensation for it all,—the righteous Secretary of the Navy is thrilled by the consciousness of a triumph over Satan. And peradventure our good President, who has a strain of the Puritan in him, is well pleased.

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**Liberty and License**

According to the Examiner, Seventh Day Adventists are "alert and constant defenders of religious liberty," and "they watch for legislation that might trench on that freedom with hawk eyes." Also, according to the Examiner, "the Adventists are disturbed by House Bill No.20,780, which would direct the Postmaster General to exclude from the mails any book, periodical, pamphlet, picture or publication whatever which reflects upon or criticises any form of religious belief practiced or held sacred by any citizen of the United States." These observations, juxtaposed in our contemporary, give us pause. Momentarily we wonder whether the Examiner is poking fun at those good and worthy citizens who worship God according to their faith. But no, the Examiner is serious. The Examiner concurs in the objections of the Seventh Day Adventists to the bill that "disturbs" them, but believes it too absurd to pass. Apparently the Examiner does not perceive the absurdity of a sect being at once zealous for religious liberty and hostile to legislation designed to safeguard that liberty. The bill may be absurd; or at least it may be ill advised, since it may have a tendency to put too much power over the press into the hands of the Postmaster General, but surely it is not essential to the liberty of one set of Christians to be free to malign another sect. Of course nobody would think of arguing that a religion, a church or a creed should be held free from honest criticism, but assuredly a paper devoted to malicious, wholesale slander of men and women on account of their religion, a paper abounding in obscenities, should not have the privilege of the mails. It is against a paper of this type, we believe, that the bill complained of is aimed. The nasty character of the paper is so obvious that it was thrown out of the mails in Canada. Now the bill designed to put the paper out of business might endanger the principle of the freedom of the press, but how absurd to say that it endangers the principle of religious liberty! The religious liberty enjoyed by the colonists who first fell on their knees and then on the aborigines is not the kind guaranteed by our Constitution. Further, it is not contended that the privilege of personal abuse is essential to the propagation of Christianity. We should hate to think that any organized body of Christians would hold that it is essential to religious liberty that a paper designed to wound the feelings of other Christians should be freely circulated in this country. Of the Seventh Day Adventists we prefer to believe that they are fighting for the abstract principle of the freedom of the press. As a matter of fact they are really fighting (innocently let us hope) against the principle of religious liberty, for that is a term which means something more than freedom of public worship: it means protection against the mean calumnies of malice inspired by bigotry. To be sure the principle of the freedom of the press must be forever held sacred; and after all, priests and nuns are able to bear up under the calumnies of blind hatred. Indeed to suffer for their religion is a cross that some of them would not go far to escape. But let us not cant too much about the liberty of the press. This term does not imply that every citizen has a right to destroy at his pleasure the reputation and peace of other citizens. As Justice Story observed in his work on the Constitution, there is much loose reasoning on the subject of the liberty of the press. "No man," he said, "has the right out of mere malice to accuse another of infamous crimes or incite against him the indignation of his fellow citizens." But many people speak of the liberty of the press, says Justice Story "as if its inviolability were such that like the King of England it could do no wrong, and was a perfect sanctuary for every abuse; that, in short, it implied a despotic sovereignty to do every sort of wrong." If this notion were admitted to be correct, according to Justice Story, "it might be justly affirmed that the liberty of the press was incompatible with the permanent existence of any free government." The truth of this may be made obvious by suggesting what might happen as a result of the Government serving as an agent for the distribution of a malicious and obscene journal published for the sole purpose of holding priests and nuns up to public obloquy. Suppose the Catholics of the country should feel, in the words of Justice Story, "obliged to resort to private vengeance to make up for the deficiencies of the law." Let us suppose the incredible —that they should conceive that it would be a righteous vengeance to strike back through a journal somewhat of the same type as the one against which the bill in question is leveled; a paper, let us say, of a higher type, devoting itself only to the truth, the truth taken week by week from the divorce courts and criminal courts and penitentiaries of the whole country, the truth about clergymen of those few Protestant sects that are devoted to the cultivation of religious bigotry. What a sensational paper that would be! Consider how many beautiful moral lessons might be drawn from the half dozen low-brow pulpit scandals that have occurred right in this State in the last five or six weeks. Read the dailies of other sections of the country, and you will find this extraordinary phenomenon,—that similar scandals are occurring somewhere every week. Perhaps they prove nothing. There is only this comment to be made,—it is no wonder that from a pulpit from which so many weaklings are tumbling should emanate a journal of the kind that revolted the postal authorities of Canada. Now consider the reprisals that might be induced as a result of the freedom of the press, and consider the passions that might as a consequence be let loose in the land.


## SPECIAL NOTE

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# Varied Types

## CCXVII—EDWIN STEVENS

By Edward F. O'Day

Edwin Stevens is a "laudator temporis acti."

All my readers know their way to the glossary of foreign words at the end of the dictionary, so it is quite unnecessary for me to inform them that the last word of this good-looking Latin phrase has nothing to do with acting.

At the same time many lauders of the days gone by are actors, and Edwin Stevens is one of them.

But let me anticipate and head off a misconception. The actors who indulge in reminiscence tinged with regret, who delight in comparisons that exalt the past at the expense of the present are usually oldsters in the profession, most frequently veterans who lag superfluous on the stage and find that heaving the windy sigh for the glories of yesteryear makes much smaller demand on their intellectual powers than would the attempt to understand and appreciate the peculiar advantages of today.

Edwin Stevens is not an oldster by any means. He is in the prime of life. Further than that, Edwin Stevens is not a shirker of intellectual processes. As a matter of cold fact, Edwin Stevens probably does more thinking in a day than most actors do in a season. For Edwin Stevens started with a good brain, cultivated it by education and is making it work for him all the time. Praising the past is a logical exercise with Edwin Stevens, not a weakness. His animadversion on the present is not a destructive attack but a constructive criticism illuminated by optimism.

Inspecting the theatrical heavens Edwin Stevens announces the disappearance of the star system. A gloomy prognostication? Not a bit of it! He is not an artist in paradox, but he sees in the dimming of the stars a promise of light where before was only darkness visible.

In the good old days which Edwin Stevens likes to talk about the stars were rare phenemonena in the stage empyrean. Those were the days before electric lights made stars; when an Edwin Booth or a Fechter became a star by divine right of genius. There were stars then, Edwin Stevens points out, but there was no star system. The distinction is important. According to Stevens the star system always carried the seed of its own destruction.

"Today," he said, "the star system is dead."

And he explained that the stars themselves, the managers and the public all had a hand in dealing the coup de grace.

"In the palmy days of the star system," he says, "stars were made for many reasons. In many cases the reasons were known only to theatrical managers; the public could only guess at them. When a chit of a chorus girl was elevated to stardom the public was usually shrewd enough to make the correct diagnosis of the case.

"But of the rottenness that accompanied the star system, the incredible egotism it fostered, the stupidity and incompetence it set above merit, experience and sincere endeavor the public has learned little. I have known an empty-headed girl suddenly lifted to stardom through the favor of a manager—I have known such an upstart to dare lecture Mrs. Whiffen on acting. I have known such a star to ruin the chances of two productions in one season, simply because she was unequal to the parts assigned to her. Experienced actors in those two productions knew the plays were doomed before rehearsals had lasted a week.

"The star system worked great harm to the stars themselves. It spoiled many a good actor, first by turning his head and then by making him careless. Edwin Booth always had a stage manager, and a real stage manager who was not afraid to correct him when he went astray in his acting. But do you think a stage manager would dare correct one of the stars of the star system? Never! It was that stage manager's function to see that no member of the supporting company endangered the star's monopoly of the spotlight. The stars of the star system that is now dead were not above telling the members of their company that they must subordinate themselves. Did one of the actors have a line or a bit of business that scored? The star took it away from him. Did one of the actors receive a better notice from some critic than the star? The star sent him the pink envelope. The star was the autocrat of the company. He could do no wrong. Naturally he fell into evil ways of acting. He exaggerated his mannerisms. There is no actor in the world who can get along without the constant criticism of a disinterested outsider. You must be watched; you must be told when you are slipping into faults of enunciation, gesture and so on. The star was sublimely superior to such influences. We see the result in the impaired acting of many men who were the pets of the star system. I could name certain fine actors who are on the way to the 'has-been' class simply because the star system exempted them from the checks and corrections which the very best actors cannot do without. The star system has demoralized them. And it has demoralized the whole American stage. The young actor is not being trained for his work as young actors used to be trained. One of the most obvious results is the decay of elocution on the American stage. The young are not taught to enunciate properly.

"Many, many plays failed in the past few seasons, not because they were poor plays but because they were poorly played. I have told you that I could instance two in one season. Both were good plays, but they were impossibly cast, the young woman star being surrounded by a company which included some good actors and some incompetents but all of whose members were expected to 'play down' so as not to endanger the position of the star who was quite unequal to her role. The public has come to see this. The star system disgusted the public. It got tired of paying its good money to see a name in electric lights. Don't blame the public for deserting the theatre. Blame the men who fostered the star system for driving the public out of the theatre and into the moving picture shows.

"But as I have said, the star system is dead. One of the signs of a better time that is coming is the success of a manager like Al Woods who doesn't believe in stars, who places his faith in good actors. Woods has achieved notable success with indifferent plays simply because he assembled splendid casts to act them. The method which has brought him to the front so rapidly is the method of the day before yesterday when the star system had not yet come to curse the American stage, and it is the method of tomorrow when the star system will have been forgotten."

I asked Edwin Stevens why he was in vaudeville.

"One reason is," he replied, "because Martin Beck gives me a contract for forty or forty-five weeks of work a year. A few years ago when I was with Charles Frohman I used to get a contract calling for continuous work from September to the following May. But Frohman has introduced the English way of engaging his actors for the run of the piece. Last season I rehearsed four weeks without pay in a play which ran five weeks and died. Then I rehearsed five weeks more in another play which ran nine weeks and expired. That was nine weeks of rehearsal and fourteen weeks of work. Is it any wonder that I prefer vaudeville?"

I have said that Edwin Stevens showed an optimistic spirit. I cannot illustrate that better than by quoting what he said about the deserted gallery:

"The moving picture people are going in more and more for many-reeled pictures made by well known actors and actresses. There is a tendency to charge twenty-five and fifty cents for admission to these elaborate film shows. Those are the old-time gallery prices. Do you think people will pay them to see moving pictures when they can see the same actors and actresses in actual drama? The moving picture people are sending their patrons back to the gallery."

Let me conclude with a statement by Stevens which is of special interest to San Franciscans and which illustrates in the pleasantest manner possible his tendency to think well of the past:

"In all my theatrical experience, and I have had a great deal, I have never been a member of any company which could be compared with the old Tivoli organization. Mind you, I was at the Casino in New York in the days of Lillian Russell and other famous people, but we did things at the Tivoli which even the Casino couldn't do. The resources of the company were equal to any demands of grand opera, opera bouffe, musical comedy or drama. There never was another place like the Tivoli."


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# Perspective Impressions

A phrase we are getting very tired of: "You and I may not live to see it."

Members of the Legislature are still working on the principle that God is better served by banishing than resisting temptation.

We get through the Examiner much more quickly since it's been full of Grace Darling, Elaine and the Clutching Hand.

From an interview with Poet Markham: "'There is a design in the universe,' said he glowingly, with a passion of conviction." We have read of nothing so momentous since Mark Twain wept over the grave of Adam.

"I am not sure but that a little of uncertainty on some of the more serious doctrines of the church may be beneficial," says the Rev. W. A. Squires of the Lebanon Presbyterian Church. The reason is obvious: The less serious the doctrine the larger the congregation.

Some of our real estate agents, interviewed in the Examiner, say they are in favor of Hearst's latest catchpenny slogan. Are they also in favor of the Hearst "more-municipal-ownership" slogan that has well nigh put them all out of business?

There's a Californian born every eleven minutes. May the day be far off when there shall be one of 'em born every minute.

The Rev. George Buringame is afraid that seekers of profit at the Fair will "defy or ignore the moral sense of the community." The moral sense of this community was recently expressed at the polls. It is an impuritan sense.

The Rev. G. Hulsebus, speaking Sunday at the United Evangelical Church, likened charity unto "mopping up water from a floor while the faucet is running." This is an example of the clerical mind that has a tendency to gravitate footward.

Two hundred women of Pike county, Kentucky, have been indicted for selling their votes. Which shows that the female of the species is not incapable of mastering the business end of politics.

There is an amazing amount of cocksureness these days respecting the principal truths that Christ taught, and as a rule the greater the dogmatist the farther away from the idea that the true disciples of Jesus are not who know most but who love best.

Get in line for the grand march.

One thing seems quite plain: The Opening Day hike will bring prosperity to the shoe stores.

And another thing may be set down without fear of successful contradiction, to-wit: There will be no dissatisfaction with the procession on the part of the corn-doctors.

"Buy it now." Buy what? Why, the taurine stuff that Mr. Hearst is peddling.

Former Vice-President Fairbanks is coming to town. Boy! bring me a cocktail with a cherry in it!

Edison sees the end of monarchy in Europe. Other men as profound as Edison in their ignorance of the fact that solemn prophecy is only the expression of vanity, see the end of democracy in the United States.

"I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within." This was the prayer of a man outwardly ugly, and he wasn't a Christian, but how few Christians have uttered a more beautiful prayer! The man was a Pagan. His name was Socrates.

# The Novelty of the War

**By An Englishman**

It was the commonplace of journalism and conversation in the early weeks of this war that the world had seen nothing like it. As we steeled ourselves to its unexampled horrors, our imagination took this furtive comfort to itself, that we were about to witness a spectacle new to history. We know something more of it today in detail, and that first anticipation is worth examining. In mere extent the war is not quite without a parallel. There were periods in the Napoleonic struggle, when the spectacle of a continent in arms was no less massive and imposing than it is today. The line of battle stretched from the Pyrenees to Moscow, and no people enjoyed peace. At the most, a rare neutral gasped in temporary relief. We have as yet no cosmopolitan army such as Napoleon led to Moscow, and the Allies have not yet assembled their massed forces in one crucial battle of the nations. But the numbers engaged exceed beyond all comparison those of a century ago, both absolutely and in relation to the populations from which they are drawn. France alone knew the levee en masse in those days; it is the rule today in every country save our own. In another obvious sense this war beggars all previous experience. It is the first great war to be conducted with all the modern expedients for annihilating distance and time. The Manchurian campaign was fought in a half-savage country with a single line of rails, and the Balkan wars were conducted for the most part with ox-transport. The pace of this war is governed by the automobile. From the carriage of despatches to the conveyance of supplies and the hurrying up of urgent reinforcements, the whole work of the armies in the fields is timed by the energy of petrol and steam. It would be interesting to attempt some exact measurement of the change which this material transformation has made in all our standards of time. Napoleon speeded up the operations of war beyond all the conceptions of his age, but his achievement depended solely on organization and the will. The railway marked the next notable advance in the classical Prussian campaigns. The motor car, and the further elaboration of railway transport, must have halved the average time required for any given operation since the days of 1870. In sheer energy one may doubt whether Germany, flinging her armies like a living shuttle across the web of her railway system, has equalled some of the performances of revolutionary France, when she fought on as many fronts as the compass has points. But as a technical triumph in the destruction of distance and the multiplication of men, there is certainly nothing to approach it in military records.

It is many a long year since a rather eccentric Russian-Jewish banker, by name Jean de Bloch, published a series of learned military treatises on the central theme that the power of the defensive in modern warfare now vastly exceeded the power of the offensive. His work was travestied in popular pamphlets into the doctrine that war had become too costly to be possible. What he really meant to suggest was that the success of the offensive had become so precarious that aggression was no longer likely to be quite as tempting and as profitable as it has sometimes been in history. As an operative force in politics, such arguments, even when they seem altogether convincing on paper, are negligible. The aggressor will always believe that he has the means of overcoming the new obstacles to his will. This particular argument is hard to apply in practice, because there is no necessary relation whatever between the moral aggressive and the tactical offensive. If M. de Bloch was right (as we incline to think he was) in his estimate of the power of the tactical defensive, it happens to be the Germans who are at this moment deriving the chief profit from it. One may derive comfort from General Joffre's confident prediction that the German defensive, like the German offensive, is about to be broken down. In the meanwhile, however, the deadlock in the West is, on the whole, to their advantage, for it happened to declare itself along a line which left them possessed of all Belgium and an appreciable fraction of France. We know enough to realize that, thanks chiefly to machine guns and barbed wire, a really well-dug line of deep permanent trenches can be rendered nearly impregnable, which is another way of saying that it can be carried only by an enemy who is prepared to risk tens of thousands of lives, and has the numbers to risk them safely. Trenches are dug

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nowadays less with the view of commanding a long unhampered approach, than of affording shelter from artillery fire. A clear space of fifty yards in front of a trench is now thought to be enough to ensure the stopping of any infantry attack. The wounds inflicted by rifle fire at this close range are peculiarly cruel, for the normal bullet at fifty yards twists in the flesh, and is as deadly as a dum-dum. We saw something of this power of the defensive behind prepared positions at the siege of Port Arthur. It was still more clearly foreshadowed in the failure of the victorious Bulgarians to carry the Tchataldja lines, held though they were by a foe whom they had routed with ease in the open field.

One cannot, however, unreservedly hail this new superiority of the defensive as an advantage for innocent and unaggressive peoples. It may, on the whole, operate in this way, but it is the striking exception which concerns us today. The unaggressive nation, if it is to be secure, must lose no time in mobilizing and in digging its permanent lines. If Belgium had been the ally of France instead of a detached neutral, and if a Franco-Belgian army could have dug itself into an entrenched line from Liege to Verdun and Belfort in the first week of the war, it is possible that the German armies might still be breaking upon this line in vain. But the Germans were able to snatch the advantage of the initiative, and the result is that it is they and not the Allies who today enjoy the chief advantage of the defensive. It is true that the rest of France, west and south of this scarcely wavering line, may feel almost unassailably secure. But the recovery of what was lost at the start will not be easy. Impregnable lines were known, indeed, to our forefathers. Torres Vedras is an epic of the stubborn and successful defensive, which will live in history with the record of the Aisne. The machine-gun and the wire entanglement have, indeed, given a new power to the defensive. But it is the gigantic numbers of modern armies which have made possible the drawing for hundreds of miles, in country which only in part lends itself naturally to the defensive, of lines which cannot be turned. Clausewitz, in a brief chapter, dismissed the idea of such a passive defense of frontiers as an idea possible only in warfare with barbarians. He laughed at it as a "Chinoiserie" which recalled the Great Wall. It is one of the strangest consequences of the use of great numbers that it has become in this war its most novel and characteristic feature.

While this new power of the defensive is certainly the chief element which distinguishes this war from those of the last century, it is rather the devilment of modern inventions which strikes the imagination. Aircraft have not fulfilled the anticipation of romance as instruments of attack. The actual destruction which has so far been wrought by them is negligible, though they are so novel and interesting that every death they cause and every material loss which they occasion are chronicled. The real value of the aeroplane is in reconnaissance, and there it has justified itself so fully that the element of uncertainty and surprise in warfare is almost eliminated, save, perhaps, from minor tactical operations at night. The importance of cavalry is correspondingly diminished, and though it played a considerable part in the early weeks of the campaign, it has lost all its utility since the war of trenches set in. It may be destined still to play a large part in the freer operations in the East, but it is possible that it will not again recover its importance in the West. Another function of the aeroplane is no less noteworthy than its use in reconnaisance. It has doubled the power of heavy long-range artillery by giving accuracy to indirect fire. Our ships off the Belgian coast and the big land guns of both sides have done nearly all their work under the direction of the scout or spy who does his work with a portable field-telephone. The telephone is a more familiar and less romantic adjunct of warfare than the aeroplane, but it is probably even more valuable.

We all realize how far the strange mechanical devices of the new warfare, the trench mortars, the "mine-throwers," and even the resuscitated hand grenades have combined with the colossal shells of the great guns to multiply the nervous strain of fighting. We have learned in this war that courage is a virtue which needs no practice. After forty years of peace, Western Europe need fear no comparison with the courage of its fathers. But the bravest men have still a nervous organization. The whole struggle might be regarded as an attempt by mechanism to break down the nerve and moral stamina of the enemy, and the reply depends not merely on one's ability to make a better use of the same means, but even more on the capacity of the commissariat and the medical service to feed and resuscitate the victims of this deliberate assault on their nerves. In the long run, it may turn out that this physiological factor, rather than mere numbers or armaments or the genius of the command, will determine the result. It seems already to have set a limit to the intensification of warfare, which had gone on steadily since the French Revolution ended the leisurely formal fighting of the eighteenth century. It begins already to make the vast numbers engaged illusory. Men can be kept in the fighting line only for a certain number of hours; most of their time is spent in recuperating. The fighting goes on continuously, but one may doubt whether as much is achieved as by the old plan of fighting all together, and then resting all together. In the main, this factor of nervous strain seems to tell in the same direction as the evolution of defensive resources. It makes it difficult for an army, wearied out by this daily draft on its nervous force, to summon the fresh energies required for any overwhelming offensive. The general moral begins to emerge with some clearness. The defensive has gained an immense advantage in modern warfare, but only the ready belligerent can turn it to account.

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# The Ruthenian Question

**By Count Albrecht von Montgelas, L. L. D.**

(In the following I will try to explain Russia's part in bringing about the war with Austria, and thus throwing Europe into a state of misery and destruction. I will do this without hatred or scorn, mindful of the fact that I am the son of a Russian mother.)

When, not long ago, the cable brought the news that the German military authorities in Belgium had made Cardinal Mercier of Mechlin a prisoner, there was a great outcry of indignation in the Anglican press, which was immediately echoed in the Masonic and atheistic press of France and Italy. The same blasphemists and sacrilegists, who had shed unholy crocodile tears over the destruction of the Catholic University of Louvain and the shelling of the Cathedral of Rheims, now protested against this treatment of a prince of the church. Of course the news in the form it was spread was a lie. The military authorities had merely forbidden the reading of the Cardinal's pastoral letter. Anyone who has read the letter, as published in last week's Town Talk, will agree that while it contains beautiful sentiments, worthy of a big soul, their utterance at the present time and under the present conditions in Belgium, does more honor to the venerable prelate's heart than to his judgment. The German authorities did the only thing possible in the interest of peace and order and the prevention of further disturbances by the civilian population.

What has this to do with the Ruthenian question? Nothing; only this: When the Russians occupied Lemberg in the early stages of the war, they arrested the Greek-Catholic Ruthenian Archbishop of Lemberg, Count Szeptycki, and deported him to Russia. Did the English or French press and their obedient servants, the Anglo-American New York papers, cry out in indignation? O no! The news was hidden away in some corner of the papers, and the rest of the issues filled with English and French victories, which had never happened. It was not important enough compared with the execution, under military law, of some misled Belgium priest who had brought death and misery upon his flock, by inciting it to acts of violence against German soldiers. The news item could not be used to create sentiment against the German barbarians. But to people who know European history it was important. It referred to an outrage which crowned one of the most colossal crimes ever perpetrated on a race, and which has played perhaps the most important part in bringing about this war with all its horrors and sufferings. It ushered in the last act of a drama in which "Holy Russia" has played the role of intriguant and oppressor, and the Ruthenian people, the part of the oppressed and deceived. This drama, verily the tragedy of a once proud race, official Russia has called "the liberation of our Russian brethren from Austrian tyranny." The press of Allied France and England took up the word, and the American press blindly repeated it. The truth is that these "Russian brethren" are Ruthenians, a nation as different from the Russians as the Italians are from the French, or Danes from the Germans. The Ruthenians, for whom the Russian government, officially, and for obvious reasons invented the name of "Little Russians," are a race of nearly forty million souls. Having once been an independent principality, they later with the Poles and Lithuanians formed the powerful kingdom of Poland. At the time of the dismembering of that kingdom, they shared the fate of the Poles. The greater part were handed over to Russia, the smaller to Austria. Even before that, in the early part of the seventeenth century, the Ukraine, inhabited almost entirely by Ruthenians, and the cradle of their ancient glorious kingdom, had come under the rule of the Muskovites. There are now about thirty-five million Ruthenians in Russia, inhabiting practically the whole southeast of the empire. The boundary line runs almost straight from Byelostok in the Government of Grodno to Kursk, and from there down to Rostov on the Don river, not far from where the latter flows into the Sea of Asow. The existence of an alient people of thirty-five millions with glorious historical memories, and comprising such a vast area, touching at the very

center of the empire, naturally forms a constant menace to a uniform Russian body politic. The Muskovite government fully aware of this danger, has for the past three centuries in real Russian fashion, so well known to contemporary history in Poland and Finland, carried out the Russification of the Ruthenians. Whenever a conquering race tries to "assimilate" the conquered there are always two things which it endeavors to root out—the religion, which is the nation's soul, and the language, which is the means of expressing the sentiments of that soul. England has tried that very thing in Ireland, Prussia in her Polish provinces, and Russia in Poland, Finland and the Ukraine. The Ruthenians have a language of their own, as different from Russian as Spanish is from Portuguese. It is the language of their ancient saints and kings and heroes. It is the language in which their first Christian King Vodolymir spoke to his Queen Gytha, the daughter of the Saxon King Harold of England. The Russian government has officially declared this language a Russian dialect, and absolutely forbidden its use in print and speech. Thirty-five million people are thus being robbed of the most important prerogative of an independent race.

Of their soul, their religion, these millions were robbed long before. The Ruthenians, since the Synod of Brest Litovsk on the Gug river in the year 1596 renounced the Orthodox Shisma, and reunited with the Roman Catholic church, retaining however the Oriental (Greek) rite. The Muskovite absolutistic Tzar, who at the same time is the spiritual head, the Pope, of the Russian branch of the Oriental church, does not recognize the Greek Catholic or Roman Catholic church of Greek rite in his empire. The thirty-five million Ruthenians have, by the brutal methods of their oppressors, been forced to join the Russian church. In 1875 Tzar Alexander II, by imperial ukas, abolished the last remaining Ruthenian Catholic diocese.

It seemed as if the Russians had finally succeeded in extinguishing the Ruthenian race, and made of her Slavic population east of Poland, a united nation. But the danger of secession, which the Russian government had by its barbaric methods succeeded in banishing from its own empire, arose on its border. In consequence of the dismemberment of Poland, as said before, nearly four million Ruthenians came under the Hapsburg rule. Here history records a different story. In Galicia, the Bukowina and Northern Hungary, where the Austrian Ruthenians dwell, started that nationalistic movement known as the Ruthenian Renaissance. There were no religious or political prosecutions. Moreover, the Austrian and Hungarian government did everything to promote progress and material welfare among their Ruthenian citizens, who belonged mostly to the peasantry. In 1913 the Austrian government even agreed to the establishment of a Ruthenian University in Lemberg. No wonder the downtodden "Little Russians" in the Muskovite empire looked with longing eyes over the border where their kin were allowed to live their life along the lines of national development, political and religious freedom and individual happiness. No wonder they compared their miserable lot with the lot of their happier brethren under the sceptre of Hapsburg. And the Ruthenian people in the Ukraine, whom the Muskovite bureaucracy had thought dead for good to any nationalistic aspirations, began to show signs of life. To all the interior trouble and unrest in the empire, to the Finnish and Polish questions was added the danger of a people in possession of the most fertile lands, almost one-fourth of European Russia, becoming conscious of their situation. Russian statesmen were not slow in appreciating the gravity of the problem and its menace to the Tzardom of all Russians. But how ward the danger off? There was no doubt that the Ruthenians in Austria-Hungary were happy and progressing under the benevolent Hapsburg sovereigns. Their condition was to them the next best thing to being an independent nation. The only way to stop this national revival from having contagious effects on the Ruthenian provinces in Russia, was to crush it out in the same way that it had been done there. But to that end Galicia and Bukowina had to become Russian provinces. This conclusion once clear in the minds of the statesmen in St. Petersburg, they started to accomplish their end. This has been Russia's policy for the last decades of the nineteenth century. That the Ruthenians themselves did not want Russian "protection" or Russian rule, was of no consequence to the men who were making Russia's foreign policy. First they planned to stir up a revolt in Galicia against Austria. The country was literally flooded with spies and agents who lavishly spent Russian money to seduce the Ruthenians who, for the most part, belonged to the poorer and poorest clases. Young peasant boys were taken to Russia and educated at government expense in Russian convents. They became orthodox popes and later went back as "missionaries" among their people. These renegades to their faith and to their country very cleverly made use of the racial and economical differences between the poor Greek Catholic, Ruthenian peasants and the rich Roman Catholic, Polish landholders. They told those peasants that their religion was really the religion of "Holy Russia," that the Tzar was their Pope, and that their priests were traitors who had sold them to the papist Poles. They were promised the division amongst them of the big Polish estates and the deliverance from Jewish money lenders after the country had once become Russian. The English press, and through her the rest of the world, was supplied with heart-breaking stories of religious and political oppression of "Russians" in Galicia. But while the rest of the world read and believed the legend of a poor maltreated Slavic race, who awaited anxiously their liberation through "Holy Russia," among the Ruthenians themselves the charm did not work. They had no ambition to share the lot of their kin in Ukraine! The plan of inner secession having thus failed, there remained but one solution of the problem: The annexation of Galicia and Bukowina by a victorious war. Alone against Austria-Hungary and her ally, Germany, Russia could not hope for victory for her arms. Even with France, on whose help she had a right to count, the outcome in a war was more than doubtful. Therefore as long as the Triple-Entente held the balance of power in Continental Europe, Russia and France did not dare to disturb the peace. The moment, however, that France and Russia were sure of England's military support, the war came. This historical fact is more than a mere reflection on England's moral guilt in this catastrophe. The gang of murderers in Belgrade furnished the pretext.

Russia, for the time, has attained her object. The emblem of a half-Asiatic, orthodox empire flies above Catholic Lemberg, one of the oldest outposts of western European civilization. Already in Galicia and Bukowina the Russian language is being enforced and the Russian church established. The Archbishop of Lemberg is the first victim of the new regime. While Russia is thus establishing herself in the long coveted eastern provinces of Austria-Hungary, her ally, France, is disappointed that she threw her whole force on Austria instead of "marching on Berlin." What did France expect? When will her people at last awaken and realize that both Russia and England are only fighting for their own selfish interests and using the misled gallant sons of France as their tools?

When on the first day of August, 1914, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, Iswolski, at the news of the declaration of war exclaimed "c'est ma guerre," what thinking Frenchmen could not help but be reminded of almost the identical frivolous words spoken by Empress Eugenie at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, "Ma petite guerre?" In 1870 France was dragged to disaster by her rulers, in 1914 by her friends! In the meantime every Austrian Pole and Ruthenian hopes and prays for the defeat of their "liberators."

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXV—SAN FRANCISCO

(The following verses were written for the California Outlook of Los Angeles in December of 1913 in celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal. They are timely today when we are celebrating that epochal event with a World's Fair.)

By Charles S. Newhall

Great San Francisco, finely set
Upon your shining, wind-swept hills,
All hail! Today your ringing call
The world's remotest circuit fills.

The calls to come from furthest West
And enter at your Golden Gate;
To come from north and south and east—
From every noble sister state.

With pledge to all of closer ties
And higher goals for coming years;
"United Nations" so to stand,
With faith and hope in place of fears.

For now the waiting world's dim hope
At last is splendidly attained;
A path between the sounding seas
The world's great ships today have gained.

Then fling anew your thunder-calls
Full far across the restless world;
"Come all, with streaming flags of peace
And every fighting banner furled."

# The Spectator

### The Clockwinder's Relief

"By jiminetti, that's a load off my mind!"

With these words, uttered in tones of profound relief, the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock handed me the Tuesday Examiner. I took it, but my look was one of puzzled inquiry. So the clockwinder pointed with the broken stem of his clay pipe to a blackface despatch from Washington, D. C., which read as follows:

"Secretary Lane left for San Francisco today, where he is to represent President Wilson at the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition."

"What of it?" I asked.

"What of it!" exclaimed the clockwinder. "Do you mean to say that that despatch doesn't affect you the way it affected me? Why, for six nights I didn't close an eye, waiting for that despatch."

"Are you kidding me?"I demanded sternly.

"I never kid anybody but Joe Dwyer," returned my friend in his gravest manner. "Let me show you something."

### The Indecision of Lane

The Solomon of the Embarcadero reached into his flask pocket and brought out a greasy leather case. From this he extracted a worn newspaper clipping.

"This is also a Washington despatch," he explained. "It's from the Chronicle of last Thursday. 'Cabinet Member Will Come,' it says; 'Secretary Lane Is Undecided.' And then we read that Franklin wasn't sure whether pressure of business wouldn't keep him in Washington while his heart was in San Francisco. It seems the President personally asked him to forget his other responsibilities and come to the Fair, but the Secretary wasn't sure that he could do it, even for Woodrow. When I read that I was terribly worried, and so was every good San Franciscan, I'm sure. Think of opening the Fair without having Franklin Lane with us. You might just as well think of opening a bottle of wine without a napkin or a session of the Legislature without prayer. But Franklin is on his way. I'll sleep peacefully tonight."

### A Martyr to Work

"Doesn't Frank Lane rise a few fathoms in your good opinion on account of this incident?" asked the clockwinder.

I regarded him closely but said nothing.

"Frank Lane," he continued, "is a martyr to his job. The official strain upon Frank is simply tremenjous. You may depend on it, Frank rubber-stamped every letter in his wire tray before starting across the continent. The idea of Frank neglecting his work for a junket to the Fair is preposterous, as the President found out. I am very glad that despatch about Frank's indecision found its way into the Associated Press office in Washington. It shows the whole country that California gave the nation a cabinet officer with a conscience. Just how the news leaked out I don't know. I don't pretend to know how all the news about Frank leaks out. But it always does. I'm afraid the newspapermen of Washington are conspiring to embarrass Frank with pleasant publicity. They make a hero of Frank about once a week. It must be painful to Frank. But of course he submits to that for the sake of the dear people. How it must gall him to see himself boosted in print."

"There's a whisper out that he keeps a press agent," I suggested timidly.

"You're a kynic, that's what you are," said the clockwinder as I moved away.

### Orator Dunnigan Quits

The clockwinder touched me on the shoulder with his key. "Hold on," he said. I paused. "Is Lane," he asked, "as good an orator as John Dunnigan, the clerk of the Board of Supervisors?"

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Haven't you ever heard Dunnigan orate?" he asked.

"I never have."

"Neither did I till last Sunday at the People's Auditorium. But he's some orator. He said so himself. Told the audience how he addressed large crowds in Washington when he was on there talking Hetch-Hetchy. I was getting ready to be thrilled, when John announced that he had come to talk about the charter amendments. And what do you suppose he was really there for?"

I said I couldn't guess.

"Well," said the clockwinder, "the nerve of the people's servants these days is colossal. Every little while they start some new scheme for raising taxes, and instead of taking to the woods till the storm blows over, these taxeaters come right out before everybody and advocate the thing. That's what John was on hand Sunday for. He opened up with a knock on the dollar limit. Nobody at the City Hall has paid any attention to the dollar limit for years, but the thing it appears is not dead; only sleeping. John wants to give it a lethal dose, but the moment the crowd found out what he was talking about there was a great shuffling of feet. At first John thought that some notable was entering the hall, and he paused and looked around. The noise increased in volume, and John turned pale. He said no more. He quit. And he vanished so quickly that I think he was in a panic. Perhaps he thought the taxpayers in the audience were about to mob him."

I remarked that it was a good joke on Dunning.

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "it was a good

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joke, but if that gang at the City Hall keeps on throwing the people's money to the birds some day there will be an uprising and somebody will get hurt."

**Snubbing the Architects**

"Why so sad, Willis?" I asked when I met Architect Polk the other day and noticed gloom where he usually sports a smile.

"Why shouldn't I be sad?" demanded the wizard of the Hobart Building. "My most cherished illusion has been shattered."

"Have you discovered that you were not born on a battlefield?" I inquired anxiously.

"No," he replied. "That bit of personal history still stands. It's something else. I've been hit in the profession and badly contused."

I asked for specifications and blue prints.

"All my life," Willis told me, "I've cherished the illusion that I followed one of the fine arts. I fondly believed that Vitruvius, Michelangelo, Brunelleschi, Sansovino, Vignola, Palladio, Stanford White and myself were in a class with painters and sculptors. But it is not so. Architecture is not a fine art.. At least, not at the World's Fair. Dr. Skiff says so and he has the last word. Architecture, according to Dr. Skiff, is a liberal art. Any architect who wants to exhibit his drawings at the Fair must look for space, not in the Palace of Fine Arts but in the Liberal Arts Building."

"Are you going to exhibit?"

"I am a faithful member of the American Institute of Architects," replied Willis. "When the Institute, meeting in New York, received its notification of Dr. Skiff's ruling, it was unanimously decided that its members should not exhibit."

**McKim to General Casey**

"Dr. Skiff," continued Willis, "probably takes the same view of architecture as was formerly taken by the United States Government. Federal buildings used to be designed by army engineers. That is why so many buildings in Washington are structurally correct but architectually impossible. But the Government employs architects nowadays, thanks largely to the efforts of McKim, perhaps the greatest architect America has produced. When General Casey, the army engineer who designed the Pension Building, showed McKim through the completed structure he enlarged on its structural excellence.

"'Did I understand you to say that this building is fireproof?' asked McKim.

"'Absolutely fireproof,' replied Casey.

"'Too bad,' said McKim."

**A Vanishing Posterity**

A melancholy interest attaches to anything which seems about to go forever. That is why something has been done toward preserving a few of the landmarks of the days of the Spanish occupation of California. Like those landmarks the descendants of the first Spanish settlers of California have been vanishing, too, but little notice is taken of them. I am reminded of this by a gentleman who has lived many years in this State, and who once numbered among his friends some of the old Spanish families that have fallen out of the recollection of most of us in the last twenty or thirty years. In a letter to me he suggests that in this World's Fair year, when perhaps we shall be bored somewhat by the ephemera of officialdom, the nouveaux riche and the brass-buttoned heroes of the day, it might be worth while to pay some attention to the genuine posterity of the gallant men and women who gave the first touches of romance to the history of the State. Fate has been very cruel to most of the descendants of the adventurous souls who established the rule of Spain in California. The lands that belonged to their ancestors have passed into other hands, and among the scattered few that remain there is hardly enough money to buy one of the old ranchos distributed by royal decree. Some of them are very poor, and all are surely deserving of as much attention as we pay to the landmarks that are links in a chain of melancholy memory. Of one of them I am reminded by my correspondent who tells the following story.

**Joseph Moraga and His Descendants**

"In the early settlement of California while the Holy Fathers constantly regarded the whole scheme as one for the conversion of the Indians, the Spanish Government had in view the establishment of settlers to people the land. Accordingly, Colonel Anza was commissioned to bring in from Sonora a party of settlers with their wives, children and stock. He did this in the early 70's. I am writing this from recollection and without books before me, but I believe it was in 1776. The first officer under Anza was Lieutenant Joseph Moraga. His name was Jose, but he wrote it Joseph. Anza commanded the party as far as Monterey, and leaving it there under charge of Moraga came on to San Francisco, examined the ground, went back to Monterey, and thence departed south, leaving Moraga to conduct the party on and establish them. There is much entertaining and instructive history and folklore of those times contained in the memoirs and narrative statements collected by Bancroft now in the University Library, which Bancroft only skimmed, leaving a vast material which ought to be published. I recall that at some low hills south of San Jose where Moraga and his party camped a night or more, food was short and the women and children in distress and crying. With the peculiarities of the Latins to name places from insignificant circumstances, the place was called "Las Lagrimas," meaning, as I think, "the tears." Joseph Moraga was a Spaniard (not Mexican). His wife also was Spanish. He was for those days an educated, grave, intelligent gentleman. He brought the settlers to San Francisco. He was here when the Mission Dolores was dedicated and took part. He was godfather of the first child born there. He was first commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco. He made explorations to the north, and was the real discoverer of the San Joaquin river, though it had been seen before, but not with full appreciation. He was a great Indian fighter. He represented the government at the establishment of the Mission of Santa Clara, and, I think, at others. He lived a prominent, active, useful life, holding other positions of honor and taking part in other martial adventures which I cannot describe from memory. He died here, and was buried, and now lies practically forgotten in the old Mission Church of Dolores. His wife died here, and lies in a nameless grave in the old church cemetery at Dolores. He had a son Gabriel, who came with him here a boy. Gabriel followed in the steps of his father, followed military pursuits,


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and died here. Gabriel had a son, Jose Joaquin, who also was a soldier. This Jose Joaquin was the grantee of the Moraga grant lying in Contra Costa county, east of Oakland, lately bought by a syndicate for a million dollars. My own memory goes back far enough to recall when the widow and children of Jose Joaquin still lived on the old rancho. They lost it in a whirl of litigation, and speaking generally, I think, with their lack of business methods their heritage produced them but little, if anything. Now the point is, Jose Joaquin left children. I do not know if any of his daughters still live, but a year or two ago there were still living two of his sons, great-great-grandsons of the original Joseph. I think they are living yet. I feel sure of it. One of them I have known from his boyhood. He also is named Gabriel. He is a brown-haired, light-complexioned, blue-eyed man, fairly well educated, speaking the English language, of course, perfectly. He married an American and, I think, has two sons. Unfortunately the spouses are divorced. Gabriel is well known in Oakland. His standing is first-class, although financially he has been very unfortunate. The last time I saw him he was in a street gang working with a shovel on Oakland streets."

### When Honors Are On Tap

Now what about the Moragas? And especially what about Gabriel Moraga? This is a day of gushing sentimentality, and it would seem to be easy to stir up a little genuine sentiment in behalf of a descendant of Joseph Moraga. Many honors are to be distributed in the neighborhood of the Presidio in this year of grace. Cannot a little time be found and set aside in honor of the first commandante of that old Spanish post, whose dust lies beneath the altar of the Dolores Church? It would honor his memory somewhat to call his great-grandson from obscurity and help him to live.

### A Town Talk Anniversary

The twentieth anniversary of Town Talk under the present editorship was celebrated at Tait's Tuesday evening. Mr. Theodore Bonnet was the guest of honor at a dinner given by more than a score of his friends who felicitated him on the successful career of Town Talk and spoke of the attitude of the paper on important public questions in terms of warm appreciation. Those present were William F. Humphrey, John J. Barrett, Justice Frederick W. Henshaw, Larry Harris, Justice Henry Melvin, Frederick Lawrence, Judge Frank W. Kerrigan, Fred Meyerstein, James H. O'Brien, Judge Bernard Flood, Charles F. Hanlon, Dr. Charles McGettigan, Phil Bekeart, R. E. Mulcahy, Thomas Dozier, John Tait, A. M. Lawrence, Thornwell Mullally, J. C. Nealon, James Woods, William Pinkerton, M. A. Gunst, Samuel Rucker, Roy Carruthers, Thomas McCann, William A. Lange and W. E. Travis.

### Genthe Lauds Boronda

It is pleasant to see one Californian taking advantage of his prominence in New York to put in a good word for another Californian who is still struggling for a foothold in the metropolis. Arnold Genthe is established in New York. His name is well known there, his work highly esteemed; in fact his success in the larger sphere has been as distinctive as it was in the circumscribed area of San Francisco influence. So it is nice to know that Genthe is using his position to bring a younger Californian to the notice of those lovers of art who respect his judgment. We find Genthe lauding Lester Boronda of Monterey in the current number of the International Studio. Art lovers here will recall Boronda's exhibition at the St. Francis about two years ago. It was a good exhibition, and enough of the pictures were sold to enable the promising young painter to make a long-contemplated study tour in Europe. He is back in New York now, and his exhibition there has won encomiums from other critics besides Genthe. According to Genthe he is "one of the younger American painters whom we have to take seriously. He is an earnest worker of distinct originality, fitted in a remarkable manner, both technically and temperamentally, for carrying out what he considers his chief artistic mission: to visualize for us on canvas the charm and glamor of the golden Spanish days of California." Genthe speaks with admiration of "the important triptych" called "The Old Wine Makers of California" which has the place of honor in the club room of the Hotel St. Francis.

### "Lady Audley's" Creator

The author of a best-seller died the other day unwept, unhonored and unsung. Mary Elizabeth Braddon was her name. How many of our middle-aged clubwomen who now read papers on the progress of literature and conscientiously appraise the merits of Browning, were once convinced that "Lady Audley's Secret" was the best novel ever written! Doubtless they would now find it difficult to confess that in their preculture days they loved Mary Braddon. Of course they supposed that their once favorite author died long ago. But no; Mary E. Braddon died a few weeks ago at her home Richmond-on-Thames at the age of seventy-eight. Mary Braddon was a prolific writer, and she was popular long before Ouida ever touched a pen. She began writing when she was just out of her teens. Her first novel "Three Times Dead" was written when she was only twenty-three. It was written under contract with a publisher who agreed to give her $50 for a story that would combine the human interest of Dickens and the plot interest of Wilkie Collins. Two years later she wrote "Lady Audley's Secret." She began this story on the spur of the moment for a magazine called Robin Goodfellow. Through some accident a serial which had been announced could not be delivered by the author. Miss Braddon, hearing of the publisher's predicament, offered to fill in the gap. Twelve hours later she submitted her first chapters of the novel that made her famous. Later she married the publisher, John Maxwell. In all she wrote sixty-five novels, besides two dramas and a great many essays, short stories and poems.

### A Tribute to Marx

Melville Marx who with Jake Gottlob directs the destinies of the Columbia Theatre, has a very swarthy skin and jet black hair. One night last week while the Bevani company of Italian opera singers were at the Columbia Marx stepped before the curtain to announce a mid-week change in the bill, and he had to roll off his tongue a few Italian names. At the end of the first act a young man stepped up to the box office in the lobby.

"Who was that fellow who made the speech in there?" he asked Treasurer David.

David hadn't heard of any speech being made.

"Well, I'll say this for him," commented the stranger. "For a foreigner he talks mighty good English!"

### Foreign Companies Make Good

Shortly after the big war started it was represented, presumably in the interest of American marine insurance companies, that owing to the chaotic condition in Europe the foreign marine companies would be unable to meet their obliga- chaotic condition in Europe the foreign insurance tions. The utter absurdity of this assertion has been demonstrated by a striking local instance. On January 26 the S. S. "Washingtonian" of the American-Hawaiian Line was sunk off the Delaware coast after collision with the schooner "Elizabeth Palmer" while on a voyage from


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Honolulu with a cargo of sugar for Philadelphia. On February 6 or within about ten days after the loss, the Switzerland Marine Insurance Co. paid their clients $390,000 and the Thames & Mersey Marine Ins. Co. paid $93,000, which these companies had insured on the cargo of the "Washingtonian." Both companies which are represented here by Louis Rosenthal, are foreign concerns, the head office of the Switzerland being in Zurich, Switzerland, and that of the Thames & Mersey in Liverpool. Their prompt payment of these heavy claims is regarded in financial circles as sufficiently noteworthy to justify comment especially in view of early war rumors, and especially so as in the case of the Switzerland the claim was the heaviest ever paid in San Francisco by a single company.

### "Cyrano" at the Tivoli

Edwin Stevens' presence in town reminds me of a not uninteresting bit of local theatrical history. I refer to the first production in San Francisco of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." Coquelin's creation of the part in Paris had set the whole world reading the new masterpiece, just as it read "Chantecler" at a later date. "Cyrano" was translated into English, and Edwin Stevens bought one of the first copies put on sale in this city. Needless to say, he was enraptured with the play. One day as he entered the Tivoli for rehearsal he threw the book to "Doc" Leahy, saying:

"Doc, if you want to do something for art, why don't you produce that?"

That night Leahy went to Stevens' dressing room, and held out his hand.

"Goodbye, Ed," said Leahy.

"Where are you going?" asked Stevens.

"George Lask and I are leaving tonight for New York to see the Mansfield production of 'Cyrano.' We're going to give you a chance to play it."

Stevens gasped. Next day he set about learning the part. He had to learn it all, as it was more than a week before Leahy returned from New York with the Mansfield 'cuts.' The first performance lasted till a quarter to one in the morning, but nobody complained. Next day the whole town was talking of Stevens' Cyrano and Elvia Croix' Roxane. It was the greatest artistic success ever achieved by the Tivoli.

### The Passing of Old Denny

Old Denny is dead, and there is mourning along Montgomery street. In the Stock Exchange the men with memories of the glorious past are speaking his obituary. For forty-five years Denny presided over the lunch counter at Wheland and Collins' saloon. He was a Collins, but not related to the Collins who founded this celebrated institution. A great old fellow he was, Irish to the core of him, witty, lovable, shrewd and opinionated—indeed, he might have stepped out of a Boucicault play. A few days ago Denny said he wasn't feeling well, and so they sent him home in a taxicab. When the neighbors saw Denny alight from a taxi at the door of his home on Russian Hill they knew something must be wrong. So they called in the doctor and the priest. Denny was worn out. He passed away that same night.

### The Old Crowd

Denny was a wizard with oysters. He made the best pepper roast in America, and it was a privilege to eat the roast beef he carved. With Denny go many of the memories that cluster around Wheeland and Collins'. Denny could discourse by the hour of the great men who foregathered there in the big days of the Stock Exchange when the financial life of the city was lived between Sansome and California and Pine and Montgomery. He could tell of old George Hearst, and his competitor Archie Borland, an expert in mines who made a fortune out of the earth; of old Lloyd Tevis, of Jim Keene, of Crossman, of General John Gashwiler, of Jasper Macdonald and his brother Mark who was called Ursus Major because he was never on the bull side of the market; of spectacular Jack Wattles who was broker for the Bonanza firm; of Jere Lynch who was not yet interested in Egyptology; of Budd, the best dressed broker in America; of Howard Coit, the big, handsome caller of the Stock Exchange; and of D. F. Verdenal who was a mining secretary and was to become one of the Chronicle's early editors. Slowly these memories are perishing from the minds of men. The old links are snapping. Denny was one of the last that held us to the bygone days.

### Andrew Mack's Perplexity

Andrew Mack put up at the St. Francis last week during his appearance at one of the minor vaudeville houses. Mack is an old personal friend of James Woods, and on the night he opened Woods had a great mass of flowers sent to him over the footlights. The next day Mack met the manager of the St. Francis.

"See here, Jim," Mack said, "what are you trying to do to me?"

"What's the matter, Andy," asked Woods; "weren't the flowers all right? I told the florist to send you the best he had."

"You did, eh?" exclaimed the Irish singer. "Well, he sent me yellow chrysanthemums, and when the audience applauded I didn't know whether they liked my songs or whether the house was full of Orangemen!"

### A Sample Visitor

"I guess we're gonna have a lot o' queer birds here durin' the next few months, ain't we?" said Gwendolyn as the Cub Reporter stopped at the cash register of the Third-street coffee parlor.

"What makes you think so?" asked the Cub Reporter as he deposited his check and his quarter on the little rubber mat.

"Well, I been readin' the society news a good deal," explained Gwendolyn, ringing up twenty cents and flipping out a nickel of change, "and I see a lot of foreigners from Europe, Kansas City and Los Angeles are troopin' in for the festivities. Never knew so many Counts to be in town before, for one thing. Interviewed any of 'em yet?"

The Cub Reporter nodded with affected nonchalance.

"Guess most of 'em is the kind that put the count in bargain counter, ain't they?" queried Gwendolyn. "But say," she went on without waiting for an answer, "the funniest freight laid down here comes from Kansas City and way points via Los Angeles. There was two of 'em in here yesterday afternoon, a couple of middle-aged Sissy Hopkins, black mits and all. Just wandered in and gave us the once-over. I asked 'em real polite what they desired. They said they was just lookin' around and went out. Can you beat that? But wait, I can. They blew back about seven o'clock. And what do you suppose they asked for? You won't believe this, but it's honest-to-Aked gospel truth. They said they wanted a boiled potato with some gravy on it to take to their hotel. Well, we strive to please, so I went down to the kitchen. The first batch of boiled potatoes was all gone, and the second was in the pot. So I told them there was nothin' doin'. Where could they get a boiled potato with gravy to take to their hotel, they asked. I told 'em I was afraid the delicatessen stores was all shut by that time. Well, they just stared at me and shook their bonnets, and one of 'em said: 'My, San Francisco is a funny place.' I guess it is, at that. So long!"

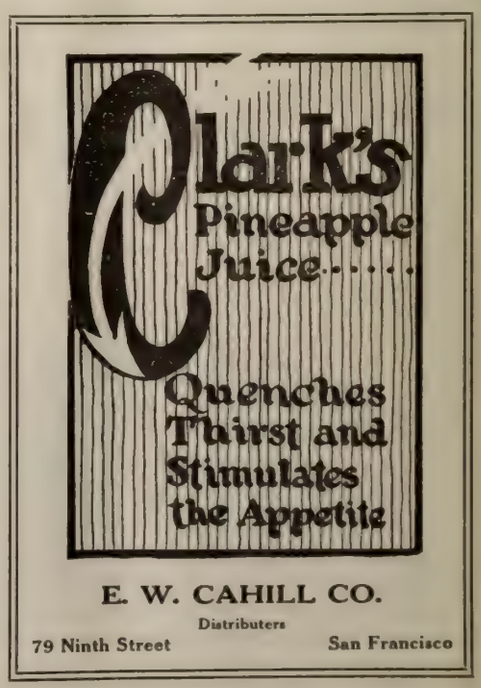
### The Eternal Question

All the way from Madrid there comes to me a little poem. In addition to its thematic value it has the interest which belongs to a tour de force. For this little poem is the work of Arturo Guyas, a Spaniard who teaches English in the Popular University of Madrid, and that he is on easy terms with the foreign tongue is shown by the lines:

Light, joy, love, work, ambition, turmoil, strife,
This is Life!
Eternal, peaceful rest; no light; no breath,
This is Death!
Ah! but—
Who can say there is not another land
Where dreams of blissful joy may become true,
Where twin incarnate souls go hand in hand,
And Lover and Beloved are joined anew?

### Attractions at Tavern

With a Candy Dance every afternoon and evening, a Carnival Night every Wednesday and dancing classes twice daily, Techau Tavern is the favorite rendezvous for the dancing public. The Candy Dances are unique and derive their name from an attractive feature which consists of the presentation of beautiful art boxes of candy to lady guests. This candy is purchased by the management from Foster and Orear whose new store at 137 Grant avenue is one of the finest in the city and worthy of the high-grade confectionery which these sweetmeat experts produce. At the Wednesday Carnivals there are fun making souvenirs for everybody and a genuine spirit of good fellowship is the key note of the evening. The free dancing classes are conducted by those well known dancing stars, late of the musical comedy success "The Tango Tea," Mr. Robert Carville and Miss La Mar, whose pleasing personality and undoubted skill have been much appreciated by those whom they have instructed in the latest ballroom dances.



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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**They Passed Muster**

I expected that one feature of the Mardi Gras would arouse within my breast certain reflections more suited to Lent than to les jours gras. I anticipated stern mementoes of mortality. I saw myself musing on emaciation, my eye roving dully from one wasted object to another. In other words, I feared that the exposed legs of the floor committeemen would be a sight to suggest thoughts of fasting and penitence. I was agreeably disappointed. Careful inspection proved that the floor commiteemen had been chosen for the shapeliness of their legs. I think Thornwell must have issued the order: "Let me have calves about me that are fat." The shrunk shank was not in evidence. Not a single man in knee breeches showed the attentuated underpinning of the anchorite. Thorough investigation convinced me that there wasn't a badly turned leg in the bunch. Of course some were better than others. But comparisons are out of order. Thornwell Mullally, "Bud" Havens, George Cameron, Bobbie Eyre, Walter Martin, Ned Greenway, Phil Clay, Bill Lange and Mark Gerstle—to name a few whose lower limbs presented themselves to my admiring gaze—all came triumphantly though the difficult ordeal. So far as I could see Edgar Mizner was the only committeeman who quailed before the test. Edgar refused to put his legs on parade. He was there, but the lower limbs of him were draped.

**A More Delicate Theme**

Passing from the legs masculine to the lower limbs feminine, we are on more delicate ground. I surveyed the antarctic poles of the men with an interest that was purely scientific. It was otherwise with my study of the dainty supports whereon the dear girls depended. I resist the temptation to wax rapturous. But not in a long time have I seen so beautiful an assemblage of silken-cased poems. The revealment was bewildering in its profusion. Really, one might easily pose as a connoisseur of knees after attending this Mardi Gras. Bless the hearts of the sweet ladies, they are properly proud of their locomotor endowments, and why shouldn't they prove to us that all the symmetry is not monopolized by the goddesses of the stage? If I were a sculptor, I'd never miss the Mardi Gras. If I were a poet I'd write a sonnet on the subject. But I was only an onlooker, and onlooking had its compensations.

**Gayety? Well, Yes**

There was lots of gayety at the Mardi Gras. There always is. Yet I seem to sense a diminution of spontaneous merriment year by year. Is my impression justified by the fact, or am I getting older and less sympathetic? It seems to me that the Mardi Gras every year is a little more elaborate, a little richer in pageantry, a little more gorgeous in color, a little more opulent in costume—and a little more constrained. Perhaps it is the result of the multiplication of box parties. If one is the least bit inclined toward self-consciousness the lorgnette chills exuberance of spirits. How can you cut up when a dowager in diamonds and plumes is regarding you coldly from the upper tier? After supper, naturally, spirits flowed more freely. They always do. The wine is a great unloosener of formality. There was a day in San Francisco when these revels were held on Nob Hill when we didn't seem to need any artificial fillip. I suppose we're getting too metropolitan to frolic whole-heartedly.

**A Beautiful Spectacle**

As a spectacle the court of Queen Anna and King Walter was splendid. Every inch a queen—that describes Anna Peters. And Walter Hush was a good looking king. As for the ladies in waiting, they were charming, every one. Beatrice Nickel, Marie Louise Black, Helen Garritt, Phyllis de Young, Gertrude Thomas, Ernestine McNear, Gertrude Hopkins and Corennah De Pue—they were an ensemble of beauty. Winifred De Wolfe, the court dancer, looked as though she had been born too late. Watteau or Fragonard should have painted her delicate loveliness. The pageantry did great credit to Edgar Walter. It hadn't a jarring note; it was a symphony of warm color and courtly action.

**The Dancing**

Last year the tango was the rage, yet we noted the absence of the tango at last year's Mardi Gras. This year the fox trot seemed to have trotted out of sight. It was just as well in that great crush. The one-step and the hesitation were better suited to such a jam of dancers. One swayed up and across and down the ball room with no opportunity for fancy steps. Yet there was some very fine dancing for the judges to pass on in the roped-off section. Thornwell Mullally managed this well, as he did everything. There was no interference with the less pretentious dancers, and for the first time in my memory the prize-winners were all announced long before supper. That is as it should be. What's the use of winning the prize if one can't enjoy the congratulations of one's admiring friends?

**Ole's Excuse**

The most eagerly sought "red, white and blue" of the Horse Show was the championship for saddle horses which was decided on Saturday night. The contenders in this event were Edgar De Pue's "Delight" ridden by Mrs. W. C. Ralston and E. S. Heller's "Star" ridden by a groom named Ole. The coveted ribbon went to "Delight" who was splendidly ridden by the accomplished horsewoman. When Ole rode out of the ring he was the picture of dejection. He's a good horseman and a good sportsman, is Ole, yet he deemed some excuse necessary. He scratched his head for some time in silence and finally blurted out:

"How could I expect to win? I've taken twelve blue ribbons, and this is me thirteenth show—and the thirteenth of the month at that!"

**An Interesting Show**

It was an interesting affair, this Horse Show. It was well patronized and yielded a great deal of amusement. Given for the benefit of the People's Place, a North Beach settlement, it must have netted a goodly sum. The papers gave it a lot of advance booming, but became cold in their treatment before it was over. This was not the fault of popular Jim Gethin, the manager of the Riding and Driving School, for he was courtesy itself in his treatment of the society editors and reporters. It was due, I am told, to what the newspaper folk construed as a snub from the lady managers of the Horse Show. Esprit de corps is strong in all newspaper shops, and society folk cannot slight reporters without inviting reprisals. Of course the most dreadful revenge the papers can take on society folk is to give them scant notice, and this was done in the present case. Society turned out in great force, but after the first night there were few lists of "among those present."

**Sportsmen and Others**

It was generally agreed that the best horseman of the show was young Will Tevis. He rides with grace, dash and complete fearlessness. His riding was always a feature. The best horsewoman undoubtedly was Mrs. "Billy" Ralston. A fine spirit of sportsmanship prevailed throughout. The only exhibitor of whom I heard any criticism was Courtenay Ford. He has a quick temper which was displayed in a polo match when he quite unnecessarily vented his spleen on San Kramer of Portland who was good-natured and inoffensive. Ford doesn't like to lose. Once when awarded a second where he hoped for a blue ribbon he rode round and round the ring as though appealing from the judges to the grand stand, which remained indifferent. Making deductions from this show which seemed to be representative, one would say that the only young men who are going in heavily for fine horses are the Cebrians, the Tevises and Edgar De Pue.

**Old Timers Missing**

Times have indeed changed since the old Horse Shows at Mechanics Pavilion. Where was Duplessis Beylard? Where Walter Hobart? Where the Martins? Talbot Clifton is far away. But I missed White Hat McCarty as much as I did

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Beylard, Hobart and the Martin boys. The Tobins were in evidence but had no horses entered. During the supper and dancing festivities in the loft I saw a number of young men who, I should think, would go in for the noble sport equestrian, but all their enthusiasm seemed taken up by the fox trot and the hesitation. Mrs. Oelrichs was there, and that reminded us of old times. So did the Count Festetics who attended with his Countess. Mrs. Oelrichs was the guest of the de Youngs. And speaking of dancing, none enjoyed it more than M. H. de Young who does a commendable hesitation.

### A Matter of Sentiment

The Kellys gave us a touch of the old days, for they were the only exhibitors of victorias, landaus and barouches. This sent the mind winging back to the four-in-hands, the drags and coaches which Walter Hobart and Duplessis Beylard used to delight in, but there were none of these in this show. I talked to John Kelly about

THE MISSES FULLER
In English, Scottish and Irish Folk Songs at Sorosis Hall, every evening (except Tuesday), week of March 1st

his entries, and tapped a vein of sentiment characteristic of the old horseman. Kelly is in the taxicab business now, but he clings to the belief (or is it the hope?) that the good old days will return and that the smart folk will be seen again in the dignified old conveyances. He told me he could sell his barouches, etc., in Central America where they are still in vogue but keeps them against the day which is to witness a recrudescence of the old fashion. If he looked for material recompense he got it, for the Mexican veterans saw his display and promptly hired all his old-time vehicles for the Exposition procession this Saturday. But I don't think he was looking for that. I happen to know that he donated all his winnings to the People's Place.

### A Successful Tea Dance

The ladies who had charge of the dansant at the Palace Hotel two weeks ago make a very gratifying report as to the financial success of the delightful afternoon and the fund for bringing the Child Labor Convention and Exhibit to the city received a goodly start. The beautiful bracelet watch, donated by Shreve and Company for the occasion, has not yet been awarded. The watch will be presented to some lucky individual in the near future, the place where the award will be made being the Palace Hotel.

### "The Other Danger" by Donnay

On Thursday, February 25, Mrs. Caro will render the play entitled "The Other Danger" by Maurice Donnay. This emotional play deals with the eternal French triangle, but will prove of special interest to an American audience, dealing subtly as it does with the difficult situation. This reading, like the preceding ones in this interesting series, will be given in the Paul Elder Library, 239 Grant avenue, at 10:45 in the forenoon.

### Tea Dansants at Fred Solari's

Starting next Monday, Fred Solari announces a series of afternoon dances in his beautiful restaurant ball room, and the nightly dinner dances, commencing at 8 p. m., are to be continued until further notice. To accommodate the increasing throngs of guests who enjoy these delightful, informal dances the dancing floor has been greatly enlarged. A special dance orchestra, exhibition dances and free instruction to guests are among the many attractions.

### Rosie the Biscuit Girl

Sounds like the title to one of Laura Jean Libby's novels but there is a great difference between this Rosie and the heroine who is always falling in love with the wrong man and finally marries the right one. This Rosie is the petite Chinese maiden who passes out hot biscuits at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe, 168 O'Farrell street. In addition to pleasing the patrons of this popular cafe with her charming Oriental ways, Rosie is a dancer of remarkable ability. This she demonstrates every afternoon and evening in the main room of the cafe, between 4 and 5 o'clock and after the theatre between 11 and 12 o'clock. Rosie together with Mr. Chong Yow Han, with all the grace of the Castles, dances our modern dances and the Oriental idea of our favorite pastime is well worth seeing. It is not at all grotesque but a pleasing, graceful performance that we would strongly advise our readers to witness. Nothing of its kind has ever before been seen in San Francisco.

Flimm—Money talks, I tell you, money talks.
Flamm—Yes, I know it does. I married money.

### Then and Now

Where is the girl of long ago
Who wore four petticoats or so,
Red flannels and a chest-protector?
And yet the cold did sore affect 'er.
For she was always feeling chilly,
And fragile was she as a lily.

But times have changed since yester-year;
She now wears garments thin and sheer;
She dons a skirt that's slit genteely
And then a smile—and that's all, really.
And though 'twould seem her clothes would stint 'er,
She suffers prickly heat all winter.


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# Gossip of the Theatre

### The Versatile Stevens

By appearing in three sketches at the Orpheum Edwin Stevens is vindicating his versatility, but without exhausting his range of characterization. Three and twenty sketches would hardly suffice to enable Mr. Stevens to reveal his full power of mimicry. A wonderfully talented mummer is Edwin Stevens. A low comedian, a refined comedian, he has played Cyrano, he has sung the role of the Sheriff of Nottingham; he is no less facile in romantic drama than in comic opera; the impassioned role is not beyond his power of conception or execution, and he has adorned more than one Shakespearean role to the satisfaction of that most exacting of managers Augustin Daly. The traditions of the stage tell us of one actor who was probably in Stevens's class. That was Charles Mathews, the pet of London drawing-rooms in the early Victorian era, who played a multitude of characters in his day. He was a villain in melodrama, he was a capital Charles Surface, he could look like a gentleman, move like a gentleman and talk like a gentleman, and in a pinch he could dance the Tarantella, or snatch up a guitar and sing. So can Stevens. And Stevens, if he had nothing else to do, could pull off a juggling stunt and prove himself quite as dexterous as either of the Rigoletto brothers. But with all his talent and versatility Edwin Stevens has never been one of the fixed stars of the stage. I wonder why. Often I have wondered why. At times it has occurred to me that peradventure too much versatility is a handicap rather than an aid to an actor's ambition. Stevens is so diabolically intimate with every part he plays, and impersonates any character with such ease that maybe managers have never been able to determine how he should be classified. Whatever the explanation we have yet to learn whether he has the enthusiasm to make the creative spirit effective. We know only that he has brains and a nimble spirit of mirth and technical cunning and an energy of comic execution that makes the conception of every role apparently his own. . . . . That individuality goes a long way in vaudeville is shown by Louis London who is making a big hit in character song studies, and by Marie Fitzgibbon in dialect and other stories. In the same bill is Brent Hayes who shows that virtuosity even on the banjo is another thing that goes a long way. The virtuosity of Hayes is a matter that he himself assures us of. One of the compositions that he plays was written for an orchestra. Before playing it he tells his audience that musicians have said that it couldn't be played on the banjo. Long ago I was convinced of the soundness of Du Maurier's advice—never to pay any attention to what musicians say about music. By following that advice, and playing only pieces suitable to the banjo Hayes might have come near to reconciling me to that instrument of torture. He lost me by the passion of joy with which he carried out his tedious undertaking of proving that certain anonymous musicians are liars.

—Theodore Bonnet.

### Rose Stahl in "A Perfect Lady"

Fatigue is the outstanding fact about Lucille Higgins. She is worn out with unremitting toil. All her life she has earned her bread in the ache of her bones. She has a tired face that lights up ever and anon with the subdued radiance of a tired smile. She walks with a tired step; her arms move wearily beneath the invisible bonds of care. And her voice, how tired that is! Her words come slowly; the haste of fresh youthfulness, the exuberance of untouched health is not sounded in those dragging syllables. It is a nimble mind that frames Lucille's sentences, for the mind tires last of all; but always in the utterance you catch the sound of that sighing pathos that makes wit poignant and humor a little sad. Slang at its coarsest is apt to be repellent, but Lucille Higgins' coarse slang of the burlesque route is redeemed by a racy tang of fun. More than that, it is transfigured by a sadness which Lucille Higgins would hide if she could, a sadness however which even her pluck can only partially disguise. Slang sifted through such a personality becomes sublimated; its commonplaces are touched to a profound significance. What would Lucille Higgins be if it were not for Rose Stahl? One might as reasonably ask, what would an O. Henry heroine be without O. Henry? Without Rose Stahl we should surely miss the meaning of Lucille. The unembittered hopelessness of her outlook, the soul-comfort she draws in the midst of her weariness from an indestructible love, the beauty of her sacrifice—these are depths of Lucille we should never plumb without Rose Stahl's aid. Rose Stahl casts the light of her individuality on places that seem sordid, drossy; behold! they are palpitant with goodness. It is for genius to find beauty beneath an unlovely exterior, to extract the essence of humanity from what looks cruel, to bare the heart of that which we thought had no heart. This is what Rose Stahl does, for she is a genius as David Warfield is a genius.

—Edward F. O'Day.

EFREM ZIMBALIST
"The poet of the violin" at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, February 28.

### The Delirious Dance Craze

The Whirl of the World, described on the program as "the delirious dance craze" from the New York Winter Garden is a big attraction at the Cort. There is dancing galore in this show, very good dancing, and there are several clever comedians, much amusing nonsense and a plenitude of pretty girls, all of whom wear stunning clothes. In short the show comprises all the elements of a smart Broadway production of the musical variety. If you are a man you will find pleasant occupation admiring the varied charms of the numerous ladies of the company; if you are a woman you will have the time of your life studying the clothes of the same ladies. As to the young men they are somewhat lacking in the ways and manners that give the effect of interesting personality. As there is not a near Al Jolson in the company the women of the audience can give undivided attention to the clothes and the artistic color schemes, all of which are the creations of Melville Ellis. So needless to say they are worth studying. John T. Murray, Burrill Barbaretto and Willie Howard stand out in high relief among the men, and Texas Guinan and Lucille Cavanaugh who have a good deal to do, do it well. To Miss Guinan is assigned the task of dipping down from one of the red light runs and kissing the bald pates within reach. This is no enviable bit of pleasantry. It makes one feel that howsoever charming an actress may be her place is with the scenery—beyond the footlights. The scenery, by the way, is elaborate. There are scenes from many places on earth and even on the high seas, and a glimpse is given of a place that is neither the heavens above nor the earth beneath.

—H. M. B.

### Maggie Teyte's Concerts

Maggie Teyte, the English prima donna, will sing at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, March 14 and 21, and in Oakland at Ye Liberty Play House on Friday afternoon, March 19.

### Alma Gluck's Concert

On Sunday afternoon, March 7, after a brilliantly successful tour of the coast Alma Gluck will return for a special farewell program at the Columbia. In securing the Gluck concerts this season Manager Greenbaum has again showed his excellent judgment, for more artistic singing has never been heard here and the artist has won a warm place in the hearts of our music lovers. The program on March 7 will be a stunning one. Although not fully completed, Mr. Greenbaum promises that Mme. Gluck will sing the Aria "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise;" Schubert's "Der Neugierige;" two gems by Brahms, and a group of folk songs. Among the latter will be Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, French, German, Scotch and American gems. The big attraction of the day will be the exquisite "Elegie" by Massenet and "The Angel's Serenade" by Braga with violin obbligato played by Zimbalist. As hundreds were turned away from the last Gluck concerts, mail orders will now be received. Address Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's.

### Zimbalist's Only Concert

There are today but four violinists who stand out from the rank of virtuosi as "master-violinists." These are men who have, besides talent, great musicianship and authoritative interpretative qualities. One of these, and many think the most eminent, is Efrem Zimbalist. Although but twenty-six years of age Zimbalist has been before the public ten years and the world of music has watched his metamorphosis from a genius to a combination of genius and master. Zimbalist is by nature musical. Without any piano instruction whatever he passed his piano examination at the Royal Conservatory in St. Petersburg where he studied the violin under Auer. He took not only the gold medal but a cash prize, besides winning special honors in theory and composition. Returning to Rostov, the little

village in which he was born and where his father directed the orchestra in the local theatre, he gave his first concert and with the proceeds went to Berlin, Leipsic and London, creating a veritable sensation not only by his wonderful playing but also by his exceptional development. Three years ago Zimbalist paid his first visit to America and was presented here by Mr. Greenbaum in recital, in sonata concert with Harold Bauer and as symphony soloist. His playing has not been forgotten and all lovers of the violin are anxiously awaiting his one and only concert which is announced for Sunday afternoon, February 28, at the Columbia. The program will open with the great Sonata in A minor by Brahms. This will be followed by (a) "Larghetto," Handel, (b) "Les Papillons," Couperin-Liebersohn, (c) "Musette," Rameau-Liebersohn, (d) "Vivace," Haydn-Auer. Then the artist will play the rarely heard Concerto No. 9 by Spohr followed by a group of modern works and the always welcome "Faust" Fantasie by Wieniawski. Mail orders may be addressed to Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Sutter and Kearny, where the box office will open Wednesday, February 24. Tickets will also be ready then at the Columbia.

### Rose Stahl Again Next Week

Rose Stahl in the new comedy "A Perfect Lady" will be seen again next week at the Columbia. The four acts demand a large company and the Henry B. Harris Estate has furnished able players. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

### "Seven Keys to Baldpate" Coming

The fact that George M. Cohan wrote "Seven Keys to Baldpate" from the story by. Earl Derr Biggers will in itself attract a great many people to the Columbia the week of Sunday, February 28. It is said the new piece is decidedly Cohanesque from start to finish. It all hinges on a bet of $5000 made by the owner of the Baldpate Inn with William Magee, a writer of "thrillers," that Magee cannot go to the inn and write a 10,000 word novel in twenty-four hours. He writes the novel, but there are a lot of laughs and thrills before it is finished. Cyril Scott and the original Chicago and New York company of players will present the play here. Seats on sale at the box office Thursday morning.

### "The Sons of Abraham" at Orpheum

Those who saw Hugh Herbert in "The Son of Solomon" will welcome him at the Orpheum next week in his new vehicle "The Sons of Abraham" which was written by George Hobart and himself. It illustrates the home life of the modern well-to-do Hebrew and maintains its interest throughout. Mr. Herbert will have the support of an excellent company. George Whiting and Sadie Burt, late stars of the "Passing Show of 1913-14," a clever and versatile young couple, entitle their offering "Songsayings." James Hussey and Jack Boyle, comedians who have rapidly forged to the front, will present a talkfest called "The New Chauffeur." "The Edge of the World," a strange phenomenon of colors, will be produced by E. Rousby and M. Teuber assisted by Miss Bettina. Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp will appear in a delightful little comedy by Agnes Scott "The Wall Between." Mr. Oliver is favorably remembered in this city as the star of "Officer 666." Alexander MacFadyen, the American pianist and composer who toured the United States with Leonora Jackson, the distinguished violinist, and recently achieved a notable success with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, will give a taste of his quality. The Rigoletto Brothers and Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall will close their engagements.

### Ruth St. Denis at Alcazar

At the Alcazar beginning Sunday night, by special arrangement with Will Greenbaum, the famous danse artiste Ruth St. Denis and her big company of assisting dancers and complete concert orchestra, will play a return engagement of one week only, with special matinees on Washington's Birthday (Monday), Thursday and Saturday. Ted Shawn, America's foremost male classique dansuer, is still a member of the company. Hilda Beyer, the beautiful Greek danseuse, is returning. Among the new artists are Saidee Van Hoff, a lovely San Francisco girl, in inter-

GEORGE WHITING and SADIE BURT

Next week at the Orpheum.

LUCILLE CAVANAUGH

The dainty dancer in "The Whirl of the World" at the Cort Theatre.

pretative, classical and ballet dances; Rene St. Denis in character dances, and Willard Foote and Winnifred Fair in all the newest ballroom dances. The scenic equipment is entirely new and the concert orchestra will be conducted by Edmond Roth. On the program will be found a fascinating assortment of new dances and dance plays. Popular prices will be a feature of the engagement.

**"The Whirl's" Second Week**

At the Cort "The Whirl of the World," the big Winter Garden entertainment, continues to attract capacity audiences. The success has been of such proportions as to suggest an indefinite engagement but previous booking precludes an extended stay so Sunday marks the beginning of the second and last week. The Wiliamson Submarine Pictures come to the Cort for a single week, beginning Sunday, February 28.

**Ballad Singers Coming**

Direct from a most successful engagement at the Little Theatre, Chicago, Richard A. Pick of the business department of the Chicago Grand Opera Company is bringing to San Francisco the Misses Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller of Sturminster Newton, England. Under the local management of Frank W. Healy, these ballad singers will be heard at Sorosis Hall, 536 Sutter street, every night( except Tuesday) during the week of March 1, and at two matinees, Thursday and Saturday. Seats which will cost $1.00 for the evening and 50 cents for the matinee performances will be on sale February 23 at Sherman, Clay's, or mail orders with checks to Frank W. Healy, 712 Head building, will be filled now.

**Paul Gerson at Pantages**

One of the strongest shows that Pantages has presented will be on the boards next week with four features in the bill. Paul Gerson, for years a popular local favorite, will be the special feature with his own players in a stirring little drama of the Chicago stockyards entitled "Her Price." Gerson will make his first appearance on the stage after an absence of several years. He was for several seasons leading man with the Alcazar stock company, previous to which he was associated with many of the most prominent theatrical companies in America. Gerson will be supported by Edith Newlin, Ursula Fawcett, Marshall Lorimer and William Conners. Another feature will be the great six-reel Keystone picture "Tillie's Punctured Romance," starring those creators of laughable "movies" Marie Dressler, Charles Chaplin, Mabel Norman, "Fatty" Arbuckle and the rest of the Keystone company. The picture will be shown in its entirety in addition to the regular bill. Johannes Jofesson, the giant Icelander, will demonstrate sports of the frozen north with his own company of native athletes. Balaban, a musical marvel, possesses a peculiar double-toned voice which mystifies. Evans and sister in juggling, and the three Guys in "Days of Minstelsy" are the other acts. On account of the length of the program which will run over three hours, the show next week will start at one o'clock and continue without interruption until the last performance at night.

A man has reason, but a woman has reasons.

An excuse is merely something we can't think of when we want it.

It is doubtful if even the aviator should burn his bridges behind him.

It is generally considered a good thing not to be considered a good thing.


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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. o1831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10

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Sunday Afternoon, March 7—SPECIAL ALMA GLUCK CONCERT
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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day
THE WORLD'S GREATEST VAUDEVILLE
HUGH HERBERT & CO. in "The Sons of Abraham" by George V. Hobart and Hugh Herbert; GEORGE WHITING & SADIE BURT in "Songsayings;" JAMES HUSSEY & JACK BOYLE in "The New Chauffeur;" "THE EDGE OF THE WORLD," a creation of Strange Phenomena of Living and Combating Colors; CLARENCE OLIVER & GEORGIE OLP in "The Wall Between;" ALEXANDER MacFAYDEN, the Distinguished American Pianist and Composer. Last Week EDWIN STEVENS and TINA MARSHALL presenting "Two Old Men and the Devil;" RIGOLETTO BROTHERS in their Remarkable Display of Versatility.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c

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PHONE KEARNY 2
Commencing Sunday Night, February 21st
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ORIENTAL—GREEK—CLASSIC
And NEWEST MODERN DANCES
Complete Concert Orchestra—New Scenic Effects
NIGHT PRICES: $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c.
MATINEES: 50c, $1.00
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4 GREAT FEATURES AND THE BEST VAUDEVILLE SHOW EVER PRESENTED IN THIS CITY!
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Note—On account of the length of the program next week's performances will start at one o'clock and continue without interruption until the last show at night.

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—There is so much evidence on every side that conditions in the United States are approaching a normal basis that improvement in trade can hardly fail to be steady, even if the gain is slow in manifesting itself. The interview with President Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation was distinctly encouraging and coming from so well posted an observer, it cannot fail to have a very reassuring effect on the country. The steel industry is perhaps the most important, and as President Farrell said, has been regarded as a barometer of general conditions, so that the larger orders placed with the mills and the operation of a higher percentage of the capacity point to improvement all along the line. The financial resources of the United States and the banking situation are such as to permit of a great expansion in industrial activity and as the owners of idle money become convinced of the strength of conditions and the promise of the future, they will be more willing to invest in securities that carry some element of risk. The railways and corporations with the highest credits will naturally be financed first, but gradually there will be an opportunity for financing those fovarably situated and that will include several large railway systems, some undergoing reorganization and some which have not yet reached that stage. The effect of such a loosening of capital must be further buying of rails and equipment and an infusion of life through the industries that have been depressed by the extremely conservative policy of railway companies. The market held up well last week, considering the unfavorable political news from abroad. Steel and the coppers were in good demand and made a fair advance. The steel tonnage statement was encouraging as well as several railroad statements. Canadian Pacific was inclined to drag, but when the regular dividend was announced recovered all of its loss. This had a sentimental effect on the rest of the list and at the close of the week prices were firm.

**Wheat**—The market developed the most pronounced weakness toward the end of the week which has characterized it in several weeks, and prices were almost at the lowest on this break. The failure of outside buyers to follow the advance and the entire elimination of speculative interest in May wheat have placed the market in a position where actual producers and actual consumers are the only traders, leaving it subject to violent fluctuations. There was a substantial increase in offerings from the country both winter and spring, and a demoralized condition in practically every market in the country. There was some export business done at the seaboard, but very little at the primary markets. Primary receipts were quite large last week, but were offset by heavy shipments which would indicate a fair decrease in the visible supply. Heavy rains or snow fell all over the winter wheat belt and this will put the soil in excellent condition for the spring growth, and should increase the offerings from first hands. There has been some talk of having Congress pass a bill prohibiting the exports of wheat, but this is not taken seriously by the trade, although it no doubt had a sentimental effect on the market. After such a decline as we have had in the past ten days wheat should be bought.

**Corn**—Corn did not share in the general demoralization of the wheat market, and prices were only off fractionally. The mild spring-like weather throughout the corn belt will put the roads in such a condition that deliveries from first hands will be light from now on. This kept the bears in check, as receipts now are not burdensome, although the cost demand could be much better. The visible supply showed a further increase for the week and is now a factor that must be taken into consideration. The predicted export demand has not as yet made its appearance, and the market is being held up by the high price of wheat rather than by any bullishness in the news from day to day. We would not care to be long corn in the 80's.

### SUMMONS

In the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

FRANK J. EGAN, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL BREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of the Justices' Clerk of said Court.

The People of the State of California to DANIEL BREEN, Defendant, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before JAMES G. CONLAN, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County, State of California.

Make legal service and due return hereon: By order of the presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

Given under my hand this 6th day of October, 1914.

ROBERT W. DENNIS, Justices' Clerk.
By J. J. SWEENEY, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-6-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DEBORAH PATTERSON, Deceased; No. 18463, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, A. O. Colton, Room 514 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased.

SALLIE K. ROBERTS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Deborah Patterson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

A. O. COLTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 514 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 16,550; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as Camp 1, containing 110 acres of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract, lying, situate and being in Contra Costa County, State of California, and more definitely described in said petition, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, City of San Francisco, on the 1st day of March, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day then and there to show cause if any they have, or any one of them may have, why the realty, viz, 110 acres of Camp 1 of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract belonging to said Estate should not be leased to M. Udihara for the crop year ending December 1, 1915, at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-third of beans to be sacked and delivered on the levee, it being understood that all of said premises shall be planted to beans save and except that said Udihara shall have the privilege of sowing 15 acres of said premises to barley without any rent to the Estate, but that if he should plant or sow more than 15 acres to barley then that the Estate shall have one-third of all the barley raised and harvested on the acreage in excess of 15 acres, said one-third share to be delivered in the sack on the levee. For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for 2 successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated February 9, 1915.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for J. C. Franks Estate,
1053-1055 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-20-2

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST WEGENER, Deceased; No. 18440, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of August Wegener, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, 900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of August Wegener, deceased.

CATHERINE WEGENER,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of August Wegener, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS, Attorney for Administratrix,
900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Bacigalupi & Elkus, 807 Bank of Italy Building, Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.

NELLIE BARBETTA,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 30th, 1915.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
807 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
1-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 16,550; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as Camps 3 and 4, Dos Rios, which is all of Subdivision "C" of the Dos Rios Reclamation Company's Tract, lying, situate and being in Sacramento County, State of California, and more definitely described in said petition, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, City of San Francisco, on the 1st day of March, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, or any one of them may have, why the realty, viz, 428 acres of Camps 3 and 4 of Subdivision "C" of the Dos Rios Reclamation Company's Tract belonging to said Estate should not be leased to P. Ghidossi for the term of one year beginning December 20, 1914, and ending December 1, 1915, at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-half of all wheat raised and cropped on said premises in the sack on levee ready for shipment at cost of lessees; and why the remaining 40 acres more or less of said Camps 3 and 4 should not be leased to O. E. Anderson for the crop year ending December 1, 1915, at a rental of Nineteen ($19.00) Dollars per acre, rent payable in equal installments on October 1, and November 15, 1915. For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for two successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated February 9th, 1915.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for J. C. Franks Estate,
1053-1055 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-20-2

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.

MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1175 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 27, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV San Francisco, February 27, 1915 No. 1175

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

The trade supplied direct by us.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

## Our Exposition

The people of San Francisco have looked on their World's Fair and pronounced it good. For the first time in its history the community utters itself with but one voice and expresses but one sentiment. The builders of the World's Fair city builded better than they knew, for they not only accomplished their purpose, they more than satisfied everybody. They have fabricated for us a sparkling, stately city abounding in scenes of grandeur and tenderness. Girt by hill, mountain and shimmering bay, there is here a city that none but poets can have conceived. Amid its faery-like scenes of changing complexity, lulled by the music of its splashing fountains, one feels that he is in a city of poetry and art palpitant with the free and passionate energy that worked in the hearts of its sculptors and designers. It is as though the setting of a drama of an enchanted world where folks wander by mossed fountains in lost gardens had been vivified into substantial shapes of ineluctable beauty. To enjoy it all one must let himself go and give child-like admiration its sway, unmixed with baser matter. After looking it over in its infancy we have paused to ponder the question, What is the principal benefit San Francisco will derive from the Panama-Pacific Exposition? And we recall that once upon a time we held a small Fair in Golden Gate Park, and that it was not held in vain. To that Fair came some notable artists, and not all of them went away. One, Fritz Scheel, lingered among us for several years, and to him and a few other musicians who made this city their home, San Francisco is indebted for the true feeling for music she boasts today. Now San Francisco is a city that appeals to men of a certain temperament, and if we do no more than hold a few of the right kind here our gains will be incalculable. The Fair will of course serve to improve taste, and it will have an educative influence, but above all it will infuse new and desirable blood into the community.

## Dr. Cook in Washington

It is not surprising that Dr. Cook should find friends and believers in Washington, D. C., in this year of our Lord. This is an exceptional period in our history, a period most propitious for the most colossal fraud of the age. Direct descendant of Count Cagliostro, a faker of the first magnitude, thoroughpaced in his special province of faking, Dr. Cook wishes to be vindicated by Congress, and the House Committee on Education has taken up his case, resolved by its unerring scientific tests to determine whether he or Peary discovered the pole. A laughing matter? Not at all. A serious and solemn matter; as serious and solemn as any matter that ever engaged the attention of the Pickwickians or the Commonwealthers. We are living under an Administration which, like that worthy personage Master Pantagruel, is able to solve doubts in all branches of knowledge; and to the illuminati of which it is composed no controversy is too trivial to be denied serious consideration. For the first time in the history of the country Puritanism is having its inning in Washington. It is incarnated in the Bryans, the Redfields, the Daniels's and the McAdoos, and now is the time for men with divining rods, with the secret of the Philosopher's Stone and of the cantharidic Wine of Egypt to pilgrim to Washington and win recognition and acclaim.

## Bryan Joins Hobson

Secretary William J. Bryan has come out for prohibition. He says the Democratic party "cannot afford to stand with the brewers and saloon keepers against woman suffrage." Whether the Cause will be strengthened by the acquisition of Mr. Bryan is a question not to be answered offhand. Our opinion (which is not in the nature of a profound conviction), is that Mr. Bryan can no longer add prestige or dignity to any movement. The man who has made a holy show of himself in the high office of Secretary of State, who has dragged that office down to the level of a spoilsman's brokerage bureau, and whose behaviour of late has been such as to give the impression to a friend of the Administration that he "glories in his shame" is not the kind of man to appeal to the respect or the imagination of society. In all probability Mr. Bryan's espousal of the Cause will have mainly the effect of calling attention to the uniformity of the character and intelligence of the leading exponents of prohibition. The apex of mentality in the prohibition propaganda is reached by the third-rate mind, and it is usually distinguished for its intellectual dishonesty. A fair specimen of the congenital Prohibitionist is Richmond Pearson Hobson, a fit associate of Mr. Bryan. It was only the other day that this pitiful creature uttered himself in Congress to the effect that the President had bargained for peace with Japan by giving assurance that the United States would soon retire from the Philippines and by promising Japan that she shall have a free hand in China at the cost of the open door. This is Hobson's way of "getting back" at the President for giving his support in the Senatorial race in Alabama to Mr. Underwood. Speaking of the Congressman's wild ranting the New York Sun remarked: "We should think that the national Prohibitionists would want to clap an extinguisher upon him." The Sun has yet to learn that the national Prohibitionists are all pretty much alike.

## More of the President's "Style"

Once again we read of President Wilson as "a master of style." This time it is former President Taft who pays him the compliment. Mr. Taft is criticising the Democratic party for its extravagance, and censuring the Administration for its violation of a solemn pledge to practice economy. Of these matters Mr. Taft is well informed. Maybe he is also an authority on the subtlest and most flexible of arts; but if so his compliment to the President is a bit of satire. Indeed it has very much the appearance of satire, following as it does on the heels of a sentence quoted from one of the President's chaste messages. This is the sentence:

"It is not expenditure but extravagance that we should fear, being criticized for not paying for the legitimate enterprises and undertakings of a great Government, whose people command what it should be, but adding what will benefit only a few or pouring money out for what need not have been undertaken at all, or might have been postponed, or, better and more economically conceived and carried out."

"Style is the man." If the personality of the President is expressed in the sentence quoted by Mr. Taft we must size him up as a loose thinker. The only style to be looked for in a State paper is the simple style. A State paper intended for the people should be so written that the man may read who runs. Surely it will not be said that the sentence quoted reveals the style of a past master in the juggling craft of language. The sentence is no exceptional specimen of the President's literary method. Then why are we told every few days that he is a "master of style?" Far be it from us to engage in the priggish business of picking flaws in the President's English. We would only suggest that it is wrong to hold him up as a model writer, as one whose manner is worthy of imitation. There is glory enough to be won by Mr. Wilson in his chosen career; that is to say, in his present career. What precisely is his favorite profession we do not know. Educated for the bar, he has been a school teacher, has had some success in literature, and much success in politics, but in none of these

professions has he distinguished himself as a "master of style." Usually when we speak of "a master of style" we mean a master of expression, one who has instinct for the graces of language and is versed in the proprieties of his medium. Now President Wilson is versed in the useful art of grammar, which takes for its province the right and wrong of speech; he has studied the art of rhetoric, the mastery of which gives a writer ease and versatility in the formation of sentences; but style is another matter. If it is not always consistent with the perfect literary canons, neither is it incoherent.

### The New Spirit in France

A little while ago it was thought that the Parliamentary Republic of France was a failure. There is no such thought anywhere at present. In the face of national peril it has been made clear that the decadence which was seen in the public life of France never touched the great heart of the nation. In the very week in which the mobilization order was issued came the end of the Caillaux trial with all its foul details of political and social corruption; but with the mobilization order came also the revelation of a new spirit. In the face of peril the country rose in arms and marched forth to repel the invader. War revealed a readiness for high sacrifice. With the tumult of war the fire of Prometheus entered the common ways of men, flaming up under the stress of a vast upheaval in the conflict of life and death. France has suffered from her politicians, but her children, seeking danger in the trenches, know that she is a mother worth living and dying for. They are showing themselves possessed of an enduring courage and a capacity for discipline and sacrifice which recalls the gallant deeds of their country's most glorious past. The fact is that a new spirit has been abroad in France for some years. In France there is a rising and virile generation which never had any sympathy with the scoffing, cynical school of idealists of which Anatole France is a survivor. This was the school that preached the idea of a Godless civilization. All international differences according to this school were to be smoothed out by the advance of knowledge and sweet reasonableness. Common sense was to create a civilization secure in comfort and tranquillity and a vague undogmatic religion. In the preaching of this ideal men came perilously near the abnegation of any special national affection. Anatole France himself was the apostle of a Socialism which was the antithesis of Nationalism. He was among the men who belittled the forces of national defence. Today he is straining his voice to assert his claim to the right to be called a good Frenchman. When the war broke out Anatole France suddenly felt lonely. He felt that he was on one side and his country on the other, and though seventy years of age he called for a gun and rushed to what everybody in France regarded as the incarnation of the nation—the army. This great master of the French language and prince of story-tellers, who but yesterday was an opponent of the Three-year Law, and who but a few months before the war put his name to an anti-militarist poster, is now one of the most ardent of patriots; and Frenchmen are now saying: "Lucky are we that while Anatole France was writing Joffre and Millerand were thinking."

### Germany's Imports

How long will Germany be able to live on her own products? This is a question of great interest to her enemies. There was a time when Germany was principally an agricultural country, practically self-supporting. Then a commercial blockade would have hurt her but little. But long before the war Germany became the greatest industrial nation on the continent of Europe. If we wish to gauge the effect of the stoppage of Germany's foreign trade we must not only consider its value, but also its weight. In 1912 her imports weighed 71,102,500 tons while her exports weighed 65,603,000 tons. In normal times her foreign trade comes to 400,000 tons per day. Of this commerce part is necessary and part can be dispensed with in war time. Foodstuffs for men and beasts almost indispensable must be imported. Let us look into Germany's food imports, and gauge their significance by their weight. In 1912 Germany imported, in round figures, 2,300,000 tons of wheat, 3,000,000 tons of barley, 1,150,000 tons of maize, 1,600,000 tons of bran, 300,000 tons of linseed, 400,000 tons of peas and lentils, 300,000 tons of fresh vegetables, 160,000 tons of eggs, 140,000 tons of milk, cream and butter, 20,000 tons of cheese, 200,000 tons of apples, 350,000 tons of other fruit, 600,000 tons of rice, 170,000 tons of coffe, 50,000 tons of cocoa. Thus it appears that Germany requires considerable food from foreign sources. She also needs a great deal of raw material for industrial purposes. She is a large importer of cotton, wool, iron ores, copper, zinc and tin. In view of the importance which motorcars and airships have assumed, india-rubber and petroleum are indispensable to Germany, and these she will find it difficult to obtain. Already many staple products have increased in price in Germany, but the lack of certain foodstuffs, which after all are not absolutely necessary, will not suffice to starve a patriotic people into surrender. Germany has an abundance of rye, an enormous potato crop, a surplus of sugar and an over-supply of meat. But while she may not be starved into surrender the shortage of raw materials will bring her factories to a standstill. Even now in all probability the industrial masses are suffering keenly, and they may become a danger to the State.

### The Olympic Games

The war we are told has put an end to the "Olympic Games." No matter what happens before 1916 there will be no international athletic competitions in Berlin in that year. Well, meanwhile there will be some big athletic events in San Francisco, and anyway the Olympic Games were falling into disrepute. They had become tainted with "professionalism," and it was gradually dawning on the minds of men that there was very little resemblance between the old Panhellenic competitions and modern performances personally conducted by the manufacturers of sporting goods and others with only a pecuniary interest in athletics. The real value of Olympia was that it marked the common kinship of the Greek states, and that during the games a "Truce of God" prevailed among them. The idea of a "Truce of God" is a pagan idea, and is not to be revived among Christian nations. Even on Christmas Day the combatants in Europe would not pause in their slaughter. The modern games have not had a tendency to promote amicable relations between nations. On the contrary they caused much ill-feeling. But even though it were possible to revive the spirit and practice that grew spontaneously on the soil of ancient Greece, would it be worth while? The Greeks were a people of great physical beauty—for a time. In the gymnasium, where they received both physical and mental training, they approximated to their ideal of harmony of mind and body. Then came the Panhellenic meetings every four years which continued for over a thousand years. At the end of three centuries these games began to degenerate owing to special training and the money expended by the several States. Athletics became a business as in this country. Trainers were introduced, and young men specialized on certain feats. Thus did the Greeks lose sight of the ideal of harmonious development. Euripedes, Plato, Socrates, each had something to say in disparagement of athletics in the days of the Panhellenic meetings, and coming down to the second century before Christ we find Galen, a doctor to gladiators before he became physician to Marcus Aurelius, observing that athletes, "neglecting the old rule of health, which prescribes moderation in all things, spend their lives in over-exercising, over-eating and over-sleeping like pigs." He declared further that they seldom lived to old age, and that when they did "they were cripoled and liable to all sorts of disease." So maybe we should not regard the discontinuance of the Olympic Games as a calamity.


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# Varied Types

## CCXVIII—COUNT FESTETICS DE TOLNA

By Edward F. O'Day

It is fitting that I begin this article with a tribute to my friend and colleague Tantalus. For the genial spirit who presides so gracefully over Town Talk's pages of Social Prattle I profess the warmest admiration. If I may pay Tantalus a compliment that is some two hundred years old but has not lost its sweetness, to know him is a liberal education—and it is my good fortune to know him well. Those interesting beings who make society their serious pursuit have borne the scrutiny of Tantalus for many years. That they have profited by his criticisms I make no doubt, for he is endowed with just those qualities of kindly badinage, of mellow reflection and of subdued enthusiasm which should be exercised on people who are constantly tempted by the worldly advantage of their position to take themselves a little too seriously. Tantalus is a philosopher who knows, as Gilbert Chesterton knows, that there is profound significance in the spectacle of a young man in full dress drawing on a white glove. But he also knows that the real significance of the spectacle is far other than that which the young man attaches to it. Tantalus indeed can see as far into a tea urn as the charming girl who pours, and I sincerely believe that he can read the social tea leaves as accurately as the most accomplished hostess.

Tantalus is wise, but of course he is not infallible. Truth is his passion, but sometimes the very ardor of the pursuit leads him astray. His celebrated original, it will be remembered, stood chin-deep in a pool but could not assuage his thirst; branches heavy with luscious fruit swayed within his reach, but he could not touch them. I am happy in the knowledge that the case of my friend is not nearly as bad as that. He has not incurred the enmity of the immortal gods, so the waters of truth do not always roll away from his eager lips, the fruits of truth do not always elude his grasp. My dear friend Tantalus does not err more than the generality of careful human beings.

There are times however when he makes an honest mistake, and it is of such an occasion that I have to speak. Two weeks ago Tantalus chronicled in his interesting columns the arrival in this city of the Count Festetics de Tolna. Innocently enough Tantalus remarked that Count Festetics was no stranger here, and proceeded to summarize the story of his marriage to Miss Haggin and of the celebrated yachting trip which followed. He sketched the story exactly as it became known to San Franciscans about fifteen years ago when the local papers—and indeed many of the East—contained quite a number of articles on the subject.

"The Count Festetics de Tolna," Tantalus wrote among other things, "married Miss Haggin, the daughter of Louis Haggin and the granddaughter of James B. Haggin. It was an auspicious marriage for the Count because he had no money, the ancestral estate in Hungary being quite unproductive. The Count was very romantic, and it was decided that the honeymoon should be passed on the high seas in a yacht specially built for the occasion. So a yacht was built at Benicia with Louis Haggin's money. It was a comfortable yacht, and all might have gone well had not the Count insisted on navigating it. He prepared himself for this responsibility by taking lessons in seamanship. Mrs. Louis Haggin must have had misgivings, for she wanted to accompany the honeymooners, but this the Count would not allow."

Thus Tantalus, summarizing with his usual good humor the stories which had appeared in the local papers fifteen years before. He went on to tell a story about the Count's seamanship drawn from the same source. And he concluded thus: "Shortly afterwards the yacht foundered, and the honeymooners returned to this city in a safer vessel. The Count was cured of his love of the sea, and the Countess had been awakened from her dream of bliss. She sought and obtained a divorce. The present Countess Festetics was Miss Alice Wetherbee, daughter of the Gardner Wetherbees of New York."

Shortly after this article appeared in Town Talk the Count Festetics sent word to the editor that it embodied certain inaccuracies which he would like to see corrected. At the same time I learned that the Count Festetics was a good talker who had had many interesting adventures. Here was an opportunity to correct the mistakes into which Tantalus had fallen by relying on what had appeared in the local papers years ago and at the same time to obtain an interesting interview. Bent on killing two birds with one stone I called on the gentleman at the St. Francis.

I found Count Festetics a pleasant chap who was prepared to point out in the utmost good nature just what was erroneous in Tantalus' article. There is an Old World courtesy about him, and at the same time a conversational affability which is the mark of a man of the world. He is the sort, I should say, whose talk would speed an hour in the embrasure of a club window.

And indeed, he is one of us, a naturalized American proud of his citizenship and unaffectedly pleased when the title he dropped is forgotten and he is called plain "mister." Our institutions are his by adoption; our country is his country. Although he maintains a summer place in France, his home is in Fifth avenue. Even during his longest cruises, I am told, he never lost touch with America. So he is not a standoffish Hungarian count; he is a well met American citizen who loves the country. In proof of this may be offered the reason for his present visit to San Francisco. He is here to have his citizenship papers restored. He took the trouble of a trip across the continent to renew the record of his American citizenship was was destroyed in the fire of 1906. Attorney William F. Humphrey is attending to this matter for him.

Festetics was sorry that Town Talk had fallen into error, and so was I, so we found common ground at once. The inaccuracies, he said, had all been corrected at the time of their first publication. I inquired where these corrections had appeared, and he told me, in the newspapers of Trieste. Of course I could only regret that the newspapers of Trieste were strangers in the office of Town Talk.

We were getting along nicely when the Countess Festetics appeared. Madame is an American woman of determination. Madame took a view of Tantalus' fallibility quite different from her genial husband's view. Madame, unfortunately, read spitefulness into the sentences of Tantalus. Tantalus spiteful! I had to defend him against that odious suspicion. The defense would have been warmer than it was had not Count Festetics given me a look which quite plainly deprecated madame's American excessiveness.

Madame had prepared in her own handwriting an answer to those statements of Tantalus which aroused her ire. Here are madame's categories:

"1—The count had a large personal fortune, a larger income than the Louis Haggins. The Haggins never gave any sum whatever to the count, altho' they promised to before the marriage."

("The count was very wealthy when I married him," was madame's verbal supplement to this. "I shouldn't have married him if he wasn't. My family wouldn't have allowed it.")

"2—The Haggins never paid one cent for the yacht. The count paid all bills for the construction himself from his own private income. His father, Count Sigismund Festetics, was one of the richest Hungarian noblemen, and died when the count was three years old. His cousin, Prince Tasilo Festetics de Tolna, is the richest living Hungarian nobleman, and first at the Austrian court.

"3—Mrs. Haggin never desired to accompany the count on the yacht."

("Say as little of the Haggins in your article as possible," begged madame.)

"4—The count is an accomplished navigator, considered in Europe as an expert on the subject. He cruised during nine years on the yacht which the article says was foundered at Hawaii, bringing back to Europe a collection which is considered as the first South Sea collection in the world. This collection occupies five rooms in a national museum, and four rooms in the count's private museum in his chateau at Antibes, France, where it has been visited by the governor of the State and other high officials. It has been recently estimated at $100,000. The count has written two books on the South Sea Islands which are considered in Europe as the best existing documents on the subject."

"5—As to the separation of the count with Ella Haggin, as this seems to interest the reporters, it is well that the truth should be known—"

It is always well that the truth should be known by those who are rightly concerned with the particular truth in question. But when I came to the sentence which follows what I have quoted, the sentence which concludes madame's written statement, I asked madame pointblank whether she really wanted that published. I was curious to hear her answer. Yes, she said, she wanted that published with the rest. But just the same I shall refrain from publishing it. There are other feelings to consider besides the feelings of the Countess Festetics. A serious charge is not of necessity proper matter for publication merely because a woman, however careful she may be, sets it down in writing. So I shall act as censor and delete what madame wrote about the first wife of the Count Festetics. Did she not request me to say as little of the Haggins as possible?

Madame had other things to say, things to which her husband listened in silence. Her American determination was still glinting in her eye when the count and I shook hands and parted. I am sure that he would have yielded some interesting reminiscences had not madame taken charge of the interview. Too bad my friend Tantalus wasn't there to listen to madame while I sequestered her husband for a good humored chat.

# Perspective Impressions

"The divine Sara," declares the worst punster still living, "was a great L'Aiglon; now she's a leg less."

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Note of praise: We went to the Fair on Opening Day and enjoyed it so much that we shall go again.

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We can't help feeling that the postponement of the Vanderbilt Cup race gave some of the drivers a new lease of life.

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Wonder if the bandits who attempted to hold up the Owl got their idea from Al Jennings' "educational" film "Beating Back?"

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Dr. Wiley says—but come to think of it, what Dr. Wiley says is chiefly flubdub, and Dr. Wiley is an intolerable bore who has made the name of Wiley a synonym of silly.

To be heard any day anywhere in San Francisco: "I'm going to do this Exposition systematically."

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It is gratifying to learn that the municipal railways are taking in slathers of money. But what will the profits be at the end of the year?

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"Our position of neutrality," says the Examiner, "is giving satisfaction to neither party to this war." Quite true. But neither party to this war is giving satisfaction to us. So it looks like an even break.

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The Iroquois Club has resolved that President Wilson should accept another four-year term. The President is pledged against second terms, but how can he ignore the call of our greatest patriots, the braves of the Federal Brigade, who are thinking of a second term for themselves?

Speaking of half-forgotten things, does anybody know what Bryan's A. B. C. mediators accomplished?

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The rarest orchid is said to be on exhibition in the Philippine conservatory at the World's Fair. It can't be so very much rarer than the orchids we buy.

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Billy Sunday has been caught plagiarizing. How many preachers there are who wish they had never been caught at anything worse!

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A Berlin paper describes the opposition to the Ship Purchase bill as "Anglophile." Is it to be inferred from this that the German ship owners who wish to sell their ships took the same interest in the bill as was taken by the Ship Trust according to Mr. Hearst? The question is addressed to William R.

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# The Personality of Joffre

By Robert McTavish

What about Joffre? What sort of man is the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies? We know that he was born in 1852 (the same year as his colleague General French); that he served through the Franco-Prussian war, commanding a battery of artillery during the siege of Paris; that in 1871 he busied himself with new fortifications for the capital; that he subsequently built forts at Tonkin; that he was a professor at the Higher War School; and that he was made Generalissimo in 1911. But these are the bones of a career. What sort of flesh, living and breathing, clothes them?

It is rather a hard question. Joffre does not yield himself readily. Though genial and accessible, he is not expansive. Though unaffected and of simple manners, he is by temperament and training secretive.

Though this great soldier has enjoyed a career of remarkable distinction, and though for some years he has been in command of more than three million men, it was not until October of the year 1913 that much notice of him was taken by foreign newspapers. In that month, shortly after the manoeuvres of the French army he dismissed five generals from their posts—generals who, between them, held some of the most important positions in the army.

Those who knew him well were not surprised by this action, for he has always been absolutely ruthless when faced by even a small degree of incompetence, but this policy of weeding out of the army those who were of uncertain service to him gave the French people an enormous shock. He was strongly criticized, he was even reviled, but he stood his ground and said nothing. It is only the weak who explain themselves; it is only the timid who regret the courageous things they have done. From that moment Joffre became known to army men as "the man who broke five generals."

He is, indeed, a destroyer as well as a constructor. But he is ruthless with himself as well as with others. Let me give an example of this related by a French officer.

"Forty years or so ago," said the officer, "Joffre was widely known and greatly esteemed in the French army as a mathematician and as a military engineer. He was then little more than a lad, but his engineering genius was unmistakable, and all his friends fully anticipated that he would devote his life to that branch of military work. He rose rapidly, was greatly honored, and a brilliant future awaited him. But suddenly and without warning, he threw up his work, and went to the French colonies in order to get into direct contact with actual war.

"In doing this he abandoned a certainty for a risk; he was already brilliant and famous in his own department, and he was yet to win distinction in his new sphere. That single act of his stamped him as a man of character, of courage, of illimitable belief in himself."

It also stamped him, I may add, as a man who can be as ruthless with himself as he can be with a complete stranger.

"Joffre worships success," it has been said, "but he does not worship it so much for itself, as for the indication of a man's ability."

When a man is recommended to him, he never asks "What is he?" but "What has he done?" He cannot forgive failure; he does not even pity it. It makes him angry. But he interprets the word failure in his own way. "A man may be overcome by forces stronger than himself," he says, "but that is not failure. A man fails when he does not rise to the topmost height of his own energy, character and ability. Not to do that in a moment of need is to suffer and deserve disgrace."

A close investigation of his career discloses no failure of that description. At the age of eighteen he commanded a battery of artillery in the Franco-Prussian war. Later he was in Africa, later still in Madagascar as governor of its capital; then he made himself still more widely known by valiant acts in Indo-China. That is to say, he has led the life of a soldier; he has had a soldier's interests, a soldier's ambitions. There is no "secret" in his success. He has won his place in the way that all great places are won—by sheer ability, singleness of aim and tireless industry.

He is a listener rather than a talker, but his friends declare he rarely says anything worth remembering; he is not the kind of man to gratify his own vanity by speaking either smartly or profoundly. He expresses himself only in deeds. His movements are slow and deliberate, his manner gentle and courteous, his smile quick and genial.

In mufti he looks like a country squire. You can examine his face as closely as you like—the blue eyes, the full but firmly set mouth half hidden by a flaxen mustache, the blunt wide-nostrilled nose—but you will find there no trace of anxiety, of the burden of responsibility. And his quiet laugh is slow to exhaust itself.

The one word that is always applied to him is "modest;" though he fully knows his own worth, he is in all things restrained by a sense of propriety. One who knows him says, "I have been in the presence of many men when they were praised, but I have met only one man who, when flattered, was able to keep his face free from that ghost of a secret smile that betrays inward pleasure. That man is Joffre."

One must apply the word "genius" to him, though one hesitates to do so when the expression is used in connection with every neurotic young man or woman with a taste for art, literature, or what not. But he has none of the quick flashes of genius, none of its sudden intuitions, its feverish impulses. His acts, if decisive, are also slow; his mind ruminates. His greatness does not spring from "vision," but from wide mental capacity, experience and earnestness.

His private life does not concern the public, but in France more severe standards are applied to men in high positions in the army than obtain in this country. Joffre's family life is not only above reproach, it is above suspicion. One cannot imagine him led away by passion, or by great triumph, just as one finds it impossible to believe he could ever lose himself, even momentarily, in disaster.

# Unknown Russia

By J. Ellis Barker

The Russians, far from being a nation of warlike savages, as they are depicted in Germany, are a nation of peaceful agriculturists. Far from being animated by a warlike spirit, the Russian people are animated by idealism. The Russians, as a nation, are sentimentalists and idealists. That idealism finds its expression in their deep religious sense, which causes hundreds of thousands of poor mujiks to go every year upon pilgrimages, and in the heartfelt devotion which all Russians feel for their Tsar and which impels them cheerfully to lay down their lives for their country. The fact that the Russians are a nation of sentimentalists and idealists is shown by their art. The Russians, like all Slavs, are born artists. In the concert-room and in the opera, Russian composers hold an important position. In literature the Russians occupy a far more eminent place than the Germans. Tolstoy, Tourguenieff, Gogol, Dostojefsky, Pushkin, and many others are known in every country. Tolstoy is more widely read than any German author, including Goethe and Schiller, and he is a characteristic representative of Russia in this—that his writings are inspired by the loftiest idealism, by love of mankind, and by a deep feeling of religion. Tolstoy's heroes, as those of most Russian novels, are not men of action and daring, but men of feeling who are driven into action against their will. Hamlet might be a model Russian hero.

In international exhibitions, Russian painters and sculptors immediately attract attention by the excellence of their work and by the deep feeling which habitually animates them. The great painter Vereschagine devoted his entire life, like Tolstoy, to an ideal, to combating war by painting its horrors in a great series of unforgettable pictures. In painting, Russia occupies a very eminent place through men such as Vereschagine, Elias Repin, Vasnezoff, Nesteroff, Seroff, and many others whose reputation is world-wide. The instinctive understanding of art among the Slavs is apparent from the wonderful peasant ware, peasant embroideries, peasant wood-carvings, metalwork, etc., which are to be found in all Slavonic States. Nowhere in the world is the dress of the peasantss more picturesque and more artistic than it is among the Slavs of Russia and the Balkan States.

Although the Russians are rather a nation of dreamers than of thinkers, and rather a nation of artists than of warriors, they have produced many eminent men of science. It is noteworthy that the Russian Mechnikoff became successor to the great Pasteur. Russia's contribution to science is not as great as it might be because education in Russia is still sadly neglected. The number of eminent scientists, after all, depends very largely on the number of people who have received some education and who have some facility for coming to the front. The vast majority of Russians are still illiterate. According to the latest information available, 80 per cent of the Russian people can neither read nor write. In the Baltic provinces only 20 per cent of the inhabitants are illiterate. In the Government of Petrograd illiteracy claims 50 per cent of the inhabitants. In Siberia 78 per cent of the people can neither read nor write, and in Russian Central Asia no less than 95 per cent of the inhabitants are illiterate. The lack of education prevailing among the Russians is due to two facts —to Russia's poverty and to the relative thinness of the population. In the densely populated western provinces illiteracy is comparatively small. It is naturally greatest in the backwoods of Russia, where there are only a few people per square mile. If the Russian Government should tomorrow provide schools for all, the majority would stand empty unless the Government supplied at the same time good roads and conveyances. It is not generally known that the colossal area of European Russia has a smaller mileage of railways than has Germany. Yet European Russia is ten times as large as that country. Little France has no less than ten times the mileage of high roads possessed by all Russia.

Educationally, Russia suffers from her past. She is a young nation. While Germany, France, England, Italy, Holland, and other countries have possessed universities since the early Middle Ages, the first Russian university was established in Moscow only in 1755. Shortly afterwards learning was once more discouraged, and only lately university education has become firmly established. The fact that the Russians themselves are eager and anxious to study may be seen from this—that at their ten universities there are no fewer than forty thousand students. Besides these, many thousands of Russian students throng the lecture-rooms of foreign universities.

Russia is greatly hampered in promoting education by the poverty and the prejudices of the people. After all, the Russians are neither of one language nor of one race nor of one religion. Russia has nearly twenty million Muhamadan subjects, countless Dissenters, five million Jews, etc. The Russians are no doubt a badly educated nation, but a bad education does not make them barbarians. Barbarism and high education were found combined at Louvain and Termonde, at Dinant and Rheims, and illiteracy and true nobility of character may be found in those who are Nature's gentlemen.

The Russian Government naturally endeavors to spread education and enlightenment among the people. However, it rightly considers that life is more important than learning. The resources of Russia are limited. Hence the Russian State endeavors in the first place to preserve the integrity of the country, to make the people prosperous, and to provide them with the means of earning an honest living. Both the National Government and the local councils, the Zemstvos, are endeavoring by all means in their power to promote the prosperity of agriculture. In 1906 Russia introduced a far-reaching land reform by which the peasants are made the proprietors of the soil they till. As they have hitherto been accustomed to exploit the fields by common tenure—the most wasteful and inefficient form of land-holding—the reform of 1906 has proved of the greatest benefit to them, and the Russian State has spent many millions on establishing a prosperous peasantry. To improve agricultural practice three hundred agricultural schools have been opened, and the agricultural experimental stations have been increased from seventy established in 1907 to two hundred and ten in 1911. The activity of the agricultural schools and stations is supported by stationary and ambulant agricultural experts and lecturers employed by the Government and the Zemstvos. Their number has increased from 2,541 in 1909 to 5,185 in 1911. The doubling of the agricultural experts in two years shows that Russia strives with the greatest energy to improve and modernize her principal industry.


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# Poems Inspired by The War

### THE LITTLE PEOPLE
**By Blanche Weitbree**

The little peaceful people were working in the sun,
For summer time was waning and the harvest had begun;

The crops were full and golden, the arching sky was clear;
The little peaceful people found life and living dear.

The little friendly people went out to cut their grain,
And, singing, in the evening sought their cottages again;

Another good day ended, another sun was red;
The little friendly people kissed and laughed and went to bed.

The little quiet people rose up before the day,
A-whispering together while yet the dawn was gray;

The little anxious people met together in the street,
For they heard a sound of cannon, and the ring of tramping feet.

The little valiant people, they buckled on their swords,
To meet unflinching, breast to breast, the foe's advancing hordes;

Unnumbered hordes descending like dead leaves before a blast,
The little dauntless people rose up and held them fast.

The little angry people saw the city gates give way;
Spent and panting in their anguish they had not strength to pray.

Their swords were growing heavy, for the day was almost done;
The little tired people fell sadly, one by one.

The little conquered people lie asleep in ravaged lands,
But a dreadful power is vested in shattered, pulseless hands,

For Justice over Belgium is keeping watch and ward,
And the little murdered people wait the vengeance of the Lord!

---

### "TO AMERICA: CONCERNING ENGLAND"
**By William Watson**

Art thou her child, born in the proud midday
Of her large soul's abundance and excess?
Her daughter and her mightiest heritress,
Dowered with her thoughts, and lit on thy great way
By her great lamps that shine and fail not? Yea!
And at this thunderous hour of struggle and stress,
Hither, across the ocean wilderness,
What word comes frozen on the frozen spray?
Neutrality! The tiger from his den
Springs at thy mother's throat. And canst thou now
Watch with a stranger's gaze? So be it then.
Thy loss is more than hers; for, bruised and torn,
She shall yet live without thine aid, and thou
Without the crown divine thou might'st have worn.

### AMERICA'S ANSWER
**By Nita Pierson**

Daughter of none; mother to all am I!
Conglomerate, my brothering children pour
Into my arms from ev'ry alien shore.
Throughout my welcoming, plentied lands they hie,
Unlearning hate; forgetting to deny
The brotherhood of man forevermore.
Men of all nations living door to door;
In peace, progressing; and in peace, to die.

The melting-pot of all the world am I!
Transmuting man's unnatural enmity
For man, the root of war's destructive lie,
Into a sound and sane democracy;
Whose dominant, humane, uplifting note
Sets not a brother at a brother's throat!

—S. F., Feb., 1915.

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### THE SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD SOLDIER
**By O. C. A. Child**

You need not watch for silver in your hair,
Or try to smooth the wrinkles from your eyes,
Or wonder if you're getting quite too spare,
Or if your mount can bear a man your size.

You'll never come to shirk the fastest flight,
To query if she really cares to dance,
To find your eye less keen upon the sight,
Or lose your tennis wrist or golfing stance.

For you the music ceased on highest note—
Your charge had won, you'd scattered them like sand,
And then a little whisper in your throat,
And you asleep, your cheek upon your hand.

Thrice happy fate, you met it in full cry,
Young, eager, loved, your glittering world all joy—
You ebbed not out, you died when tide was high,
An old campaigner envies you, my boy!

---

### A NEW "GOD SAVE THE KING"
**By James E. Flecker**

God save our gracious King,
Nations and State and King,
God save the King!
Grant him good Peace Divine,
But if his Wars be Thine,
Flash on his Fighting Line
Victory's Wing!

Thou in his suppliant hands
Hast placed such mighty Lands;
Save Thou our King!
As once from golden skies
Rebels with flaming eyes
So the King's enemies,
Doom Thou and fling.

Mountains that break the night
Holds he by Eagle Right,
Stretching far wing!
Dawn lands for youth to reap,
Dim lands where Empires sleep
His! And the Lion-Deep
Roars for the King.

But most these few dear miles
Of star-flowered-meadowed isles
England, all spring.
Scotland that by the marge
Where the blank north doth charge
Hears Thy voice loud and large
Guard, and their King!

Grace on the golden dales
Of Thine old Christian Wales
Shower till they sing,—
Till Erin's island Lawn
Echo the dulcet-drawn
Song with a shout of Dawn—
God save the King!

---

### THE GREAT SEA FIGHT
**By J. Robert Foster**

In my watch on deck at the turn of the night
I saw the spindrift rise,
And I saw by the thin moon's waning light
The shine of dead men's eyes.
They rose from the wave in armor bright,
The men who never knew fear;
They rose with their swords to their hips strapped tight,
And stripped to their fighting gear.

I hauled below, but to and fro
I saw the dead men glide,
With never a plank their bones to tow,
As the slippery seas they ride.
While the bale-star burned where the mists swayed low
They clasped each hand to hand,
And swore an oath by the winds that blow—
They swore by the sea and land.

They swore to fight till the Judgment Day,
Each night ere the cock should crow,
Where the thunders boom and the lightnings play
In the wrack of the battle-glow.
They swore by Drake and Plymouth Bay,
The men of the Good Hope's crew,
By the bones that lay in fierce Biscay;
And they swore by Cradock, too—

That every night, ere the dawn flamed red,
For each man there should be twain
Upon the ships that make their bed
Where England rules the Main.
They pledged—and the ghost of Nelson led—
When the last ship's gunner fell,
They would man the guns—these men long dead—
And ram the charges well.

So we'll choose the night for the Great Sea Fight
Nor ever give chase by day,
Our compeers rise in the white moonlight,
In the wash of the flying spray;
And if we fall in the battle-blight,
The shade of a man long dead
Fights on till dawn on the sea burns bright
And Victory, overhead!

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXVI—IN MISSION DOLORES CEMETERY

(Etha R. Garlick is the author of a modest little book of verses published in 1912 by Ricardo J. Orozco of this city. She is an unpretentious singer, but her music is very sweet and tender. And there is always a thought worth while weaving her lines together. Her sentiment is unhackneyed; witness this little poem.)

By Etha R. Garlick

I wandered sad amid so much decay
When those long silent voices seemed to say:
"Mourn not that o'er our graves rank weeds should grow;
They tell that tears no longer for us flow.
No heart is breaking that our mortal life
Calls us no more to joy and pain and strife.
Wherever ivy doth the rankest spread
Above the quiet, unresentful dead,
Rejoice with us whose souls now 'rest in peace,'
Because all grief for us hath time's surcease."

# The Spectator

### The Fair and Its Site

A great Fair! So say we all of us. Nowhere is to be found a man niggardly in his praise of the men whose enthusiasm made this great achievement possible. To these men some of our most worthy citizens owe an humble apology—those who were disappointed when it was learned that the site of the Fair was to be where it is instead of in Golden Gate Park. How fortunate that the Fair directors had the courage of their convictions! What a colossal blunder it would have been to make a ruin of the Park in order to hold a Fair there! This is now obvious to everybody. There was one ideal spot for the Fair, and that spot was chosen as if by inspiration. It is the ideal spot not only by reason of the rare beauty of the natural setting and the marine and landscape views with which it is enriched, but also on account of the superb spectacle it presents, especially at night, to all who care to be entranced by a glorious nocturne. For the great distinctive feature of this Fair we are indebted to the progress that has been made in electrical engineering, and no better site for its display could have been chosen. Thousands of people gather on the hilltops at night to view the thrilling spectacle.

### The Efficient Man

The daily newspapers have taken notice of the one department in the Fair organization that is distinguished for its efficiency. As this is the department that has charge of special events, and that is under the direction of Thornwell Mullally, I am reminded that there has been much criticism of the Fair management for what has seemed to be one of its policies. I mean the policy of importing heads of departments. Of course there was very good reason for this. It was necessary to have the assistance of men of experience in Fair matters. But these men it appears have had a lot to say about the organization and a good deal of incompetency is the result. The one man who has handled his department without a hitch, and who has shown something like genius for details is Thornwell Mullally, who makes nearly all other heads of departments look like incarnations of plodding stupidity.

### The Unsigned Poster

Of course you have seen the World's Fair poster. It is a splendid work of art, a masterpiece of simplicity and virility that grips attention. "The Thirteenth Labor of Hercules" it is called, and it shows the demigod forcing the hills asunder to make an opening for the union of the two oceans. The posture of the mighty-thewed giant who is pushing the lands apart with arms and legs and back is a triumph in the expression of power. Looking at the poster one is thrilled with a new realization of the wonders wrought on the isthmus. This work glorifies the canal builders even as Joseph Pennell's etchings glorify them. It takes its place among the great posters of the world. When artists talk of their favorite posters—and artists discuss posters as lovingly and as intimately as booklovers discuss Dickens—this poster will be compared with the poster which celebrated the opening of the Simplon and other masterpieces. Naturally you look for the name of the artist. But you will look in vain. The artist was not allowed to sign this work of art, and thereby hangs a tale which illustrates again the point which I have just been making.

### Perhan Nahl's Anonymity

When the building of the Fair was started a poster competition with a prize of $1500 was announced. Competitors submitted their drawings unsigned, and the works were judged and passed on before the identity of any artist represented in the competition had been revealed. "The Thirteenth Labor of Hercules" was chosen as emphatically the best submitted. But when it was discovered that it was the work of Perhan Nahl consternation seized the judges. Give the prize to a Californian and have the world say that favoritism had dictated judgment? Impossible! Poor Perhan Nahl became the victim of the curious bugbear that has obsessed our Fair people from the start. The second best poster was the work of F. X. Leyndecker, the well known New York artist. This poster was open to criticism, but it was returned to him with instructions for certain changes and the intimation that when the changes were made it would receive the first prize. When it came back to the judges it was found less satisfactory than before. So the first prize was reluctantly awarded to Perhan Nahl, but it was the ruling of the judges that he should not sign his work lest that fearful charge of favoritism be made in the East and in Europe. A Californian (and a representative Californian at that, for the Nahls are a distinguished family in our artistic and other history), given for once an "even break" with the rest of the world, won first honors hands down and was promptly robbed of the dearest perquisite of his success!

### Crocker's Speech

The only speech that got my undivided attention at the Fair-opening ceremonies was the speech of William H. Crocker. This gentleman is not one of our spellbinders. As an orator he is not to be compared with Franklin K. Lane, who is no Demosthenes though frequently inspired by Demos. In fact Mr. Crocker is no orator at all. He is only a forthright speaker with a good command of language and the instinct for the sentiments suitable to the occasion. My attention he elicited at the opening ceremonies not by his rhetoric or his periods; wholly by his sentiments. His speech was devoted to tributes to the men who had successfully carried out a great enterprise, and he addressed himself first to Governor Hiram Johnson who occupied a front seat. His eulogium he delivered looking the Governor straight in the face. As I listened to him felicitate the Governor on the part that he had played, and on his excellent choice of commissioners, to each of whom he gave special mention, I was thrilled. Of what precisely he said I have no recollection. I was lost in admiration of the spirit that moved him. At first the thought flashed across my mind that Mr. Crocker was indulging in the flattery that is satire in disguise, and as I looked at the Gov-

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ernor I felt that the same thought had come to him, for his head was bent forward and his eyes were on the floor, and he reminded me of a self-conscious naughty boy. But in another moment I realized that the words that fell from Mr. Crocker's lips had the unmistakable ring of sincerity. This, said I to myself, is the most powerful rebuke that ever I heard: powerful because so obviously free from intention.

### A Good Hater

To forgive we are told is divine, and whatever has a touch of that quality stirs the imagination and the emotions. That was why I was thrilled by the Crocker speech. We are also told that to forgive our enemies is a charming way of revenge, but from the Crocker tone and manner I received the impression that he keeps himself blissfully oblivious of his enemies. Whatever the explanation of his amiability I hope that Governor Johnson may profit by the lesson he received from the banker at the Fair. The Governor, as we all know, is a good hater. He is a man who lets many suns in Capricorn go down on his wrath, never drawing the curtain of night on his resentments. Now for some reason he disliked Crocker, and because of his dislike he removed Crocker from the chairmanship of the finance committee of the Board of Regents. It was a small thing to do, so small that it injured nobody but the Governor. It might have frozen Crocker's enthusiasm for the University, and then the University might have suffered, for the banker had frequently rendered the University great financial aid. But no. He showed no signs of irritation. Other Regents were indignant, but not Crocker. Failing to draw blood the Governor grew furious, and when there was talk of making Crocker president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition there was immediately an undercurrent of opposition from the Administration. Frequently during the progress of work on the Exposition the directors were reminded of the Governor's hostility to Crocker, but at no time was the latter's equanimity disturbed. No man worked harder for the success of the enterprise. He it was that kept the bark clear of financial shoals, and finally when the gates were thrown open he pointed to the Governor of the State as the man to whom much of the glory of success was due. No wonder the Governor's head drooped low.

### Our Artists at the Fair

I spent several hours in the Palace of Fine Arts on Opening Day, and I must say that they were enjoyable hours. Armed with a "temporary catalogue" I made the rounds of the galleries, skimming the cream as it were. It was impossible to do more, the crowd was so great. The Whistler room, the exquisite Twachtman room, the Duveneck room with its note of aristocracy, the McComas-Mathews room which artists are already calling in a complimentary sense "the quiet room"—these and others are to have a great deal of the time I shall spend at the Fair during the next few months. Meanwhile I was curious to find out which Californian artists were represented and which were not. There had been so much talk about the findings of the jury that I was eager to ascertain how many of their fellow Californians they had adjudged as possessing World's Fair excellence. I found that Anne Bremer, Breuer, Cadenasso, Arthur Cahill, Betty de Jong (if we may claim this charming newcomer), Del Mue, Maynard Dixon, Maren Froelich, Percy Gray, Armin Hansen, Alexander Harrison, Rosa Hooper, Keith, McComas, Evelyn McCormick, Martinez, Arthur and Lucia Mathews, Perham Nahl, Neuhaus, Gertrude Partington, Isabella Percy, Piazzoni, Joe Raphael, Granville Redmond, Sandona, Sparks and Van Sloun were represented by worthy work. Among the sculptors I found Bobby Aitken, Gertrude Boyle Kanno, Joe Mora, Haig Patigian and Ralph Stackpole. I did not find anything by Arthur Putnam, Douglas Tilden, Earl Cummings or Rupert Schmidt listed in the catalogue. This does not mean of necessity that these four had works rejected; they may not have sent anything.

### Conspicuous by Their Absence

In the case of the painters who are not represented the same thought must be held in mind. The absence of their works may mean that they refrained from offering their pictures to the jury, or it may mean that their pictures were rejected. Rollo Peters is not represented; neither is Charles Dickman. These two artists, I happen to know, did not send. The explanation in the case of the others who are conspicuous by their absence must come, if it comes at all, from their own lips. Did they ignore the World's Fair, or were they rejected? We should all like to know, and perhaps we shall learn. Where are the two Bests, Alice and Arthur? Where is Pizzella who for a time was quite the vogue as a portrait painter among our society folk? Where is Lester Baronda of Salinas who was highly praised recently in the International Studio by Arnold Genthe, and who is to have an exhibition here soon? Where is Chris Jorgensen whose Yosemite pictures some people admire? Where is Stanton of the Hopkins Institute? Where is Grace Hudson who sells her pictures of the Pomo Indians as fast as she paints them? Where is Tad Welch, the glorifier of Marin county sunlight? Where is Amedee Jouillin, the artist-actor of Bohemia? Where is Orrin Peck? Where is Richard Partington who runs the Piedmont Gallery and does the portraits of Oakland's grande dames? Where is Jules Mersfelder? Where is Grant of the marines? Where is Cox who painted Gertrude Atherton and Enid Gregg Haldorn? Where is Valencia? Where is Theodore Wores? Where is Burgdorff? Where is Gordon Coutts who resembles da Vinci and Gainsborough in that his pictures have been stolen? Where is Bruce Porter who like Arthur Symons and Porter Garnett is master of the seven arts? Where is Helen Hyde? And among the dead, where are Tavernier, Rix and Tom Hill? Echo answers, where? Like Hashimura Togo, I ask to know. Will the artists vouchsafe an answer?

### A Rival Show?

Meanwhile it is interesting to note that there is to be a special exhibition of California painting and sculpture at the Park Museum. It will open in April and continue throughout the Exposition period. The published announcement states that the committee in charge consists of Dickman, Peters, Van Sloun, Cummings and Sparks. I have heard Dickman quoted as saying that the use of his name was unauthorized. Is this to be regarded as a rival exhibition? Was it inspired by painters who found themselves out of sympathy for one reason or another with the World's Fair exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts? Are we to have a battle royal of California artists? Is the slogan of those rejected by the World's Fair jury to be, "Put it in the Park?" Do the men who are arranging this exhibition challenge comparison with the men whose works are hung in the Palace of Fine Arts? This also is a subject on which we need further enlightenment.

### The Solitary Exception

It was a hungry crowd that thronged the World's Fair on Opening Day, a hungry and a thirsty crowd. Ample accommodations had been


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Many mornings you arrive at the office, take off your distance glasses and search for your reading glasses only to find that you have left them home—forgotten them. Evenings at the theatre you discover that you have brought your reading glasses instead of distance. It's very annoying and disappointing to say the least. Now, here's the remedy, wear the new patented "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals made from one single piece of optical glass, which combines both reading and distance glasses in one lens. They do not look different than regular glasses but the pleasure and comfort derived from them cannot be overestimated.

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made for feeding it and quenching its thirst. But when the Fair closed Saturday night the purveyors of solid and liquid refreshment found that they had nothing left over. Every peanut that was roasted had been sold; every "hot dog," every roast beef sandwich, every everything in the shape of food had been consumed. And so of the beverages. The wine, the beer, the pink lemonade, the ice cream soda, etc., was all gone. There was a single and solitary exception. The men who controlled the grape juice concession found at the end of the day that their stock was far, very far from being exhausted! The crowd "welched" on Welch's innocuous brew.

### Not a Pocket Picked

"What was the most remarkable thing that happened on opening day at the Fair?" When the clockwinder asked me this question he closed one eye, and took a pull at his pipe with the self-confident air of a man who is sure that he has gravelled all hands. Of course I had to give it up. The clockwinder smiled a smile of triumph. "The most remarkable thing that happened," he said, "was the thing that didn't happen at all. I mean the picked pockets. Over two hundred thousand people were crowded into the Fair grounds, and not a pocket was picked. Nothing like that ever happened before. How do you account for it?"

I couldn't account for it.

Again the clockwinder smiled. "The Eye was there," he said.

"Whose eye?" I asked.

The clockwinder bestowed on me a look of compassion. And then he explained that throughout the world of crooks Detective William Pinkerton is known as The Eye. All experienced crooks, he said, know that Pinkerton is on the job. In all probability Pinkerton sent the word down the line that there was to be nothing doing at the Fair, and nothing was done. "Three days have passed," said the clockwinder, "and not a crooked trick has been turned. I know because I have inquired at the central police station."

### His Great Capture

"You appear to be an admirer of Pinkerton," I observed.

"I never met him," said the clockwinder, "but I happen to know that the great four-flusher William J. Burns was after this job, and I have often thought what might have happened if he had landed it. I got onto Burns when he was out here working the press as he has worked it everywhere. Burns is the cub reporter's hero, but the newspapers have been getting wise to him of late."

"What's the matter with Burns? Didn't he capture the dynamiters?"

These were not my questions. They were asked by Commissioner Dwyer who had dropped in just in time to learn that his old associate was being disparaged.

"Sure, Joe!" said the clockwinder. "You're right, he captured the dynamiters after an officer of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association got the dope from a union traitor. He arrested the men he was hired to arrest, and then he told the reporters a cock-and-bull story about the way he had worked up the case. He captured two more of them, too, Joe—only the other day. But, Joe, those two were sold like cattle on the hoof. I happen to know they were offered to several detective agencies that wouldn't take them for half the price."

### A Knock from Los Angeles

It was to be expected that an effort would be made in Los Angeles to injure the Panama-Pacific Exposition. So when E. T. Earl, the reformed rebater of the Los Angeles Express, raised his falsetto voice to utter a mild calumny designed to deter Eastern folks from coming to the Fair nobody was astonished. According to Earl the proposition to divide the State is motived in hatred of the southern counties that are "populated with Easterners." He says there is great hatred of Eastern people up north, and that this passion might be resented by Eastern people who had intended visiting the Fair. But "many of them," he says, "already have their trunks packed, and nothing can stop them, and there seems to be only one way out of the dilemma into which our exclusionist friends have fallen, due to their own lack of foresight. They can treat these undesirables so that they will not stay long and never will want to return." This doubtless is what the great self-righteous reformer regardss as shrewd scientific "swatting." The spirit of it is characteristic. It serves to emphasize the reasonableness of the men who are agitating for the division of the State. These men have grown intolerant of the mean intolerance and envy which is but feebly reflected in the Earl editorial. The individuals who keep alive this spirit are peculiar to no section of the country. Many of them, like Earl himself, are Californians and formerly lived in the Bay region. Lots of them are to be found even now, across the bay in the county that has "welched." As a matter of fact the southern counties are not populated with Eastern folk. Most of them are from the Middle West. They left the Middle West for the good of the Middle West, and they have proved a calamity to California. It is not to the discredit of the people of the Middle West to say that the meanness, hypocrisy, intolerance and bigotry of the southern counties were transplanted from Iowa, Kansas and other States between the Missouri and the Mississippi. On the contrary, it is but tantamount to saying that an element of the population that could be dispensed with to the enormous advantage of those States has gravitated to a section of California which seems to be hospitable to birds of a feather.

### Dr. Aked's New Church

"Did Matt O'Brien build Doctor Aked's new church?" was the strange question the man who winds the ferry clock shot at me the last time I met him on the Embarcadero.

I told him I didn't know, and asked the reason for the query.

"I've been reading an article about the doctor's new church," he answered, "and it started me wondering. Matt is one of the handiest architects to build a theatre we have in these parts, and it strikes me the doctor's church is very much like a theatre. The article said the church was going to have an innovation. I didn't know what an innovation was till the writer of the article explained. An innovation is a sloping floor. Owing to the innovation in the doctor's new church, the article said, the ladies will not have to remove their hats. Now I'm not the most religious man in the world, but I've been to St. Patrick's a good deal, and I'm blest if I ever saw the ladies remove their hats at mass. Maybe it's a Liverpool custom. But doesn't it remind you of a theatre? The article told about the dressing rooms in the church, and that sounds like a theatre too. And it said the doctor was going to have regular at-homes with light refreshments served. And forty voices singing in the choir. I don't want to be irreverent, but it strikes me the doctor is going to put on some show. I'll bet they'll need the S. R. O. sign opening night. I do hope there isn't an echo in the church like there is in the Civic Auditorium."

The clockwinder said this so fervently that I asked his reason.

"Because, if there's an echo," he answered, "we'll hear the doctor twice, and that's far too often."

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ing President Taft's withdrawal of oil lands. The heaviest losers are Louis Titus, Duncan McDuffee, W. J. Laymance, Walter Leimert and Joseph Carlston. The decision means a loss of at least a million to Titus. But he can stand it. Titus is a millionaire of recent growth—one of the hothouse variety.

### The Renowidow Once More

Toward the end of the year 1904 Mrs. Lillian Corey, the wife of William Ellis Corey, the steel magnate, arrived in Reno with her son, daughter, maid, poodle dog and automobile. William Ellis Corey was not with her, for he had for some time past preferred the society of Maybelle Gilmon to that of his wife. Six months later, in the spring of 1905, Mrs. Corey obtained a divorce in Reno, thus making it possible for her late spouse to place the fascinating Maybelle at the head of his establishment. Immediately after receiving her decree Mrs. Lillian Corey lost interest in Reno. She had not loved it for itself alone as some of the natives fondly imagined. She had been attracted to it for the same reason that so many people were attracted by South Dakota some years before—because it afforded facilities for quiet, easy and quick divorce. That was the beginning of Reno's divorce industry, an industry which has just been revived by a complacent Legislature and an accommodating Governor. Mrs. Lillian Corey was the first Renowidow.

### Advertising for the Heart Sick

Somewhat later an enterprising Reno lawyer named William H. Schnitzer who had once been an associate of Abe Hummel in New York, saw the possibilities of the facile Nevada divorce law and proceeded to turn them to his own pecuniary advantage. He wrote a pamphlet in which Nevada was held up to the eyes of the nation as the peerless refuge of the heart sick connubialist. He followed this literary work with display advertising in big city papers throughout the country. He got results. The west bound Overland Limited became the favorite "way out" and was thronged with joyriders shouting the battle cry of freedom. Mrs. Margaret Emerson McKim, the daughter of the bromo seltzer magnate, went there to shake off the galling yoke and prepare the way for marriage to Alfred Vanderbilt. Virginia Harned went there to free herself from E. H. Sothern. Margaret Illington went there to darn socks and divorce Dan Frohman. Edna Goodrich dropped in when Nat Goodwin palled on her matrimonial taste. Mrs. Henry Hutt, of whom the noted illustrator had said, "She is more beautiful than the Venus de Milo," became a Renowidow. These are only a few of the many. Reno was made by advertising.

### Reno's Prosperity

The members of the divorce colony spent oodles of money. The hotels and the restaurants waxed exceeding prosperous; a big theatre was crowded every time a good company stopped off on its way to this city; the taxicabs were in constant demand; and the shops were hard put to it to supply the demand for the costliest fineries. As for the gambling houses, they came to regard the spectacle of pretty women risking large stakes as the commonest of commonplaces. In those days too San Francisco's smartest hotels had a succession of gay guests who dropped down from Reno for a whirl of metropolitan excitement when the amusements of the divorce town became a bit monotonous. Of course there was an outcry against all this. It finally became so loud and so insistent that the Legislature put the lid on. When the time of legal residence for divorce seekers was lengthened from six months to twelve Reno took an immediate slump in prosperity. Morality had triumphed but business had received an awful wallop. And business began to make a louder noise of protest than morality had made. The result was that Governor Tasker Oddie was defeated, and so were a number of legislators who had voted the way the moralists asked them too. But now Reno has come back. Divorce is easy there once more. The hotel and cafe keepers are smiling broad smiles. The merchants are replenishing their dainty stock of expensive women's wear. The lawyers are paying their tailor bills and refurnishing their offices. Reno is back on the map as the Mecca of the mismated.

### As to Those Photographs

It is hardly going too far to state that the majority of people who have season tickets to the Fair do not feel that the photographs on their passes flatter them. You don't know how much you look like a convict "mugged" for the Rogues' Gallery until you see your picture on a World's Fair pass. The photographer is not at great pains to pose you in the light that will be kindest to your peculiar type of beauty. The delicate art of the retoucher is not lavished on the negatives. Mrs. A. B. Bianchi, the beautiful and charming sister of District Attorney Fickert, holds one of these season tickets with photograph attached. When she received her ticket she studied her counterfeit presentment with considerable curiosity.

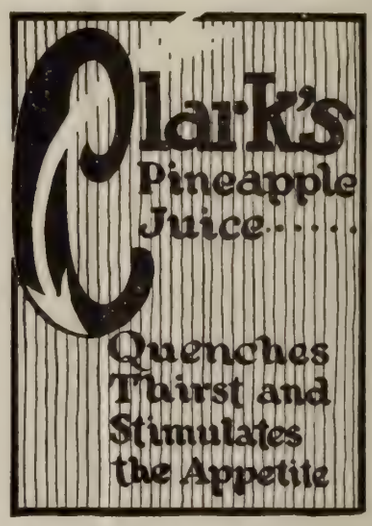
"Well," she said finally, "if the gatekeeper admits me without questioning the likeness I'll poke his eye out with my umbrella!"

### A Britisher on Ruggles

Harry Leon Wilson has received a great many letters on the subject of his delicious story "Ruggles of Red Gap" which is just coming to a close in the Saturday Evening Post. Perhaps the most amusing came from a Britisher who resented the fact that Cousin Egbert was made to call the hero by his favorite nickname of "Colonel." "Why Colonel Ruggles of the British Army?" the letter begins abruptly. "Why seek to cast ridicule upon the gallant British officer of that name who passed away in 1880?" There follows at great length and in minute detail the record of Colonel Ruggles' efficient if not brilliant services to his country in India—among other items he was the oldest survivor of the siege of Lucknow—and why couldn't Wilson have changed the spelling of the name "so as not to have it appear like a satire on a worthy man?" Distrustfully reticent, the writer does not sign his letter. Apparently one good British surname at least will take no chances with an evil pen.

In their frantic efforts to save time some people waste a lot of it.

It isn't every man who can crack a joke and extract the kernel without damaging it.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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10

## SPECIAL NOTE

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Snobbish Dancing Man

New York hostesses, taking stock of the season just closed, agree that entertaining the average young man has proved the poorest investment possible. This I learn from an article in the Sun. "The boorishness of the average dancing man," I read, "has attained a pitch of snobbishness that is almost insufferable." It seems that the hostess who attempts to introduce the young men to the girls at a dance is politely but firmly told: "You will have to excuse me; I really don't care to meet any more girls." The Sun writer vouches for the following: At a dance last week one young man who is considered extremely eligible said when asked by his hostess to meet a young girl: "Oh, excuse me. I really haven't had a good chance to see what she looks like: and it's an awful bore for a fellow to know a lot of girls who aren't attractive." Young men accept invitations and then stay away if a more attractive bid comes later. The supper has such a lure for them that they cannot be coaxed back to the dancing room. And so on. The Sun writer questions whether any other city in the world would stand for such conditions.

### Not Confined to New York

But this sort of boorishness and snobbishness is by no means confined to the metropolis. Ask any San Francisco hostess who entertains a great deal, and she will tell you that similar conditions are only too common here. The truth is that young men of the eligible variety are spoiled by foolishly indulgent hostesses, and they soon acquire the habit of taking advantage of their position. Two or three seasons ago several young men were put on the blacklist by certain hostesses in this city, but in this instance it was their morals not their manners which were intolerable. Their manners were atrocious, but they would scarcely have been banned on that account alone. And the ban was removed after a time by most of the hostesses. Society is such an artificial institution that much must be forgiven those who are willing to participate in its activities, even if their participation is perfunctory and accompaned by effrontery. The hostess who invites only real friends to her parties must perforce give small entertainments, but she is not exposed to insults such as the Sun writer complains of. When one embarks on lavish entertaining all sorts of disagreeable experiences must be expected.

### At the Front

"You will be interested in hearing," a San Francisco newspaperman working in London writes me, "that Billy Gwin who gave that fine concert at the St. Francis last season, has forgotten his music for the nonce and is driving one of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's automobile ambulances between Paris and the front. Billy's parents and his beautiful sister Mrs. Jim Follis have reason to be proud of him. And you remember Ed Morgan, don't you, who left San Francisco for Paris with Sherill Schell some years ago? He's a brother of Mrs. Charles Stewart and of Mrs. Edward Sturgis. Well, he's doing fine work with the Red Cross. And here's a name that will recall some pleasant nights at the Press Club, say three years ago. Melville Gideon. You recall him of course. He's fighting with the British forces in France."

### An Interesting Character

My correspondent was not wrong in taking it for granted that I'd remember Melville Gideon. I shall never forget the night he and his wife Mabel Bunyea made their first apeparance at a Press Club ladies' night. Mrs. Gideon was a ravishing beauty of the voluptuous blonde type and possessed of a positive genius for outward adornment. The twain were appearing at the Chutes of all places, in a piano and singing act of Melville Gideon's contriving and were invited to take part in a Press Club program. Melville Gideon's piano playing was an immense hit that night, but it was as nothing to the sensation caused by his wife's singing, clothes and beauty

MAGGIE TEYTE

The beautiful young English soprano at Columbia Theater Sunday afternoons, March 14 and 21, and in Oakland at Ye Liberty Friday afternoon, March 19

combined. She was the toast of that and several other evenings of the same description, for the two stayed some time in San Francisco. Gideon had been what is called, I think, a "play butcher" in the employ of the Shuberts. That is to say, he attended the opening performances of new musical shows produced under Schubert direction, noted the weak spots in the music and book and wrote music, lyrics and dialogue to supply the deficiencies, usually in time for the next performance. Gambling is a passion with Gideon, and he was broke when he accepted for himself and his wife the vaudeville booking which brought him out to the Fillmore street Chutes.

### An Inveterate Gambler

One night Gideon got into a stiff crap game at the Press Club and lost his bank roll. The vaudeville booking had expired here, and as there was nothing else in sight Gideon took a job as piano player in Pratt and Becker's place on Mason street. A little later he and his wife were booked on the Orpheum circuit and that took them back to New York. The last I heard of Mabel Bunyea her beauty and her real talent had made her a hit in an important Broadway production. Meanwhile Gideon went to London, bringing the ragtime fever with him. Everybody knows how London went crazy over syncopated steps and music. To no one individual was that craze due more than to Melville Gideon. His ragtime playing was in enormous demand at the Savoy and other big hotels, and he capitalized his chances by opening a swagger and expensive supper club in Piccadilly. American Melville Gideon became one of London's best known "nuts." He was named as co-respondent in the divorce action of an earl. But the gambling propensity was still strong in him and though he made a fortune he tossed it all away at chemin-de-fer. And now he is fighting for England. That is Gideon's characteristic way of expressing his gratitude to London for treating him so well.

### Mrs. Carolan's Work

When you visit the Gallery of Fine Arts at the Exposition and inspect the Old Masters hanging there, do not forget to give credit to Mrs. Frank Carolan. There are already a number of fine paintings of the classic Italian, Spanish and British schools on exhibition (and there are a great many more to come), which we should not see were it not for the efforts of Mrs. Carolan. Mrs. Carolan acted as assistant to John E. D. Trask, director of the department of Fine Arts, during her last visit to Europe, and busied herself gathering art treasures for the Fair. Owing to her fine connections in European capitals Mrs. Carolan was very successful in her treasure-hunting, and has reason to be proud of the results as exhibited in the beautiful temple of art on the lagoon. Mrs. Carolan has a deep love for art, and it goes without saying that a great deal of her time at the Exposition will be spent among the pictures.

### Guarding Her Treasures

The last I heard, Mrs. Carolan was in New York on her way to Paris, doubtless in quest of more masterpieces for the Fair. Incidentally

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she was eager to see that her personal treasures in Paris were receiving proper attention. Mrs. Carolan brought a great deal of costly bric-a-brac, furniture and objects of art from Paris to Burlingame on her last return, but there are still enough belongings in her Paris place to make her worry a little. Her friends here have heard all about her flight from Paris when a furniture van followed her motor car to the coast, and she was compelled to descend at every cross road to make sure that the soldiers did not break anything when they searched the van for spies. If Mrs. Carolan has ventured across the ocean in the present dangerous conditions she is to be hailed for unusual bravery.

### The Beringer Recital

The Beringer Musical Club, under the direction of Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer, will give its thirty-second piano and vocal recital Thursday evening, March 4, in Century Club Hall. An unusually attractive program will be presented. Miss Maya C. Hummell, Miss Myrtle Dow and Miss Arena Toriggina will be heard in operatic and song selections, and the Misses Eleanor Alberti, Loie Munsel, Louise Cameron and Zdenka Buben will play compositions by Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, Debussy and Liszt. Friends and admirers are looking forward to hear this aggregation of artist-pupils in their coming concert.

### The Beautiful Plaza Hotel

The formal opening of the magnificent new Plaza Hotel on Union Square took place Thursday. That day John G. Barker, the proprietor and manager, spent all the time he could spare from his duties acknowledging the congratulations of his friends and guests on the abode of beauty and comfort for which he was responsible. The artistic unity of this addition to our first class hostelries marks it as the realized dream of one who has a profound love of architectural and artistic perfection. Barker has presided successfully over other big hotels, but none of them could compare in those high qualities that satisfy the soul as well as the body with this new Plaza. It is all that a hotel guest could ask, and if the hotel guest happens to be an artist it must delight him inexpressibly. The note of high art is heard everywhere. It is sounded very agreeably by the pictures which Mr. Barker has selected with the sound taste of a connoisseur. There are exemplars of the work of Charles Dickman, Maren Froelich, Will Sparks, Amedee Jouillin and Jules Mersfelder to hold the gaze of the art lover.

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### Dinner Dances at Palace

The Palace Hotel announces a series of Dinner Dances in the Gold Ball Room, commencing Thursday evening, February 25, from seven to twelve o'clock, and continuing each Thursday thereafter. Music will be a feature of these affairs.

### Echegary and Giacosa

For the sixth of the intensely interesting drama travelogues we are transported to Spain and Italy. In Mrs. Caro's interpretation of "Marianna" by Echegary, we see the Spanish notions of honor and chivalry vividly portrayed. It is a rare opportunity to judge whether or not the old-world ideas of honor are so different from those of our own country. In "Sacred Ground" by Guiseppe Giacosa we have a subject which is particularly appropriate in view of the feminist movement, giving the Italian view of a woman's right to be mistress of her own thoughts. This portrayal of the two southern countries will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, at 10:45 a. m. March fourth.

### Thee Art of the Exposition

A series of six illustrated lectures on the Art of the Exposition—Architecture, Sculpture and Painting—will be given by Mr. Eugen Neuhaus in the same very popular gallery, on consecutive Thursday afternoons at three o'clock, commencing March 11. Mr. Neuhaus, instructor in Art, University of California, is chairman of the western advisory committee on art in the department of Fine Arts and member of the San Francisco jury. The lectures announced have been given previously by Mr. Neuhaus at the University of California with great success. The first lecture was held in California Hall and the crowded attendance suggested a removal to the larger auditorium in the Chemistry Building. The third lecture crowded the capacity of Harmon Gymnasium, the largest hall on the campus. The first lecture on Thursday, March 11, will be "The Architecture of the Exposition"—the architectural scheme, the setting and the style of architecture. This will be followed by "The Decorative Sculpture," "The Color Scheme and the Mural Decorations," "The Scope and Purpose of the Fine Arts Exhibit," "The Art of Europe Seen at the Exposition" and "American Art at the Exposition and What the Exposition Means to It."

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### A Brilliant Spectacle

Those who were present at Techau Tavern on Saturday evening, February 20, will not soon forget the brilliancy of the spectacle where, everyone being in evening dress, the throngs of diners and dancers filled the cafe for many hours. Admission was by card only, and the dinner which the management provided was fully up to the standard which such exclusiveness implies. With the enthusiasm of the hours centered upon the completion and opening of the Exposition, the crowd was in holiday humor and the carnival spirit uppermost. The nightly "Candy Dances" still continue to draw great crowds and on Wednesdays, "Carnival Night," the fun is at its height. On this night there are fun-making souvenirs for everyone. On every night there are beautiful gifts for the ladies in the form of art boxes of Foster and Orear's superior confectionery. Those who know the merit of these sweetmeats, and who does not since the opening of the magnificent store at 137 Grant avenue, will readily understand how much these dainty souvenirs are appreciated.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

**Keystone Hilarity**

Poor Tillie's romance is punctured at every performance at Pantages this week to the tune of roaring laughter. A blind man could enjoy himself during the unreeling of this picture, for the mirth that rolls over the audience wave on wave would infect him with the spirit of gayety. Marie Dressler and Charles Chaplin are the stars of the film and there isn't an idle moment in it. Seeing this picture you realize the necessity for the emergency hospital which the Keystone people maintain as part of their plant. Paul Gerson returns to the stage this week in a strong melodrama of the Chicago stock yards called "Her Price" and makes a big hit. Gerson represents a rare combination, a good actor-critic. The rest of the bill is on a high plane.

—The Second Nighter.

**Michael Williams' "Peace"**

Gwendolyn Williams who is to play the leading female character in the new sketch, "Peace," which is to be produced for the first time on March 7 at the Pantages Theatre, is a sister of Michael Williams, and Williams, with Malcolm Strong, one of the Carmel colony of writers, is the author of the sketch. Michael Williams has been working in newspaper and magazine paths for many years, but this is his first adventure in drama. He found it hard to break away from newspaper channels even for the stage, since his sketch is practically a dramatization of the series of articles which he recently wrote for The Examiner, when the peace crusade was his daily assignment for several weeks. "Peace" is an adaptation of the ancient morality to modern stage conditions. It is a symbolical presentation of the idea that what is wrong with man and his world just at present is what theology has been telling us since the beginning—namely, Sin. War and poverty and pain are battering upon Man, in the playlet, because he has turned from Peace to Sin and to selfishness, the right hand spirit of Sin. In the working out of this idea, the part of Woman which Gwendolyn Williams plays, has a large significance. Miss Williams—whose husband, Charles Leslie Adams, plays the part of Man—has had wide experience with first-class stock and traveling dramatic companies in Boston and New York. The star part of "Peace" is in the hands of Harold Howard Holland, to whom the conception of the idea of the play is due.

**Joint Concert by Alma Gluck and Zimbalist**

The big musical event of the season, a concert the like of which has not been heard in many years, will be the combination event by Alma Gluck, the glorious young prima donna, and the gifted Russian violinist, announced for Sunday afternoon, March 7, at the Columbia. Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist were married just a few months ago, and the present transcontinental tour is somewhat in the nature of a honeymoon journey. Although this combination concert is one of the most expensive events that Manager Greenbaum has ever arranged, he announces that the prices will be no higher than at the regular Alma Gluck concerts. The program will be a great feast of beautiful music. Mme. Gluck's contributions will include the Aria from Charpentier's "Louise" (Depuis le Jour), Schubert's "Der Neugirige," Beethoven's "Haiden-Roeslein," "Sonntag" and "Liebliche Wange" by Brahms and the following folk songs in their original text: (a) Hebrew "Maierke mein Suhn" arranged by Maurice Ravel; (b) Italian "La Colomba;" (c) Spanish "Tu;" (d) Scotch "Will Ye Gang, Lassie, Gang;" (e) French "Le Beger aux Champs;" (f) German "Der Jaeger;" (g) American (to be selected). Zimbalist's solo numbers will include the "Sonata" in E by Handel, "Let Petit Berger," Debussy, Aria, Bach, numbers by Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, and a "Russian Dance" of his own composition. Then the superb tones of Gluck's voice will blend with those of Zimbalist's "Strad" in renditions of Massenet's "Elegie" and Braga's "The Angel's Serenade." Manager Greenbaum hopes to induce them to add Schubert's "Ave Maria" to this group. Mail orders may be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's. Next Wednesday the offices will open at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia. The opportunity of hearing two such stars on one program does not present itself often, and the Columbia's seating capacity will probably be taxed to its utmost.

**Zimbalist, Master Violinist**

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Zimbalist, the brilliant young Russian master of the violin and one of the four greatest living virtuosi of "the instrument with a soul," will give his one and only recital of the season. He is an artist who possesses every requisite of the master-player. If you have any love for the music of the violin, you cannot afford to miss hearing Zimbalist. Assisted by the splendid pianist Chotzinoff, Zimbalist will play the important "Sonata" in D minor by Brahms, the seldom heard "Concerto" No. 9 by Spohr, Wieniawski's fantasie on Gounod's "Faust," two "Hungarian Dances" by Brahms, "Chanson Triste," Kalinnikow, "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler, and a group of four old classics by Haydn, Couperin, Handel and Rameau. Altogether it is one of the best programs of violin music ever offered. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia.

EFREM ZIMBALIST

At the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoon, February 28

**Maggie's Teyte's Two Concerts**

On Sunday afternoons, March 14 and 21, the famous English prima donna soprano, usually spoken of by the press of both Europe and America as "Marvellous Maggie Teyte," will give two unusual programs of song at the Columbia. Maggie Teyte's short life has indeed been a marvelous one, and now, at the age of twenty-five, she holds a position in the very front rank of the world's great vocal artists. At six her parents discovered that she had a remarkable voice; at eight she attracted attention by her singing at the convent where she was being educated; at ten she was accepted as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music in London; at thirteen she sang for Jean de Reszke, and although opposed to taking a pupil so young as a rule, he grasped the opportunity of securing the training of such a voice; at seventeen she made her debut in opera at Monte Carlo, and a few weeks later in Paris, and her success was unprecedented; at nineteen she met with a similar success at Covent Garden, London, and at twenty she captivated the music lovers of New York by her creation of the role of "Cinderella" in Massenet's opera at the Metropolitan. For the past four years Miss Teyte has been winning triumphs at the world's greatest opera houses as well as on the concert platform. In concert Miss Teyte specializes on old and modern French and English songs, and these, interspersed with her favorite operatic arias combine to make her programs quite different from any yet offered here. Mail orders for the Maggie Teyte concerts may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's. In Oakland Maggie Teyte will be heard at a special concert in Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 19, at 3:15. For this event mail orders may now be sent to H. W. Bishop, Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

**De Cisneros at Orpheum**

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Madame Eleonora de Cisneros who has the distinction of having made more appearances in the great opera houses of Europe and America than any other prima donna of American birth. For four seasons she was leading mezzo at Covent Garden; for two seasons at La Scala; and for two seasons at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. Valerie Bergere has the credit of having produced more successful one-act plays than any other actress in the world. This season she is presenting a melodramatic comedy by Edgar Allan Woolf entitled "The Locks of Panama" which is founded on fact. Ray Samuels, "the Blue Streak of Vaudeville," is in a class by herself. She is blessed with the comic spirit and a most magnetic personality, and sings her songs in a manner which is essentially her own. Ma Belle who leads her own ballet in a splendidly arranged series of dances, was brought to this country by the management of the New York Hippodrome where she scored an instantaneous triumph. Loughlin's clever canine comedians will perform a number of original stunts. With this program Hussey and Boyle; Oliver and Olp; "The Edge of the World;" and Whiting and Burt will close their engagements.

**Submarine Pictures at the Cort**

The unusual novelty of seeing what life is like under the surface of the ocean is now offered to the public, as the famous Williamson Submarine Motion Pictures will be shown at the Cort the week of February 28 to March 6, two exhibitions being given daily at 2 and 8:20 p. m. with a special matinee at 4 p. m. for the benefit of school children. The Williamson Expedition selected the waters around the Bahama Islands in the West Indies, for there the water is remarkably clear and marine life is in abundance. So clear did the inventors find the water that they were enabled to photograph objects at a distance of two hundred feet, while at the bot-

[illegible] of the scene. Three hundred thousand people flocked to see these amazing pictures in three months in New York City and the success has been duplicated in all cities where the remarkable films have been shown. An explanatory lecture is given with the pictures which are made to draw crowds to the Cort during the engagement, judging by the numerous inquiries that have been made as to the date of the exhibition in San Francisco. Arthur Hammerstein's "High Jinks" comes to the Cort Sunday, March 7.

### Cohan's Latest at Columbia

In the lampoon play of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" Geo. M. Cohan Company have that is to be presented at the Columbia beginning Sunday evening including matinees Wednesday and Saturday each week, theatregoers will find a dead in earnest melodrama intentionally gone wrong to the point of side-splitting burlesque under a cover of artlessness that is not removed until just before the last curtain falls. In fact "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is pure melodrama plus refinement and an additional element of satirical humor that is as delightful as it is unusual. It is said that not in years has such a combination of tense and dramatic situations reached the stage from an American author's pen. Mystery and thrills run rampant.

### The Misses Fuller at Sorosis

Lovers of what is interesting, lovely and unusual should not fail to attend the delightful recitals of the Misses Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller at Sorosis Hall, 536 Sutter street. These young ladies will give a different program each evening of the week of March 1 (except Tuesday) with matinees on Thursday and Saturday. The art of the Misses Fuller was thus treated in the Chicago Journal: "There is joy in the hearts of those who go to the Little Theatre these days, for Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller, those three charming specialists in British folk-song, are now occupying the tiny stage, and the demonstrations of their country's song-lore are entirely captivating, as indeed they always were. One hardly knows what to admire the more, the appearance of the artists on the stage, or the dainty accuracy with which they project their songs to the audience. The Fullers have a thorough knowledge of how to pronounce their words so that no syllable is lost to the audience, of how to make their words fall caressingly on the ear from their own sheer beauty, and of how to interpret and project many different emotions. This is a high art."

### Society Girls at Pantages

Fresh from Salt Lake are ten stunning society beauties who make up the chorus of "The Wrong Bed," the feature attraction on the new bill at Pantages. The production was written by Margaret Whitney, a young Salt Lake girl who has staged a half dozen musical comedy successes. The leading role will be taken by A. Morse Moon, a comedian who has scored a great personal hit with the piece. The action is interspersed with catchy songs and witty dialogue. Balaban, styled "the misleading vocalist," is the legitimate rival of Julian Eltinge. Balaban bears the distinction of having appeared at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre for seven successive weeks. He is a wonderful pianist and possesses a lyric soprano voice of remarkable sweetness. "Service," a thrilling railroad dramatic episode, with Harry Connell, Ethel Corley and company is one of the big hits of the new show. This act was written by Harry Girard, author of "The Alaskan," and is said to be an actual incident. The scenic effects show an express car running at full speed with a hold-up taking place in view of the audience. Nervus

MADAME LEONORA DE CENERO

Prima donna mezzo soprano next week at the Orpheum


Frank W. Healy presents

**THE MISSES FULLER**

(Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia)

of Shaftesbury Newton, Dorset, England

in

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH AND IRISH FOLK-SONGS

at

SOROSIS HALL

536 Sutter Street

Every Evening, Week of March 1st (except Tuesday), 8:30

Thursday and Saturday Matinees at 2:30

TICKETS $1.00 Evenings, 75c Afternoons

RESERVED SEATS at Sherman, Clay & Co. NOW

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY - - - - - CONDUCTOR

LAST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT

Season 1914-1915

**CORT, FRIDAY**

MARCH 5TH, 1915

Soloist Efrem **ZIMBALIST**

(VIOLINIST)

Seats: 75c to $2.00. Box and Loge Seats $3.00. Tickets on sale Monday March 1st at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Cort Theatre.

Mail orders with checks to FRANK W. HEALY, Mgr., Ethel Cort.

**ZIMBALIST**

VIOLIN VIRTUOSO

COLUMBIA THEATRE

THIS SUNDAY AFT., FEBRUARY 28, AT 2:30

Tickets, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and Columbia Theater.

Steinway Piano

THE SEASON'S BIG EVENT!!!

**ALMA GLUCK**

AND

**ZIMBALIST**

IN A JOINT CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 7, AT 2:30

Prices Orchestra, $2.00, Balcony $2.00, $1.50, Gallery, $1.00

Box Offices at above places next Wednesday A. M.

Address mail orders with funds to Will L. Greenbaum care Sherman, Clay & Co., Sutter and Kearny

Knabe Piano

**MAGGIE TEYTE**

"The Marvellous"

Prima Donna Soprano

IN TWO UNUSUAL PROGRAMS

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, MARCH 14-21

IN OAKLAND

Friday Afternoon, March 19, at 3:15

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Mason and Hamlin Piano

and Erwood have a comedy skit entitled "The Coal Man and the Maid." Argo, a young Italian, will offer sweet selections on the harp. The performance will open with a duo of clever English eccentrics, Cummin and Seamon. A two-reel Keystone comedy will also be shown.

### "The Clansman" at Alcazar

D. W. Griffith's latest achievement "The Clansman," a photodrama in twelve reels, is the attraction at the Alcazar, beginning Monday evening, March 1. The film is based on the novel by Thos. Dixon Jr. but it deals more broadly on its historical side with the life of the American nation than does the play or book. "The Clansman" is the greatest and most spectacular motion picture ever produced. It cost $500,000 to produce and seven months were consumed in staging it. "The Clansman" represents the very acme of art and realism in motion pictures. It deals with the American Civil War and the reconstruction period. A special musical program has been prepared for the film, including one hundred and sixteen old Southern airs. A chorus of trained voices will be an added attraction while the film is being shown. Owing to its length only two exhibitions will be given daily, the matinee starting at 2:15, with the evening exhibition commencing at 8:15.

"I see Boston girls are taking up culinary matters in the public schools."

"Learning to cut the pie, I suppose, into conic sections."

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did, but circumstances alter cases."

Mary had a little hunch
That pickles, milk and cake
Would make an appetizing lunch—
Now Mary has an ache.

When you write a note to "girlie,"
It's a note that may come due,
And for breach of promise surely,
She'll collect the wealth o' you.

Do not write to pouting "Peaches;"
'Phone her love's low wonder tale;
For you'll find the 'phone-made speeches
Are less deadly than the mail!

"Never give up," is a good motto, but the minister would hesitate to preach it just before the collection plate is passed.

Any artist can make his model stand around, unless he happens to be married to her.

## PEOPLES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

**Organized to establish a permanent orchestra to give symphony concerts of greatest excellence at minimum prices. Membership in Association including 2 reserved seats $1.00 per concert. General admission to concert 25 cents; reserved seats 50 cents.**

**Tenth Symphony Concert scheduled for March 4th has been postponed. Notice of date later.**

SCENE FROM WILLIAMSON SUBMARINE PICTURES
Killing a shark—Cort Theater February 28-March 6

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Department No. 10, Probate; No. 16330.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Order to show cause why application for leave to sell real property should not be granted.

Maria Borrone, the guardian of the persons and estates of Felice Borrone and Giulio Borrone, minors, having this day presented to this Court, and filed herein, her petetion, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to the said minors, either at public or private sale, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from the said petetion that it is for the best interests of and would be beneficial to the said minors, that the said real property described in said petetion or some part of it shall be sold,

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their said estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 Probate, in the court-room thereof in the Temporary City Hall, at No. 1231 Market street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of March, 1915, at 10 a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real property as prayed for in said petetion, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, February 19th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

(Endorsed):
Filed Feb. 19, 1915. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardian,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-4

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOPHIE RAU, deceased.—No. 18545; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ISABELLA LEWIS, executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deacesed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of Vogelsang & Brown, Room 807, Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sophie Rau, deceased.

ISABELLA LEWIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 27th, 1915.
VOGELSANG & BROWN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Room 807 Nevada Bank Building,
No. 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

"How do you like your new cook?"

"Why, professor, how did you know that I—"

"I noticed a strange thumb print on my soup plate."

Somehow or other it is always easier to make a mistake than to own up to it.


**CORT** Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Saturday Night
"The Whirl of the World"
BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, FEBRUARY 28
ONE WEEK ONLY
Daily at 2 P. M. and 8:20 P. M.
Special School-Children's Matinee Daily at 4 P. M.

**WILLIAMSON**
**SUBMARINE PICTURES**
Absolutely the First and Only Motion Pictures Ever Taken at the Bottom of the Sea
Motion Pictures of a Thousand Wonders
Night, Prices (Reserved), 25c, 50c, 75c
Matinee Prices, 25c and 50c
Next—Beginning Sunday, March 7, "HIGH JINKS"

**Orpheum**
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day
A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW
ELEONORA DE CISNEROS, Prima Donna Mezzo Soprano from Covent Garden, London, and La Scala, Milan; VALERIE BERGERE and Her Company Presenting Edgar Allan Woolf's Melodramatic Comedy "The Locks of Panama;" RAY SAMUELS, "The Blue Streak of Ragtime;" MA BELLE and Her Ballet; LOUGHLIN'S COMEDY CANINES; OLIVER & OLP; "THE EDGE OF THE WORLD." Last Week HUSSEY & BOYLE and WHITING & BURT.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

**ALCAZAR THEATRE**
PHONE KEARNY 2
Commencing Monday Night, March 1st
Every Evening 8:15. Matinees Daily 2:15
D. W. Griffith's Wonderful Photo Drama
**"THE CLANSMAN"**
or
"THE BIRTH OF THE NATION"
In Twelve Reels
Beautiful Romance of the South; 25,000 People in Cast; Greatest Battle Scenes Ever Staged; Artillery Duels, Infantry Attacks, Cavalry Charges, Famous Raids of Ku Klux Klan; Assassination of President Lincoln; Lee's Surrender to Grant; Last Days of the Confederacy; Costliest and Most Spectacular Motion Picture Ever Produced.
PRICES—Eveving, 25c, 50c, 75c; Matinee, 25c, 50c.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE**
The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason Streets
Phone Franklin 150
BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 28
Evenings, 50c to $2.00
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 25c to $1.50
COHAN'S BEST PLAY
**7 KEYS TO BALDPATE**
Laughs—Mystery—Thrills
With CYRIL SCOTT and ORIGINAL CHICAGO and NEW YORK CAST

**PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE**
MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
Whitney-McIntrye presents A. Morse Moon and Company of TEN REAL SOCIETY BEAUTIES in "THE WRONG BIRD," Lyrics and Music by Margaret Whitney; BALABAN, the Misleading Musical Marvel; HARRY CORNELL, ETHEL CORLEY & CO. in "SERVICE," a Gripping Dramalet of Railroad Life; NEVINS & ERWOOD, "The Coalman and the Maid;" ARGO, the Superior Harpist; CUMMIN & SEAMON, Comedy Eccentrics; TWO REEL KEYSTONE COMEDY.

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Wall Street finally woke up to the fact that nearly half of the world was at war when the advancing tendency of the market was checked early in the week by the less favorable international developments. The future looked bright until it became known that the Federal Administration had remonstrated against the use of the United States flag by British merchant vessels and against the war zone decree of the German Government. Some such protests were expected, but the seriousness of the complaints lodged against the naval tactics and policies of both belligerents had not been realized, or if realized had not been discounted. Stocks, bonds, grain and cotton went down together not so much because international complications involving the United States were feared, but for fear that trans-Atlantic transportation of American merchandise would become more expensive and still less efficient. Later in the week the bears again raided the market on the news that England was practically isolated from the continent. Supporting orders were withdrawn so that stop orders were caught and prices of the leading issues fell to new low levels for the present decline. Supporting orders were evidently renewed a little lower down and succeeded in checking the decline after which the market relapsed into dullness. If no further unfavorable development occurs next week to induce a renewal of foreign liquidation, the market should have a fair rally. Meanwhile the bears have this ever present factor to reckon with and are losing no opportunity to further the issue.

**Wheat**—The market the past week was again a very nervous affair, and prices were strong and then again decidedly weak at times, with the principal loss for the week in the July future. There is so much agitation by the leading commission houses in the trade against new commitments in the May future that this option was subject to big changes in price between quotations. The conditions, on the whole, were just as bullish as ever, as far as supply and demand for the old wheat is concerned, but sentiment was a little mixed as to the future of the July price, and this option was the target for the bears. At different times during the week, the market would become oversold and a quick rally of four to five cents would take place, which kept the trade in a feverish state. Exporters were in the market at all times, and it is said all the available wheat in store has been sold to go out as soon as navigation opens. Primary receipts showed some increase last week, as the condition of the country roads showed some improvement, and the visible supply is not expected to show a very large decrease for the week. Foreign political developments were against the bulls, as insurance rates were advanced and it was reported that England was practically isolated from the continent. Germany's threat to sink all neutral vessels in the war zone was commented on adversely. 'Tis a hard market to forecast and while prices will work higher, frequent setbacks must be expected as long as conditions remain as they are.

**Corn**—The corn market was heavy all week, and even when wheat showed an advancing tendency, corn failed to respond. This cereal has been advanced into the 80's, not because of anything bullish in the statistical position, but because a good many outside traders, rather than take a chance in wheat, bought corn on the theory that corn was worth the money at the big discount under wheat. This argument does not seem to hold good, as stocks of corn are now three times as large as last year, and while there has been some corn taken for export from time to time, the volume has been so small that it has had very little effect on the visible supply. The Eastern demand for corn has been practically nothing, and while at times the Southwest has been in the market, it was only for a limited supply. The cash price is selling at a big discount under the futures, and the big carrying charge is attractive to the elevator man. We can see no good on the buying side of corn at this level, and believe prices are too high, all things taken into consideration.

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SUMMONS

In the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

FRANK J. EGAN, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL BREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of the Justices' Clerk of said Court.

The People of the State of California to DANIEL BREEN, Defendant, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before JAMES G. CONLAN, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County, State of California.

Make legal service and due return hereon: By order of the presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

Given under my hand this 6th day of October, 1914.

ROBERT W. DENNIS, Justices' Clerk.
By J. J. SWEENEY, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-6-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DEBORAH PATTERSON, Deceased; No. 18463, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, A. O. Colton, Room 514 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased.

SALLIE K. ROBERTS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Deborah Patterson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

A. O. COLTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 514 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 16,550; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as Camp 1, containing 110 acres of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract, lying, situate and being in Contra Costa County, State of California, and more definitely described in said petition, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, City of San Francisco, on the 1st day of March, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day then and there to show cause if any they have, or any one of them may have, why the realty, viz, 110 acres of Camp 1 of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract belonging to said Estate should not be leased to M. Udihara for the crop year ending December 1, 1915, at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-third of beans to be sacked and delivered on the levee, it being understood that all of said premises shall be planted to beans save and except that said Udihara shall have the privilege of sowing 15 acres of said premises to barley without any rent to the Estate, but that if he should plant or sow more than 15 acres to barley then that the Estate shall have one-third of all the barley raised and harvested on the acreage in excess of 15 acres, said one-third share to be delivered in the sack on the levee. For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for 2 successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated February 9, 1915.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for J. C. Franks Estate,
1053-1055 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-20-2

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST WEGENER, Deceased; No. 18440, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of August Wegener, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, 900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of August Wegener, deceased.

CATHERINE WEGENER,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of August Wegener, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS, Attorney for Administratrix,
900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5


**The German Savings and Loan Society**

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial

**526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO**

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The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 16,550; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as Camps 3 and 4, Dos Rios, which is all of Subdivision "C" of the Dos Rios Reclamation Company's Tract, lying, situate and being in Sacramento County, State of California, and more definitely described in said petition, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, City of San Francisco, on the 1st day of March, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, or any one of them may have, why the realty, viz. 428 acres of Camps 3 and 4 of Subdivision "C" of the Dos Rios Reclamation Company's Tract belonging to said Estate should not be leased to P. Ghidossi for the term of one year beginning December 20, 1914, and ending December 1, 1915, at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-half of all wheat raised and cropped on said premises in the sack on levee ready for shipment at cost of lessees; and why the remaining 40 acres more or less of said Camps 3 and 4 should not be leased to O. E. Anderson for the crop year ending December 1, 1915, at a rental of Nineteen ($19.00) Dollars per acre, rent payable in equal installments on October 1, and November 15, 1915. For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for two successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated February 9th, 1915.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for J. C. Franks Estate,
1053-1055 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-20-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Bacigalupi & Elkus, 807 Bank of Italy Building, Montgomery and Clay Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.

NELLIE BARBETTA,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH BARBETTA, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 30th, 1915.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
807 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
1-30-5

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.

MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1176 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 6, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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## Europe to Be Reformed

A National Peace Organization has been formed in Chicago, the purpose of which is to urge President Wilson to form a combination of neutral nations with a view to putting an end to the war. The members have committed themselves to several very important principles touching the politics of Europe which they have resolved to reform. Indeed it is their purpose to apply to the intercourse of nations certain principles drawn from new theories of natural justice and morality. They are in favor among other things of the abolition of armament and the prohibition of the manufacture of ammunition for gain. It is easy to perceive that these good peace propagandists have many difficulties to overcome. Nations that are neutral today may be among the combatants tomorrow. And even President Wilson cannot be sure that he will be able to take the matter up in the role of a neutral. Further, were he to do so he might incur the enmity of nations that are now not at all unfriendly. The notion is prevalent in England and France that for the future peace of Europe this war must be fought to a finish, and in those countries an effort on the part of our Chief Magistrate to form a combination of neutral nations would be regarded with resentment and pronounced pernicious, rather than pacific, activity. These are among the things that have not been dreamt of in the philosophy of the world reformers of Chicago. These folks, by the way, are typical American reformers who spend all their time solving burning questions. At the head of them is Jane Addams, a busybody person, who has distinguished herself as an ultra Progressive in politics. She was one of Colonel Roosevelt's lieutenants, and she is looked up to as a woman of superior intelligence. But we see that at close range she is precisely of the same mental stature as the most solemn and most important of the three tailors of Tooley street.

## The Heroes of Germany

From Berlin by special despatch to the New York Sun comes the news that the most popular man in the German capital is Field Marshal von Hindenberg. The popularity of this veteran soldier is not at all singular. The man with the courage and the faculty to do is of the stuff that mankind worships. And the brilliant strategist who saved his country from invasion, the hero of the Germans today, will be a hero also to their posterity. There is reason for the popularity of von Hindenberg, but what is the explanation of the popularity of the Crown Prince? He comes after von Hindenberg in the affections of the people. He comes before his father. The proof of his popularity is that the Kaiser's style of mustache has gone out of fashion owing to the craze for the tooth-brush style worn by the heir to the throne. Now the popularity of the Crown Prince at this time is not a sign that the war is likely to bring democracy into favor in Germany, as we have been told by a number of wise men whose wisdom does not carry with it the discretion that halts at prophecy. War, by the way, is never conducive to the spread of democracy. War makes heroes, and for their heroes people erect pedestals and thrones.

## Advice from Yale

President Hadley of Yale has been giving young men some good advice, but it was accompanied by a sentiment that we should not expect a college president to avow. The advice was addressed to young men with their way to make in the world. According to President Hadley they should not go into politics. Now most of us will agree that if a man can do anything else, he should keep out of politics. For contemporary politics is dirty work. And to make clean work out of one's part in it is to expose oneself to the calumnies of an unscrupulous press. But this is not President Hadley's reason for advising young men with their way to make in the world to keep out of politics. His reason is that they may "succumb to temptation." This is a Puritanical reason. The Puritan is in mortal terror of temptation. Not for him the ineffable joy of the consciousness of a conquered temptation. It would seem that President Hadley has not a very clear understanding of the objects of a university training. One of the objects is to furnish young men with character, and to the growth of character temptation is almost indispensable. "It is," says Dr. Hadley, "only the man with an independent income who can with safety and honor accept a position in Congress." What is the danger that besets the pathway of a Congressman? Is it the danger of receiving a bribe? Or is it the danger of becoming a demagogue? We have never been able to determine which we should be the most eager to discourage—the bribe-taker of small means or the political mountebank with a private fortune. From both the country has suffered much, but we have been so optimistic as to believe that by the judicious training of our young men the public service might in time be greatly improved along with the quality of our statesmanship. Hence it is somewhat disheartening to hear a college president, who ought to be urging a sacrifice of pecuniary prospects to the hope of an honorable public career, advising young men to keep out of politics. The country is really very sorely in need of men of education and character in public life, for with the extension of the principles of Democracy the public service has rapidly deteriorated. And unfortunately this is one of the few civilized countries that are almost barren of educators competent to train men for a public career.

## The Seer and His Epigrams

The winged wordsmith of Palo Alto is still flitting hither and thither with his hobby in his beak. This great expounder of the war carried owls to Athens the other night; that is to say, he went over to Berkeley, and poured himself out in a flood of verbiage within earshot of the college dons, thus deliberately trespassing on their preserves. From Berkeley we have received a letter of protest against the Jordan invasion, and we suspect that the author of it is a member of the University faculty. He has given us a critical dissertation on the Jordan speech, which, he says, was "a labored effort at epigrammatic utterance." Of this he is convinced because a few of the soporific sentences were quoted verbatim in Jordan's best booster, the Bulletin, and labeled "Chancellor Jordan's Epigrams." Our correspondent quotes these sentences, and asks what we think of them. We refuse to be thus tempted into criticism. The fact is we are beginning to sympathize with Dr. Jordan. When a man who is not a thinker, only a talker, and who is addicted to the habit of giving articulate form to the confused ideas that are bubbling in the minds of his contemporaries, finds that he has exhausted his subject he must either quit talking or compound sentences that have something of the epigrammatic ring. It is thus he may avoid giving the impression of damnable iteration; for even platitudes when epigrammatically expressed have the savor of smartness, and they are the delight of small minds, as fireworks are of children.

## A Sign of the Times

Credulity is an infirmity we all share, and all things considered the unsophisticated unit of the mob is not more susceptible to imposture than the superior person who prides himself on his intellect. The man in the street is impressed by the soapbox orator who has simple schemes for solving complex economic problems that perplex

statesmen. But is not the superior person similarly attentive to the solemn doctrinaire who contemplates international problems in the dry light of abstract theory? This doctrinaire who is impatient of the slow processes of cosmic evolution may go right into a college town among the so-called cultured, and harangue them with pert epigrams, and they will listen to him as though Pallas having issued all armed between his lips were unfolding a profoundly philosophic didactic process. We have seen at least one doctrinaire going about discussing the psychology of Armageddon and prescribing for the perpetual abatement of hostilities. These things he has been doing for the edification not of a mob at a street corner but of superior persons in a hired hall; and nobody has laughed. This extraordinary person doesn't mind indicting a large group of nations in the course of an evening. In an epigram or two he will glibly epitomize the race traits of peoples and fatal imperfections of governments in several parallels of oratorical latitude. His mind's eye is more far reaching than the telescope on Mount Hamilton, and with it he can penetrate the very marrow of the motives of the Chancellories of Europe and Asia. National tendencies are at the end of his tongue. He reels them off with a fine swing of certitude almost as impressive as the cocksureness of a Socialist at Sacramento legislating for the suppression of the rich and the perennial enrichment of the poor. A Daniel come to international judgment, he straddles a sign of the Zodiac, surveys the earth, tells you what the matter is with Germany and expounds all the shortcomings of France. He finds that democracy might have saved Europe, but omits to explain how it happens to be fighting cheek-by-jowl with monarchy and in partnership with an Oriental despotism. Give the man his head and he would evacuate Belgium, settle the Home Rule Question in Ireland, disestablish the Church of England, disband the army and navy of the United States, make the drinking of grape juice compulsory, and generally modify the face of the world very considerably. To be sure his utterances are of interest as a revelation of the personality of a great American educator, but for international purposes, good or evil, they possess no more importance than the bellowings of a prize bull. This doctrinaire is merely indulging in the favorite American pastime of talk for talk's sake, but he has risen to the dignity of a sign of the times, since he is listened to by the elect and applauded for his profound philosophic insight.

### The Inquiry That Never Came

Where are the plain facts that were to be placed before the people in case the opposition to the ship purchase bill was not withdrawn? We have been waiting for them ever since January when the Cloud Gatherer at Washington was threatening to terrify the Senate with his thunders. In those days there was much talk of deep plots and stratagems on the part of the opponents of the President's pet measure. It was intimated that they were the agents of a shipping trust, and charges were hinted at, and an investigation was promised. Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo was going about frothing at the mouth, so great was his rage against everybody who was resisting the efforts of the Chief Magistrate to usurp the powers of the legislative branch of the government. Of the same temper of mind was Secretary Redfield. He was bristling with hints of a terrible scandal that would overwhelm the opponents of the bill if they remained recalcitrant, and he predicted that when the facts were put before the people there would be a great rush of statesmen eager to "get out of the way of public opinion." Instead of showing signs of alarm the opposition grew bold and defiant. The President was urged by his opponents to start his investigation, and they went so far as to put a resolution through the Senate calling for an investigation not only of the shipping trust but of all the influences at work for or against the bill. "If there is a shipping trust," said one of them, "bring it out and show it up." And there were sceptics who derided the Administration, scoffed at it, and intimated that the President had been doing something worse than bluffing, something hardly consistent with the high moral character of a pure, pious and holy Administration. "Harpoon the leviathan," they said, "if he can be found in the sea of suspicion, tow him to the shores of fact and cut out the blubber of him." But this was not all. "Let us inquire into the motives of the most conspicuous advocates of this bill," they said. "Let us ascertain if the owners of the ships that have been interned" are taking an active interest in the bill that Mr. McAdoo is so heartily and feverishly recommending. Thus we see there was a fine prospect of a good scrap. Unfortunately the emotions of all hands have subsided.

### Following Roosevelt Instead of Lincoln

President Wilson's friends and admirers realize that his zeal carried him a little too far in his fight for the ship purchase bill. While it may be argued that the President is not without precedent when he presumes to dictate to Congress, or even when by mean and groundless insinuation he attempts to intimidate and coerce members of the Senate, yet it is not to be gainsaid that the precedent is of very poor quality. Mr. Wilson himself will not hesitate to affirm that he does not regard Mr. Roosevelt as a good model. Indubitably he would rather follow the Constitution as interpreted by Lincoln than pursue a course of conduct that had little more than a Roosevelt precedent to justify it. Lincoln gave us his interpretation of the Constitution with reference to the powers of the Executive in his Pittsburg address of February 15th, 1861. Speaking of the President's powers of recommending and vetoing measures he said: "It is supposed that he may add to these certain indirect influences to affect the action of Congress. My political inclination strongly inclines me against a very free use of any of these means by the Executive to control the legislation of the country. As a rule I think it better that Congress should originate as well as perfect its measures without external bias." If President Wilson had modeled his behaviour on Lincoln's he might have been spared much mental anguish. For of course the President as a consequence of his bullying and his bluffing and his failure to overcome argument with cruel imputations, has experienced something of chagrin and humiliation. His sense of self-respect must have been grievously wounded, at least on one occasion, the one on which Senator Clapp in the White House rebuked the President for presuming to discuss the ship purchase bill with him. Senator Clapp's conception of the relations between the Executive and the Senate is perhaps similar to that of Stephen A. Douglas who refused to permit President Buchanan to do what President Wilson has seen fit to attempt. "Whenever," said Douglas, "you recognize the right of the Executive to say to a Senator, 'Do this, or I will take off the heads of your friends,' you convert this government from a republic to a despotism." Again: "Whenever you recognize the right of a President to say to a member of Congress, 'Vote as I tell you or I will bring a power to bear against you that will crush you,' you destroy the independence of the Representative and convert him into a tool of Executive power."


## SPECIAL NOTE

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# Varied Types

## CCXIX—SAM DAVIS

By Edward F. O'Day

"When the Forty-Nine Camp reopens there will be no cause for complaint. It will be as nearly chemically pure as possible."

Thus Sam Davis of Nevada and San Francisco. Sam Davis ought to know. He is the publicity man of the Forty-Nine Camp. More than that, he is the originator of the Forty-Nine Camp idea.

"I started the first Forty-Nine Camp ever built," says Sam Davis. "That was at the Midwinter Fair. It was built by Major Frank McLaughlin and made $280,000 in six months. But the Major didn't profit much. He was swindled by some crooks he had around him."

"Were they right in shutting down this camp?" I asked.

"I don't blame them a bit," said Sam Davis. "It proved such an attraction that it got away from us. There were twenty thousand people there the first day, and we took in $6,000. They began to hit it up pretty lively and we couldn't stop them.

"Walker Smith, the President of the company and General Manager of the Camp, tried his best to clamp down the lid but the public were in there for a wild time and had it.

"One of the complaints was that some women visitors lined up at the bar to drink. Well, they insisted on doing that. They wanted to get their feet on the rail. There will be none of that when the camp reopens. Just the same, I've seen ladies drinking at the Press Club bar on ladies' night. And the day Modjeska visited the Midwinter Fair (a cleaner woman never lived) she came to the Forty-Nine Camp, threw vegetables at the actors in the tough theatre, played the roulette wheel for real money and then spent the sixty dollars she won buying drinks for everybody in the house.

"When the camp opens again we'll try to show more of the poetry and romance of the old days. We'll have a lynching bee, for instance."

"Did you ever see a lynching?" I interrupted.

"No," said Sam Davis, "I didn't, but I saw four train robbers hanged in one day at Carson. And I saw Vasquez hanged in San Jose. I did the hanging for the Chicago Times. And that reminds me. Some days before the hanging the Chicago Times wired me to send them everything I could get on the exploits of Vasquez. The newsboys of San Jose were selling pamphlets about him for twenty-five cents a piece. I bought one and paid a man five dollars for copying it in long hand. Then I mailed it to Chicago. I wired a column story when Vasquez was hanged. The Chicago Times gave a whole page to Vasquez' career and referred editorially to its enterprise in getting such a long story by wire, besides complimenting the Western Union for transmitting it without a single mistake!

"But to get back to the camp—Another attraction will be an occasional killing. It will be a good killing because it will be carefully rehearsed by good actors."

"Did you ever see a killing in a mining camp?" I asked.

"A number of them," answered Sam Davis. "One in particular I remember very well. A gambler was shot and killed as he was bending over a billiard table. He fell to the floor and his body lay half-way under the table. It was several hours before the coroner arrived, and meanwhile I saw the players straddle the body several times to make their shots. Another day Joe Goodman overheard two men disputing which should kill a certain man. They both claimed the right to do it. So they shook dice and the winner walked out. In five minutes he had killed his man. This happened in Virginia City.

"They we're going to give a play in the camp. And in that connection I'd like to ask you if you have ever seen these verses."

Davis handed me the following:

Said a woman's soul to a woman's heart:
"I live forever, but dust thou art;
For despite the fire that today doth burn,
Tomorrow you die and to dust return."
And the heart replied to the soul, and said:
"Though alive today and tomorrow dead,
My hour of life is worth to me
More than your years of eternity.
For I'll love and I'll laugh and I'll sin and say:
'What shall it matter? The soul will pay.'"

"They were given to me by a friend who found them in manuscript in an old drawer," explained Sam Davis after I told him that the lines were new to me. "I used them in a short story called 'Champagne Liz.' Champagne Liz was a woman of the mining camps who never drank anything but wine. One night the coyotes chased her into an abandoned tunnel near Treasure Hill. There was a landslide that night and the tunnel was blocked. Years after when Treasure Hill was deserted her skeleton was found by prospectors. There was a purse containing a five dollar gold piece beside it. The prospectors took the skull down to the old hotel, set it on the bar, dug up a bottle of champagne, tossed the gold piece into the dusty cash drawer and drank Champagne Liz's health after pouring the first glass between her jaws. In my story about her I have her calling on the Lord to let her win at roulette so she can give her winnings to a fund for building a church. She puts a hundred dollars on the seven, wins thirty-five hundred and gives the whole thing to the church. The story won a hundred-dollar prize in a short story contest. The editor sent me a check and a note saying he could not publish the story because it was blasphemous. I sent the check back, saying that an editor who didn't believe the Lord could order the rolling of a roulette ball would deny that the Lord could control the swing of the planets, and that I didn't want money from anybody who denied the Lord's omnipotence. Well, the story has been published since, and an actor friend of mine dramatized it. It's going to be played at the camp.

"So you see, we'll have nothing objectionable, but we will show the public the romantic and poetical side of the old days.

"And, by the way, I'm trying to arrange for one feature which is bound to attract attention."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well," said Sam Davis, "Sarah Bernhardt is a good friend of the Camp. We sent her this cable the other day: 'Sorry to hear of operation. Can we exhibit your leg at the Forty-Nine Camp, World's Fair? Proceeds to go to charity.' And do you know what she replied?"

I shook my head.

"She cabled back to us: 'Which leg?'" said Sam Davis.

"I've written some verses, with due apologies to Kipling's 'Danny Deever,' concerning the closing of the camp," concluded Sam Davis.

And he handed me the following which is entitled The El Dorado Raid:

'Why are these cops a moochin' round?"
Says Arizona Red.
"To close us up. To close us up,"
The faro dealer said.
"Why don't you let me call the turn?"
Said Arizona Red.
"The Exposish won't stand our work,"
The faro dealer said.
"They've put the clamp upon the Camp;
The games are standin' still;
Which makes the road a rocky one
And mostly up the hill.
So I'm hikin' for Nevada
Where a sport can git his fill,
An' I'll pull my freight for Reno in the mornin'."
"Why don't the croupier spin the ball?"
Says Arizona Red.
"Because the cops are at the door,"
The faro dealer said.
"Where shall I put this stack of chips?"
Said Arizona Red.
"I'd be a skeered to cash 'em in,"
The faro dealer said.
"For clear across the bar room wall
The skidoo sign is writ;
It's twenty-three and down and out;
The sports have got to quit.
And them what hasn't got a roll
Will have to hit the grit.
So my ticket's bought for Reno in the mornin'."
"The crap and monte games are closed,"
Says Arizona Red.
"They've got to be. They've got to be,"
The faro dealer said.
"They're packin' up the cards and dice,"
Says Arizona Red.
"They'll come in handy somewhere else,"
The faro dealer said.
"For here the boys won't have no use
For all their tools and traps.
For we are told we can't deal bank
Or make a pass at craps.
The sports have got the Minin' Camp
All coppered on their maps,
So it's me away to Reno in the mornin'."
"Percentage poker ain't cut out?"
Says Arizona Red.
"As sure as threes'll beat two pairs,"
The faro dealer said.
"Then what in thunder can we do?"
Says Arizona Red.
"Go play old maid, or move down town,"
The faro dealer said.
"We're up against the real thing;
The old time game is done.
And for your hard earned money
You'll never git a run.
So you'll have to take to solitaire
Or deal the cards for fun;
So your uncle's off for Reno in the mornin'."
"But can't we dance the tango
In the hall across the street?"
"I s'pose we can if we step slow,
And tread light with our feet.
But raggin' in the Minin' Camp
Is now a deadly sin.
Down town the same is all the go
And cops don't run you in.
When you go out to see the sights
And tread the Jimtown floor,
They kick if you shoot out the lights
Or pack a forty-four.
And every time you take a drink
The town sets up a roar.
So I guess I'll strike for Reno in the mornin'."

# Perspective Impressions

Note by our weed expert: The crop of Exposition poetasters is unusually large.

Elbert Hubbard favors the circulation of daily newspapers in penitentiaries. As a punitive measure, no doubt.

Painstaking perusal of the dispatches shows that every battle on the eastern front is being won by both Russians and Germans.

At least the big motor race accomplished one good thing. It taught a lot of people how to pronounce Grand Prix.

Caution to Frank Burt anent his lidding of the Forty Nine Camp: By all means keep the Zone temperate, but look out you don't make it arctic.

The Sultan's harem has been transferred from Constantinople to Broussa in Asia Minor. When the time comes for a landing force to attack Broussa there will be no lack of volunteers.

John Burroughs says that Bernard Shaw is the most conceited literary man in the world, thus proving that John Burroughs is among the most obtuse.

How is it that no preacher thought of opening a branch church on the Zone?

Have you noticed that your country cousin who never touches a drop at home doesn't object to an Exposition drink or two?

"The Gospel of Jesus Christ," says the Rev. G. S. Burlingame, "is the most modern movement in history." So modern that it has yet to be felt in some pulpits.

Conventional preachers accuse Billy Sunday of selfishness, avarice and vulgarity. Billy is no philanthropist. He wants all the money in sight, but it's a man's job swinging sinners over the jaws of Tophet and dipping their feet in perdition.

Says the Rev. Joseph Sibley: "It is a conspicuous significance in the pushing forward of the chariot wheels of religion that thirteen great denominations are engaged in a united campaign for a definite survey and presentation of the situation of the foreign populations of America." Is there not something of significance in this futile, cryptic verbiage of a minister who probably wonders why so few people go to church?

If the President keeps on predicting prosperity he will some day be hailed as a prophet.

Maybe automobile races serve some utilitarian purpose. But what is it?

In England there is much criticism of Germany for making terror an element of modern war. Yet just before the war the Militant Suffragette was employing terror as an argument, and the Government was unable to refute it.

In the Senate the other day it was reported that the masses of Mexico were on the verge of starvation. Nevertheless they must be allowed to work out their salvation in their own way, for such is one of the principles of international altruism as laid down by our worthy idealist at Washington. And meanwhile we shall view with horror the sufferings of the peoples of Europe.

The Examiner hates prize fighting on account of its brutality and the barbarous instinct to which it appeals, but automobile racing that calls for doctors and ambulances, and that people pay to see with the expectation that somebody will be killed and mangled in their presence is in high favor with our contemporary. But there is a lot of money in automobile advertising.

# On To Constantinople

**The Bombardment of the Defenses of the Dardanelles May Be the Beginning of the End**

**By Robert McTavish**

Apparently it is to the East we must look for the element of surprise and drama in this great war. It is to the East that we must look for a decisive victory, not to the varying line of trenches from Flanders to the Alps, nor yet to the Prussian frontier, but farther away where something may happen that will result in big changes among the Balkan States. The Allies are eager to be joined by Rumania and Bulgaria, and this is one of the reasons why at this moment they are battering the forts of the Dardanelles. This is the most important strategic movement of the war, for the Turks have been playing a very important part on the side of the Teutonic allies. The Russians have not been able to spare men enough to deal with the Turks, and the defeat of Enver Bey on his rush into the Caucasus was far from decisive. It did not even reduce his armies to a passive defense. They have been threatening ever since to march on Tabriz for the invasion of the Caucasus. In fact the Turks have worried Russia a great deal and this is why the Franco-British fleet undertook to make the passage into the Sea of Marmora with a view to the reduction of Constantinople. The immediate military results of this achievement would be of tremendous importance. It would mean the virtual elimination of the Turks and the release of large Allied forces in the Russian Caucasus and Egypt. But far more important would be the political effects. With the Allies in control of Constantinople, they would be in a position either to make terms with Bulgaria or to coerce her into silence, and thus release Rumania for action against Austria. And the Allies have been working hard to get Rumania into the war. At the same time representatives of the Rumanian Government have been working to that end. Several of them were recently in Paris on an official mission. Among them was M. G. Diamandy, Rumanian Deputy, who said at a dinner given by French statesmen that Rumania would soon join the Allies. "Rumania," he said, "is coming in with the Allies because Rumania simply cannot remain out, either from interest or sentiment, whether considered from her direct national considerations or from the view of the general balance of power in Europe." At the dinner M. Paul Deschanel, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, was in the chair, and the Bulgarian, Greek and Servian Ministers were present. M. Diamandy made a closely reasoned speech, in which he showed that Rumanian intervention was not only certain, but inevitable, and how ill-advised the other smaller neutral States were to remain outside. M. Deschanel, in a striking speech, pointed out how the progress of recent events was forcing Rumania into line. The result for Rumania could not, he insisted, fail to be happy. There was every hope that the Balkan States would be able to come to an amicable settlement of their local questions. "Never before," he concluded, "has there been a war the outcome of which has been more calculated to bring peace, justice and freedom to continue the natural development of all the small nations. Now is the time to seize the opportunity, which may never occur again in a generation, to sort out disputed matters. Servia has shown the way, and Rumania follows. Bravo, Rumania! The extinction of the Teuton nightmare means the advance of all the smaller nations."

Now with the Allies in control of Constantinople Rumania will surely join them, and with the prospect of immense political changes in the Levant, the strain upon Italy's self-imposed neutrality would become severer than ever. Italy's interests in the Aegean, in Albania, in the entire Mediterranean basin, would urge her to join hands with the Allies. Measured by possible results, the Allied fleet could afford to pay any price for success in the Dardanelles. It might conceivably make the end of the war a question of a few months. But there is an enormous task before the Allies, for there are coast batteries that have been brought to a high state of efficiency by German engineers. The feat of passing the forts, by the way, was accomplished by a British fleet under Sir John Duckworth in 1807. Unfavorable headwinds kept Duckworth from Constantinople after he had made the run of the Straits, and he was compelled to make the passage of the Straits a second time under a heavy fire; though it may be that for such close work the old wooden ships were more adaptable than the highly intricate naval machines of today.

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# An Egyptian Hornet

By Algernon Blackwood

The word has an angry, malignant sound that brings the idea of attack vividly into the mind. There is a vicious sting about it somewhere—even a foreigner, ignorant of the meaning, must feel it. A hornet is wicked; it darts and stabs; it pierces, aiming without provocation for the face and eyes. The name suggests a metallic droning of evil wings, fierce flight, and poisonous assault. Though black and yellow, it sounds scarlet. There is blood in it. A striped tiger of the air in concentrated form! There is no escape—if it attacks.

In Egypt an ordinary bee is the size of an English hornet, but the Egyptian hornet is enormous. It is truly monstrous—an ominous, flying terror. It shares that universal quality of the land of the Sphinx and Pyramids—great size. It is a formidable insect, worse than scorpion or tarantula. The Rev. James Milligan, meeting one for the first time, realized the meaning of another word as well, a word he used prolifically in his eloquent sermons—devil.

One morning in April, when the heat began to bring the insects out, he rose as usual betimes and went across the wide stone corridor to his bath. The desert already glared in through the open windows. The heat would be afflicting later in the day, but at this early hour the cool north wind blew pleasantly down the hotel passages. It was Sunday, and at half-past eight o'clock he would appear to conduct the morning service for the English visitors. The floor of the passage-way was cold beneath his feet in their thin native slippers of bright yellow. He was neither young nor old; his salary was comfortable; he had a competency of his own, without wife or children to absorb it; the dry climate had been recommended to him; and—the big hotel took him in for next to nothing. And he was thoroughly pleased with himself, for he was a sleek, vain, pompous, well-advertised personality, but mean as a rat. No worries of any kind were on his mind as, carrying sponge and towel, scented soap and a bottle of Scrubb's ammonia, he traveled amiably across the deserted, shining corridor to the bathroom. And nothing went wrong with the Rev. James Milligan until he opened the door, and his eye fell upon a dark, suspicious-looking object clinging to the window-pane in front of him.

And even then, at first, he felt no anxiety or alarm, but merely a natural curiosity to know exactly what it was—this little clot of an odd-shaped, elongated thing that stuck there on the wooden frame-work six feet before his aquiline nose. He went straight up to it to see—then stopped dead. His heart gave a distinct unclerical leap. His lips formed themselves into unregenerate shape. He gasped: "Good God! What is it?" For something unholy, something wicked as a secret sin, stuck there before his eyes in the patch of blazing sunshine. He caught his breath.

For a moment he was unable to move, as though the sight half fascinated him. Then, cautiously and very slowly—stealthily, in fact—he withdrew towards the door he had just entered. Fearful of making the smallest sound, he retraced his steps on tiptoe. His yellow slippers shuffled. His dry sponge fell, and bounded till it settled, rolling close beneath the horribly attractive object facing him. From the safety of the open door, with ample space for retreat behind him, he paused and stared. His entire being focused itself in his eyes. It was a hornet that he saw. It hung there, motioneless and threatening, between him and the bathroom door. And at first he merely exclaimed—below his breath—"Good God! It's an Egyptian hornet!"

Being a man with a reputation for decided action, however, he soon recovered himself. He was well schooled in self-control. When people left his church at the beginning of the sermon, no muscle of his face betrayed the wounded vanity and annoyance that burned deep in his heart. But a hornet sitting directly in his path was a very different matter. He realized in a flash that he was poorly clothed—in a word, that he was practically half naked.

From a distance he examined this intrusion of the devil. It was calm and very still. It was wonderfully made, both before and behind. Its wings were folded upon its terrible body. Long, sinuous things, pointed like temptation, barbed as well, stuck out of it. There was poison, and yet grace, in its exquisite presentment. Its shiny black was beautiful, and the yellow stripes upon its sleek, curved abdomen were like the gleaming ornaments upon some feminine body of the seductive world he preached against. Almost, he saw an abandoned dancer on the stage. And then, swiftly in his impressionable soul, the simile changed, and he saw instead more blunt and aggressive forms of destruction. The well-filled body, tapering to a horrid point, reminded him of those perfect engines of death that reduce hundreds to annihilation unawares—torpedoes, shells, projectiles, crammed with secret, desolating power. Its wings, its awful, quiet head, its delicate, slim waist, its stripes of brilliant saffron—all these seemed the concentrated prototype of abominations made cleverly by the brain of man, and beautifully painted to disguise their invisible freight of cruel death.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, ashamed of his prolific imagination. "It's only a hornet after all—an insect!" And he contrived a hurried, careful plan. He aimed a towel at it, rolled up into a ball—but did not throw it. He might miss. He remembered that his ankles were unprotected. Instead, he paused again, examining the black and yellow object in safe retirement near the door, as one day he hoped to watch the world in leisurely retirement in the country. It did not move. It was fixed and terrible. It made no sound. Its wings were folded. Not even the black antennae, blunt at the tips like clubs, showed the least stir or tremble. It breathed, however. He watched the rise and fall of the evil body; it breathed air in and out as he himself did. The creature, he realized, had lungs and heart and organs. It had a brain! Its mind was active all this time. It knew it was being watched. It merely waited. Any second, with a whiz of fury, and with perfect accuracy of aim, it might dart at him and strike. If he threw the towel and missed—it certainly would.

There were other occupants of the corridor, however, and a sound of steps approaching gave him the decision to act. He would lose his bath if he hesitated much longer. He felt ashamed of his timidity, though "pusillanimity" was the word thought selected owing to the pulpit vocabulary it was his habit to prefer. He went with extreme caution towards the bathroom door, passing the point of danger so close that his skin turned hot and cold. With one foot gingerly extended, he recovered his sponge. The hornet did not move a muscle. But—it had seen him pass. It merely waited. All dangerous insects had that trick. It knew quite well he was inside; it knew quite well he must come out a few minutes later; it also knew quite well that he was—naked.

Once inside the little room, he closed the door with exceeding gentleness, lest the vibration might stir the fearful insect to attack. The bath was already filled, and he plunged to his neck with a feeling of comparative security. A window into the outside passage he also closed so that nothing could possibly come in. And steam soon charged the air and left its blurred deposit on the glass. For ten minutes he could enjoy himself and pretend that he was safe. For ten minutes he did so. He behaved carelessly, as though nothing mattered, and as though all the courage in the world were his. He splashed and soaped and sponged, making a lot of reckless noise. He got out and dried himself. Slowly the steam subsided, the air grew clearer, he put on dressing-gown and slippers. It was time to go out.

Unable to devise any further reason for delay, he opened the door softly half an inch—peeped out—and instantly closed it again with a resounding bang. He had heard a drone of wings. The insect had left its perch and now buzzed upon the floor directly in his path. The air seemed full of stings; he felt stabs all over him; his unprotected portions winced with the expectancy of pain. The beast knew he was coming out, and was waiting for him. In that brief instant he had felt its sting all over him, on his unprotected ankles, on his back, his neck, his cheeks, in his eyes, and on the bald clearing that adorned his Anglican head. Through the closed door he heard the ominous, dull murmur of his striped adversary as it beat its angry wings. Its oiled and wicked sting shot in and out with fury. Its deft legs worked. He saw its tiny waist already writhing with the lust of battle. Ugh! That tiny waist! A moment's steady nerve and he could have severed that cunning body from the directing brain with one swift, well-directed thrust. But his nerve had utterly deserted him.

Human motives, even in the professedly holy,

(Continued from Page 12.)

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXVII—FAREWELL TO BOHEMIA

(The fire of 1906 did not destroy the old [illegible] occupied quarters in that historic building. One night while the great fire was still smouldering, the little crowd of Bohemians to whom Coppa's was as home gathered there to bid farewell to the old place. The food and drink—even the water for the coffee had to be [illegible] and the soldiers who were bivouacking in the street had orders not to interfere with the revelry. It proved one of the merriest feasts ever given at Coppa's. Lionel Josephare the poet was among those present, and he celebrated the affair in the following verses.)

By Lionel Josephare

Adieu to the earthquake, farewell to the flames—
The twelve of us wassailed in looted sauterne.
Our hearts 'mid the ruins still played the old games;
For the business of hearts is to ruin and burn.

'Twas at Coppa's, where oft we had flung the confetti;
(We didn't do that—I aver the thing solely
To make the line rhyme with his wiggling spaghetti—
And also, in passing, his famed ravioli.)

Around us, Destruction had painted in black
The bricks and beams of the tumbledown city.
Night gave to the scene an impressionist smack:
We pitied the smash-up, and danced in our pity.

Why not? In eternity beauty is tinder.
There are graves all around us, wherever we dance.
The city had fallen wide, cinder on cinder;
Like ghosts we returned there and laughed in a trance.

Gone were the subtle, risotto-fed waiters;
Sleek, slow-eyed, cash-registering Felix was gone.
'Twas a donation feast eaten by the donators;
On one table only our candles, three, shone.

But around in the shadow a phantasmagoria
Of memories dined with us, nodded and gleamed.
Dear unknown friends and many a glory a
Man would give half of his soul to've redeemed.

In fancy's far colors they spectrally sat—
O lavenders, purples, pale grays and faint yellows!—
The women asmile with Bohemian chat:
The maidens light-laughing at devilish fellows.

A trick of the brain! ('Tis easy for genius,
Though our food had been recently quite unsublime—
A diet corned-beefy, mixed-pickly, sardineous,
—No matter); the vision is gone for the time.

Thus hedged in with flame-eaten alleys and castles,
Full snugly at Coppa's we mumble and laugh.
The camp-fires, the sentries, the night-bugling vassals,
Keep guard on the streets: to them let us quaff.

So here's to the twelve of us! Here's to the best,
And the prettiest, merriest, bravest in brawl.
Gladdest, loveliest, brainiest, quickest in jest,
Wisest, staunchest and finest and greatest of all.

# The Spectator

### The Clockwinder at the Fair

"It's a great show that we are pulling off out there at North Beach," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock by way of opening up a conversation with Harbor Commissioner Dwyer.

"I don't think much of the Yacht Harbor," Dwyer observed in a sort of growl.

"There you go!" said the clockwinder. "The first knock I've heard. Because they didn't consult the Harbor Commission about it you're sore. You're a bad critic, Joe. A bad critic is a critic who overlooks great and countless beauties while trying to find some minor detail to kick at. As a matter of fact, Joe, the Yacht Harbor is a gem. If you want something to knock go down the Zone, and knock the prices of some of the bum shows that scream to heaven. Or you might help along the management by giving it some pointers. Or you might take a five-minute ride on the miniature automobile train at ten cents a throw, and then you will feel like roaring your head off. There are many ways of getting stung at the Fair. In some of the shows you'd have to be a wizard to get your money's worth, but there are some worth while."

"I see they put the lid on The Forty-nine camp," said Dwyer.

"Yes, I inquired about that, and I found out that some of the ladies connected with the management were shocked to find it realistic. It was too much like the real thing. The ladies demanded a chemically pure Forty-nine camp, one in which everything is idealized. And I see the Examiner is standing in with the ladies. It would be dreadful according to the Examiner to caricature the gallant Pioneers."

"Well, it would," said Dwyer. "Heartily I agree with the Examiner."

"Well, there's only one way to caricature the Pioneers," the clockwinder observed.

"How is that?" Dwyer asked.

"By making them look like a lot of New England Puritans on a camp meeting jag. The Pioneers were a lot of virile men, and they liked excitement and strong liquor, and they gambled and made love to strange women, and yet some of them would be shocked at things on the Zone that nobody is objecting to."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, for one thing the streets of Cairo. The Pioneers stood for many things, but they never saw a muscle dance, and it would look pretty raw to them."

### Some Hidden Charms

"On the whole you appear to be a booster for the Fair," said the Harbor Commissioner.

"I am," said the clockwinder. "I'm strong for it. I've seen several World's Fairs, and this is the greatest of all of them. The only criticism I have to make is that the imported showmen who are running it haven't the brains to appreciate it. They really don't know what they've got. To a stranger the marine views are the biggest feature, and most of them are hidden. It was not until my fifth visit that I got on to the fact that there is a steam railroad that parallels the Golden Gate. The Presidio is really a part of the Fair. It is Uncle Sam's biggest exhibit, and there is a cliff road in the Presidio, from which there are marine views that would thrill an Egyptian mummy. Now it seems to me that attention should be directed to this big Government exhibit, and that there ought to be direct connection between the main Fair Grounds and the Presidio with all its manifold charms. But don't think I'm a kicker. I'm a booster. The only genuine kick I've got is against a booth in the Educational Building, the booth of the Prohibitionists. If there is one place those exploiters of crass ignorance and intolerance should be excluded from it's a building devoted to the cause of education. For these people are admitted to the Fair as educators why not admit the anti-Vivisectionists, the anti-Vaccinationists, the Vegetarians, and the innumerable other non-scientific propagandists that have made American civilization look like a conglomeration of isms and osophies?"

### Doctor Aked's Break

Dr. Aked contributed to the exercises when the Japanese Building at the Exposition was dedicated last Wednesday. He contributed the worst faux pas, the most impertinent ineptitude that it has been this city's lot to stomach in many a long day. The scene of Dr. Aked's gaucherie was Festival Hall. The audience was a large one, including Admiral Uriu, Commissioners Yamawaki and Hirada, Consul General Numano, Charles C. Moore, Governor Johnson, Mayor Rolph, General Murray, Bishop Hanna and a number of prominent World's Fair officials. Dr. Aked, it is important to note, was not asked to speak by the Exposition officials. He took part in the exercises at the request of the Japanese who have conceived the deepest admiration for

Dr. Aked since he began to manifest strong Japophile tendencies. The speeches had been courteous, correct and diplomatic up to the moment when Dr. Aked began. He paid glowing tribute to the Japanese, and enlarged on the friendly relations existing between their Government and ours. And then, looking pointedly at Governor Johnson, Dr. Aked said: "Of course there have been some little episodes of an unpleasant nature in and about Sacramento—." It was dropping a bomb into a peaceful gathering. General Murray started, C. C. Moore dropped his head, Mayor Rolph frowned, Bishop Hanna looked surprised, and Governor Johnson became purple with rage. The Japanese preserved diplomatic decorum. To look at them you might suppose they understood not a word of what the doctor said. But as they walked away from Festival Hall they talked with animation in Japanese and laughed softly a great deal.

**Moore Follows Aked**

The Aked faux pas is not the only one that has already gone into the history that is in the making in the white light of the Tower of Jewels. In the ocean of oratory that foamed and frothed in the New York Building Monday evening on the occasion of the banquet in honor of the Glynns our own darling Charley Moore was deserted for a brief space by his good genius. In the spontaneous effervescence of thought and fancy which comes of collision with other minds in moments of social excitement Charley was guilty of one of those inadvertencies which leave qualms and misgivings on the sensitive and reflective temperament. Now the worthy President of the Exposition is no post-prandial spellbinder, but he has had a world of practice since it fell to his lot to become the President of the Exposition, and though his speeches may not scintillate with wit he is at least articulate. For all I know he may have made a very good speech Monday night, but as I was not at the feast I know nothing of the speech save what I find reported verbatim in the Examiner. And the Examiner quoted nothing but the faux pas.

**The Faux Pas**

Whether it was through inadvertence that the Examiner quoted only that part of the speech which it would have been gracious to omit I am not informed, but with all due deference I am inclined to suspect that the selection was by malign design. According to the Examiner Mr. Moore in the course of his speech addressed himself to Norman E. Mack saying: "Since you are the most prominent New Yorker to come and go since the work of this Exposition began I ask you to carry back to the people of New York State a message, etc., etc." As a specimen of naive invidious distinction this is delicious. In the presence of former Governor Glynn, the guest of honor, the man who helped San Francisco get the Fair, it was probably a little embarrassing. And considering that in the Examiner office Mr. William R. Hearst is sincerely regarded as "the most prominent New Yorker," I believe I am justified in conjecturing that the quotation from the Moore speech was made with deliberation. Of course Mr. Moore meant to address Mr. Mack as the Chairman of the Commission, but, as I have said, his good genius deserted him.

**Excessively Prandial**

Henry Torchiana, the genial Consul General of the Netherlands and Commissioner General for the Dutch kingdom at the World's Fair, was returning from the Exposition the night before the formal opening on February 20. Near him on the front of the Union street trolley car was a laboring man.

"Is it going to rain tomorrow?" asked the laboring man.

"I do not know," was Torchiana's not unnatural reply.

"But I suppose you hope it won't rain?" said the laboring man.

"Most assuredly I hope it won't," said Torchiana.

"I hope it pours!" said the laboring man.

"Why do you feel that way?" asked Torchiana.

"Because I'm disguted with this Fair," said the laboring man. "I was born in San Francisco, and I've lived here all my life, and all I made out of the Fair was a hundred dollars. These Fair people make me tired. All they do is to have banquets."

"But at least, my friend," said Torchiana mildly, "they pay for these banquets out of their own pockets."

"I don't care who pays for them," exclaimed the laboring man. "They eat too much just the same!"

**Dickman's Picture**

Charles Dickman did not send any of his canvases to the World's Fair jury, and when the Fair opened there was nothing in the Palace of Fine Arts to represent the masterly work of one of our greatest artists. That deficiency has since been repaired. Director General of Fine Arts Trask and the members of the western jury have requested Dickman to send at least one canvas, and Dickman has complied. The request was a signal honor, and Dickman would have been less than human had he failed to comply with it. The picture which he has sent to the Palace of Fine Arts is one of the finest Dickman ever painted. It has hung for a number of years in the private collection of Joseph D. Grant of Burlingame. There is a story connected with it which Joe Grant is fond of telling. When Charles Dickman was a struggling artist engaged in the difficult business of "finding himself," it became known to some of his friends and admirers in the Bohemian Club that he longed to go to Paris for further study. These men quietly got together and made it possible for Dickman to realize his dream. One of these friends was Joe Grant. When Dickman returned and opened a studio here he asked Grant to drop in and see his pictures. Grant promised to do so, but forgot the promise. So Dickman called on him again and took him to the studio. Grant was charmed with Dickman's work. For one picture in particular he expressed the warmest admiration. Next day Dickman sent him that picture, and it has been a treasured possession of Grant's ever since. I have said that Grant is fond of telling this story. I think I know why. Doubtless like most men who have had much to do with artists he has found them too often selfish and ungrateful. Charles Dickman is emphatically not that sort of artist.

**Sterling Was Overlooked**

The California Society of New York had a banquet at the St. Regis the night the Exposition was opened. They talked by phone to San Franciscans gathered here in the Old Faithful Inn, and streams of oratory were turned loose under the direction of that accomplished post-prandialist John McNaught. One of the invited guests was Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, the poet who has celebrated San Francisco as "The City That Will Not Repent." Lindsay read two of his poems and was made much of. I have seen a list of those present, and I noted the names of Bobby Aitken, Martin Egan and Harry Varian, good San Franciscans all. But one name was conspicuous by its absence. The poet who wrote the "Ode to the Opening of the Panama Pacific International Exposition" was not invited


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to this celebration. Doubtless you have read that Ode. You haven't? Then make haste to do so, for it will live when a hundred other effusions inspired (or near-inspired) by our Fair have been completely forgotten. I wonder how the California Society of New York explains its failure to invite George Sterling to that banquet?

### Whitman Wants the Glory

There were plans afoot for the dedication of the New York Building at the Exposition on Tuesday, February 23. But the plans came to naught, and there will be no formal opening of the building for some time to come. The story runs that Norman Mack, the chairman of the New York P. P. I. E. Commission, wired Governor Whitman to ask if he had any objection to the formal opening of the building on that date. Now Norman Mack is a prominent Democrat; he was appointed to the commission by former Governor Martin Glynn who arrived here about the same time as Mack. Whitman, of course, is a Republican. He is also a politician with a firm belief in personal aggrandizement and a determination to bathe in the spotlight every time it is turned on. So he sent a very tart reply to Mack. The New York Building will be dedicated about two months hence, and Governor Whitman will be on hand to overshadow Mack and Glynn.

### The Troubles of Mayor Rose

Mayor Rose of Los Angeles, like the genial, neighborly mayor that he is, came up to San Francisco for the opening of our Exposition. He's back in the metropolis of chemical purity now, and is realizing that a Los Angeles mayor's life is not a happy one. Mayor Rose has two troubles which may be designated as a speech and an expense account. As to the first trouble: Mayor Rose was entertained by the Downtown Association. In the course of the entertainment he made a speech. In the course of the speech he uttered these words: "San Francisco is not like Los Angeles, and I hope she never will be. If this be treason, make the most of it." Well, you can imagine what an uproar there was when that remark was wired to Mayor Rose's town. The prominent cits frothed at the mouth, and all the civic bodies threw conniption fits. Opinion was divided as to whether Mayor Rose should be tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail, or simply boiled in oil in the middle of Spring street. "If that be treason—." Well, I should say it was treason, and Los Angeles is certainly making the most of it. Poor Mayor Rose. He enunciated a truism, a bromide of the bromides, but he might better have launched his mind on the waters of daring originality, considering the effect of his words. Los Angeles has been mortally wounded by its mayor in the sensitive region of its amour propre.

### The Expense Account

But Mayor Rose has another trouble. This is his expense account. When the Mayor started for San Francisco the Los Angeles Council appropriated $500 of pin money for his personal use on the junket. Now $500 is not much money for the mayor of one municipality to blow in on an occasion when the whole world is felicitating a neighboring municipality. It's a goodish sum when you're paying your bills, but a mere drop in the silver bucket when you're opening wine. But to the pinchpenny Puritans of Los Angeles, to the transplanted Middle Westerners whose idea of wild dissipation is a nickel's worth of pop corn and a split of grape juice, to the jitney joyriders who suffer pangs every time they open their stiff-hinged purses—to these $500 is a small fortune. So they were exceedingly unhappy when Mayor Rose put those five hundred "iron men" in his pocket and came north. They could think of nothing else. That appropriation became an obsession. And the burning question, to be heard on street corners, in uplift meetings and in church socials was, "Will he bring any of it back?" Mayor Rose didn't bring any of it back, and there has been consternation in Los Angeles ever since. The manner in which this matter is regarded may be judged from an article in the Los Angeles Examiner of February 27 which says: "The finance committee of the Council had a lingering hope that the Mayor might have an unexpended balance of about $300 to refund to the treasury." And the Herald of the same date wrote that there was "much curiosity in official circles concerning the expense account." So you see I am not exaggerating. When it comes to Los Angeles penuriousness, there is no room for exaggeration. Mayor Rose better look out; they may recall him for generosity which is a crime in Los Angeles.

### The Mayor Enlightened

Mayor Rolph received a visit from the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock last Tuesday afternoon, and gave him an hour of his valuable time. "I am glad to meet you," said the Mayor. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, there is," was the prompt reply. "You can fire the Chief of Police for me."

The Mayor gasped with astonishment. "What have you got against the Chief of Police?" he asked.

"Not a thing," said the clockwinder, "but I know we need more cops in town. Every time I attempt to cross Market street I'm nearly run over by a jitney. I know the chief cannot spare any more men for the traffic squad. I know that San Francisco has fewer cops in proportion to population than any city in the world. I know all about these things."

"Then why blame the Chief of Police?" the Mayor asked.

"I blame him for holding his job when he knows that unless he gets out the Examiner will not stand for increasing the force."

By this time the Mayor was deeply interested; also, somewhat amazed, for he well knows the clockwinder is a person with many sources of inside information. "Are you sure of what you say?" he asked.

"Dead sure. The Examiner wants the Chief's job. The fellow that runs the paper has sworn to get the job. He's sore on the Chief because he thinks White is too friendly with the editor of the Bulletin."

"You don't mean to say that the Examiner is attacking the police department just because somebody on the Examiner hates the editor of the Bulletin."

"That's precisely what I meant to say. My dear Mayor, these newspaper editors when they get all swelled up over their jobs behave like a lot of children. And this fellow on the Examiner is the worst of the lot. Did you see the swat he gave the Grand Jury the other day? He just ordered the Grand Jury not to report in favor of more cops. He's a sort of Bombastes Furioso. Thinks he's running the town, and I'm afraid (now don't get angry), I'm afraid that he is running almost everybody but Eddie Graney. So if I were you I'd fire the Chief."

The clockwinder withdrew, leaving the Mayor in a deep brown study.

### No Vote of Thanks for Andy

The executive committee of the Civic League of Improvement Clubs met recently to act on the various charter amendments. The committee


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decided to work against amendment number two which provides for the union label on all city printing. Last Thursday the report of the executive committee was laid before the league. Supervisor Andy Gallagher was present at this meeting to argue against the action of the executive committee on the second amendment. As a result of his representations the league reversed the action of its executive committee. Next night at the meeting of the Labor Council a delegate arose and moved a vote of thanks to Andy for this achievement. President Murphy refused to put the motion.

"If Brother Gallagher," he said, "would only keep us posted about these matters of interest to the Council we would gladly see that he had assistance in his work for the cause of labor."

Secretary O'Connell also spoke against the vote of thanks, saying:

"I have been active in the Labor Council for many years and have often appeared before civic and other bodies, but I have never asked for a vote of thanks for my work."

### The Origin of Jitney

I notice that the philological experts of the University of California are up in the air about the word "jitney." The word-sharps over in Berkeley have attacked the subject from every possible angle—so we are told—and have made nothing of it. Professor Hart solemnly declares as the result of his stupendous labors that "jitney" is not English. Professor Wells after infinite research announces to a waiting world that he "thinks" it a foreign hybrid. Professor Noyes, no doubt after thumbing all the Slav dictionaries, lexicons, glossaries and thesauri this side of Vladivostock, denies that it is Russian. Professor Hopper, it may be after burning the midnight tungsten for weeks and weeks, asserts that it is not Yiddish. And so the foundling remains without a parent. Lest these learned professors waste any more time, let me give them a tip which comes to me from a man of tenacious memory and wellnigh encyclopedic knowledge. "I first heard the wird 'jitney,'" he says, "about twenty years ago. It was used by Teddy Alexander, an Australian trainer who came to this city with the lightweight champion Kid Lavigne. I heard him use it on the old Bay District Race Track where he became a familiar figure. As he used the word it meant 'five.' Alexander was from Sydney. I afterwards heard racing men from Melbourne use it in the same sense. It became a common enough word at the track, and was used indiscriminately of five cents or five dollars, the context indicating which was meant. I take it that 'jitney' must have come from Australia."

### On the Hellespont

I quote from a despatch in Sunday's paper: "The enemy encountered in Kum Kale were driven out over the Mendere Bridge, which was partially destroyed. Two new 4-inch guns, concealed near the Tomb of Achilles, were also destroyed."

Reader, did you thrill when you read that? Did it light a fire in your imagination? Did it send your mind adventuring back through the ages to those spacious days in the youth of the world when horsemen and footmen clashed on the windy plain of Troy? Four-inch guns at the Tomb of Achilles! The modern weapons of warfare emplaced on the funeral mound of the mighty hero whose armor was fashioned in the smithy of Vulcan! Was ever the stirring life of today linked with the romance of antique times in a more picturesque manner? I confess that when I reached that sentence in the despatches I forgot all about the Anglo-French fleet battering its way into the Dardanelles. There were no Dardanelles for me. My thoughts leaped back across the centuries to the golden age of myth when this passage was the Hellespont, "guilty of true love's blood."

### Hero and Leander

I forgot that new-fangled names had replaced the classic nomenclature as I mused that those waters now troubled by the steel prows of dreadnaughts had once been buffeted by the lusty strokes of Leander swimming from Abydos to Sestos where Hero dwelt, "Hero the fair, whom young Apollo courted for her hair." Where is now Hero's tower, witness of a love that preceded death for both lovers in these same waters? Do the men of the fleet think of Hero and Leander "whose tragedy divine Musaeus sung" as their great guns hurl shells to the European and the Asiatic side of the straits? Or do they think of the club-footed poet who emulated the feat of Leander and sang proudly of his achievement: "These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne?" I'm afraid there is little thought of Marlowe's sugared lines or of Byron among the men of the attacking fleet.

### The Argonauts

The fleet of the Allies is following the route that Jason and his Argonauts traversed in their quest of the Golden Fleece. Is there as brave a company on board the great vessels of the line as set sail in the gallant little Argo? Hercules was there, and Theseus, and Orpheus, "tuneful bard," and Nestor, and "those illustrious twins," Castor and Pollux. Not even for the siege of Troy was there so splendid an assemblage of heroes as this that set forth to Colchis in the bark that Argus built. Truly these waters of the Hellespont are the waters of romance. And all the land they wash is sacred to poetry. Thrace and Mysia and Troy have other names today, but those of us who learned our geography adventuring by land and sea with those old demigods prefer the inspiring Greek syllables by which

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Homer and Hesiod, Virgil and Ovid knew these enchanted regions. And will the Allies please point those four-inch guns away from the Tomb of Achilles?

**Desperadoes, Not Heroes**

Since the death of Frank James, the last of the notorious James gang, newspaper writers have been telling of his romantic adventures and of the bravery of himself and companions, especially when he was fighting for the South with the notorious Bill Anderson. The plain fact is that neither Anderson, the James boys or any of the gang ever did any fighting whatever for the South. They were not soldiers, and they did not belong to any recognized Southern or Confederate command. They were simply outlaws and desperadoes of the worst class, who took advantage of the general suspension of law and order to rob, plunder and murder for their own benefit and pleasure. Bill and Jim Anderson, desperadoes from the western border, organized the gang from deserters from both armies, outlaws, Indians and escaped convicts. They raided small towns and villages in Missouri, robbing banks and stores regardless of the political bias of the owners. They discriminated only to the extent of killing all who were known to be Union men. Fighting Union troops was the last thing they wanted, neither did they waste time or effort in tearing up railroads and burning bridges; robbery and murder was all that interested them, and there was nothing whatever heroic or patriotic in their career.

**The Crush at Techau's**

If it were customary for cafes to hang out an S. R. O. sign after the manner of theatres enjoying a heavy run, Techau Tavern would seem to be in danger of being obliged to resort to this emblem of success on Wednesday nights, which are known as Carnival Nights. So popular have these gala nights become that the Tavern is crowded to capacity every Wednesday evening. Fun-making souvenirs are presented to everybody and the true carnival spirit prevails. There are Candy Dances every evening of the week, when the ladies receive wonderful souvenir boxes of the superior confectionery of Foster and Orear, whose magnificent store on Grant avenue is one of the most delightful places in the whole shopping district.

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# An Egyptian Hornet

(Continued from Page 7.)

are an involved affair at any time. Just now, in the Rev. James Milligan, they were quite inextricably mixed. He claims this explanation, at any rate, in excuse of his abominable subsequent behaviour. For, exactly at this moment, when he had decided to admit cowardice by ringing for the Arab servant, a step was audible in the corridor outside, and courage came with it into his disreputable heart. It was the step of a man he cordially "disapproved of," using the pulpit version of "hated and despised." He had overstayed his time, and the time was in demand by Mr. Mullins. Mr. Mullins invariably followed him at seven-thirty; it was now a quarter to eight. And Mr. Mullins was a wretched drinking man—"a sot."

In a flash the plan was conceived and put into execution. The temptation, of course, was of the devil. Mr. Milligan hid the motive from himself, pretending he hardly recognized it. The plan was what men call a dirty trick; it was also irresistibly seductive. He opened the door, stepped boldly, nose in the air, right over the hideous insect on the floor, and fairly pranced into the outer passage. The brief transit brought a hundred horrible sensation—that the hornet would rise and sting his leg, that it would cling to his dressing-gown and stab his spine, that he would step upon it and die, like Achilles, of a heel exposed. But with these, and conquering them, was one other stronger emotion that robbed the lesser terrors of their potency—that Mr. Mullins would run precisely the same risks five seconds later, unprepared. He heard the gloating insect buzz and scratch the oilcloth. But it was behind him. He was safe!

"Good morning to you, Mr. Mullins," he observed with a gracious smile. "I trust I have not kept you waiting."

"Mornin'!" grunted Mullins sourly in reply, as he passed him with a distinctly hostile and contemptuous air. For Mullins, though depraved, perhaps, was an honest man, abhorring parsons and making no secret of his opinions—whence the bitter feeling.

All men, except those very big ones who are supermen, have something astonishingly despicable in them. The despicable thing in Milligan came uppermost now. He fairly chuckled. He met the snub with a calm, forgiving smile, and continued his shambling gait with what dignity he could towards his bedroom opposite. Then he turned his head to see. His enemy would meet an infuriated hornet—an Egyptian hornet!—and might not notice it. He might step on it. He might not. But he was bound to disturb it, and rouse it to attack. The chances were enormously on the clerical side. And its sting meant death.

"May God forgive me!" ran subconsciously through his mind. And side by side with the repentant prayer ran also a recognition of the tempter's eternal skill: "I hope the devil it will sting him!"

It happened very quickly. The Rev. James Milligan lingered a moment by his door to watch. He saw Mullins, the disgusting Mullins, step blithely into the bathroom passage; he saw him pause, shrink back, and raise his arm to protect his face. He heard him swear out loud: "What's the d—d thing doing here? Have I really got 'em again—?" And then he heard him laugh—a hearty, guffawing laugh of genuine relief—"It's real!"

The moment of revulsion was overwhelming. It filled the churchly heart with anguish and bitter disappointment. For a space he hated the whole race of men.

For the instant Mr. Mullins realized that the insect was not a fiery illusion of his disordered nerves, he went forward without the smallest hesitation. With his towel he knocked down the flying terror. Then he stooped. He gathered up the venomous thing his well-aimed blow had stricken so easily to the floor. He advanced with it, held at arm's length, to the window. He tossed it out carelessly. The Egyptian hornet flew away uninjured, and Mr. Mullins—the Mr. Mullins who drank, gave nothing to the church, attended no services, hated persons, and proclaimed the fact with enthusiasm—this same detestable Mr. Mullins went to his unearned bath without a scratch. But first he saw his enemy standing in the doorway across the passage, watching him—and understood. That was the awful part of it. Mullins would make a story of it, and the story would go the round of the hotels.

The Rev. James Milligan, however, proved that his reputation for self-control was not undeserved. He conducted morning service half-an-hour later with an expression of peace upon his handsome face. He conquered all outward signs of inward, spiritual vexation; the wicked, he consoled himself, ever flourish like green bay trees. It was notorious that the righteous never have any luck at all! That was bad enough. But what was worse—and the Rev. James Milligan remembered for very long—was the superior ease with which Mullins had relegated both himself and the hornet to the same level of comparative insignificance. Mullins ignored them both—which proved that he felt himself superior. Infinitely worse than the sting of any hornet in the world: he really was superior.


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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**The Nude at the World's Fair**

The esthetes of Burlingame, the dilettantes of Hillsborough and the connoisseurs and amateurs of the city's exclusive set are in the midst of an interesting art controversy. The debate is going on at tea and supper dances, at bridge parties and in the more or less formal Lenten gatherings where conversation has a better chance than it gets at the first named functions, and the question at issue may be put thus: When is a nude merely naked? Or it may be presented thus: When does the nude cease to be artistic and become merely indecent? The controversy began on the opening day of the Fair when a number of our most important matrons visited the Palace of Fine Arts. There are on display there a number of splendid nudes, masterpieces of light, color and drawing. There is for instance Philip Leslie Hale's "Sun Bath," a nude female figure of entrancing loveliness before which a large crowd may always be found in rapturous worship of the art which glorifies the human body. The impression which this canvas makes upon the beholder may be judged from a remark I overheard the first time I gazed upon it. A woman near me remarked to her escort in tones which carried half way across the room: "Yes, I am quite sure that when it was hung at the Chicago Fair it was framed differently." Here was a woman who had carried the memory, not only of the picture but of its frame too for twenty-two years!

**The Nudes in Question**

But there are other nudes in the Palace of Fine Arts of a more questionable character. These are the nudes which some of our society critics regard as merely naked, which they dub indecent. About these the controversy rages, and it is a real controversy with two sides of well balanced argument. The echoes of this controversy reached the Bulletin office, and caused Mr. John D. Barry, the Bulletin's New England conscience, to write: "The unsophisticated judgment, free from Continental bias, might have objected to the almost gratuitous use of nudity. For a popular exhibition, even the widely-traveled and broad-minded lover of art might have been persuaded that a concession to prejudice could have been made without any great damage to art." That is putting the case cleverly, though no more cleverly than some of our society matrons have put it in my hearing.

**Breakfast in Bed**

You will easily recall the picture which started the controversy when I describe it to you. It is the picture of a young lady sitting up in bed with the manifest intention of taking breakfast. The breakfast things are beside her. The young lady is evidently in possession of a nicely heated boudoir, for the possibility of taking cold has not entered her pretty head. She has thrown aside the covers, and it apepars that she cultivates a custom which was quite general about three hundred years ago. That is to say, she is in the habit of doing without a night robe. It appears too that when she awakens and is ready for the morning coffee she scorns the comfort of a peignoir. In other words, this young lady breakfasts in bed in the same condition in which Lady Godiva rode through the streets of Coventry, and the only Peeping Toms are the students of art who visit the gallery where she hangs. It is true that the lower part of her body is veiled by a drapery—it may be a veil or it may be an exceedingly filmy serviette—but this serves only to call attention more emphatically to her exposed condition. And that is why the picture incurred criticism. As I say, a group of fashionable matrons viewed this canvas en masse. Opinion immediately divided. "Indecent," said one young matron whose views are worth noting. "Brazen creature," said another of a more conventional outlook. "A fine work of art," quietly interposed a third. "Nobly conceived and executed with masterly technique," supplemented a fourth who has used a palette herself. The debate thus begun has spread through many coteries. Parties have been made up for the particular purpose of inspecting this picture.

**The Case for the Picture**

The argument on behalf of the picture is couched in various terms. "To the pure everything's rotten," I have heard one vivacious matron say. She has no patience with those who keep a New England conscience, she declares. And she clinches her case by quoting the Garter motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Another lady who is bookish yet bold refers her opponents to Bernard Shaw who, she says, has written that the suggestion, gratification and education of sexual emotion is one of the main uses and glories of the fine arts; that body and soul must be impartially catered to in art; and that the production of a voluptuous ecstasy is well within the legitimate province of the painter. This, she says, justifies the picture of the young woman breakfasting in bed. She has been so frank in defending the picture on these grounds that even some who have arrived at her conclusion from different premises look at her askance. "Heaven help the young person who is brought up to believe that an undraped figure is an abomination" is another of her remarks which has caused something of a sensation.

**Against the Picture**

There are bookish matrons on the other side of this debate. One of them created a profound impression by quoting Lessing (whom nobody in her particular circle had read) as writing: "To

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act with a purpose is what raises man above the brutes; to invent with a purpose, to imitate with a purpose is that which distinguishes genius from the petty artists who only invent to invent, imitate to imitate." From this she draws a severe corollary. The man who painted this picture, she avers, is worse than a petty artist because he painted with a bad purpose, namely an impure purpose. She has also declared that Aristotle was of the opinion that pictures should not be shown to young people lest their imaginations be inflamed. And she adds with emphasis, "If I caught my boy looking at that picture I'd spank him." Others take the lofty stand that the picture is not art at all, but simply sensationalism of a vulgar sort. They claim that the artist painted that picture just to arouse the sort of controversy which is now under way. "It will finally come to adorn the wall of some flashy saloon," is the way one of these critics expressed it contemptuously. I have summarized only a few of the things which have been said since this dispute started. And I leave the question open for settlement. Is the picture a work of art, or is it an indecency? So far I have refrained from mentioning names, but I may yet induce some of the matrons whom I have quoted to express themselves over their signatures.

### A Romance of the Stage

It is a great pleasure to be able to announce that that seemingly inveterate bachelor of stagedom, Timothy Daniel Frawley, has been snared by the love god in the soft meshes of nuptial romance at last. Frawley is now a Benedick, and his Beatrice is charming little Peggy O'Neill, the star of "Peg o' My Heart." Frawley and his bride did not wish to take the public into their confidence on the subject of the marriage, and so cleverly did they manipulate the wires that the issuance of the marriage license was kept a deep, dark secret. So was the news of the marriage which was performed in this city quite recently by a Catholic priest. There were rumors of course, for Frawley and the sweet little actress were seen together a great deal at the St. Francis where both were registered, during the last run of "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort. But Frawley strenuously denied the marriage, and George Moser, representing Oliver Morosco with the "Peg o' My Heart" company, professed ignorance on the subject. Mrs. Frawley is a very charming young lady and so good an actress that she has aroused the jealousy of Laurette Taylor (Mrs. Hartley Manners) who created the role of Peg.

### The Passing of Rodjestvensky

There was a tragedy involved in the latter days of Count Rodjestvensky, the Russian Consul General to San Francisco who died here last week. The name itself is suggestive of big world affairs as it was the Consul's uncle who commanded the ill-fated Russian fleet that was beaten by the Japanese in the recent war between Japan and Russia. This fleet started without a hope, undermanned and badly-formed. Its higher officers knew when they sailed that they were going to certain defeat and probable death. The state of their nerves was shown by the unfortunate shooting at the English trawlers off the Dogger Banks in the North Sea as they started on their voyage of doom. The nephew was the son of a famous Russian economist and derived his income from the royalties of the novels which his father wrote in his later years. He was married to the daughter of a well known Philadelphian and was very prominent in local society circles and a member of the Pacific-Union and Burlingame Clubs. Mrs. Rodjestvensky was out here about three years ago. She is a very handsome brunette. She left the country shortly thereafter and is now living abroad. The desertion of his wife appeared to affect Rodjestvensky's disposition and he became noticeably morose. He took a severe dieting course about two years ago, going without food for several weeks and ever after his health was seriously affected. His income also suffered as a result of the war, and his country's troubles and his own accentuated his indisposition and hastened his death. He died with literally but twenty-five cents in his pockets and no outside resources. As an evidence of his mental failure it is said that from one of the best bridge whist players at the Pacific-Union Club he became almost a novice in ability and could not remember the cards.

### Return of the Lawrences

I hear that Mrs. A. M. Lawrence and her daughter Edna, who are at the Stanford Court, intend to remain in San Francisco for some months. Mr. Lawrence was recalled to Chicago last week, but he will probably return before the summer. Notwithstanding his long residence in Chicago "Andy" Lawrence always looks forward with enthusiasm to the prospect of a sojourn in his native city. But he is not half so enthusiastic about it as his very sweet and charming daughter. To her San Francisco is "home." Here she has many friends, and friendship with her is a very deep sentiment. Since her return her friends have seen a lot of her, for she is now taking quite an active part in social life hereabouts.

### The Pagoda Club

Society is looking forward with keen anticipation to the formal opening this Saturday night of the swagger Pagoda Club for men and women which is housed in the Chinese Concession Building on the Zone. Its rooms adjoin the Owl's Roost which is the headquarters of the Bohemian Club at the Fair, and are beautifully furnished in the oriental style. There is a broad veranda from which the Zone activities may be watched and a roof garden. Inside are rest room and lounge with every facility for teas, luncheons and suppers, and there is no doubt that the Pagoda Club will enjoy a great popularity. There is already a large membership. The secretary of the club is Miss Elizabeth Holmes, for a long time the popular and efficient secretary of the Sequoia Club. The patronesses of the Pagoda Club are: the Mesdames George Armsby, Henry Breeden, George Cameron, Charles W. Clark, Walter B. Coffey, Cheever Cowdin, Templeton Crocker, Willard Drown, Thomas Eastland, William Hitchcock, Sam Knight, Fred Kohl, Walter Martin, Herbert Payne, Max Rothschild, Harry Scott, Laurance Scott, Julian Thorne and Joseph O. Tobin.

### Entertaining New Yorkers

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. C. McCann of New York during their stay in the city. Mr. McCann is a prominent New York attorney. Mrs. McCann is the daughter of F. W. Woolworth, owner of the famous Woolworth building. Mr. and Mrs. McCann left for Southern California Wednesday. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mulcahy at the Fairmont supper dance Tuesday evening.

### Child Photography

San Francisco has reason to be very proud of her beautiful children. They are to be found in all conditions of life in this city. So this city is an ideal place for the artist who specializes in child photography to prosecute his studies. The Misses Moore and Clarke have made this difficult and fascinating field of photography their own; and with such charming little subjects as they have photographed one does not marvel at the results they obtain. The appropriateness of a child's dainty photograph as an Easter remembrance is borne in upon those who visit their studio in the Liebes Building. They have there an exhibition of their work in child portraiture which is a revelation to fond parents.

### Afternoon Dansants at Fred Solari's

The Tea Dansants at Fred Solari's are proving as popular as the After-Dinner Dances that commence every evening at 8 o'clock. While taking tea and light refreshments one can dance and watch exhibition dances of a high order, and have a free lesson in the latest steps if so inclined. Fred Solari's affairs attract the best people in the city, those who appreciate beautiful surroundings, superior cuisine and perfect service.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

### A Great Young Violinist

We are told to look for maturity in the years to come in the art life of Efrem Zimbalist. Undoubtedly we shall find it, for art grows in the understanding of such a master as he. But even now he is great. There is in his playing something more than the exuberance and tenderness of youth. In the music world of Russia, it is said, an artist can be and very often is as mature in childhood as the gifted adults of other countries. One feels that this is so on hearing Efrem Zimbalist, whose genius is doubtless a racial heritage. Music is in his blood. And even now while his art has the tenderness of youth, it has also the feeling of maturity, the understanding of twice his years. His technique is so perfect that one never thinks of it for a moment, but only wonders about it afterwards. The afterwards lasts a long time, for the spell with which he holds one in thrall does not soon relax its hold on the imagination. The tones that he evokes, tones of a purity more ravishing than those of the violinists' deity, Kreisler, linger in the memory. In the slow movement of the Spohr concerto, in the Handel number, and in "Musette" he thrills the soul with a sadness that only the inspiring gaiety of Brahms' Hungarian Dances as played by this young Russian can dispel. At the Columbia last Sunday Zimbalist held his audience rapt, and when his concert was ended many people gathered at the stage to pay him the tribute of their enthusiasm. He seemed to be surprised that he had made so deep an impression. * * * * * Do you like sublimated simplicity? You can find it at Sorosis Hall this week. The last occasions will be Saturday afternoon and evening, March sixth. Three young ladies, the Fuller sisters from England, sing British folk songs with pretty voices mostly in unison. As we know, all British folk songs are by no means ditties of the milk-and-water variety, but these ladies do all their dittying in a sweet maidenly fashion that doubtless was the proper thing in the early Victorian drawing-rooms when young persons were exceedingly naive and ingenuous. They have a large repertoire of songs, one of the most striking of which is The Wraggle Taggle Gipsy, a romance from Somerset that looks down a vista of tragedy extending back to Eden. It is a song that a great dramatic singer with the art of a Schumann-Heink would thrill us with.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### Cohan's Laughs and Thrills

Anybody who takes more than a casual interest in the drama will want to read Earl Bigger's book after seeing George Cohan's play "Seven Keys to Baldpate." For the play suggests the question, How much of all this ingenuity is Cohan's and how much must be credited to the writer whose story Cohan dramatized? I cannot answer that question, not having read the book, so I am not in a position to distribute the credit where it belongs. However, the ingenious complications of this play are such as George Cohan is quite capable of originating without the aid of a novelist, for George Cohan is one of the cleverest men in that small group which really matters in American dramaturgy. He is a Hoyt with more than Hoyt's skill in play building. His technique, to speak academically, is above reproach. Indeed it has won the praise of no less an academician than Brander Matthews. The ordinary playgoer is not much concerned with technique, but he is deeply interested in a plot which absorbs, in situations which thrill and in characters which make him laugh. All these George Cohan gives the playgoer in this exceptional play which is so different from anything else we have seen that Cohan had to devise a brand new designation for it. He calls it a mystery farce. Cohan always uses words with care, and his designation exactly fits "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Here we have melodrama of the best sort with a hero of melodrama who makes fun of the entire performance. It is a play which keeps you guessing and laughing all the time until the end when it provides you with a surprise for which you were not in the least prepared. It is also to be said of it, as of all Cohan's later work, that it shows a keen knowledge of human nature. George Cohan is a young man still; before he is much older people will put his name ahead of certain American dramatists who specialize in more ambitious work, but do not possess his talents.

—Edward F. O'Day.

MARVELLOUS MAGGIE TEYTE

Who will visit this city for the first time, giving two concerts at the Columbia on March 14 and 21.

### All Sorts of Colors

They have been spicing life with the variety of color at the Orpheum this week. The bill is a riot of hues. It starts with a spectacle called "The Edge of the World" in the colorful course of which all the tints of the spectrum are splashed across a white screen. Reds, greens, blues, yellows and all the rest of 'em are spilled profusely in this extraordinary divertisement. If it were possible for a prohibitionist to get delirium tremens from an ice cream soda jag "The Edge of the World" is the sort of vision he would see in his jim jams. A story goes with this kaleidoscopic revelation, a story acted in pantomime and rendered intelligible by one of those explanatory notes that are becoming quite popular in vaudeville programs. The pantomime is supplied by a young lady in the white tights we associate with poses plastiques. She is the Spirit of Color. Every day she paints the world with color, and every night she returns to her native element, the sea of color at the edge of the world, to get a new supply. She is filling her empty color cup when we are permitted to surprise her. Long may the Spirit of Color continue her daily ministrations! There is none too much color in the world as it is, and what would it be like if she ever got tired filling that cup of hers It is to shudder! The color which Ray Samuels contributes to the bill is noted on the program. Ray is "the blue streak of vaudeville." By the same token Ray is a cure for the blues. She believes in bold colors and uses them with what our artist friends would call "bravura." But it would be well if Ray curbed a slight tendency to be off-color. Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp in "The Wall Between" supply some very pretty garden color with the color of the red rose predominating romantically. Eleonora de Cisneros extracts rich color from the Habanera, the Rosary, Come Back to Erin and other songs. George Whiting and Sadie Burt also do their part to make the show iridescent with their sweet and tender singing act. James Hussey and Jack Boyle include in their act the singing of an Exposition song written by none other than Herr Rosner, and when this number brought down the house and had to be repeated Herr Rosner added an unexpected dash of color to the program by blushing with pleasure. Then there are Ma Belle and her corps de ballet in toe and classic dances suffused with pretty color. And so on throughout the bill. You'd have to be color-blind not to enjoy yourself this week.

—E. F. O'Day.

### The Submarine Pictures

The wonders of undersea life have been thrilling big audiences at the Cort this week. They are exhibited through the medium of the Williamson Submarine Pictures. The exploring of the bottom of the ocean is made possible by the Williamson collapsible submarine tube, through which a photographer can descend far below the water's surface, and, from a large special chamber at the bottom of the tube, photograph the life of the undersea world. The Williamsons went to the Bahama islands to get the pictures because of the richness and variety of the marine life in that section of the ocean, and because of the remarkable clearness of the water, permitting of brilliant feats of photography. Native Bahamans diving to pick up coins from the bottom of the sea, coral reefs, the skeletons of ships long wrecked, deep-sea divers searching old wrecks for treasure, a battle royal between sharks, and, last of all, a fight to a finish between J. Ernest Williamson and a blue shark are seen in the film. A lecture supplements the entertainment.

—The Second Nighter.

### Second Week of "The Clansman"

Every record for motion pictures has been shattered by the success of D. W. Griffith's masterpiece "The Clansman" which is now being shown at the Alcazar. Two performances are given daily, one in the afternoon at two and the other in the evening at eight. So complete is this wonderful offering that it makes an entire evening's and afternoon's entertainment. All sorts of subjects and any number of popular novels have been diverted to moving pictures but nothing in this seemingly inexhaustible field has ever equaled "The Clansman." It required seven months of continuous labor to complete the picture and the cost of the production was a little over $500,000. There are so many people in the long cast of characters and supernumeraries that they seem to be without end. In the battle scene alone twenty-five thousand soldiers are seen in action, depicting historical artillery duels, cavalry and bayonet charges. These battle scenes are the greatest in the history of moving pictures. The second week of this remarkable offering, which is now packing the Alcazar to the doors, will begin on next Monday afternoon and continue throughout the week, with a matinee every day.

### Will Cressy at the Orpheum

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will appear in Cressy's latest one-act play "The Man Who Remembered" at the Orpheum next week. It is said that no man living has done more to raise vaudeville to its present high standard than Cressy. During the past thirteen years he has averaged ten playlets a year, so that today his record of successful one-act plays is 134—more than any man living or dead has written. And in addition to this wonderful record as an author he and his wife Blanche Dayne occupy a place right at the very top of all players of one-act pieces in vaudeville. In "The Man Who Remembered" the genius of this famous couple is seen in its most brilliant form. The most unusual and beautiful posing act in vaudeville will be presented by Maria Lo and her company. They depict rare chinas. Mae Melville and Robert Higgins who became famous through the line "Let It Lay" will return after quite an absence with an entirely new vehicle entitled "Putting On Airs." The Creighton Brothers and Belmont have an original and diverting novelty. They appear as the Mudtown Minstrels, being disguised as three ancient grandsires of the typical "rube" sort and creating no end of laughter. Bertish, known as the Ideal Athlete, combines strength and agility. Madame Eleonora de Cisneros, the famous prima donna mezzo soprano, will be heard in new songs. Mijares, a marvelous slack wire performer, will exhibit his skill. Next week will be the last of Ray Samuels, and Valerie Bergere and her company.

### "High Jinks" at the Cort

Arthur Hammerstein who has given to the American stage the two operettas "Naughty Marietta" and "The Firefly," which set a new pace in musical entertainment, combining the rush of musical comedy with the interesting intrigue of comic opera, has rounded out a magnificent trio with "High Jinks," which will appear at the Cort for two weeks beginning Sunday. Otto Hauerbach, librettist of "Three Twins" and "Madame Sherry," is author of the book and lyrics of "High Jinks." The music is by Rudolf Friml, former pianist for Jan Kukelik and composer of the score of "The Firefly." The plot of "High Jinks" is set in motion by a magic perfume which has the property of making everybody, no matter how melancholy, wildly hilarious. The music is said to be as lively and catchy as the plot. The feature of the score is a song "Something Seems Tingle-Ingle-Ing," repeated frequently throughout the course of the performance. As soon as this melody is started the whole stage breaks into a frenzy of joy. A large and richly gowned chorus of the prettiest girls ever brought out of New York is a lively feature of the entertainment. The cast is practically the same as that which was seen at the Casino. The leading part is assumed by Stella Mayhew who is well known locally.

### Cohan's Play Another Week

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" is meeting with pronounced success at the Columbia where Cyril Scott and the original Chicago and New York cast are playing the Cohan piece to big houses. The second week commences Sunday night, and judging from the interest in the attraction seats will be at a premium for the balance of the engagement. Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

### The Gluck-Zimbalist Farewell

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Alma Gluck, the soprano, and her gifted husband, Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian master-violinist, will

STELLA MAYHEW

The popular comedienne who is the featured member of the cast of "High Jinks" at the Cort

WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE

In "The Man Who Remembered" next week at the Orpheum

give in a joint concert a program with every number a gem. Mme. Gluck will sing the Aria "Depuis le Jour" from Charpentier's the Aria "Depuis le Jour" from Charpentier's "Louise." This will be followed by a group of lieder by Schubert, Beethoven and Brahms, and a special feature will be a series of folk songs in Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, French, German, Scotch and English. Zimbalist will play works by Handel, Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Debussy, Wien-

ALMA GLUCK and EFREM ZIMBALIST
Singer and violinist who give a joint concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon.

iawski and a Russian Dance of his own. Together the artists will render the "Elegie" by Massenet and Braga's "Angel's Serenade." Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and the Columbia Theatre.

### Maggie Teyte's First Appearance

On Sunday afternoon, March 14, at the Columbia Maggie Teyte, the wonderful young prima donna star of the "Opera Comique," Covent Garden and the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, will make her first appearance here. She is one of the very few of the younger stars to achieve equal success on the operatic and concert stage. Her song work is said to be particularly interesting, for she has avoided the beaten path and accumulated an unusual repertoire. She has made a special study of the very old French, Italian and English classics and of the ultra modern school of French compositions. Then too she offers some of her favorite operatic numbers. Here is the program of her opening concert: 1. "Aria" from "The Magic Flute," Mozart. 2. Italian works. (a) Caro mio ben, Giordano, (b) La Colomba, arr. by Schindler, (c) Invocazione a Venere, Parelli, (d) Serenata, Zadonai. 3. Modern French. (a) Priere pour qu'un enfant ne mort pas, Fevrier, (b) Tete de femme, Hue, (c) Villanelle des petits canards, Chabrier, (d) L'ane blanc, Hue, (e) J'ai pleure en reve, Hue. 4. Old English. (a) Oft in the Stilly Night, arr. by La Meda, (b) When Love is Kind, A. L., (c) Drink to Me Only, Johnson, (d) A Pastoral, Carey. 5. Old French. (a) C'est pour toi, Dezede, (b) Cette eau de Rose, Malaret, (c) Le Bailiere, Malaret, (d) En passant par la Lorraine, Brissaud, (e) Le Rosier Blanc, Weckerlin, (f) Petronille, Weckerlin. At her second concert, Sunday afternoon, March 21, she will render Arias from "Manon Lescaut" and "Thais," five songs by Debussy and groups of Italian and English works. Tickets for both concerts will be on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia next Wednesday morning. In Oakland Maggie Teyte will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 19, at 3:15, repeating the first program above. For this event seats will be ready at Ye Liberty on Monday, March 15, and mail orders should be sent to H. W. Bishop at that theatre.

### First Exposition Symphony

Everyone interested in music is glad of the announcement of the first symphony to be given in Festival Hall at the Exposition, Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. This will be the first occasion that the Exposition Orchestra, made up of eighty picked musicians from all parts of the world, will play in the commodious building, and Conductor Max Bendix, who alternates with Auguste Bosc as leader of the orchestra, has prepared a very interesting program for the occasion. The numbers will include Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the Dream Pantomime from Humperdinck's Haensel and Gretel, the overture to Sakuntala, by Goldmark, Leibesscene, a suite for strings, by Victor Herbert, and Les Preludes of Liszt. The soloist of the afternoon will be M. Pierre Henrotte who will play Handel's Largo on the violin. As the price of admission will be but fifty cents and there will be no reserved seats, Festival Hall should be crowded.

### Michael Williams' "Peace" at Pantages

One of the most sensational playlets Pantages has presented heads the new bill. "Peace" was written by Michael Williams of the Examiner and Malcolm Strong of the famous Carmel colony. Williams conceived the idea when the Examiner started a peace crusade. It is an adaptation of the ancient morality play to modern times. The cast embraces twelve persons, and it will be staged with special effects by John J. Cluxton. The great Golden troupe of Russian dancers, musicians and singers are the extra feature on the bill. There are fourteen people in the company. Bertie Fowler, buxom comedienne, will supply the comedy portion of the show with clever impersonations. Dunlap and Virden in Bits of Variety have a joyful skit. The celebrated Hawaiian quintet of stringed musicians will return. A sensational and daring ladder performance will be given by the three Arleys. Tracey, Goetz and Tracey, billed as the "fashion plate trio," sing, dance and show the latest tango steps.


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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Financial interest converged largely on international features this week. The demoralization of the foreign exchange market and the rather strained relations in our international affairs between the United States and Germany and affecting England revived the feeling of uncertainty as to what the future has in store. There is nothing that makes for unsettlement in markets and in business like uncertainty. And the rather delicate international situation immediately found reflection in the development of weakness in the security markets. Even the investment market responded with evidences of a disposition to exercise greater caution on the part of investors. It is exceedingly unfortunate that anything should arise at this time, when fundamental conditions have sufficiently righted themselves to stimulate the hope of better things. But with a war of such unprecedented proportions as that now being waged in Europe, it is to be expected that the progress toward normal conditions will be interrupted with periods of hesitation and uncertainty. It is impossible to see far in the future at the present moment. Hope for a continued peace so far as this country is concerned is uppermost in the American mind. Yet the business men, after developments such as were experienced last fall, are inclined to be extremely cautious in a situation such as now exists. The reply of the German Foreign Office to the American Government's protest simply added to the bewilderment, while the attitude of the British Government is far from being reassuring. And until international developments assume a more definite character, there is little likelihood that business will do little more than mark time.

**Wheat**—The political situation abroad is becoming more complicated each day and suggests the modification of high-priced theories until the question of a safe and liberal distribution of foodstuffs is more definitely determined. The action of the wheat market implies an attempted readjustment of prices, and also the opposition of a radical element on both sides. No other situation could be surmised which would cause such violent fluctuations in such circumscribed limits of time. Vast amounts of wheat are being carried in different positions in different ways and by different people who have different views of what figures should represent its value, and they will continue to favor their personal interests to the limit of their financial ability. The calendar has much to do with the instability, for it is the season of the year when important changes can be expected, both in the old and the new dispensation. Everything indicates that events will follow fast and furious, and that another month or even less might end all controversy or develop further entanglements. This uncertainty is ruling the pit at the moment, and has vitalized the old-time hysteria of December, when fluctuations covered a great deal of ground in a surprisingly short interval. Trading in wheat has become a luxury only indulged by the very affluent or the very reckless trader.

**Corn**—All primary points agree upon the indifferent demand for this grain, and the growing tendency to lower prices. Receipts continue of good proportions, notwithstanding the breaking up of country roads and the declining markets. Packing hogs are selling at $6.45 and barely steady at that price; which does not justify any liberal feeding upon the farm. In consequence the arrivals continue to exceed the shipments, further accumulation is evidenced and the bull discouraged. But the late advance of 10 cents has been lost, the market is again back to the price it started from, receipts will taper from now on, for the farmer is "dead to the world" for six weeks. Stocks in country elevators will be cleaned up, the usual consumption will continue, and possibly some export demand materialize.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Department No. 10, Probate; No. 16330.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Order to show cause why application for leave to sell real property should not be granted.

Maria Borrone, the guardian of the persons and estates of Felice Borrone and Giulio Borrone, minors, having this day presented to this Court, and filed herein, her petetion, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to the said minors, either at public or private sale, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from the said petetion that it is for the best interests of and would be beneficial to the said minors, that the said real property described in said petetion or some part of it shall be sold,

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their said estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 Probate, in the court-room thereof in the Temporary City Hall, at No. 1231 Market street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of March, 1915, at 10 a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real property as prayed for in said petetion, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, February 19th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

(Endorsed):
Filed Feb. 19, 1915. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardian,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-4

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOPHIE RAU, deceased.—No. 18545; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ISABELLA LEWIS, executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deacesed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of Vogelsang & Brown, Room 807, Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sophie Rau, deceased.

ISABELLA LEWIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27th, 1915.

VOGELSANG & BROWN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Room 807 Nevada Bank Building,
No. 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10

---


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| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST WEGENER, Deceased; No. 18440, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of August Wegener, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of Henry A. Jacobs, 900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of August Wegener, deceased.

CATHERINE WEGENER,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of August Wegener, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

HENRY A. JACOBS, Attorney for Administratrix,
900-906 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DEBORAH PATTERSON, Deceased; No. 18463, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, A. O. Colton, Room 514 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased.

SALLIE K. ROBERTS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Deborah Patterson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

A. O. COLTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 514 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.

MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

SUMMONS

In the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

FRANK J. EGAN, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL BREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of the Justices' Clerk of said Court.

The People of the State of California to DANIEL BREEN, Defendant, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before JAMES G. CONLAN, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County, State of California.

Make legal service and due return hereon: By order of the presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

Given under my hand this 6th day of October, 1914.

ROBERT W. DENNIS, Justices' Clerk.
By J. J. SWEENEY, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-6-10

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

## A Blue Sky Amendment

The Supervisors and the Examiner are advising us to vote for Charter Amendment No. 1. If advice from these sources has not worn out its welcome the taxpayers of San Francisco are in need of a surgical operation. Fortunately in this instance our advisers, endeavoring to vindicate their counsel, have made a somewhat sorry job of it. As expounded by the Supervisors in the Municipal Record the amendment is intended to empower them to go as far as they like with public funds. But of course their language is not so frank. Instead of describing the thing they hope to get rid of as the "dollar limit," they call it the "present debt limitation." It appears that the Supreme Court has pronounced the collection of taxes in excess of the dollar limit illegal, thus making it possible for taxpayers to compel the return of the money out of which they have been robbed. Now the Supervisors and the Examiner tell us that if we do not vote for the amendment abolishing the dollar limit the rich taxpayers will get their money back and the poor taxpayers will have to put up the deficit, with the result that there will be an insufficiency of money to keep the municipality going. A terrifying outlook! Fearing that you may hear something to the contrary; that is to say, that you may get an inkling of the truth, the Examiner says: "Pay no attention to any designing or foolish talk." In other words, believe nobody but Saint Bill, the Hearst that never told a lie, the sacrosanct friend of the people. Bill is so honest that in this very instance he is advising us to sanctify the dishonest conduct of his puppets at the City Hall and justifying his dishonest advice by telling us something that is not true. The plain truth is that Hearst and the Supervisors wish to abolish the dollar limit not wholly to validate illegal acts, but mainly to open the way to the blue sky in the future. Heretofore while the Supervisors got round the dollar limit, it was always there as a check, and it haunted them if it did nothing more. Abolish it, and then the question will be not, What expense must be kept down? but, What new source of expense is there to be invented? Hearst knows, but Hearst wishes to try out all his Socialist schemes in San Francisco, and he knows that to do so there must be plenty money on hand. If Hearst were at all concerned about the interests of taxpayers he would be inquiring at this time about the report of the City Engineer on the cost of the road to the Hetch-Hetchy dam. This report made last week is to the effect that the cost is forty-six thousand dollars in excess of the estimate. Though a publicist Hearst is not at all interested in this big discrepancy. Does it not occur to him that if the engineer cannot more nearly approximate the cost of a road the other estimates that have been made of work that will run into millions may be proportionately erroneous, and that the Supervisors may in time be calling for another bond issue? No, Hearst is for public ownership under an army of politicians that will fetch and carry at his nod, and as to taxpayers—the devil take them!

## One That Should Carry

There is one proposed charter amendment to which we have no hesitation in giving whole-hearted approval. It is numbered 28, and it provides for an increase of one cent per folio for copying documents in the office of the County Recorder. This amendment may be carried without at all increasing the cost of government, for the fee for copying a document is paid by the person having the document recorded, and the fees for recording cover all the expenses of the office. There are no men employed by the city so poorly compensated as the copyists of the Recorder's office. They are paid only for work performed, and while the charter fixes a maximum salary for them of $125 a month their average earnings never amount to a living wage. Their work is arduous and exacting, and there is no vacation for them, and no money coming in when they are sick. The amendment has received the endorsement of all the leading civic bodies of the city.

## The Failure of Public Ownership

Now that Mr. Hearst in the furtherance of his Socialist propaganda is urging the Government to take over the Western Pacific railroad it may be found worth while to glance at one of the new works of M. Guyot, a former Cabinet Minister of France, and one of the most learned of French publicists. This book is entitled "The Failure of Public Ownership." It is a study of public ownership in most European countries and in the United States. The author has made a comparison of public utilities with the private enterprises that have been ousted. As every one knows, and as all but Socialists admit the comparison is unfavorable to public ownership. Only here and there is a plausible success set against the dismal uniformity of economic failure, and this is true even in Europe where government is on a scientific basis. To answer the plea on which Socialists rely, that the finance does not matter, since if the business is run at a loss the public gains more by the qualities of the goods or services provided at low cost, M. Guyot produces instance after instance to prove that the quality supplied by the State is below that supplied by private competitors. He also shows how ill served is the State by its employees of whom the public authorities are afraid. Finally he writes of the corruption induced, and of the tremendous power exercised by the Government as a consequence of the increased size of the bureaus that manage public utilities. He shows that even in London public ownership (especially the housing system for the poor) has proved a failure.

## The Lawless Jitney

The question of the derivation of the word jitney is of great academic interest, but the determination of it is not of exigent importance. Wherever the word came from it is welcome. Our vocabulary may be enlarged without injury. But the congestion of our main thoroughfare is a matter not to be viewed with unconcern. The jitney business has grown so large as to be deserving of attention. Has it grown so powerful politically that our public servants are afraid to regulate it? As to the apparent indifference of the press to conditions in Market street that is easily explicable. The jitney business has stimulated the automobile trade, and the civic patriots of our newspapers are keen for automobile advertising, so the less said about the rights of pedestrians the better. These rights are rapidly flickering to extinction. The mere pedestrian takes his life in his hands every time he crosses Market street. And there are points in Market street at which no intelligent person would venture off the curb except with suicidal intent. The jitney driver is the lordliest person on earth. He drives seemingly on the theory that he is under no obligation to abstain from manslaughter, and as though the pedestrian were a trespasser at his own risk. There is no longer a space in which a person may alight from a street car with safety. Every inch of the street outside the rails the jitney is apparently privileged to cover, and the driver looks right through the man on foot, and never slackens speed for him. These are days when it would be well for the plain citizen to go armed, that when he finds himself in peril he may hold up the jitney man.

### A Triumph for "Andy"

If the shipping interests were instrumental in frustrating the efforts of President Wilson to put on the taxpayers of the country the burden of supporting a merchant marine the pleasure of triumph was of short duration. The President lost no time in putting the shipping interests at the mercy of those paramount interests that are under the astute guidance of Mr. Andrew Furuseth. Of course it was in no spirit of revenge that our worthy President signed the bill that was lucubrated by the darling of the seamen's union. To so mean an emotion, so villainous a motive, the serene philosopher of the White House is inaccessible. At heart Mr. Wilson is a gentle Socialist with a consuming passion for the welfare and comfort of working men whether on the high seas or on the dry land, and that is why he signed the bill. That is why he was so enthusiastic for the ship purchase bill. It would be so easy after spending twenty millions of the people's money for ships to man them at public expense with a plenitude of leisure-loving seamen jealous of their rights and sensible of the importance of short hours and long pay. How unfortunate that the more this humane and sentimental Executive appears to be doing for the workers of the country the less work there is for them to do! Apparently Prosperity is resolved to prove him a bad prophet. It will not come. And now that he has given Capital fresh evidence of his tendencies by dealing the shipping interests a staggering blow psychological depression will in all probability persist.

### Our Unprepared Navy

At the time of the Russo-Japanese war it was regarded as one of the signs of the utter demoralization of the Russian Government that the navy by reason of its many deficiencies was unfit for war. The state of the navy was regarded as conclusive proof of an apathy and incompetence indicative of national decay. And this view was borne out by events. The shock of war brought Russia to a realization of the rottenness of her political system, and with the declaration of peace began the work of regeneration, which continued down to the day when the world was amazed by the rapidity with which Russian armies were mobilized on the Prussian and Austrian frontiers. Now let us take a glance at our own navy and see whether, employing the standard that was applied in the case of Russia, we may not have reason to suspect that we have been drifting to the verge of demoralization. When the navy was under investigation before the House Naval Committee some weeks ago Admiral Frank F. Fletcher testified that the Atlantic fleet was in a high state of efficiency, and that there was no criticism to be made except that drill exercises had been curtailed by the expedition to Vera Cruz. Now it appears that this high naval officer was not well informed. It was to be presumed that he knew what he was talking about, but now we learn that he spoke without knowledge. This we have learned from the Admiral himself who has asked to have his testimony corrected. Since his appearance before the House Naval Committee he has questioned the captains of the twenty-one ships of the Atlantic fleet, and from them he has learned of "an alarming shortage of officers and men that are required to efficiently man our ships for battle." The total shortage of men is 3,219; of officers 339, or an average deficiency on each ship of 248 men and sixteen officers. This is a startling bit of information, but not more startling than Admiral Fletcher's confession of his former ignorance. For Admiral Fletcher is the commander of the Atlantic fleet. It would seem to be pertinent to inquire to what extent ignorance of important details is prevalent among the officers of the navy who ought to be informed. We know from testimony given before the House Naval Committee that the navy is lacking in more than the men to man the ships. We know, for instance, that it has no Board of Strategy and consequently no plan of battle. Yet the pride of the country is the navy. Our main arm of defence, it means more to the republic than the Russian navy ever meant to Russia, yet the Atlantic fleet is as unprepared for war as was the fleet that went to its doom in Tsushima Straits. Perhaps it is fortunate for us that we have felt the shock of a war that is not our war. That shock may offset the misfortune of having the Hon. Josephus Daniels of Blowing Rock looking after the morals of the men behind the guns.

### The Art of the Fair

Already we are having much interesting discussion and criticism of the art at our World's Fair. Some of it is highbrow, but all of it is deserving of encouragement. Anything that stimulates an interest in art is good. The more discussion and the louder the better, as it is desirable that the man in the street should have his attention attracted. It is well that his interest should be aroused. And it will do him no harm if he give ear to nothing more than the dry pedantry of academicians, or to debates on questions respecting the symbolism of the sculptors. Only it would not be well to give him the impression that painting and sculpture are occult sciences. Given this impression he might turn away from a very interesting and beneficial study from which great pleasure may be derived. Now the ordinary man might be in danger of receiving this impression were he to hear a sculptor and a critic questioning a particular achievement, disputing as to whether its effects had been successfully calculated, or arguing the question whether the artist's idea had been clearly expressed. After all is said and done it is beauty that we want in art, and of beauty there is no end at the Fair. What does it matter if a theme has not been portrayed in a language that all may understand, or if an ethical idea has not been made obvious to all? The genuine artist does not spend much time calculating effects. It is enough for him to perceive through intuition the inner things of life. The vitality of art depends on this perception. The art that is self-conscious is deplorable, for self-consciousness blunts intuition, and gives us the effects that have not the essential quality of inevitableness. Now the art at the Fair—the sculpture and the architecture—may not be without flaws, but it is an art of many moods, of the moods of men who have caught the flame of a young city's burning enthusiasm. They have given us a decorative masquerade abounding in youth, charm and life; in many a buoyant poise some noble ideas are winningly expressed, and in it all there is enough of the spiritual to make the World's Fair city with its wondrous wizards wielding the magic wand of light, a city of spiritual ecstasy.

### The Futility of Art Criticism

What is the orthodoxy of art? Has it a touchstone? These are questions that some critics have no hesitation in answering. But the answers are at variance. Of art itself there are as many definitions as there are conceptions of beauty which is the principal aim of art. In the definitions of beauty there is a great confusion and contradiction. It is all a question of theory as to esthetics; and the study of esthetics has given rise to many theories. So evidently it is unwise to have, like Ruskin, hard-and-fast notions about art. Even the great Ruskin has been laughed at for uplifting a beautiful voice and tenoring sweet nonsense about Turner. And it is certainly a thankless job, expounding a painting or a statue. The artist's message is not a matter of supreme importance. His mission is to give active delight, his message may be superfluous. Besides artists are sometimes inaccurate without being futile. Take for instance the case of Millais, who was perhaps the greatest English painter of the nineteenth century. One of his most remarkable works was his Saint Agnes' Eve in which he professed to illustrate Keats—his moonlit figure "like a mermaid in seaweed." Millais created a woman in corsets and the commonplaces of the wardrobe. He reduced an exquisite dream-picture to the prose of conventional life, nevertheless the picture is a great work of art. It is a wonderful study in color and in moonlight effects. It has poetry of color if not of conception, and the beauty of it gives pleasure.

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# Varied Types

## CCXX—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

**By Edward F. O'Day**

The Column has come to San Francisco.

Do not mistake me, gentle reader. I announce no architectural miracle. Nor do I juggle with words. I record a simple but interesting fact.

In the colonnade of history there are many columns, but I am not speaking of an Egyptian monolith or of a Doric pillar or of a Byzantine shaft of twisted bronze. Let others sing Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, the Washington Monument and our own Column of Progress. These are heavy columns, pillars of silence and solemnity, erections very fixed in their habits.

The Column I celebrate is not that kind of shaft. So far as I have been able to ascertain there is neither marble nor granite nor brass in this Column's composition; and though my Column's alias happens to be "The Conning Tower," it is no tower of ivory—not of solid ivory at least. This Column usually rears itself in New York, but it lacks the columnar prejudice against mobility. For the present it is a flying Column, and in due course of transcontinental flight it has alighted in our midst.

When I went to inspect this remarkable Column its twin pedestals were elevated to the cherry wood top of a writing table in a hotel apartment while that basic section where the Column hinges rectangularly enjoyed the sanctuary of a tipped back chair. Obviously The Column was in a characteristic thinking posture. When The Column abandoned this position for the purpose of a hospitable greeting I found it to be a tall Column of Corinthian slenderness. It was in the shirt sleeves of work, smoking the weed of inspiration.

Is it necessary for me to introduce Franklin P. Adams, The Column of the New York Tribune?

Franklin P. Adams, or "F. P. A." as he is familiarly known, is The Column par excellence. There are other columns or "colyums," but never a one to approach Frank Adams in wit, in grace, in sprightliness, in humor and good humor. "The Conning Tower" from which Frank Adams surveys the world and its ways is a coign of vantage located on the extreme eastern boundary of the Tribune's editorial page. It is a region tremendously liked by New Yorkers, as the increase in the Tribune's circulation ever since Adams has presided there abundantly shows. It is a delightful region to stray in, for Adams knows how to keep it fresh and smiling. A skillful gardener is Frank Adams who digs and plants and sprinkles every night, so that every morning his garden blooms with quips and cranks and epigrams, with fruit of reflection and gay posies of verse.

I am afraid, though, that my mixed figures of speech are doing Adams an injustice. He is not the sort of writer to carve epigrams on columns or plant flowers in a conning tower. Frank Adams is an artist.

In more ways than one he reminds you of Eugene Field. A great deal of Field's best work first appeared in a Chicago newspaper column like that which Adams writes for the New York Tribune. Tender little poems that have since sung themselves into the heart of America were written by Field in the last tumultuous hour before the paper went to press. Now they are enshrined in that temple of every poet's dreams. a collected edition. Of course young Frank Adams has a long way to go before he may reasonably hope for such distinction as that, but the verses he writes day by day are steadily finding permanent resting place between book covers, and the books are steadily selling. There are already three volumes of verse to Frank Adams' credit, and they are among the best sellers of poetry.

I think it was George Moore who divided mankind into two classes, those who appreciate Balzac and those who do not. It is a good division, but it does not preclude others. May we not take a leaf out of George Moore's book and in the same way differentiate those who love Horace from those who do not? Frank Adams reminds me again of Eugene Field because like Field he is a worshipful Horatian. He joined the cult of the Sabine farm during his course at the University of Michigan. His devotion survived the commercial distractions of the insurance business, and when he first took charge of a newspaper column about a dozen years ago the sadly dwindling ranks of true Horatians glowed at the discovery of a young man who could paraphrase the odes with the old Eugenian felicity.

Just what that discovery meant to the privileged spirits who have slaked their thirst at the Bandusian font can never be explained to the exoteric. If you have never fallen beneath the fascinating spell of Flaccus, the appeal of Frank Adams' graceful adaptations of the odes and epodes is not addressed to you. But you may still find plenty of entertainment, plenty of stimulation in his work. Happily for his prospects, Adams did not have to depend on the few and far-between worshipers of Horace for his admiring public. He is no literary highbrow, no academic particularist. He speaks the common tongue with inexhaustible fluency; hence his success.

It is difficult, well nigh impossible for a stranger to make Frank Adams talk about himself. He has a baffling way that may be modesty or may be self-consciousness. Then again it may only be the newspaperman's ingrained reticence, a barrier thrown up against the danger of enthusiasm. Or it may be that the writer who gives a column of himself to the public every day is so tired of the subject that he would fain forget it in conversation. Whatever the reason, Frank Adams is reluctant to emerge from his shell. If I had not known that when Frank Adams transferred his column from the Chicago Journal to the New York Evening Mail, the pulse of that moribund journal began to register a normal throb; that during his ten years on the Mail it became one of the most popular papers in the metropolis; that a similar phenomenon was recorded of the Tribune when the bill posters placarded the dead walls with the announcement that "F. P. A." was installed in "The Conning Tower" in Nassau Street; if I had not known these things from the gossip of newspapermen and from the talk of Otto Irving Wise, Frank Adams' admiring friend, I should have gone away from the St. Francis quite ignorant of the salient features of his journalistic career. On second thought I am convinced that Frank Adams is a modest young man.

But when the talk turned on the Tribune I found no such difficulty in making Adams voluble. He loves the paper because its ideals are his own

Of Ogden Reid, the son of Whitelaw Reid and the man on the job in the 'Trib' office, he spoke with the greatest admiration. I had the notion that Ogden Reid was pretty well along in years.

"A slippered pantaloon of thirty-two," said Frank Adams. "While his father was running the paper he served his apprenticeship as a reporter. He knows the game thoroughly, and he's a live wire. And he is doing things that are making New York sit up and take notice of the Tribune. Did you know that the Tribune guarantees its advertisements?"

I didn't even know what that meant.

"If a shopper buys anything on the strength of an advertisement in the Tribune," explained Adams, "and is dissatisfied with the purchase he can get his money back at the Tribune office. And there's no red tape about it either. The Tribune has made a campaign against the patent medicine quacks, against dishonest fur and rug dealers, and against others who defraud the public. The Tribune won't take their advertisements, and it makes a specialty of exposing their rotten methods. Samuel Hopkins Adams is on the staff, and that's his particular work. And we try to print the news without coloring it. If an elevator drops in Macey's, the Tribune states that it dropped in Macey's and not in 'a well known department store.' Of course the other papers are fighting us, and a lot of the big advertisers are against us. The Tribune is not making money. But it is getting stronger all the time. If one of the great big newspapers of New York followed this course, what a tremendous influence it would yield! And what a tremendous influence a newspaper would wield in this community if it did what we are doing!"

Frank Adams is sure that the Tribune is going to wax steadily in circulation and power. He speaks enthusiastically of the staff which Ogden Reid has gathered, a staff which includes Sam Adams, Will Irwin, Grantland Rice, author of that classic sequel of a classic, "Casey's Revenge," and Briggs the sporting cartoonist. He says that the Tribune's city editor, McIlarney, is a product of the Columbia College of Journalism, and that he justifies that much-discussed institution, being the best C. E. in New York.

Through all this I could glimpse the implication that Frank Adams is not confining his Tribune activities to "The Conning Tower." I hazard the guess that he is a tower of strength in the Tribune council. But he didn't say so. Decidedly, this man is modest, so modest that I have been tempted to twist the proud "Exegi Monumentum" of his beloved Horace into a limping paraphrase which, I think, describes Adams' attitude toward his work. I beg Horatians to excuse the following:

I've written a Column of fairly good stuff—
With a pyramid head it will run long enough.
May it last through the storm of tomorrow, and be
A topic of talk during afternoon tea!
Even then, though my lines are consigned to the blaze,
I may still hope to earn some small measure of praise.
In the pause of the fox trot some broiler may say:
"Don't you love that cute writer who signs 'F. P. A.'?"
Or afar in the corn belt by Platte's sandy stream,
Some farmer "allow as how Frank is a scream."
I grant there are scribes more pretentious in tone,
But at least I have fenced off a field all my own.
So Fame! if you think that to blazon my merit
You must slip me a wreath, don't expect me to wear it!

# Perspective Impressions

We like the irony in Clemenceau's reference to "President Jurisconsult Wilson."

Haiti has a new President. Bet a jitney you can't name his predecessor.

Lines adapted to any Vanderbilt Cup racer:
Serene, indifferent of fate,
Thou racest by the Golden Gate.

Portugal now has two republics, doubtless on the theory that you can't have too much of a good thing.

During the Fair let us be mindful of the fact that it is the function of art critics to corrupt the public taste.

Has anybody made any money in real estate since the municipal authorities began taking advice from the spendthrift press?

These are days when social advancement is to be attained with a caseful of visiting cards and a book of etiquette.

"Buy it now," may be good advice. But if it's real estate, and you believe that Amendment No. 1 is going to be adopted, "Sell it now" is better advice.

Maybe our pacifists are of the opinion that the Mexican question will settle itself on the Kilkenny cat principle.

Genius has come to mean the power to read and write—principally to write.

Rostand has celebrated Bernhardt's recovery in a sonnet. As Rostand's verses never limp and as the sonnet is very particular about the number of feet it contains, the selection of this verse form suggests that Rostand likes his little joke.

The war, according to the resolutions forwarded to President Woodrow Wilson by President J. Stitt Wilson of the Peace Party is "exhausting the near future." Which makes it clear that a halt should be called till the near future is replenished.

So the Pacific Mail steamers are likely to be sold to Japanese! Another step perhaps in the Wilsonian march to international altruism.

The charge that woman suffrage is responsible for feminism in this country ought to be resented by the Feminist Twins, Bryan and Daniels. Watch out for a slap on the wrist.

According to the Examiner it is only the wealthy taxpayer who will be injured by the amendment for the abolition of the dollar limit. What about the plain people that pay rent? When taxes are high are rents low?

# If Constantinople Falls

**The Eviction of the Sick Man May Be Followed by the Return of the Jews to Palestine**

**By Robert McTavish**

Everybody knows that the map of Europe is about to be changed. But who is able to visualize the least of the changes that the greatest war in history portends? It is now pretty certain that there is to be a reconstitution of the kingdom of Poland and a reparation of the greatest crime of modern history. But who has thought of what may follow on the heels of the Sick Man of Europe when, if ever, he takes his departure thence? At this writing it looks as though a trip from home will soon be ordered by his doctor. If Constantinople is captured by the Allies there will no longer be a Turkish question in Europe. This alone would almost seem to justify the war. And this is one of the changes looked forward to in France and England. From the press of those countries I learned even before their guns were turned on the forts of the Dardanelles that the Ottoman Empire was deemed to be doomed. While the wise men of the press were not inclined to divide the lion's skin before the lion was killed, nevertheless they thought it not premature to discuss the changes in prospect. In organs close to the Government that oftentimes served the purpose of a mouthpiece there were discussions from which it was to be inferred that the diplomatists of England, France and Russia had agreed as to what should be done in the event of the downfall of Constantinople—on which principle the business of nation-making should be conducted.

It was clearly the general sentiment of the English press that by entering the war the Turk had re-opened the Eastern Question and modified the policy of the whole New Eastern world. As one English editor expressed it: "The Turk has bartered the solid fact of Asiatic security for the vision of recovered prestige in Europe and Africa. It has now become our interest to sweep away the entire fabric of Turkish rule." Where do English interests lie? They lie, as always, on the sea—in this case in the Red Sea, the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. Arabia, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Palestine, these are the regions of what for the sake of convenience may still be called the Turkish Empire in which British interests are predominant. The presence of a potentially hostile enemy in any one of them would be a standing menace to the security of the British Empire. But there is one country above all that presents difficulties—Palestine. The main road to Egypt lies through Palestine, and a foreign Power established in that country would be as great a menace to the security of Egypt and ultimately of India as a foreign Power in Tibet or Afghanistan. Do British interests, then, demand an occupation of Palestine by the British? Such a course would be a challenge to the destined possessors of Syria and would be pregnant with the grounds for future suspicion. A country whose occupation by the British would be a menace to others and whose occupation by others would be a menace to the British is marked out to be a buffer-State. What British interests demand is an independent Palestine; the question is, who are to be its owners?

The only nation that looks on Palestine as its home is the Jewish nation. It is close on two thousand years since the Romans destroyed the Temple, and blotted out the last visible embodiment of Jewish independence, yet throughout the centuries the idea of a return to Palestine has never been absent from the thought of the Jewish race. Now it has suddenly appeared conceivable that the great wheel of Time may come full circle, and that the Jews may cease to weep when they remember Zion. That the Allies in the event of triumph may solve the problem of Palestine as suggested is believed by many European statesmen. So if Constantinople falls the world may witness the greatest reconciliation history has ever known. It is no mere vision. Solid considerations of interest dictate the policy of the re-establishment of an independent Palestine. British and French needs demand a neutral zone between Syria and Egypt. Russia must settle the Jewish question if her plan for the regeneration of Poland is to be carried out. The thought that after all a Jewish Palestine is a dream that has haunted the minds of idealists throughout the centuries is checked by the thought that a Jewish Palestine has become a political necessity. It cannot be long before the question of the future of Palestine presents itself as urgent to the men who are shaping the foreign policy of the Allied Powers in a situation of almost unparalleled complexity. Imagination is not often a virtue in Foreign Ministers. But here is a matter in which they would surely be wise to advance to meet the future and proclaim that for the Jews as well for the Poles this is the hour when dreams come true.

But what about Constantinople? This is another question. Mirabile dictu! The bear and the lion are in a warm embrace and English Ministers and English editors are saying that Constantinople must be placed in the hands of the Russians, for as Russia is the greatest of the Black Sea Powers she ought to be given the key to her own back door—the possession of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles being conditioned, of course, by the guarantee of free access to the Black Sea for the shipping of other Powers, on the lines that govern the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal. Doubtless Russia will be perfectly willing to make such an agreement. That Russia must be given a stretch of territory which will enable her to reach Constantinople by land is said in England to be obvious. It has always been an essential of the Russian Empire that no parts of it should be sea-sundered, but that it should be a single territorial unit. Owing, however, to the presence of the Roumanians and the Bulgarians, Russia cannot have a land link on the European side of the Black Sea. Therefore she must have it on the Asian side.

From all these judgments and speculations it would appear that the lion's skin is in process of distribution in fragments. Also it would appear that the British and Russians are becoming incredibly friendly. Wouldn't the possession of Constantinople make Russia too powerful? When the Emperor Alexander on the raft at Tilsit proposed to Napoleon—the two monarchs were busy dividing the world—that Russia should have Constantinople, Napoleon is stated to have checked him with the remark:

"That is impossible. Constantinople means the Empire of the world." Now we are told that on that occasion Napoleon was a bad reader of history, for as a matter of fact no Power that ever held Constantinople ruled the world. Its possession marked the downfall of Rome. The Turks as a fighting Power began to decline from the time of the destruction of the Byzantine Empire. However the possession of Constantinople would be of greater benefit to Russia than to any other Power. Besides Constantinople is the great historical goal of Slavdom, and the war has now become a tremendous upheaval of the whole Slav race. It is on Bulgarian policy that this new development has had the most direct effect. Hitherto Bulgaria's attitude has been equivocal. It is not so many months since her fellow-Slav States, with Russia calmly acquiescent, combined to strip Bulgaria of most of the spoils of the victory which she had done so much to win, and it was natural enough that when this war broke out King Ferdinand was suspected of aiming at revenge with the help of the Teuton and the Turk. Today it is clear to Bulgaria that as a Slav State her place in the last resort must be with the Slavs; and her latest declaration of policy is that she will remain neutral unless the Turks attack her—a very significant change of front, which may well prove the prelude to the settlement of all her outstanding differences with her neighbors. But one never can tell. There may be many changes of policy in the Balkans within a day or two.

# The Star Exhibit

**What the Canadian Government Has Done to Call Attention to the Wonderland of the North**

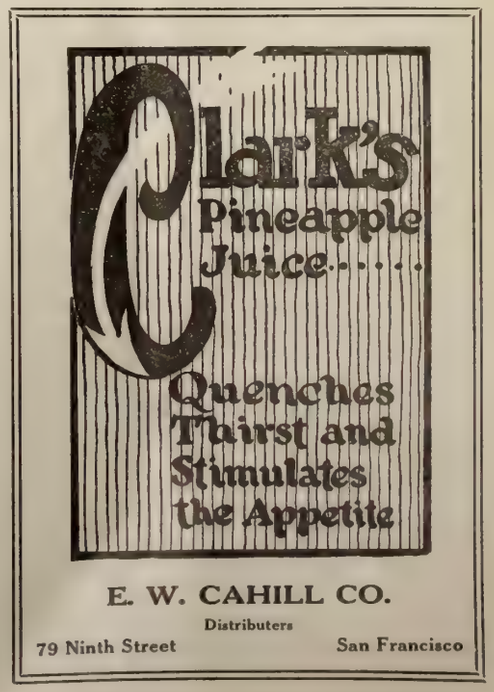
**By R. M. Anderson**

A wonder land is Canada. This is one of the interesting bits of knowledge that one obtains at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. To many of us Canada was a terra incognita until the Fair opened. For in a sense we are a provincial people. We are inclined in our placid self-sufficiency to cultivate the notion that there is little worth while beyond the borders of our native land. Canada we have been pleased to regard as a well-governed wilderness, a growing unit of the British Empire, sparsely peopled with folk whom we have learned to regard as most agreeable neighbors. Now we know—at least those of us who have visited the Canadian Building—that Canada is a country somewhat like our own, that its people are industrious, progressive and enterprising, and that they have accomplished marvels in the development of a fertile, picturesque land of manifold products and resources. Of late years a tide of immigration has been flowing into Canada from this country. American farmers have been migrating to a country where on application to the Government any adult can obtain 160 acres of wheat land free of charge. Now it is easy to perceive the reason why.

The Canada exhibit is one of the sensational features of the Fair. Great throngs of people have visited the Canadian Building, and have gone away filled with enthusiasm to spread the news of its beauties and its many interesting pictures of life in its variety in the great Dominion of Canada, which less than half a century ago consisted of half a dozen countries—Upper Canada, Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia and the Territories—and now as a Confederation is one of the most flourishing units of the great British Empire. It is first in size and will soon be first in population, for there is a steady and rapidly increasing stream of settlers flowing in and seeking the reward of developing the agricultural, mining and forestry resources.

On the day of the dedication of the beautiful building in which the wonderfully picturesque exhibit of the Dominion of Canada is housed the Hon. Martin Burrell, Canadian Minister of Agriculture, in his happy speech said that it was the purpose of the Government to illustrate at the Exposition the general character of Canada's resources, to portray their development, and to reflect the activities of the eight millions of people who are our northern neighbors. He further said: "We are inspired by the same ideals of democracy, and our nation like yours long has been and is still engaged in subduing the wilderness, peopling its waste spaces, and wresting from the forest, the field and the mine those things which minister to the needs and comforts of mankind." Ever since the Centennial Exposition of 1876, Canada has participated at all international expositions, the Columbian, Chicago, the Pan-American, Buffalo, the Japanese Osaka, the Paris Exposition, the Louisiana Purchase in St. Louis, the Liege Exposition, the Milan Exposition, the Dublin Exposition, the Entente Cordiale Exposition in London, the Alaska-Yukon in Seattle, the Brussels Exposition, the Festival of Empire in London and the Ghent Exposition in Belgium. At every one of the expositions Canada aroused great enthusiasm by the artistic and instructive manner in which she displayed her natural resources. And at every exhibition "Have you seen Canada?" was the most common and familiar of questions. The results of the showing made by Canada at international expositions have been so marked that the Government appreciating the value of the advertising medium keeps a special Exposition Staff whose sole duties are to collect and prepare the exhibits which are to be displayed. The Government purchases and owns all the specimens that illustrate Canada's resources and possibilities, whether in the field, the mine, the forest or the orchard. These specimens are taken from all parts of the Dominion. The Canadian Exhibition Commission is a single and special body of men, all experts in their business, and it has become practically a permanent branch of the Department of Agriculture. The commission is under the immediate control of the Minister of Agriculture, and of a General Exhibition Commissioner, who has full direction and is responsible to the Minister of Agriculture. The Commissioner General is Colonel William Hutchinson, ex-member of Parliament, a man of international reputation for his genius in the kind of art which is displayed in the Canadian Building. To him, it is conceded, is chiefly due the credit for the artistic triumphs of Canada at all international expositions. Acting under the Minister of Agriculture he has had full direction of the Canadian exhibit.

In the preparation and presentation of this exhibit no expense was spared. The building covers an area of 70,000 square feet, and 2,000,000 feet of lumber was used in the construction of it. It is a building of chaste design in which there is some fine decorative work, the most notable feature of which is a wide frieze with relief work made of grasses, leaves and shrubs, depicting rural scenery in the different provinces of Canada. The effect of this frieze is to give a vivid idea of the great possibilities of Canada as a cereal producing country and its adaptability for stock raising and dairying purposes. On entering the main hall the visitor is at once impressed by the fact that the design of the interior is such that he is at once afforded a comprehensive and at the same time sectional view of all parts of the building. The colorful spectacle that bursts on his vision holds him spellbound. Gradually he realizes as he moves on that a wonderful panorama is unfolding to his view, and as he beholds realistic scenes, one after the other, of a glorious country, he gasps in astonishment at its multitudinous resources. And what development there has been! Already there has been sufficient water power harnessed to supply the force needed to run all the machinery for light, heat and industrial purposes for generations. There are relief maps showing developed and undeveloped water power from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is here represented the works of the following enterprises: The Vancouver Power Company on Banard Inlet, British Columbia, 84,000 h.p.; the Western Canada Power Company, Stove Falls, B. C., 100,000 h.p.; the Calgary Power Company, Bow River, Alberta, 50,000 h.p.; the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, 50,000 h.p.; the Kakabeka Falls, available on Winnipeg river, 35,000 h.p.; the Abitibi Power and Paper Company, Ontario, 24,000 h.p., output 225 tons of paper per day; the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission, 8,000 h.p., Eugenia Falls; the Cedar Rapids Development, St. Lowrence river, Ontario, 195,000 h.p.; the Shawinigan Falls, Prov. Quebec, 180,000 h.p.; the Grand Falls, New Brunswick, 80,000 h.p.; the Halifax Power Company,



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Nova Scotia, 7,000 h.p. The pictorial art has been extensively used to illustrate the attractiveness of Canada; especially in the interesting panorama called "Past and Present," in which numerous specimens of Canadian fauna appear in postures and environments that indicate their habits and haunts. This panorama does more than convey to the eye an idea of the abundance and variety of animal life in the Dominion. It shows that the march of civilization has affected forest life. It also shows what the attractions of the country are for the sportsman; also its timber and agricultural resources. In the prairies beneath the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, where less than fifty years ago was a wilderness, can now be seen the settler or newcomer breaking the soil which soon will be bearing rich harvests of wheat and other grains. In the distance may be seen the first home of the pioneer, and near by his new comfortable house and barn with orchard and garden, showing that his labor on Canadian soil has brought him prosperity. So comprehensive are the pictures that one is made to realize how rapidly wild nature is transformed into cultivated and productive fields.

Immediately following the Past and Present panorama comes one of the most interesting exhibit sections in the building: the exhibit of Forestry and Fisheries.

In the Forestry exhibit are seen huge planks and sections of trees from the British Columbia district, and specimens of hard and soft woods from all parts of the Dominion. Some of these specimens are shown in their rough state as coming directly from the forest or from the saw mills, while many specimens are highly polished to show their value for paneling and cabinet work. To add to the attractiveness of this exhibit is a tank in which can be seen several varieties of the fish caught in Canada's great lakes and rivers.

One learns at the Canadian Building that the value of the fish caught in Canadian waters during the year 1913 was $33,389,464, and that the number of vessels and boats engaged in the fishery industry was 35,670 while the number of persons employed in the fishing industry was 88,408. Interesting data concerning the fish industry are shown on tablets, one of them stating there are fifty-one hatcheries distributed throughout the Dominion that are in full operation and that six more are under construction.

As nowadays a great deal of the paper used in this country comes from Canada one naturally expects to learn from the exhibit something of this industry, and one is not disappointed. This paper is made of wood pulp. Twenty-five years ago there were no wood pulp mills in Canada. Now there are hundreds. The wood pulp industry is exhibited by rows of cedar, spruce, birch and poplar logs superimposed and interwoven with jars containing the wood pulp and showing in different stages the process of the manufacture of paper chemically and mechanically. It appears that the Canadian forestry resources are almost unlimited. The area of Canada's forests is five hundred and thirty-five million acres, of which three hundred millions are of commercial value. Canada has 120 species of native trees and twenty million acres of forests reserves. Two mountain parks in British Columbia contain 2,450,720 acres.

In the background of this section is a large painting of a Canadian waterscape fronted by a beaver dam, and showing the beaver huts and the industrious little animals at work. A miniature waterfall drops into a pond where half a dozen beavers are sporting and diving in the water. The beaver, by the way, which a conspicuous tablet describes as "the first dam builder in the world," is the Canadian emblem for industry and sagacity, and is associated with the maple leaf in the Canadian national emblem.

Among the products of Canada one with which we are not familiar is cobalt ore. It is unknown in America. It was accidentally discovered twelve years ago by the men who were excavating for the Northern and Temiskaming Railroad. There is a specimen in the Canadian Building weighing 480 pounds, containing $2,600 in silver. The cobalt mines of Canada are of incalculable richness. The samples of cobalt in the Canadian Pavilion have been taken from over six different mines, and are valued at about $10,000. The analysis of some specimens taken from one of these mines shows per ton 50 per cent silver, 4.78 per cent cobalt, 5.01 nickel, or a value of $8,000 per ton. The Mineral Section occupies the whole area of the main hall and the end of the main hall and side aisles. It contains exhibits from over 1,500 locations and thousands of active specimens. It may be said that the exhibit of metallic and non-metallic minerals shown is the most complete that Canada has ever placed before the public and perhaps the largest and most varied the world has ever seen. The visitor will notice the well known metallic ores: gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, coal, etc., also asbestos, of which Canada produces over 85 per cent of the world's supply; nickel and mica and other valuable minerals too numerous to mention. The samples are all properly labeled, showing the Province and mine from which they are taken. In connection with this exhibit there is a bureau of mining information where mining literature and other information is given to all.

In connection with the mineral exhibit is a scenic view of Dawson City the capital of Yukon, at night. The background is an ingenious arrangement of electric lights representing the aurora borealis in the Arctic regions. The mineral productions of the Yukon in 1912 had a total value of $5,933,242; in 1913, $6,190,224.

Another interesting view is that of the city of Vancouver, the object of which is to show the transportation facilities for the carrying and care of the great wheat crop produced in the prairie provinces, via the new route through the Panama Canal. A conspicuous tablet recites that all the Canadian railroads are making ready for the enormous increase in the Canadian grain exports by the Panama route which will be brought about by the opening of the Panama Canal. It is estimated that in twelve years over 300,000,000 bushels of Canadian grain will be shipped by this route at a cost of five cents less per bushel than by the present route to European ports. The scenery representing Vancouver harbor is a most effective illustration of perspective art. By some ingenious contrivance and magno-electric current, miniature steamers are made to ply to and fro in the deep waters of the bay.

In the opinion of many visitors the most telling feature of the exhibit is in the fruit section. Facing a beautiful scenery of Canadian orchard farms and of fruit gathering, and upon an area of 2,000 square feet of green sod lawn is disposed an attractive array of large baskets and trays containing specimens too numerous to mention of some of the best apples of the country, while on the side of the exhibit are platforms fairly groaning under the weight of gigantic jars containing perishable fruits, such as pears, peaches, apricots, plums, nectarines, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, etc, preserved in antiseptic liquids. These fruits are so well conserved in form and color that one would think they had just been gathered from the orchard. There is also a large exhibit of canned fruit and fruit preserves put up in attractive glass jars.

There is no more important feature of the exhibit than that which conveys an idea of the great Canadian Wheat Belt. The picture is a masterpiece of perspective art. In the foreground of the picture are two miniature trains showing how grain is moved from the elevators to the lake harbors. The picture is assumed to represent Moose Jaw, the city in the center of the wheat belt and a central shipping point, and Fort William and Port Arthur, twin cities, on Lake Superior, 800 miles apart. Conspicuous tablets in this section recite that Canada's wheat belt is four times the area of the United States' wheat belt; that Canada has 171 millions acres of wheat land; that Canada's wheat belt is 900 miles long and in some parts extends in width to Fort Vermillion, over 800 miles from the U. S. boundary line; that the production of wheat in the Province of Saskatchewan alone is more than the combined crops of the three States Washington, Oregon and California; that on application the Government gives free of charge in the three prairie Provinces 160 acres of wheat land to any male adult.

Canada is indeed a wonderland. And Canada has made a superb contribution to our Exposition. It has sent us a fine exhibit, and from Canada have come some fine gentlemen in charge of that exhibit. They are doing much for the entertainment of visitors. In the Canadian Building, over the lobby at the principal entrance, are reception rooms and attendants who give visitors cheerful and kindly attention.

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**If you wish to know why total abstinence is a greater evil than intemperance read The Lantern next week.**

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXVIII—A SAN FRANCISCO FOG

(The following little fancy belongs to Mamie Lowe Miller of Auburn who sees our fog with eyes not unlike those of Alexander McAdie, the prose poet who used to preside over the Weather Bureau.)

**By Mamie Lowe Miller**

The phantom of a former day,
This monk Franciscan robed in gray,
With cowled head and noiseless feet,
He treads the boist'rous bay.

He comes to shrive the city's sin,
Above her walls—her traffic's din—
His benedictive arms are raised,
His aged hands and thin.

The city slows her maddened pace,
With closed eyes and wistful grace
Her absolution seeks, then lifts
A sun-illumined face!

# The Spectator

**The Clockwinder's Conundrum**

The Man that Winds the Ferry Clock caused me to miss an Oakland boat Monday by holding my attention with some observations on the Spring Valley Water deal which some of our city officials expect to put through at the polls next month. He held me up to ask me if I had seen in the papers that forty-six thousand dollars had been asked for by the City Engineer to make up a deficit in the fund for building a road somewhere Hetch-Hetchywards. I said I had.

"Then I've a conundrum for you," he said. "If the intellectual giants at the City Hall can miss the mark by forty-six thousand plunks in a one hundred thousand dollar transaction how far off will they be when they get into the million dollar contracts?"

I gave it up, and the clockwinder said the answer was, "Another bond issue and a larger home for the feeble-minded taxpayers."

**His Amusing Reflection**

I was in a hurry to catch the boat, but the clockwinder held me. He wanted to know if I intended to vote for the purchase of Spring Valley. I told him I hadn't made up my mind.

"Neither have I," said he, "but I've been doing a lot of thinking, and something amusing has occurred to me. It has occurred to me that these Spring Valley folk are wizards."

Here the clockwinder surveyed me with a bland smile. "I'm surprised," he said, "that it never occurred to you. I know it hasn't or you'd have written it up. It's this. Whenever a man has anything to sell, either he goes out and tries to sell it or hires a sales-agent, but in this instance the city, which is the only purchaser in sight, is paying the drummers. The fellows at the City Hall are doing all the boosting. The city pays them to work for the city, but they are busy as bird dogs working in the interest of Spring Valley."

Harbor Commissioner Dwyer happened on the scene in time to hear the clockwinder's remarks, and promptly he rushed to the defense of his friends at the City Hall.

"But they are working for the city too," he said. "It's to the interest of the city to buy Spring Valley."

The clockwinder gave the commissioner a withering glance. "I've noticed," he said, still addressing me and ignoring Dwyer, "that the boys at the City Hall are stronger for the purchase since the price went up than before."

"The price has been reduced," said Dwyer.

"The company," continued the clockwinder, as though still insensible of Dwyer's presence, "the company has shaved down the figure something like half a million, I believe, and at the same time has pulled about two million dollars worth of property out of the deal without making any allowance for depreciation in the lapse of time."

Dwyer having urgent business left us in a hurry to attend to it.

**When the Price Is Raised**

The clockwinder smiled on Dwyer's receding form, and then he resumed: "It's a curious thing about this Hetch-Hetchy business, that the boys at the City Hall seem never to be very much interested in a proposition until the price is raised. I remember that the Lake Eleanor water rights were originally hawked around for $150,000. Nothing doing. The price went up. Ham Hall offered the whole business to the city for $360,000. The boys at the City Hall sat up and took notice. But they didn't buy. Presently the price was raised to a million, and forthwith the boys became crazy to buy. The scheme was rushed through. Auditor Boyle suspected that the thing wasn't right, but that always disinterested and invariably honest friend of the people the Examiner opened its guns on Boyle, and the money was paid."

The clockwinder looked at me intently for a moment and said: "I know what you are thinking, but you are wrong."

I was about to protest, but he interrupted me. "You were thinking that perhaps the difference between the original price and the price that won the favor of the boys represents the money that is to be given to some charitable institutions on the dead quiet." The clockwinder thought so well of his joke that he collapsed with laughter. Again I started for the boat, but he seized me by the coat.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Did you see in the papers two weeks ago that the Supreme Court had decided that the municipal authorities have the power to compel the Spring Valley to lay mains where needed for the supply of certain unwatered districts?"

I told him that I read of the decision, and he remarked that it seemed to have been received with a profound silence though the implication of it was somewhat startling. "The whole theory," he said, "of the Percy Longs and the others who are boosting the Spring Valley proposition is that the company could not be compelled to live up to its charter. Nothing has been done to compel it to do so, thus supplying an argument in favor of the purchase, but along comes the Supreme Court and knocks that argument into a cocked hat, yet nothing is said about it. Why?"

I started for the boat.

**Our Frigid Zone**

On my return from Oakland I tripped over the key that winds the ferry clock. It was dropped for the purpose of detaining me. "Why don't you write something about the lady censors of the World's Fair?" the clockwinder shrieked in my ear.

"What about them?" I asked.

"They're putting an arctic atmosphere into the Zone, and freezing up all the good shows. They must be very old—those lady censors—very, very old."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because their objections are so early Victorian. You know they've taken the quiver out of the muscle dance, don't you?"

Shamefacedly I confessed that I never knew the quiver was in the dance.

"Well," the clockwinder continued, "they have sterilized the Streets of Cairo. Can you beat it? And the hula-hula in the Hawaiian Village, have you heard about it?"

"No."

"They've completely throttled its imaginative appeal. These Philistines make me hot. They are robbing the Zone of its educational value. What chance has a fellow to learn anything about the folk dances of primitive peoples with these censors on the job? A hula-hula with leit motif expurgated is a fraud on the public."

"What is the leit motif of the hula-hula?" I asked.

The clockwinder looked at me in astonishment. "Go ask a Kanaka," he said. "I'm astonished at your ignorance. But speaking about leit motifs have you seen some of those complete statues of men in front of the Fine Arts Building?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, I haven't heard of any women demanding that those images of men be draped, but they made the ladies in the Samoan village reduce the area of their nakedness. Just think that over for a minute. And believe me, some of those statues—but what's the use? I'm disgusted with folks whose minds are still in the clutch of the dead hand of the Puritan buried in New England three centuries ago. Is it still believed that the work of the flesh is accursed, and that we must all be lowly in heart and poor in spirit? If they don't watch out somebody will dub this Fair Philistia. Fancy their making the Zone

more chaste than any theatre. Why I saw the real hula-hula danced right out before everybody at the Orpheum. Almost every show that comes to town has a chicken without feathers and in the motion pictures that pass the censors you can see ladies without a stitch on them. Why, these old ladies have put us back years before the Midwinter Fair. Out there on the Midway Belle Baya was allowed to make esthetes of us all, for her art was free, and nobody ever thought of suppressing the lyric note of it."

With a sigh the clockwinder hoisted his key to his shoulder, and went off to wind the clock.

### The Obnoxious Automobile

I have heard a great deal of criticism directed at the World's Fair commissioners and heads of departments for their abuse of the automobile privilege conferred on them. The only private automobiles allowed on the Fair grounds are the cars belonging to these dignitaries, and they are taking the fullest advantage of their exemption from the rule which bars all other cars. Commissioners and officials drive all over the grounds from the Van Ness avenue end of the Zone to the race track. It matters not how large the crowd may be, their honking horns signal for right of way and compel pedestrians to scurry out of their path. And it is not only the commissioners and other officials who enjoy this privilege. Their wives, their mothers, their sisters and their lady friends make constant use of the favored automobiles. To say that the privilege is being abused is putting the matter very mildly. And the public is expressing its resentment in very forcible terms.

### The Vanderbilt Race

It would appear that a motor race such as that run Saturday for the Vanderbilt Cup is journalistically indescribable. That is the deduction I have made by reading all that the newspaper scribes had to say on the subject. There are some very capable reporters working on our daily papers, and it goes without saying that they missed no sensational feature, no item of human interest connected with this great sporting event. All of them did their work well The race was "covered" thoroughly, to use an expression of the local room. But reporting is one thing; the description of a picturesque event in words calculated to give the reader the same thrill which was felt by the spectator is quite another and much more difficult thing. The spectator was deeply stirred Saturday. The most phlegmatic must have had his goose-fleshy moments. The unimaginative must have received stimulation from the scene. Yet no writer put on paper the emotion he could not but have experienced. It does not appear that any writer tried. Did all the newspapermen realize the futility of such an attempt? Did they convince themselves that the race was actually indescribable? It would appear so.

### At a Disadvantage

The writer who would reproduce an automobile race in words is almost as badly handicapped as the photographer. The shutter camera of the press photographer does not give a faithful rendition of the scene on the track. The negative may record two machines matching almost superhuman speed in their tussle for supremacy, but the picture is a grotesque caricature of what the eye sees. The lens arrests the cars, and so the lens is a very poor means of repeating the actual scene. It takes the moving picture machine to record one of these speed contests satisfactorily. Next to the movie man comes the artist. We are all familiar with the posters used to advertise automobile races. The resources of light and shadow, of line and color enable the poster artist to suggest the speed of the cars with more than plausibility—with vraisemblance. But how about the artist in words? Is the feat impossible for him? Is the race beyond the descriptive powers of the writer who uses words as an artist uses paints? I think that for the word artist a Vanderbilt Cup race is not indescribable. I am not going to say that no artist in words is to be found on the staffs of our papers. But I am quite sure that none such was detailed by his city editor to report the race of last Saturday.

### Concerning Onomatopoeia

The writer who would do justice to such a contest would have to make his words move as fast as Resta's Peugeot traversed the straightaway. How can words and sentences be made to travel sixty-eight miles an hour? The reader who does not take me too literally will understand my drift when I answer that onomatopoeia would enable the word artist to accomplish this. The trick has been done before. I am not familiar enough with Pindar to cite passages in his odes where this rhetorical aid is invoked to simulate the speed of the chariots at the Olympic games. Without doubt there are many such passages in Pindar, passages to which a scholar like Tom Bergin could refer us without the slightest hesitation. But there is a famous instance of this particular kind of onomatopoeia in Virgil's description of a chariot race. I refer the reader to Book VIII, line 596 of the Aeneid:

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

This line has been rendered, with a nice care for the transliteration of sound, "Then struck the hoofs of the steeds on the ground with a fourfooted trampling." In this Virgilian tag we have a splendid example of onomatopoeia. The words are so wonderfully chosen and so cunningly grouped that they make the thunder of the contending hoofs ring in the ear of the reader. No doubt you see what I am driving at. The writer who would put a Vanderbilt race on paper must be a poet.

### Other Examples

Of course he need not be a Virgil. This echo language is a trick within the reach of lesser poets, although the greatest have not disdained its use. Where its use is regulated by the discipline of taste the effect surpasses that of the best descriptive music. Milton gave us a striking onomatope when he thus described the opening of the gates of Hell:

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunders, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus.

And Pope, explaining the use of this device, gives us a clever example of it:

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn and skims along the main.

We are familiar with it in Southey's "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore" and in Edgar Allen Poe's "The Bells." And one of the most beautiful examples I know is in the Idylls of the Kings:

I heard the ripple washing on the reeds
And the wild water lapping on the crags.


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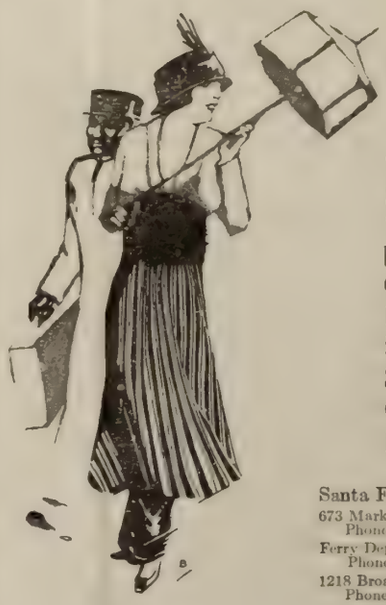

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Yes, with the aid of onomatopoeia a writer could do justice to the race. Of course he would use it sparingly, as Browning did in describing the ride from Ghent to Aix. The marvel of such a race is not all in sound; sight plays a tremendous part too. His words would have to move with the noise of breathless speed, and they would also have to flash color in the eye of the reader. Are there writers who could accomplish this? Yes. The late W. W. Naughton who had a fine sense of discrimination in the choice of words, accomplished it many a time in describing horse races. Jimmy Hopper did it in a story, the name of which I have forgotten, which embodies the description of a wild motor ride across the Nevada desert. And Charlie Van Loan could do it. Too bad "Van" didn't come up from Los Angeles to write about the great race.

**Ear and Eye Bombarded**

I stood on the course in front of the New York Building Saturday, and some of these thoughts flitted through my mind. It was the first motor race I had ever witnessed, and truly it was an entirely new sensation I reveled in. As I have indicated, it is the sound of the heavy cars as they streak along the course which makes the profoundest impression. It is a sound unlike any other I have ever heard. You may compare it to the rolling of thunder if you will; or to the roar of angry waters; or to the hum of an aeroplane; or to the rush of a heavy railroad train. But it is different from these. You are conscious of a vibration of the air caused by nothing else in your experience. Has an Irishman ever told you of that wondrous night when the fairies deserted Erin? The sound of their departure was heard through all the four provinces, and it has been described to me by men who gravely averred they heard it. It was an awful sound that rose from a myriad of indignant wings. I thought of it when Resta and Pullen flew by me in one of their spectacular bursts of speed. These motor cars assail the eye too in an unaccustomed way. You see a dark spot far down the course. It grows larger and larger. It takes the form of an automobile. It whizzes by. Then the monster grows smaller and smaller again till it disappears. Gradually the eye learns a new speed of seeing. After a while you can plainly see Resta's fine brow, Barney Oldfield's cigar, the smile on a mechanician's face. And you do not realize what a tumult is in your brain till the race ends and the tension is relaxed. After all, it is not to be wondered that the newspaper scribes attempted no fine writing. The race intoxicated, and even poets are not at their best when drunk on heady sensation.

**History and Grammar**

I notice that there was a celebration in honor of John C. Fremont near Hollister last Saturday. The historians say that the Pathfinder hoisted the first American flag ever set flying in the gentle breezes of California on a rocky crest of the Gabilan range, twelve miles east of Hollister on the fourth of March, 1846. At this spot called Fremont's Peak, members of the Fremont Memorial Association and of the Native Sons and Daughters gathered to do honor to the doughty old captain. Which reminds me of a story. Attorney Tom O'Connor who was raised on a ranch near Hollister, revisited the old familiar places last summer astride his gallant steed "Mike." He had a companion for the better part of his three days' ride, the same being a Hollister man with a weakness which Goold Brown would regard as most distressing. Tom and his fellow horseman dismounted at the office of the Watsonville "Pajaronian" to say hello to Editor Jim Piratsky. In the course of the conversation Piratsky asked where they had ridden from.

"We've just come from Fremont's Peak," volunteered Tom O'Connor's companion; "you know, the place where Fremont rose the flag."

There was a moment's embarrassing silence.

"Excuse me," said the speaker; "I mean where Fremont rised the flag."

O'Connor said nothing, and Piratsky was also mute.

"That is to say," corrected the horseman, now thoroughly entangled in his grammar, "where Fremont rizzed the flag."

When they remounted their steeds the offender against pure diction turned to O'Connor in extreme perplexity.

"Say, Tom," he blurted, "what in Hades did Fremont do to that flag?"

**The Retort Nepotic**

The papers have made mention of the fact that dissension has arisen between those two indefatigable champions of union labor, Supervisor Andy Gallagher and Supervisor Con Deasy. Relations have become so strained that Andy whose seat in the chamber of aldermen adjoined that of Con, has moved to another part of the room where he can meditate, orate and supervise without looking upon the good natured but irritating features of his erstwhile neighbor. There is a little story passing about the corridors of the City Hall to account for this break. As the yarn is told, Con Deasy, at a committee meeting, voiced and voted his opposition to a measure pending in the Legislature which would deprive Larry Dolan, our Sealer of Weights and Measures, of a job by making this a State instead of a municipal position. On the ground that the bill introduced for this purpose by Senator Tyrrell is an invasion of home rule, Supervisor Deasy stood with those who favored having the City Attorney appear before the Legislature to talk against it. Supervisor Gallagher was on the other side. I am told that something like this conversation ensued between Andy and Con:


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Gallagher: Why aren't you in favor of Tyrrell's bill, Con?

Deasy: Why should I be in favor of it, Andy?

Gallagher: Why, we're all for it. We want the State to have charge of weights and measures everywhere.

Deasy: When you say "we," don't include me, please. I know what you're after. You want the Governor to have the appointment so you can get another of your relatives a job.

**"Pacific Service Day" at Fair**

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company which is supplying the Panama-Pacific Exposition with all its gas and electricity for lighting, heating, the operation of machinery and every other purpose, is to have a day at the Fair all to itself. The day is Monday, March 15, and is to be known as "Pacific Service Day." So far as possible the day will be observed by the company generally as a holiday. District managers will be called in from the interior and all employees who can be spared, together with the members of their families, will join in the celebration. Furthermore an invitation to participate has been issued to the company's stockholders. It will be remembered that some months ago when the new issue of first preferred stock was first offered for sale upon peculiarly attractive terms and conditions, the offer to take advantage of those terms and conditions was extended not only to the company's stockholders then of record but to consumers of "Pacific Service." The result has been not only to more than double the number of stockholders on the company's books but also, as near as possible, to make the company a home-owned as well as a home-operated concern, for a great majority of the new stockholders are residents of the territory covered by the company's operations. The proceedings will start at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Fillmore street entrance, where the party will be met by a military escort and band and under the care of Exposition guards will be escorted to Festival Hall where a program of exercises has been arranged. A feature of the occasion will be the presentation by President Charles C. Moore of the Exposition company of a bronze tablet in recognition of the work done by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in so perfecting its service that the illuminaiton of the exhibit palaces and courts in the Exposition grounds is shown to the best advantage, while the thousand and one pieces of machinery scattered throughout the palaces and elsewhere receive an uninterrupted supply of "juice" for their constant operation. E. C. Jones, chief engineer of the company's gas department, has been appointed grand marshal of the parade and generalissimo of the "Pacific Service" forces for the day. John A. Britton, vice-president and general manager, will take part in the program of exercises in Festival Hall, giving an address upon gas and hydro-electric development. The great organ in Festival Hall will be heard on this occasion, with Wallace A. Sabin at the keyboard. "Pacific Service" expects a royal turnout. Every department of the company has played its part in the preparatory work for the Exposition and the employees are ready to make a gala day of it.

JOSEPH E. HOWAND AND MABEL McCANE

Who will appear next week at the Orpheum

**A Financier in the Making**

I have heard the story of a youngster who turned the opening of the Exposition to such sound financial account that I feel justified in predicting for him a golden career in the marts of money. He is the young son of a sempstress who works hard to support herself and the boy. By disposing of rags, bottles and sacks and by other means known to enterprising youngsters he accumulated a dollar. On the opening day of the Fair he hied him to the Fillmore street entrance and bought two "participants' badges" at fifty cents a piece. One of these badges, you recall, entitled the wearer to go in and out of the Fair as often as he pleased during the opening day. Our young merchant wore one of the two badges he had purchased. The other he offered to likely looking people at the reduced price of twenty-five cents, stipulating that it should be returned to him inside the gate. He found many customers, accompanied them through the gates, recovered the badge, passed out and repeated the transaction. That evening he handed $14 to his mother.

**The Popular Tavern**

It doesn't take long for visitors in a strange city to learn where the most popular cafes are located. This is particularly true of San Francisco which is noted the world over for its restaurants. There are many strange faces now among the guests at Techau Tavern. Strangers have already learned that here they may see San Francisco cafe life at its best and always marked by that atmosphere of refinement and respectability for which this cafe is noted. The Candy Dances every evening and the Carnival on Wednesday nights attract large crowds and the ladies are delighted with the presentation of art souvenir boxes containing the choice confectionery of Foster and Orear. On Carnival nights there are fun-making souvenirs for everyone.

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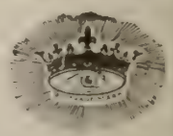
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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Resta's Anxious Bride

Toward dusk of that rainy and blowy afternoon on which the Grand Prix race was run at the Fair a young woman stepped out of the elevator of the St. Francis and approached the desk in the lobby. She was a very pretty young woman and very attractively gowned.

"Can you tell me," she said to the clerk in a sweet low voice, "who won the Grand Prix?"

The clerk informed her that the news hadn't come as yet. There was an expression of disappointment, and of anxiety too, on her charming face as she turned away.

"Who is that?" a newspaperman standing nearby inquired of the clerk.

"That's Mrs. Resta, the wife of one of the drivers," was the answer.

Just at that moment word came over the telephone that Darius Resta had won the Grand Prix, and a bell boy communicated the news to the bride before she stepped back into the elevator. The Restas had come to town very quietly, and had attracted little attention, being an unostentatious, well bred young couple. But from that moment Mrs. Resta became a personage, and although the notice she received made no difference in her modest ways she did not have to go to the hotel desk for news of the Vanderbilt Cup race. Hotel maids vied with one another in a volunteer bulletin service which kept Mrs. Resta in touch with the race from the start at twelve-thirty until the victorious finish of her bridegroom at five. All that time she remained in her apartment, filled with what hopes and fears who shall say? Before her recent marriage Mrs. Resta was Miss Marie Wishart, sister of Spencer Wishart, a racing driver who was killed in a race at Elgin, Ill., last August.

### How the Cook Was Lost

For thirty years Gee Sam was cook in the Cox family of Sacramento. That he was a fine cook goes without saying, for otherwise he would never have been kept that long by a family like the Coxes where the very best that wealth can buy has always been the order of the household and where the exactions of profuse entertaining for the smartest people of Sacramento would have exposed his deficiences if he had any. One of the Cox girls became the wife of George Peltier, president of the California National Bank, but Gee Sam was true to his allegiance. A year ago, however, when Miss Freda Cox married John Short, Gee Sam became the cook for the new household. John Short has a passion for automobiles which he is in a position to gratify. There are several machines in the Short garage, the most recent acquisition being one equipped with a smart "jump seat." It struck John Short that this jump seat should be occupied by a man in livery, and he cast about for the fitting man. Gee Sam! So he instructed Gee Sam to fit himself out in the most elaborate mandarin costume that the shops of Sacramento could supply, and then he inducted Gee Sam into his new dignity. The first day Gee Sam appeared down town as outrider for Mr. and Mrs. John Short he caused a sensation. Everybody knows Gee Sam in Sacramento, and the cook transformed to an outrider became a nine days' wonder. Among others who commented on the transformation were Gee Sam's oriental friends. Their comments must have been pungent and irritating, for they convinced Gee Sam that he had compromised his long-established dignity. The result was that Gee Sam resigned his job. So the Shorts lost not only an outrider, but also a cook with thirty years' experience.

### The First Polo Game

The Universal Polo Tournament will open on the Exposition field Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock with a game between the Cooperstown, New York team, and the Midwick Club team of Pasadena. It will be the great social event of the month and boxes have been taken by the leading social lights of a half dozen cities. The players will be, on the Cooperstown team, Charles Cary Rumsey, familiarly known as "Pad," who married Miss Mary Harriman; C. Perry Beadleston, F. S. Van Stade, known as "Kitty," and Malcolm Stevenson. The Midwick team will be Carleton Burke, Watson Webb of New York who married Miss Electra Havemeyer, Hugh Drury and Frederic McLaughlin of Chicago. This polo tournament lasts six weeks and among the other Eastern teams will be the Philadelphia Freebooters, consisting of the following well known Philadelphians: Standley Stokes and E. Lowber Stokes, neither married, Paul D. Mills who married Miss Paul of Philadelphia, a niece of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, and Howard Phipps, not married. The Aiken Freebooters are made up of A. J. Drexel Paul, a brother-in-law of Paul Mills, G. Maurice Hecksher of New York whose handsome wife will be with him, Thomas Le Boutellier, II, whose wife was a sister of Malcolm Stevenson of the Coopertown team, and J. C. Cooley of New York who is arranging the tournament as polo manager.

### "Tommy" Is Coming

Eleanor Sears is coming for the polo games. She is now at Coronado, as are most of the polo notables from New York. The arrival of "Tommy" Sears will be an event of transcendent importance. Never has she come to this city without creating a sensation. Some of her most spectacular stunts were staged for the delectation of her Burlingame friends, and incidentally for the benefit of the public whose open-mouthed wonder "Tommy" loves to command. Decidedly, the coming of "Tommy" will fillip gayety and add a special attraction to the Exposition city. All the polo men who are married are bringing their wives with them, so the social importance of the games may be imagined. There are to be three army teams to give the series a touch of military smartness, and of course all the California clubs will have their representatives here. The opening game will bring out everybody in the Social Register, as well as all who would like to be recorded in that holy book. Games will be played on the Exposition field here on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays during the tournament and at San Mateo or Burlingame on the other days. A club house is to be built, with admission by cards for which there will be a mad scramble. In the entertainment of the Easterners Burlingame is on the inside track of course.

### She Smokes a Pipe!

You may not believe it, but it's true as gospel. Eleanor Sears smokes a pipe. If you doubt my word, ask any of the folks who met "Tommy" at Coronado. She was to be seen on the links every day puffing away at her pipe like a veteran. Doubtless she will bring it to San Francisco with her, and her addiction to it may start a fashion in the Burlingame set. One would naturally suppose that a young lady who went in for pipe smoking would select a dainty little meerschaum with amber mouthpiece and gold trimmings. But not for Eleanor. Her pipe is a good sized blackened English brier.

### Who Will Entertain Them?

Vincent Astor and his wife are on their way to San Francisco accompanied by Muriel Astor. They are coming on Vincent Astor's yacht the Noma which is to make a stop at Havana before heading for the Panama Canal. The great question in society is, Who is going to capture these social darlings? To entertain for the Astors


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some society leaders I know of would be willing to risk their hope of Heaven. And there isn't a family hereabouts that would not regard the privilege of doing the honors for them as a very special favor. Who will get the Astors? Whenever the question is asked in Mrs. Eleanor Martin's hearing she smiles mysteriously but says nothing. I wonder what she has in mind?

**Mrs. Spreckels Entertains**

Mrs. Adolph Spreckels has been entertaining lavishly for the distinguished visitors who are here in connection with World's Fair events. At one of her luncheons last week Mrs. Spreckels entertained in honor of the wives of the New York commissioners, Mesdames Norman E. Mack, George H. Cobb, Joseph B. Mayer, Thomas H. Bussey, Winfield A. Huppuch and John R. Yale. Among the other guests at this charming affair were Mrs. O. C. Stine, Madame Van Coenen Torchiana, the wife of the Consul General and Commisisoner of the Netherlands, Madame B. E. Puyans, the wife of the Cuban consul, Mrs. Fred Stolp, Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. Charles A. Carver, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mrs. de Morelos, Mrs. de Brettiville, Mrs. A. de Brettville and Miss de Brettville. Another of Mrs. Spreckels' entertainments was a dinner party in honor of the Pennsylvania Commissioner, Mr. Al Hetherington. The most admired feature of the evening's amusement was the dancing of La Fontaine who improvised an exquisitely beautiful Grecian dance in front of the Pompeiian fountain that plays in the great hall of the Spreckels home. On this occasion also Eleanora de Cisneros sang, with Hother Wismer at the piano; and Madame Barry rendered a fine recitation. Mr. Hetherington contributed to the evening's entertainment by reciting "Barbara Frietchie." These are but two of a number of affairs which Mrs. Spreckels has given lately. She will continue them throughout the year, and as her hospitality is of the most delightful sort and her informal programs are always of artistic value, it goes without saying that the mansion in Washington street will witness distinguished gatherings.

**Mrs. Vance Cheney in Washington**

Mrs. John Vance Cheney who used to be prominent here and is readily recalled as the wife of the poet and the mother of pretty Hope Cheney, the first wife of "Bud" Havens, is creating something of a stir in the national capital. Mrs. Cheney brought a new health cult to Washington, and the leaders of society are going in for her system which combines hygiene with psychology. Mrs. Cheney is teaching blase Washingtonians how to rebuild the brain cells broken down by too much strenuous social life, and "how to adjust oneself to every condition," which reads like a large order. She has private classes to which the elite are seeking admission. Among her pupils are Mrs. Hitt, the mother of Billy who captured Katharine Elkins, Mrs. Stephen Elkins and ever so many others of importance. It is said that there are some unhappy wives in Mrs. Cheney's class, and if her system of philosophical therapeutics works well on them her fortune will be made.

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**At the Hotel Oakland**

Mrs. Shirley W. Foster entertained at luncheon in the Blue Room of the Hotel Oakland recently. The guest of honor was Miss Adele Welch, the fiance of Russell Cordell. Covers were laid for twenty. The Ladies Pharmaceutical Association gave a luncheon in the Blue Room recently. Covers were laid for thirty. The Thursday Evening Dinner Dansants in the Ivory Ball Room are proving a great success. The informality of the affairs during the Lenten period adds to the pleasure of the occasion. Mrs. Adolph Lemcke of Alameda gave a large tea in honor of Miss Emmy Lemcke whose marriage to Mr. Chaffee Hall will be an event of the early spring. About twenty of the younger set of Oakland and Alameda shared Mrs. Lemcke's hospitality.

**A Dance for the Kiddies**

Those charitable clubmen, the Indoor Yachtsmen, are making plans for a dansant to be held on April 10, the first Saturday after Easter, at the Civic Auditorium. This will be given for the purpose of raising funds for the yearly Kiddies Day of the club. Those who attended the memorable Pageant-Dansant of the Indoor Yacht Club do not have to be told that the dansant in course of preparation will be a splendid entertainment enlivened with novelties such as none but the clever yachtsmen ever think of.

**A Brilliant The Dansant**

A The Dansant is being planned by the Ladies Auxiliary of Mary's Help Hospital for the benefit of the free clinic, and society is coming forward to make the affair one which will be long remembered. The free clinic is doing splendid work among the sick and poor of the city, but is hampered by lack of funds, and the constant line of patients appealing at the hospital must be cared for. So while the women who devote their lives to this work are attending the sick, the women of the auxiliary are trying to raise the needed money for their care. The affair will take place the Saturday following Easter, April 10, from 4 to 7 at the St. Francis Hotel. Both the Colonial and the Italian ball rooms have been engaged, and splendid talent secured.

**Hat Sale for Worthy Cause**

A spring hat sale for the benefit of the Recreation Club for Girls Who Work at 507 Harrison street, will be held on Monday, March 15, from 3 until 6 o'clock, at 2324 Pacific avenue. Ladies' imported hats, outing hats, children's hats and boudoir caps donated by the leading milliners of San Francisco will be on sale. Admission is fifty cents, and afternoon tea is included. The directors of the club are: Miss Kate Brigham, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. George Cameron, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Mrs. C. T. Crocker, Mrs. L. W. Harris, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. John Lawson, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Atholl McBean, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mrs. Roy Pike, Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury, Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Miss Edith Treanor, Mrs. J. C. Wilson and Mrs. George Wright.

**Reading from "the Belgian Shakespeare"**

In the drama travelogue of March 18 by Josephine Caro the country portrayed is one in which we are all interested at this time, our hearts and sympathies reaching out to the little country now so involved in the European conflict. The play by Maeterlinck, "Pelleas and Melisande," gives a beautiful picture of the mystery and loneliness of every human soul, and makes only more clear the loneliness now felt by all those left in the midst of destruction and desolation. Mrs. Caro's deep insight into the human heart, and her ready sympathy, make this one of the most interesting of the readings. It will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue.

**The Fame of Negro's**

A party of prominent people who came from Boston to the Exposition dined and danced at Negro's in Merchant street one night last week. A San Franciscan was curious to know how they came to pick out Negro's, for they had not been here long enough to get many "pointers." The answer of one of the Bostonians was interesting. "Why, we heard of Negro's from some English tourists we met in the White Mountains last year," he replied in a matter of fact way. Something similar happened in the case of the New York Commissioners to the World's Fair who gave a large party there on another evening. The fact is that Negro's is talked of all over the country, not only for its fine cuisine but also for the atmosphere that envelops it, an atmosphere distinctly Bohemian, if that abused word may be used. Of course local people who enjoy the best Italian cooking have long had the Negro habit of luncheon or dinner. Small parties make it their favorite rendezvous. The dancing of an evening is merry and delightfully informal. It is going to be a very popular place, is Negro's throughout this year of the Fair.

**A Famous Dansant Drummer**

In Fred Solari's beautiful restaurant ball-room one can dance every afternoon and evening to the inspiring music of the best Dansant Orchestra in town. The most recent addition to this orchestra is Fred Gerald, late of the Keith circuit and a wonder on the drums. Herman Lahoun, the clever pianist, is the leader of the orchestra which has no superior of its kind. Mr. Le Boy and Alice Rinaldo give daily exhibition dances and free instruction to guests. Every Thursday is Oriental Night, when the exhibition dancers appear in rich Oriental costumes, and many special features are added to the program. Anita Heyman, the famous soprano, and Charles Cross, the boy tenor, sing there nightly.

**At the Portola Louvre**

Among prominent Northwestern folk who made the Portola Louvre Cafe headquarters during the last week were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schoenfeld and Mr. Burman Schoenfeld, Dr. and Mrs. Depew, Mr. Harry Brandt of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, Mr. W. Jenkins and Mr. Walter F. Foster, all of Seattle. Others were Mr. Stevenson Jones and Mr. W. McLean, Victoria.

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# O Tempora! O Mores!

By Edward F. O'Day

I am moved to reiterate this fairly well known exclamation of the Roman Shortridge by contemplation of the "High Jinks" wiggle which is bringing down the Cort house at every performance. I cannot adequately describe the "High Jinks" wiggle, for a proper characterization of its impropriety is beyond the modest limits of the vocabulary of modesty at my command. Had I the verbal riches with which Piere Louys gilded the orgiastic ecstacies of the slave Aphrodite I might attempt to put in sentences fit for the censor the movements and the meaning of the abdominal and femoral contortions that are lifting Cort theatregoers out of their accustomed calm into a fever of applausive excitation; but I am conscious that the rude words which are my only resource in this contingency would offend the staid and only prick the pruriency of the vulgar. It must suffice for me to say that the "High Jinks" wiggle is the physical manifestation of aphrodisiacal stimulation; that it is wanton, libidinous, undisguised and unashamed. The wigglers are all the members of the company from Stella Mayhew down to the silliest chorus boy. They wiggle with varying intensity and unequal technique, but manage to convey the impression that without exception they are doing their best which in this instance is also their worst, to meet the requirements of their exigent art. Like the celebrated snake of the doggerel who made the puzzling track they wiggle in and they wiggle out, and to such realistic effect do they regulate their body-twistings that the delighted audience shows unmistakable signs of a desire to keep them wiggling in and out forever. Some of them, lesser adepts in the elevating fine art of wiggling, supplement their squirmings with leers. But this is being obvious, and obviousness is a sin against art which the more cultivated wigglers know how to avoid without abating one jot the enthusiasm of their corporal demonstration. And here I must record my protest. Not against the wiggling, be it understood, for I lack the boldness to advance any opinion unfavorable to an exhibition which a theatreful of men and women, young and old, stamped with the seal of their chaste approval. Long may the wigglers wiggle to the accompaniment of loud applause. I would not have them quit their inspiring limb-shivers till an audience rises en masse and hisses them. Such a phenomenon would serve notice on the stage director that his ingenious contribution to uplift lacked popular support. I am for reforming audiences before I reform performers. No, my protest is directed against the program maker. He has given credit in his bill to all the hands and feet and other limbs and organs that went to make "High Jinks" a wiggling success; but nowhere does he record the name of the genius who put the wiggle in the show. This is to be invidious. This is to be unjust. Let us know who it was that first conceived the wiggle, or borrowed it from some savage race of sex-worshipers and made it a polite American stage property. Let us know the name of this pioneer that we may fittingly celebrate his greatness with a statue of the sort that ornamented the garden of the unblushing Roman in that time of unbridled lubricity when the Shortridge of Tusculum uttered his shocked, despairing "O Tempora! O Mores!"

# Gossip of the Theatre

### The Symphony Season

With regret, we have to say good-bye once more to Mr. Hadley and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. It has been a season of excellent work and noticeable improvement, and we are all glad to hear that the symphony venture has reached a point of monetary solidity. Hopes that once seemed chimerical of a permanent symphony orchestra in this city, appear to have been realized. The experiment of some of our generous citizens who are desirous of fostering the cause of music and promoting the development of an interest in things musical has proved a success. With a well-balanced orchestra, and a leader who conducts with sympathetic care they have supplied us with influences without which there can be no genuine musical environment. The success of the past season may have been due in no small measure to special features contributed by visiting artists, but it is the musical environment that ensures the presence of the stars of the musical world. And this environment by reason of the influence of the symphony orchestra is constantly growing more enticing. The last concert of the season was given last Friday with Zimbalist as the special attraction in the noble Brahms concerto for violin, D major. To this sort of musical treat one goes not to criticise but to be thrilled by tones of exquisite purity, to have visions, to be uplifted. On this occasion was given in a style that produced positive sensations the Rachmaninoff symphony E minor. In the works of the Russian composers Mr. Hadley is never lacking in enthusiasm or emotion. The symphonic poem "Les Preludes" by Liszt concluded the program. It was given with as great a sense of abstract meaning as anything the orchestra has ever played and was especially effective in brilliant, triumphant passages.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### The Gluck-Zimbalist Concert

Notwithstanding the lovely weather and the Exposition attractions the Gluck-Zimbalist concert packed the Columbia last Sunday afternoon bringing a two-fold joy to the heart of Impresario Greenbaum. For while, as 'tis said, Impresario Greenbaum is interested in art for art's sake it must be especially grateful to him to have the box-office register a big pecuniary success. The concert was a memorable one, made so not only by the singing of Alma Gluck and the playing of Zimbalist, but also by the inspiring domesticity of the occasion. They are a happy pair—the vocalist and the violinist—and when they are on the same stage they radiate the happiness that is felt in each other's company. Zimbalist played with reverent fidelity and passionate feeling, and Alma Gluck was charming, and sang beautifully in spite of her audible breathing which, let us hope, is only a habit with a temporary grip. Unmistakably an artist of intelligence, it is not likely that she will remain unconscious of this defect. But even with it, what a delight to hear her sing with her gifted husband playing a violin obligato! Even more delightful perhaps, because unexpected, was her singing with her husband at the piano. On this instrument as well as on the violin Zimbalist has virtuosity, and when playing for his wife there is a sympathy that is in itself magnetic. On the whole the joint appearance of these newlyweds had something of a honeymoon flavor. The overtone of it all had the suggestion of a musical rendering of the sentiment "There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream."

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### "Peace," a Modern Morality

Michael Williams of the Examiner and Malcolm Strong of Carmel have dramatized the protest against war which is finding such forcible utterance on all sides in this year of worldwide carnage. Their contribution to the propaganda is a play in one act entitled "Peace," and it was presented for the first time on any stage at Pantages this week. Its appeal lies most of all in its manifest sincerity, but it possesses too that indispensable requisite of a stage offering, compelling dramatic interest. "Peace" is a modern morality that commends itself to the theatregoer by its unstrained and easily understood allegory. Man wants Peace to abide with him, and so does Woman, his faithful helpmate and the mother of his children. But Lust has come into his life, and Sin is his familiar, ever ready to interpose objections when it seems that Peace is about to win back his old allegiance. Science too has strong arguments to offer against Man's desire to have Peace. Man would compromise if he could, but Peace cannot dwell with him unless Sin and Lust are cast out. It is Woman who turns the scales in favor of Peace in the end. The suspense is very well sustained until the close; the language is simple, beautiful and forceful; and the setting of the allegory deepens the interest of the story. There is nothing just like "Peace" in vaudeville, one reason being that the writers of vaudeville sketches rarely approach their work in the sincere spirit which animates Messrs. Williams and Strong. Or if the sincerity of the vaudeville playwright be indubitable, it too often happens that his ability is small. These two Californians are profoundly sincere and unusually able. "Peace" will surely succeed. It has the added attraction of a carefully selected and well balanced cast.

—E. F. O'Day.

### Peoples Philharmonic Concert

The tenth and last symphony concert of the series given by the Peoples Philharmonic Orchestra held in the Civic Auditorium was not as

well attended as the previous concert, and this notwithstanding the fact that there was an added attraction in the artists and chorus from the new Peoples San Francisco Grand Opera Company who rendered the music from the Finale of Act Two of "Aida." However, lack of attendance did not mar the pleasure of those who were there, and the numbers were all received with great enthusiasm by the audience, as was demonstrated by the applause. The overture of "Tannhauser" as well as the first two movements from the Pastoral Symphony No. 6 by Beethoven were fairly well rendered, but at times marred by the preponderance of the brasses. This fault was also noticeable during the rendition of the excerpt from "Aida" and at times it was impossible to hear the singers, especially in the Grand Triumphant March in which the trombones take the leading part. The last number, a Hungarian Fantasie by Herman Perlet, given for the first time in San Francisco, proved a very enjoyable number and was well rendered. The Philharmonic has proved that the people want to hear good music and the next series to be held later in the year should have the support of all music lovers.

—A. Sutter.

### Maggie Teyte's Concerts

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Manager Will L. Greenbaum will introduce to our music lovers dainty, charming, artistic Maggie Teyte, the little Englishwoman who at the age of twenty-five is ranked among the world's most important song-birds. After her appearance with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra last week, the critic of a leading paper wrote of her as follows: 'She is a little creature but she is all loveliness, and she is a perfect singer. When you hear her you don't think of stupid technical terms, range, method, volume, etc. You have a strangely thrilling sensation which voices itself in words 'She is singing,' just as when you first saw Maud Adams in 'Peter Pan' you forgot all the accustomed shallow illusions of the stage and declared 'She is playing.'" Jean De Reszke wrote of Maggie Teyte: "Her style, method and whole manner of singing may well serve as a model for every young ambitious artist or student to follow." In the interpretation of classic and modern French songs she is as authoritative as Julia Culp in the German lieder. Her style, diction and general manner of delivering her songs are said to be ideal and the voice is one of exceptional purity and sheer beauty. In grand opera Miss Teyte is considered the ideal Melissande in Debussy's "Peleas and Melissande," the most charming of all the Mimis in "La Boheme," the perfect "Cinderella," one of the best Butterflys and in Mozart roles she is unrivalled. At Sunday's concert we shall hear her in an Aria from Mozart's "The Magic Flute," Italian works by Parelli, Zadonai, Giordano and Schlinder, old French provincial melodies by Dezede, Malaret, Brissaul and Weckerlin, four old English classics and a group of modern French works by Hue, Fevrier and Chabrier. At the second and positively last concert Miss Teyte will sing Arias from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Massenet's "Thais," a group of five Debussy works and a dozen other numbers in Italian, French and English. Tickets may be had at the usual music stores and the Columbia. In Oakland Miss Teyte will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Friday afternoon, March 19, at 3:15, repeating the magnificent program of her opening concert.

### "Ziegfeld Follies" Coming

It is now four years since Ziegfeld brought his "Follies" to San Francisco, and on that occasion the Columbia could not hold the thousands seeking an opportunity to see the big attraction. The current edition of the "Follies," to be seen at the Columbia commencing Monday night, March 22, is said to be bigger and better than any of Ziegfeld's former offerings. It is in two acts and eighteen scenes, and the presenting company numbers one hundred and fifty entertainers. Bert Williams, Leon Errol, Vera Michelena, Louise Meyers, Ed Wynn, Arthur Deagon, Stella Chatelaine, Anna Pennington, Walter Percival, Herbert Clifton, Johnny Dove, J. Bernard Dyllyn, Gladys Feldman, May Carman, Lottie Vernon, Dorothy Godfrey, Jean Barnett, Rose Wertz, Arthur Rose and Addison Young are in the cast. The Broadway Beauty Chorus is coming across the continent to be on hand in the big scenes. The advance sale of seats opens next Thursday. Mail orders are now being received and filed in order of receipt.

### Another Week of "Seven Keys"

The engagement at the Columbia Theater of George M. Cohan's mystery farce "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is to have an additional week, the third and final one, beginning Sunday night, March 14. "Seven Keys" is proving a popular attraction at the Geary street theatre, and this engagement will be classed the most profitable of the current season. It is probably the most delightful, poignantly absorbing and cleverly constructed farce that has been seen on the American stage in many years. Indeed, the critical dramatic reviewers and the playgoing public alike have accorded this play the highest commendation ever given any farce comedy offering. Cyril Scott is at the head of an excellent company including Frank Monroe, Ethel Intropodi, Jean Shelby, Rita Harlan, Spencer Charters, J. Hooker Wright, Frank Allworth, Lee Sterritt, Betram Miller, Ernest Geyer and John D. O'Hara, all of whom are to be complimented for a good performance. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

### Joe Howard at Orpheum

As a writer of songs and musical shows there are few better known and more popular artists than Joseph E. Howard, the Chicago composer who with the clever little comedienne Mabel McCane, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a lively, engaging and sparkling act. Howard is not only a successful composer but he is also a born entertainer and his fair colleague Miss McCane ably assists him in "putting over" one of the most delightful acts in vaudeville. The Big City Quartette which has deservedly won the title of "the sweetest singing four in vaudeville" is sure to make a strong and successful appeal to lovers of good music. Each of the four is a soloist of merit. Rover is the first tenor; Bates the second tenor; Emerson the baritone and Wood the basso. Franker Wood and Bunee Wyde term their offering "Good Night." It is a little musical comedy in which mirth and melody abound. Charles Prelle's Animal Circus consists of highly educated dogs who in addition to performing a number of novel, diverting and amusing stunts play a ludicrous pantomime called "The Robbery of the Overland Mail." Charles D. Weber, a juggler, accomplishes the seemingly impossible and also imparts an original comedy flavor to his act. Ma Belle and her Ballet will delight with a beautiful terpsichorean divertissement. Maria Lo and Company will repeat their reproductions of Porcelain and other china. Those delightfully quaint and humorous comedians Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will hold the mirror up to nature in Mr. Cressy's famous one-act play "Bill Biffins' Baby."

### "The Clansman" Again

Announcement of the third big week of the world's most stupendous motion picture "The Clansman," or "The Birth of the Nation," is made by the management of the Alcazar. It begins Monday afternoon. Here is, beyond any doubt, the most wonderful success ever attained by a moving picture since the great scheme of projecting the film drama was first conceived. At every performance of this $500,000 world's masterpiece, the Alcazar has been jammed to the doors.

### After "High Jinks," "Everywoman"

"High Jinks," at the Cort Theatre, has caught the favor of San Francisco theatregoers. It enters on the second and final week of its engagement with Sunday night's performance. The featured member of the cast is Stella Mayhew. "Everywoman," the great spectacle play, will be the attraction at the Cort beginning Sunday, March 21. It will be remembered what a success was achieved by this unique drama when it played an engagement of three weeks here two seasons ago. Henry W. Savage, the producer, promises the same elaborate production and adequate cast as before.

### Stabat Mater at Greek Theatre

The annual Good Friday sacred concert will be given at the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley on Friday afternoon, April 2, at 3 o'clock. The program will be a

THE TANGO GIRLS IN THE "HIGH JINKS" AT THE CORT

very beautiful one, the main feature being a superb rendition of Rossini's immortal "Stabat Mater" with the following quartet of soloists: Mme. Alice Gentle, Miss Lucy Van der Mark, Signor Fausto Castellani and Mr. Godfrey Price. Mme. Gentle and Signor Castellani were stars of the Bevani Opera Company, Miss Van der Mark is one of our leading local contraltos and Mr. Price was the star basso soloist with the famous "Mountain Ash Choir" of Wales. There will be a chorus of two hundred and fifty trained voices furnished by the San Francisco Choral Society, Berkeley Oratorio Society and the Treble Clef Club and an orchestra of sixty-five musicians, the whole being under the baton of Mr. Paul Steindorff, Choragus of the University. Popular prices will prevail, and there will be special boat and train service. This will be a splendid occasion for visitors to the Exposition to see the world's grandest open-air auditorium under the most advantageous conditions. Full details regarding sale of tickets, etc., will be announced next week.

**"Faust" at Pantages**

One of the most spectacular vaudeville productions that Pantages has presented will be a condensed version of Goethe's "Faust" enacted by a capable cast headed by Landers Stevens and Georgie Cooper who have become as great favorites on the vaudeville circuit as they formerly were in stock. Stevens will play his old time successful role of Mephistopheles, the part he played in the days when stock companies were the rage at the old Morosco and Grove street theatres. Thirty-five minutes of gorgeous scenic staging with three distinct changes showing the study of Faust, the vision of Marguerite and the famous Brocken transformation, mark the act as a genuine sensation for popular vaudeville. Allen's famous Cheyenne cowboy minstrels is another splendid feature. The act carries the atmosphere of the prairie with beautiful light effects and the cow punchers singing in the glow of the camp fire. Corr-Thomas and company show aerial acrobatics which have won them big type on all circus programs. Leona Guerney, the charming young vocalist, better known as the "Siberian Nightingale," will render popular operatic selections. Knapp and Cornalla have a potpourri comprising tumbling, dancing and songs. Two dancing acts, the Gordan brothers in eccentric steps, and Gilmore and Raminoff presenting ball room dances, will complete the program.

MAGGIE TEYTE

The noted English prima donna who gives two concerts at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, March 14 and 21 and one concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 19

**If you wish to know why total abstinence is a greater evil than intemperance read The Lantern next week.**

The only safe bet on a woman's age is that she is older than she thinks she looks.

The trouble with the fellow who thinks he knows it all is that he has so much to unlearn.


PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

LANDERS STEVENS, GEORGIE COOPER & CO. in a stupendous vaudeville version of "Faust;" magnificent scenic and electrical effects. CORR-THOMAS TRIO, America's famous Aerial Artists; ALLEN'S CHEYENNE MINSTRELS; KNAPP-CORNALLA, varied Vaudeville Bits; LEONA GUERNEY, the Siberian Song Bird; GILMORE & RAMINOFF, Society Dancers; GORDAN BROTHERS, those Different Dancers.


**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of GEORGE WILLARD STONE, Deceased; No. 18610, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Marea W. Stone, as Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased (generally known as George Stone), to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 13th day of March, 1915) to the said Executrix at the office of L. F. Young, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Willard Stone, deceased.

MAREA W. STONE,
Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 13, 1915.

L. F. YOUNG,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 3-13-5

**SUMMONS**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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This Sunday Afternoon, March 14, at 2:30 and
Sunday Afternoon, March 21, at 2:30

Tickets, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and Columbia Theater.

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Next Friday Afternoon, March 19, at 3:15
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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THIRD AND LAST WEEK
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
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Laughs—Mystery—Thrills

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Next—Commencing Sunday, March 21—"EVERYWOMAN"

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Almost everything on the entire list showed strength at the close of the week and prices showed a fair advance. Whether it was the more favorable news from the Allies' standpoint, or the adjournment of Congress was hard to say; at any rate, sentiment underwent a complete change. Bonds were relatively more active than stocks and some of the low-priced issues scored large gains. Central Pacific bonds were sold freely for foreign account, "sellers 20 days," but foreign liquidation was not heavy in other issues. Germany seems to have got rid of all the Canadian Pacific stock it wishes to sell and this also appears to be true of several bond issues. Investors are buying good bonds and it is believed that insurance companies have accumulated large blocks. Owing to the decline in prices within the past year many insurance companies and savings banks found their reserves impaired through no fault of their officials. Purchases made at lower prices serve to average up the value of their investments and make their position much stronger. Many of the best railroad bonds, as safe as those of the United States to all intents and purposes yield an income of 4½ per cent or more at current prices. Industrial stocks were active and strong. Studebaker began to reap the benefit of its good annual report and other issues of its class were helped by reports of more orders from European Governments. Rubber shares went up for the same reason. Locomotive shares held back, but other railroad equipment issues were strong. New York Central is the weakest of the important railroad shares. Traders believe the company is paying too much for money and too much is invested in improvements that have not yet begun to add anything to earnings. New Haven on the other hand, has risen from its new minimum of 43 to 49 in a few days. Its net earnings have improved very much and the Massachusetts Legislature has treated it kindly in the matter of passenger rates. Third Avenue Railroad rose to the highest point it has touched since 1912

**Wheat**—The practical withdrawal of American insurance on ocean risks was the cause of most of the demoralization in all the pits. The news was not as assuring as the public would wish. The blockading activities were somewhat in advance of expectations, and beyond what was generally expected, but it was intimated that the first restrictions made by the Germans might be modified. The most important announcement, however, was that which was said to emanate from the White House, and which again suggested the possibility of prohibiting the further shipments of grain to Europe. We should conclude from other announcements made that such an order, if promulgated, would apply temporarily only, or until the full intent of the embargo decrees is known. It would be but natural that the United States should seek to protect our commerce from wanton destruction. The market for wheat is extremely sensitive to every rumor which could curtail our clearances or encourage the belief that Russian supplies would be released. It is well to be conservatively cautious and not ignore the possibilities both for and against such action as noted above.

**Corn**—A point not touched upon to any great extent in connection with corn has been the fear of condition when warmer weather appears. The winter shelled grain is not proverbial for its keeping qualities and is shunned by carriers. There is not to our knowledge any fear at present except that which comes through tradition of former experiences. Another drawback to bullish sentiment has been the expectation that the March report on reserves would show heavier than any estimate yet made. It is rather paradoxical that after two very small corn crops this country is left with the largest visible supply at this time in twenty years, and demonstrates what enforced economy will do when religiously practiced. But it should not be forgotten that we have had more than a 10 cent break in this grain and that our receipts will dwindle within the next sixty days to under a hundred cars per day, while demand is always present and that from a foreign source possible.

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**If you wish to know why total abstinence is a greater evil than intemperance read The Lantern next week.**

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Of course there is plenty of room at the top. Everybody wants to get in on the ground floor.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Department No. 10, Probate; No. 16330.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Order to show cause why application for leave to sell real property should not be granted.

Maria Borrone, the guardian of the persons and estates of Felice Borrone and Giulio Borrone, minors, having this day presented to this Court, and filed herein, her petetion, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to the said minors, either at public or private sale, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from the said petetion that it is for the best interests of and would be beneficial to the said minors, that the said real property described in said petetion or some part of it shall be sold.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their said estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 Probate, in the court-room thereof in the Temporary City Hall, at No. 1231 Market street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of March, 1915, at 10 a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real property as prayed for in said petetion, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, February 19th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

(Endorsed):
Filed Feb. 19, 1915. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardian,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOPHIE RAU, deceased.—No. 18545; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ISABELLA LEWIS, executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deacesed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of Vogelsang & Brown, Room 807, Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sophie Rau, deceased.

ISABELLA LEWIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27th, 1915.

VOGELSANG & BROWN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Room 807 Nevada Bank Building,
No. 14 Montgomery St,, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10


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| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DEBORAH PATTERSON, Deceased; No. 18463, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, A. O. Colton, Room 514 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Deborah Patterson, deceased.

SALLIE K. ROBERTS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Deborah Patterson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 6, 1915.

A. O. COLTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 514 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-5

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.

MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

SUMMONS

In the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

FRANK J. EGAN, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL BREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of the Justices' Clerk of said Court.

The People of the State of California to DANIEL BREEN, Defendant, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before JAMES G. CONLAN, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County, State of California.

Make legal service and due return hereon: By order of the presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

Given under my hand this 6th day of October, 1914.

ROBERT W. DENNIS, Justices' Clerk.
By J. J. SWEENEY, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-6-10

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1178 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 20, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV San Francisco, March 20, 1915 No. 1178

BLANCHE RING
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# TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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## The Beachey Tragedy

The expected happened at the Exposition last Sunday. The climactic thrill long overdue, but as inevitable as the crack of doom, Lincoln Beachey gave with his life. Before the emotions of the multitude had subsided a sincere, thoughtful tribute was paid to the daring aviator by Lieutenant John C. Walker of the Twelfth United States Infantry. "The country," he said to a reporter, "has lost one of its expert flyers—one who would have been invaluable in case of war." It was because Beachey was of some value in the world that he should never have been tempted to risk his life for the gain of himself and his employers. As an exponent of aviation some of his performances were not perhaps without practical value, but the repetition of them for holiday purposes served only to excite the spirit of emulation and the passion for vainglory. They were not to be reckoned among the things indispensable at a World's Fair.

## Singing the Praises of Hiram

What a great State has California become under the inspired guidance of that spontaneous statesman the Hon. Hiram Johnson! The present Legislature and its two immediate predecessors breathed into the State "the spirit of the West, the new philosophy of government on which are based the fondest hopes and the noblest aspirations of a free people." The utterance is Governor Johnson's. It won for him much applause at a banquet in Sacramento where he was surrounded by his political idolators, noble henchmen all, many of them fattening at the public crib by his gracious leave. They had been warming the cockles of his heart with noble lyrics. Pindaric odes, dithyrambic gems adapted to stirring strains. A stoic of sobriety is Governor Johnson, but what mortal man can remain cold and maintain his poise when soused in the warm intoxicating bath of adulation set to music. There is something Circean in such as this.

"Hurrah California, the pride of the West,
Hurrah for the Governor, the man we love best."

Ah, how sweet to the ear is the voice of acclaim! To the susceptible heart welcome, thrice welcome, the rhythmic panegyric. Like sprightly nectar let it ply round the heart in the midst of grateful friends, the while they gush endearments so like the fragrant oils that sportive cupids pour on the heads of Pleasure's devotees. The panegyric in prose may have no more effect on the object of it than to make him self-conscious, but when it is put into rhythm it searches his nerves, and when it is sung to music that thrills it inflames his inmost being, transporting him to vertiginous heights. This is what happened to our Governor when he was celebrated to the tune of Tipperary in one of Secretary McCabe's lyrics thus:

It's a dam hard job to be a Governor,
It's a tough trick to show
The bull-moose, elephant and donkey
The proper road to go.

Good boy—Hiram Johnson,
Keep it up, we say.
It's a long, long journey to the White House,
But you'll be there some day.

A sweet and chaste tribute to the one Progressive statesman who has accomplished anything. Nobody is more sensible of this fact than the Governor himself. He was but vindicating this sensibility when, emerging from the flood of adulation with its fumes quickening his imagination, he pointed with pride to the new and redeemed California as "the Mecca of every man on the earth, of all those who would better their condition."

## California's Appeal

Making due allowance for the heady atmosphere of the banquet our Governor came near enough to the truth. If not "the Mecca of every man on the earth," California is the Mecca of all whose condition is in need of betterment and impossible of improvement anywhere that sanity still holds sway. It is true, as Governor Johnson says, that California embodies the spirit of the West; that is to say, the spirit of academic idealism and infallible Socialism. And while this spirit remains with us California will continue to be the Mecca of the submerged. Doubtless the army of pilgrims will be greatly swollen as soon as the Anti-Spotters' bill is passed. This is a bill designed to curb the infamous practice of railroad companies of hiring men to detect thieving employees. The passage of this bill will be notice to all whose condition is in need of betterment that the spirit of the West is still on the job. It will argue that the Progressive party is still making progress in the right direction, and it may inspire the submerged with the hope that the time is approaching when all systems by which a check is put on men that handle the cash of their employers will be abolished by legislative enactment. California, as Governor Johnson says, is indeed a wonderland. And assuredly it was made so by the new spirit of the West. A Mecca, too, is California, and in time, if the spirit remains with us, the glorious State that was too long true to the traditions of its profane and rollicking Pioneers may have so great a preponderance of the kind of people to whom its best blood is now appealing that there will be no demand for bed-sheet legislation.

## Our Mexican Policy

The rival bandits of Mexico are making it very hard for our President to stick to his determination to keep off their ravaged battleground. At the same time they are taking all the color of plausibility out of Uncle Sam's pretension to magnanimity which he put forth when Mexico was first plunged into anarchy. Our policy of non-intervention was motived originally in considerations beyond criticism. We sympathized with the peons, who were fighting for liberty, and besides we thought it well to give proof to all Latin peoples to the south of us that no longer was there any danger of our expanding at their expense. Of our display of magnanimity we were self-conscious and proud, and when later the note of international altruism was sounded we were heartily pleased with ourselves. But gradually it has been dawning on us that our magnanimity was a pose, an affectation. Uncle Sam has been strutting vaingloriously. The truth is we are letting Mexico alone not because we are altruistic or magnanimous, but because we have become absorbed in the arts of peace. We have become quite as pacific as were the enervate Romans when the barbarians poured across the Danube. It is not that we are at all timid. We know that the Mexicans would be no match for us, but we have a lot of business to attend to, and besides times are hard, so what's the use? Instead of fighting let us cant a bit, dote for a while on our ideals, and hold symposiums on the ethics of trade and the law of kindness. Oh, what an exemplary people we have become! To what softness have our manners been refined! We abhor war with its bloodlust and its cruelties and its horrors, and each of us is learning to love mankind. We are the most humane people on earth—even our shopkeepers who love to study the ethics of trade and the literature that keeps them in touch with those advanced business methods that have for their aim the seduction of customers and the outwitting of the man next door. And our civilization is so advanced that we regard it as a triumph of democracy if we elect a Supervisor who isn't a thief, and a piece of luck if his honesty is united with intelligence. It may be that we are not at all Pharisaical, but at any rate our President touches a popular chord when he overflows with sympathy for the peons and hymns through his nose the psalm of international altruism. On the strength of these sentiments he might forever remain the idol of the people—provided he could make his prophecy of prosperity come true.

## Two Bobuses Disagree

When two philanthropic patriots intent on realizing their ideal for the benefit of the dear people fall out over a question of expediency it is difficult for the spectator to remain emotionless. The unregenerate may laugh, but at the disjunction of their guides and philosophers the virtuous cannot but lament. Bobus Spreckels and Bobus Hearst, two of the aristocracy of talent, each for government ownership, are at loggerheads,

and all the flunkeys of the polloi, reverent of "cash-accounts and larders dropping fatness," are holding their sympathies in suspense. It is a grave question for the average man, which cause to espouse. According to our view of the matter, while the position of Bobus Spreckels is logical there is wisdom in the position of Bobus Hearst. Let us briefly expound this paradox. Both aristocrats are for the principle of government ownership. They say it is sound. Both are for government ownership of railroads. Because he is for government ownership of railroads Bobus Spreckels is in favor of having the Western Pacific railroad purchased and operated by the great, advanced State of California. But Bobus Hearst, though affecting to be an enthusiast for government ownership, is opposed to the purchase of the Western Pacific by California. He argues that it should be operated by the United States. His reason is that California would make a failure of the railroad business. But California is a State, and when we speak of government ownership we mean State ownership. The United States itself is nothing more, politically speaking, than a State, and if a railroad is a good thing for a State to own why give it to the whole country instead of keeping it for ourselves. Bobus Spreckels is logical, but Bobus Hearst is wise. For if California takes over the Western Pacific we shall have quick action, and the result will be illuminating. Now illumination is precisely what the journalist disciple of Karl Marx does not want.

### The Freaks of Nature

A few years ago when Ibsen was getting a hearing in the theatre one of the common criticisms of his plays was that they abounded in fetid phantasy. In them few people could find much that was true to life. In the opinion of many theatregoers Ibsen gave us women that existed nowhere beyond the border of his drama. That his women were very real persons we might have inferred from the deep interest that women took in his plays. They perceived that in his boring and mining underneath the surface of life to make us shiver in our moral barebones he was discovering genuine passions and motives. Some very odd creatures were brought under the Ibsen microscope, but they were not wholly creatures of the imagination. Some of them were quite as real as the Mrs. Carlson who murdered her husband and entered into a suicide compact with the son who stood trial for her crime. Mrs. Carlson was half sister to Ibsen's Rebecca West. On the same day on which Mrs. Carlson came to light we had an intimate study of the artist Gertrude Boyle, who might easily fit into one of the dramas of the great Norwegian poet. Pining like the second Mrs. Wangrel for the unattainable freedom of which the sea is a symbol, the eccentric woman releases herself from the bonds of a weary marriage and advances fearlessly with a fresh lover by her side to victory and winged joy. Gertrude Boyle might have stepped out of the Ibsen gallery of seemingly freak portraits. Only that Ibsen's women were inclined to be normal in their animal passions. The naked souls that Ibsen revealed to us were freakish enough, and though his favorite message was that one should realize oneself, and that we should bring into full being and action whatever force existed within us, the full-blooded egoism that he desired was spiritual, and he never dreamt of two such soul mates as a white woman and a Japanese, still less of the white wife of a Japanese craving the repetition of her exotic experience.

### Our Fountains of Opinion

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University has been pondering of late a phenomenon that has been discussed so long and so often in Town Talk that we have been apprehensive at time of boring our readers. This phenomenon is the affectation of universality of knowledge by our intellectual pretenders of academic circles. "It is now the custom," says President Butler, "to seek the counsel and the opinion of the professorial class when any matter of public interest is under consideration or in dispute; and this applies unfortunately not only to matters of which the professorial class have cognizance but also to matters of which they know little or nothing." Evidently President Butler has received the impression that the professors are seduced, that the evil is due to the solicitation of editors. For he says, "If one be a profound student of Plato he is expected without warning to pass an illuminating critical judgment upon the latest outgivings of George Bernard Shaw." And again: "If he happens to be versed in the economic thought of Germany or Austria, he is called upon for an authoritative expression regarding the strike of coal miners in Colorado." Further: "If by any chance he has ever written a book on any aspect of railway organization, management or finance he runs the risk of being clapped upon a public commission to supervise and in part to control the railway systems of a State or nation." All this is very true. But it is not quite as President Butler says that "all these are dangers and embarrassments to which the alert university professor, whose name is known in the newspaper offices, is now constantly subjected." It would more nearly approximate to the truth to say that they are opportunities which the "alert university professor" is constantly, persistently, assiduously and successfully cultivating. The fact is that our universities are full of professors who have not been educated up to a knowledge of their limitations. To the danger of appearing ridiculous to the wise while striving to appear learned to the ignorant they are utterly insensible. President Butler himself is guilty of a prodigious error when he conceives that the professors who are covering with an endless flow of twaddle every topic within the compass of human comprehension have been seduced and are therefore to be regarded with compassion. While many of them are fools, some are gladly prostituting the prestige of learning for hire, and with few exceptions the impulse to rush into print and on to the rutilant heights for the applause of the masses is born of a self-importance that rises with the number of things these pseudo-scholars are ignorant of. "Criticism," says Dr. Johnson, "is a study on which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense." He was speaking of literary criticism, but the observation applies to all criticism. Our college professors are critics without study, and at no expense, critics of matters about which they are only opinionated. Even the specialists are but indifferent students of their own specialties. But with a smattering of knowledge they will write books, and when a professor becomes an author he is at once deemed qualified to discuss any science under the sun. As to the author of a book "running the risk of being clapped on a public commission," how many professors are not wire-pulling for the honors of public office? If President Butler will give a little more thought to these matters he will find that his solicitude is misdirected. For it is not the danger to professors that he should worry about, but rather the mischief that is done to the people and their institutions. The men of the professorial class enjoy a great deal of prestige in this country. They are supposed to have faculties and aspirations above the common herd, to be capable of leading their countrymen on to greater achievements in virtue, intelligence and social well-being. It ought to be their aim to cultivate a love of truth for truth's sake and a taste for the intellectual pursuits that form great minds. How far they are removed from the ideals of their class! We find them engaged chiefly in astonishing the profanum vulgus for the titillation of their own ego. Instead of giving men enlarged and commanding views they are popularizing burning questions. Instead of developing a kind of sober good sense free from extravagance of opinion they are co-operating with yellow journalism in solving the latest transient problems in sociology, or lending a little prestige to a new movement for the tormenting of the eternally unregenerate. And always they are oracular, and everywhere they sow the east wind. From the professorial class come all the doctors of the Social Organism with theories varying from Theocracy to Anarchy. Each has a cure for the body politic, and the common principle of all is the destruction of essentials to patch details. These men are making much progress in the procreation of inanity, and they are taken seriously by large sections of the people.

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# Varied Types

## CCXXI—LA LOIE FULLER

By Edward F. O'Day

The finest group of Rodin masterpieces ever assembled is to be presented to the city of San Francisco. The collection includes "The Thinker" and "The Age of Brass," regarded by authorities on art as the greatest works ever executed by the world's greatest living sculptor. These two famous masterpieces, together with the master's "Prodigal Son," "The Siren" and his bust of Henri Rochefort have been bought by Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels who announces her intention of giving them to her native city. They are at the World's Fair and will be exhibited in the Palace of Fine Arts. With them is another of Rodin's masterpieces, "St. John the Baptist," which Mrs. Spreckels may buy and add to the collection. The munificence of a San Francisco matron is to make this city a Rodin shrine to which the art lovers of the whole world will come on pilgrimage through all future ages.

Aside from Paris the cities of the world which boast more than one Rodin either publicly or privately owned may be counted on the fingers. San Francisco's collection will remain unapproachable because it contains both "The Thinker" and "The Age of Brass." "The Thinker" Rodin did in bronze twice only. One statue is in front of the Pantheon in Paris; the other which is to be San Francisco's, was executed for the Swiss Government. "The Thinker" in the Metropolitan Museum of New York is a plaster exemplar. "The Age of Brass" is the work of Rodin best known to the man in the street because there is an interesting story connected with it. When the young Rodin sent it to the Salon the jury decided that a work so perfect must have been cast from the living male figure. It was rejected and Rodin was ostracized. Only his genius and the passing of years vindicated his artistic integrity and freed him from the worst charge which can be made against a sculptor. These and the other works belong to the best period of Rodin's career. All of them are as well known to connoisseurs as the Venus of Milo or Michelangelo's Moses.

How were they secured for San Francisco? The answer may be stated simply. San Francisco owes the most splendid gift of art it may ever receive to the bounty of Mrs. Spreckels, to the irresistible enthusiasm of La Loie Fuller and to the European situation created by the war Miss Fuller told me the story, one of the most absorbing I have ever listened to.

I would that I could tell it as the world-famous dancer poured it out to me. This friend of Rodin's has the gift of picturesque narrative, and whether she is rhapsodizing on the genius of "the master"—so she calls the great sculptor—or denouncing President Wilson's course since the beginning of the world war, she proves herself mistress of a thrilling eloquence that communicates her enthusiasm to her listener. Hers is the sort of talk to which only shorthand can do full justice.

The story of the acquisition of the Rodins begins with Mrs. Adolph Spreckels' visit in Paris just before the war. There she renewed her friendship with Miss Fuller. La Loie is of the inner circle of Parisan art: Rodin's home is open to her. Anatole France wrote the preface to her Memoirs. It was inevitable that Mrs. Spreckels' sincere admiration for Rodin should warm to passion at the flame of Miss Fuller's adoration.

The World's Fair brought Miss Fuller to San Francisco last August. She was the house guest of Mrs. Spreckels. Rodin was the theme of many conversations, and out of these came Mrs. Spreckels' determination to do a great thing for her city.

The war took Miss Fuller back to Europe. Her own affairs demanded her attention, but there was a larger purpose weighting the trip with responsibility. Mrs. Spreckels had given her the money to buy a collection of Rodins for San Francisco.

Ensued three months of effort, three months of heartbreaking devotion to what seemed most of the time the forlornest of forlorn hopes.

"Three times in my despair," says Miss Fuller, "I went to the bank for the purpose of returning Mrs. Spreckels' money. I was all but convinced that further effort was useless. But each time something deterred me, perhaps the disinclination to acknowledge defeat."

Despite her intimate friendship with Rodin Miss Fuller found the aged sculptor well nigh unapproachable on the subject of her quest. He was in Rome, the pet of the King, the lion of the nobility. Time after time Miss Fuller sought to broach the matter closest to her heart, only to be dismissed abruptly.

"I was motoring with him one day," she said, "and the motor had stopped so that the master might inspect a ruin. He studied it alone, for nobody may go with him on these occasions, and while I waited an American gentleman approached. I learned that he had ordered a work of Rodin's—or rather, to use the words customary in such dealings with the master, that Rodin had consented to execute a work for him—ten years before, but had never been able to get it. When Rodin returned from his solitary study of the ruin the American introduced the subject in a manner which, I thought, was far from offensive. And in quite a polite way he drew out a check for ten thousand dollars and offered it to Rodin. Rodin abruptly dismissed him. 'I am not selling a yard of ribbon,' he said to me afterwards. You may be sure my heart sank at the hopelessness of my own efforts."

By dint of diplomatic obstinacy Miss Fuller discovered that "The Thinker," ordered by the Swiss Government several years before had not yet been delivered. She discovered too that the drain of the war on Swiss finances would make it impossible for the government to complete the purchase until peace returned to Europe. Then all her feminine resources of influence, finesse and tact were brought into play. There were trips from Rome to Paris, interviews with the Minister of Fine Arts and other delicate negotiations. At last the way seemed clear for the acquisition of "The Thinker."

And then:

"I shall not think of parting with 'Le Penseur' until the marble base is placed beneath my statue of 'L'Homme Qui Marche,'" said Rodin.

Miss Fuller's heart sank. "The Walking Man" stood in a court of the French Embassy in Rome. It stood, not in the court for which the French Ambassador intended it but in the court preferred by Rodin. And so, to spite the imperious sculptor, the French Ambassador let it stand on a wooden box although Rodin had executed a marble pedestal at his own expense. Every time the Minister of Fine Arts at Paris instructed the French Ambassador at Rome to replace that box with the marble pedestal the latter found some way to evade the demand. Miss Fuller went to Paris. Again she interviewed the Minister of Fine Arts. Again she manipulated the wires of influence which she knew how to reach. There came a peremptory order to the French Ambassador at Rome. "The Walking Man" now rests on the marble pedestal.

The siege was not over by any means. Days, weeks passed in repeated interviews abruptly terminated, in motor rides to view interminable ruins on whose inspection no word of business might intrude. There were subtle flatteries, because the master likes praise; there were appeals based on the necessity of a cordial intent between France and the United States, because the master is a patriot; there were hints that if Rodin's works went to San Francisco a virgin field for the sale of works by other French sculptors would be opened, because Rodin loves his fellow craftsmen; and there were warnings (not addressed to Rodin but to those who would repeat them to him) that in the unsettled conditions of European finance it was the part of a wise man to replenish his exchequer. And there was Madame Rodin.

"Madame Rodin does not interfere with her husband's affairs," says Miss Fuller, "but I knew that she could exert a silent influence upon him, so I was careful to make her my friend. We shopped together, and whenever I found her admiring some pretty little thing it was waiting as a surprise when she returned to her apartments."

At last the day came when Miss Fuller, in fear and trembling, dared the presence of Rodin with a purse full of crisp bank bills. She emptied them before him, and they remained uncounted.

"It is all I have," she told him, "and master, in comparison with your work it is nothing. Give me what you can."

Rodin gave her a king's ransom in return.

He gave her "The Thinker," "The Age of Brass," "The Prodigal Son," "The Siren," the bust of Henri Rochefort and "Old Age and Youth." "St John the Baptist" was not included. This wonderful statue was executed for the German Government and but for the war would have gone to the Cologne Museum. It is in San Francisco with the other works and may yet become the property of Mrs. Spreckels. All these seven pieces are in bronze, except "The Siren" which is a small marble of entrancing loveliness. Of the six which are the property of Mrs. Spreckels, only "Old Age and Youth" will be reserved for the Spreckels private collection.

"When I left the master," says Miss Fuller, "I pinched myself to see if I was awake. I was afraid I might be dreaming. Even now I cannot fully realize what has happened."

The perils Miss Fuller encountered on her return trip to San Francisco were told by the daily papers on her arrival here. The masterpieces came with her, came from Paris to this city by express, tons of precious art on which you or I would find it embarrassing to pay the Wells Fargo charges!

The appreciative reader does not require that I repeat for him the words of praise which Miss Fuller gives to Mrs. Spreckels. He will phrase his own admiration and gratitude. Speaking for myself, it seems to me that San Francisco has discovered a Lady Bountiful.

# Perspective Impressions

The Chronicle says green will harmonize with almost any color. Let us except orange.

Doubtless the people who give testimonials to patent medicines would never get their pictures into the papers any other way.

A lot of pigeons have just been turned loose at the Fair, but the squabs were there from the very first day.

Everybody prophesied Beachey's death, and everybody hoped that the prophecy wouldn't come true.

A war despatch says that trouble between Denmark and Iceland has been narrowly averted. The thought of hostilities between these countries gives one the shivers.

Nothing more strikingly indicates the popularity of Mark Twain's best books than the innumerable "originals" of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn who are forever breaking into the newspapers.

The U. C. press agent announces that Vice-President Tom Marshall will be the speaker on Charter Day. He also points with pride to former Charter Day speakers—John Hay, Roosevelt, James Bryce, Joseph LeConte, Rowland Sill, Whitelaw Reid and other. Was it with deliberation and malice aforethought that the press agent called attention to the contrast?

"All weather is march weather to the fighting armies," remarked the punster, and went off whistling "Tramp, tramp, tramp!"

If most of us had a proper notion of our own merits we'd spend the first of next month in fasting and prayer.

The man who says Bryan is a great statesman probably measured him in units of an assemblyman from Redlands.

"The difficult problem now before the Government," says the Springfield Republican, "is to defend the law of nations." But before it can solve that problem it must first get a navy powerful enough to defend the laws of this nation. Our navy is just strong enough to bottle itself up.

According to the philosophers of the Dortmunder Zeitung the United States to be truly neutral should cease exporting articles of war to England and thus force her "down upon her knees." Which shows how the heart plays havoc with the intellect.

Two convicts in Sing Sing while knitting for the Belgians got into a dispute over a proposal to change the name of their self-governing society from Golden Brotherhood to Mutual Welfare League, and one stabbed the other in the neck. We are doing so much toward feminizing our convicts in order to attune them to the times that these two will doubtless kiss and make up.

Have you noticed that all the Przemysl jokes are being revamped and applied to Przasnysz?

"In the region of Bagatelle we were successful," say the French. Now altogether: Vive la Bagatelle!

Two were made one in the aeroscope last Sunday, the marriage ceremony being performed, naturally, at high noon.

Pastor Russell makes the mistake of advertising his face with his sermons. Physiognomists say they can't swallow both.

If we are to have municipal opera with the union label it is to be hoped that Andy Gallagher may be nominated for the job of impresario.

"Counter attacks were everywhere repulsed," says the communique, thus illustrating the difference between war and bargain day in a department store.

"A barrel of whiskey," says Billy Sunday, "is more dangerous than a barrel of gunpowder." Speaking of barrels, an empty one makes a noise like a Sunday.

According to a decorative authority a woman may use rouge so long as she doesn't attract attention. Some women attract attention because they need rouge. By using it they might attract admiration.

# The Light of The Lantern

**Just Lit by the Editor of Town Talk, It Sheds Its Beams on the Dark Ways of the Total Abstainer**

**By Edward F. O'Day**

It is not indelicate, I trust, for an associate of Theodore Bonnet's to say that the reading public hereabouts has its store of knowledge enriched every time the editor and proprietor of Town Talk takes his fountain pen in hand. The number of people who swear by Bonnet's utterances is large, and I am happy to add, is increasing all the time. Many of these have paid him the compliment of believing that the limitations of weekly journalism should not confine the activities of his brain. I do not think that these find in his work any indications of the slovenliness that comes from haste; but they do feel that he would be more just to his talents if he enlarged on some of the themes which must be compactly treated in a paper that appears every week. Bonnet has come to this way of thinking himself. I know of no writer less afflicted with the cacoethes scribendi; but at the same time I know of none less willing to relinquish a thought until he has squeezed the last drop of juice out of it. That is one reason why Bonnet returns again and again to certain pet subjects in the columns of Town Talk. And now he is enlarging the means of self-expression. From this time forward he is to have his say in two periodicals.

Bonnet describes his new paper The Lantern as "a periodical of lucid intervals." That, I suppose, is Bonnet's way of letting readers know that he doesn't take himself too seriously. It is a sly dig at the cant so beloved of those who are wont to settle all the problems of the universe; a protrusion of the tongue at the solemn know-it-alls who arrogate to every utterance the supreme quality of infallibility. Obviously Bonnet believes that lucidity is not to be commanded at all times, that there are periods when the mind is struggling through the dark toward the distant and elusive glimmerings of truth. I think it may be promised that the editor will only light his new Lantern when he has something important to show us.

The first rays of The Lantern illuminate the subject of total abstinence. "The Vice of Total Abstinence" is the title of the essay which fills the pages of the first issue. It is a bold and compelling title, and it announces a bold and compelling paper on a subject to which the writer has given profound thought. Bonnet ranges himself with those doughty champions Gilbert Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc who in "The Flying Inn" and "The Four Men" respectively have carried the war on Prohibition into the heart of the enemy's arid country. Others have taken the ground that Prohibition is bad because it does not prohibit; Bonnet marshals a host of arguments to show that the very best thing that may ever be said for Prohibition is that it does not prohibit. The dry propagandist professes to regard Prohibition as a bulwark for body and soul; but Bonnet storms this position by proving that many Prohibitionists are ruined in body and damned in soul because they refuse to get drunk.

Does the argument sound frivolous? It is one of the most serious arguments imaginable, and in developing it the writer has plumbed a pit of viciousness which, most readers will be astounded to find, is continually drawing total abstainers into its miry depths. It is part of Bonnet's pregnant thesis that total abstinence "is frequently and among great masses of men marked by habits and excesses of a kind that speedily lead to sexual vices and utter depravity." He draws his proof from the writings of psychologists and scientists, from the pages of history and from recent happenings within the cognizance of all. It is a disturbing array of facts and arguments that he presents, and I think it may be claimed for him that he has struck a pioneer's pick into ground that was badly in need of breaking. Perhaps it was a daring thing to do, but I imagine that Bonnet was too absorbed in the collection and arrangement of his evidence to waste any thought on that phase of the matter.

Of course the Prohibitionists will soon be yelping at his heels, for he dealt their cause a serious blow. If Prohibition is to die it will get its mortal wound from this weapon which Bonnet has fashioned. We may look to see others who think in sympathy with Bonnet wielding it upon the common enemy by his side.

All these pages are not darkened by the vic-

iousness of total abstinence. Ever and anon The Lantern flashes on the gloom of Prohibitionists and Puritans, and there is grim fun in the path of its beams. Thus, after expounding certain scientific facts concerning feeble-mindedness, Bonnet sardonically remarks that "it is not improbable that some of our wild-eyed Prohibitionists who go about affirming with impressive certitude many things that are not so and a few that are preposterous, do so because they are feeble-minded." And he pities the teetotaler: "He cannot even rid himself with a drink of the cobwebs that are darkening his brain. . . . The average teetotaler has few ways to forget the stepmotherliness of the world."

Bonnet is a temperate optimist. At first thought he deems it advisable "to start a crusade against Puritanism," but he remembers that "in time the Puritan was set right about witchcraft," so he concludes that the crusade may be unnecessary, since, he cautiously writes, "perhaps we may depend as usual and with confidence on the common sense of the American people."

It is, I believe, the significance of the Japanese Feast of Lanterns that once a year the spirits of the ancestors revisit the family altar. Well, if Bonnet in future numbers lays other ghosts as he has in this first number exorcised the unclean spirit of total abstinence, The Lantern is going to be an invaluable publication.

# Six Weeks In Germany

**By a Neutral Observer, Just Returned**

I expected to find Berlin the throbbing heart of the Empire. Instead I found the cold, metallic, precise click of a great machine. One gets no impression of personal feelings, personal emotion. Merely the slow, grinding rotation of duties, each carried out with perfunctory energy, but the whole the most magnificent organization the world has yet seen. It is man reduced to an equation of efficiency. Of each individual is required just about one-half the effort of which he is capable. The result is that, not only are they amply provided for any emergency, but that ordinary life is less disturbed than in any other belligerent country.

Berlin is more its true provincial self than at any time since it has become a world capital. The large foreign transient population is lacking, and the immaculately clean white marble ancestors of the present Kaiser, which he has arranged so neatly in rows, vis-a-vis, in the Tiergarten, must be content to smile or frown down on the daughters of Berlin dressed "auf Deutscher Art"—in German fashion.

Though the life of the people goes its round undisturbed, in higher circles about the Court all social life has ceased, except for small parties given for the entertainment of officers invalided home. Officers on leave without serious cause I saw none, so that the war conversations lack the thrill of personal contact with a real warrior fresh from the trenches, who, speaking in the first person, recounts his adventures to admiring listeners. The wounded who reach Berlin are an unusually reticent lot, compared with those in other cities, though they must be the heroes of the war, for every soldier in the capital has been decorated with the Iron Cross. In fact, not to have the big black and tin-edged cross dangling from a long black-and-white ribbon from the third button-hole of the "field-gray" tunic, is becoming a mark of especial distinction. The national song will have to be changed to "Kreuzland, Kreuzland, uber Alles" if the war continues, a wit has recently suggested. Whether the Emperor prefers his Prussians to his Bavarian or other troops, as has been suggested, is difficult to say, though the fact remains that one sees many more Iron Crosses in Berlin than in any other city of the Empire.

The striking absence of a warlike spirit in the capital, a certain emptiness and lack of enthusiasm, can be explained in part by the fact that the Emperor, established at his Grosses Hauptquartier, then somewhere on the western front, has taken with him as part of his staff his Prime Minister, Minister for Foreign Affairs, etc., in all, I am told, some three hundred persons. Here in a little asbestos hut for the Emperor and other even less desirable and cramped quarters for his Ministers, the whole executive administration of Germany is being carried on. Berlin, politically speaking, is merely a deserted annex of Headquarters.

That the Empire suffers thereby, particularly in its foreign affairs, was told me by a distinguished German. The open criticism of German diplomacy by all classes seemed to me extraordinary. That the "haute finance" was not advised of the war in due time, in order to call in loans, etc., rankles in their minds. That the country was not informed of the English "point of view" or was falsely advised is felt bitterly. In fact, German diplomatists are in such disrepute at the present moment that I heard more than one person emphatically declare, "We will have no diplomatic peace;" and I know that the great industrial, banking and commercial men of Germany expect to be consulted, should the occasion arise. For not a man of them but believes that the end will be favorable.

After six months of war Germany seems to me almost as strong as on the first day, closely united, little disturbed. The civil life of the nation appears to continue as in time of peace.

To underestimate Germany's military reserve strength would be very shortsighted. Military authorities state that her class of 1915, some 750,000 able-bodied, picked men, has not been called out. Apart from these, the numbers of "untrained Landwehr and Landsturm" would run into millions. Though arms and ammunition factories are working night and day, I have it from a reliable source that Germany is only just beginning to use her 1914 small arms ammunition.

In connexion with the question of ordnance it is interesting that I was unable to find a single person, military, official or otherwise, who had actually seen one of the 42cm. mortars which are supposed so quickly to have reduced Belgian and French fortresses. That two or three such guns exist was affirmed by all, but whether they are a success seems questionable. The photographs of the large batteries seen everywhere, pretending to be the famous Krupp 42cm. guns, are, in reality, not German at all, but Austrian from the Skoda Works at Pilsen, and are 30.5cm. in calibre. They have been of great service to Germany because of the ease of transportation by motor-lorries. They have done practically all the work credited to their larger and more notorious confreres.

The question of the deficiency of copper is being vigorously met by the opening up of mines which, in ordinary times, could not be profitably worked, but are able now to provide a material increase in the supply of that metal. Other sources of copper, such as pots and pans and telegraph wires, are being considered as of possible service, and, as a German acquaintance remarked to me, pointing to a building with a domed copper roof that was something of an eye-sore, "That may be a failure architecturally, but it is invaluable as a copper mine."

The seizure of Galicia by the Russians, and the consequent stoppage of the supply of petrol, was one of the severest blows to Germany, which relies chiefly on motor transport for military purposes, and particularly for its aeroplanes and Zeppelins, not to mention the countless motors used for private purposes. It is unquestionably true that the situation was serious. For a time all private motor traffic was at a standstill. But now benzol, as it is called, which is easily and cheaply obtained in great quantities from coal, has taken the place of petrol. The coal is thereby converted to coke, and, with painstaking thoroughness, the German Government set about to find a market for the great coke supply that was thus created. Locomotives are

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being converted to burn coke economically in place of coal, as are other steam engines and furnaces. So that today, notwithstanding the enormous consumption of benzol for military use, the supply is more than equal to the demand, and taxicab and other motor traffic has again resumed almost normal proportions.

The question of wheat and other cereals, of which there is an undoubted scarcity, is more complicated. Patriotism, though fervent in Germany, never for a moment transcends financial self-interest. And so the seizure of the cereal supply by the Government was absolutely necessary in order to prevent prices from becoming prohibitive. That this measure was so long delayed and not taken the first day of the war, as advocated by the leading German economists, is due to the influence of the Agrarian Party. The wheat supply is far shorter than is generally known, as the last harvest, though heralded as extraordinarily good, was, as a matter of fact, below the average. The small farmer, misled by false reports, and believing in a large supply of grain, used much corn as fodder for cattle, and the only way to check this was by Government intervention. It will surprise many to know, on the authority of an eminent economist, that, had the measures not been taken in time, only enough wheat remained in the country to satisfy the demand up to March 15.

It must be remembered, however, that wheat bread is not the staple food of the country, and that the supply of rye is more plentiful. Rumania is being coaxed to supplement the deficit, and, I am told, Russian merchants of German sympathies have managed to ship considerable quantities to Baltic ports. Bread is undoubtedly disappearing from the German table, and, what is more interesting, is daily becoming more indigestible and inedible. As the Oberburgermeister of one of the chief industrial centres in Southern Germany told me: "We want our bread to be nourishing, but it must no longer be a Leckerbissen (tit-bit) for the people." And, with true German thoroughness, this particular Lord Mayor has succeeded, for in his city the bread is the worst in all Germany.

Ever since the beginning of the present war the thinking people of Germany have been asking themselves: "In case of a long-continued struggle, cut off, as we undoubtedly shall be, from our customary imports, can we hold out?" For with the entrance of England into the conflict every German realized that it was a life and death struggle, and that the matter of an adequate food supply would be vital. Already, in September, the englisher Aushungerungsplan, perhaps best translated, according to the German mind, by "The English endeavor to starve Germany, man, woman and child, to death," became the object of academic solicitude. Investigation was made, and it was determined exactly how many calories (88,649 thousand millions) and how many tons Eiweiss (proteid) (2,261,900 tons) were required to keep the population alive for one year. And it was ascertained that, under normal conditions, 20 per cent of the calories and 28 per cent of the proteid had to be supplied from abroad. To devise a plan for making up the deficit and to make the country self-supporting has been the chief endeavor of many of Germany's leading economists. The problem is one to delight the German mind.

Every possible effort is being made to preserve for the future such perishable stores as are now in the market. It has been carefully determined whether, under given conditions, it will be more advantageous to keep a cow alive and obtain milk, butter and cheese from day to day, and the meat at some future time, or, by slaughtering it, to save the food which it would consume and which might be of greater caloric value to man. With all seriousness it is being urged that Germans should be content to use less starch in their laundries, as this means a definite saving of possible foodstuffs (potatoes and rice). Every German housewife is invited to attend lectures where a more tasty and nutritiously advantageous method of cooking vegetables is scientifically explained. An understanding of German character will preclude any possibility of drawing rash conclusions that these measures mean that Germany is on the verge of starvation. It must be remembered that the German is so accustomed to police regulations, so used to being told what to do, and how to do, that it is incumbent on the Government to take precautionary measures to ensure a steady and well-balanced food supply long before they are actually needed. This is what is taking place.

In the early months of the war "starvation" was only discussed by theorists; but, with the beginning of the fifth month the stern reality of the actual possibility of a deficiency of food was impressed on the people by a series of official proclamations. By the cutting off of supplies from abroad the Germans have been thrown back on themselves. They realize that they must now rely on themselves alone, and yet I found no weakening of spirit anywhere, but rather a grim determination to fight to the bitter end.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." A well known German quoted these words to me in order to explain the hatred of the Germans toward their English cousins.

I had made it an especial object of inquiry to discover how the Germans really feel, and whether the "Hymn of Hate" finds a true echo among them. I questioned all sorts and conditions of men—ministers, artists, bankers, merchants, professors, waiters, porters, railway guards, etc., and the most surprising result was that, though among the "people" the feeling against England is that of a living antagonism, summed up in the words "they want to starve us," it is in the highest social, intellectual, and political circles that the hatred flames forth with brutal ferocity.

"Never, never," exclaimed a young man still in the thirties, though occupying an important post, "do I hope, do I expect to see a renewal of friendship with England."

"We have been the dupes of British duplicity," a banker remarked to me. "We hoped, we worked for an understanding with Great Britain, and we were nearing our goal when England broke faith with us."

"The English are a race of cowards. They would not dare to fight us single-handed." An influential writer fairly hissed the words as he spoke.

Opinions such as these, and many others, all had the same fundamental background. That is, the Germans feel that they have been wronged, abused, fooled, maltreated by England. "With England's aid we could have ruled the world," I heard expressed many times. Their hatred seems to be based on resentment, on disappointment. It has in it a feminine quality not usually associated with the Germanic mind.

Two things struck me most vividly. The first, that the men who were the wildest in their denunciations were those who led closeted lives; that is, the thinking, reasoning men of the land, and the official class. The second, that military men were, as a whole, very contained and reserved in their comments, and I found a strange absence of active animosity among the commercial and industrial men of the country. In view of the fact that the military and commercial men are supplying the sinews of the present, conditions are perhaps less strained than they appear on the surface. Many of the latter declared to me that, in their opinion, the hatred against England had gone too far: "We must live and trade again after the war, and England was one of our best customers," sums up the feelings of many.

The whole German system has been built up with the idea of a strong man at the helm—a virtual dictator of public affairs, and, still more important, of public opinion—a Bismarck. In times of peace the present Emperor played this part admirably, chiefly because of his versatility. Since the beginning of the war no one has recognized more clearly than William II himself that he was not equal to the task. That he should step into the background, hoping that "the great and glorious year," as the Germans are wont to call 1914, would produce a great man, is perhaps a tribute to his political acumen. Up to the present it would appear that the great man has not been found. This is of deeper concern to many Germans than they are willing to admit. Their one consolation is that, according to their way of thinking, their enemies are in the same straits.

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CLXXXIX—TELEGRAPH HILL

(The following is scissored from "Out Doors," a little periodical devoted to the interests of hikers hereabouts, published at San Rafael.)

By J. L. Dibert

Oh, Telegraph Hill, you a semaphore once
  Uplifted against the blue,
To wave its arms and announce the ships,
  When our Golden State was new;
And often the wistful eye was cast,
  Beneath in the feverish town,
For the wooden giant's dumb show there
  On your bush-patched rocky crown.

'Tis a long time gone, Oh, Telegraph Hill,
  Since you signaled the streets below,
Of booted and bearded and red-shirted men,
  With their eyes of youth aglow;
Since you told of the ships, whether steamer or sail,
  Bearing in through the Golden Gate,
And rough hearts swelled, for, Ah! 'twas home
  Drew near through the windy strait.

Those bearded men with their eyes aglow,
  And your semaphore, too, have passed;
And the ships it hailed in the windy strait
  Are all rotted or sunk to the last.
'Tis a city new about you rolls,
  And breaks on your deep-gashed sides;
But you raise your head to heaven firm,
  Unconquered by human tides.

Oh, Telegraph Hill—my Telegraph Hill—
  Where the semaphore rose 'gainst the blue,
You've been blasted and quarried, and shaken and burned,
  Yet still you stand rugged and true,
And as now o'er the bay the white sails go,
  And the gray gulls whirl and cry,
You hold aloft in the brisk sea air
  Our bright flag athwart the sky.

We love you, old hill, for what you have been,
  We love you for what you now are;
A battered, undaunted old guardsman you stand,
  And proud of your many a scar.
Though the sun will rise, and the sun will set,
  For a thousand years and aye,
Oh, Telegraph Hill, may you still ever bear
  Our bright streaming flag to the day.

# The Spectator

### Honoring D'Arcy Ryan

I received a letter, last week, signed by Dick Costello and Joe Mulvihill informing me that I had been named on the committee to help celebrate St. Patrick's Day at the Fair, and you may be sure that I pinned on my green badge and went out to pay my humble tribute to the green little island of saints and scholars and poets. One part of the letter gave me food for reflection. It read: "Mr. D'Arcy Ryan, Exposition Light Expert, will surpass all his efforts with beautiful fireworks and light effects in the evening." When I read that, I glanced at the upper corners of the letter where the names of the officers of St. Patrick's Day were printed, and I could not help shaking my head in anxiety. P. H. McCarthy, Mrs. Molloy, Dick Tobin, Bill Humphrey, Andrew Carrigan, Michael Casey, Jimy Duffy, Warren Shannon and all the rest of you, don't you know that you are getting yourselves "in bad" with the Exposition powers-that-be by thus singling out D'Arcy Ryan for particular exaltation? Don't you know that D'Arcy Ryan is persona non grata with the prom. cits. who are reaching out hungrily for the kudos of San Francisco's great show? Is it possible that well informed people such as all of you are, have yet to learn that the heaping of honor on D'Arcy Ryan is a heinous crime, and that the bare mention of his name is intolerable to the Silk Hats of the Fair? And yet you mention him, you mention him with praise! Why, it's a wonder the functionaries and dignitaries didn't apply the measure named after that celebrated Irishman Captain Boycott to the festivities in honor of Ireland's greatest saint!

### Declaring a Blockade

Mind you, gentlemen, I don't blame you for what you did. Considering that the wonders of illumination worked at the Exposition by the Schenectady wizard with the two good Irish names have won more popular applause than all the rest of the Fair features put together, it was not in human nature that you should refrain from featuring him in your announcement of the St. Patrick's Day celebration. But the fact remains that you engaged in the bold undertaking of running an Exposition blockade. The Exposition functionaries have been making mighty efforts to isolate D'Arcy Ryan, to plant mines around him, to render him incommunicado. D'Arcy Ryan is under an embargo at the Fair. He is sternly frowned upon by the chiefs. They don't want him featured. They throw a fit when his name gets into print. They sit on him, knock him, censor him, shove him as much as possible into the background. The surest way to disfavor at the Fair is to take notice of, to boost D'Arcy Ryan. Amazing as it may sound, poor D'Arcy Ryan is the World's Fair pariah.

### D'Arcy Ryan's Work

D'Arcy Ryan is the illumination expert of the great General Electric Company of Schenectady, and when the World's Fair plans were in the making General Electric lent him to San Francisco, sending him here with a corps of assistants, an appropriation of $35,000 and instructions to surpass himself in devising new beauties of illumination. D'Arcy Ryan went quietly to work, studiously applying his genius for lighting to the task of supplementing the grand plans of the architects and colorists of the Fair. His mind's eye conceived the glory of the Tower of Jewels before the foundation of that tour de force had been laid down. The jewels are his, the great batteries of searchlights and scintillators that light this and all the other palaces are his. The magnificent heraldic banners which screen and soften the lights along the main avenues of the Exposition are his in idea and execution, and not Jules Guerin's as has been mistakenly supposed. The ever-varied displays of fire works that draw throngs to the Marina and the yacht harbor several nights a week are the fruit of his inexhaustible mind. It is D'Arcy Ryan more than all the attractions of the Zone who draws people to the Fair at night. It is D'Arcy Ryan who darkens the northern hills of San Francisco with nightly crowds eager to view the splendid lights of the Fair from a proper perspective.

### The Victim of Jealousy

It might be thought that the other men who have achieved wonders at the Fair would be wholehearted in their admiration of D'Arcy Ryan's work, and warm in their expression of appreciation. Yet it is not so. The night just before the Fair opened when the lights were tried out the most strenuous efforts were made to keep newspaper reporters and photographers off the grounds. An order was issued from George Hough Perry's publicity bureau, at the instance I am told of Chief Engineer Connick, that no pressmen should be admitted to the grounds on that occasion. Protests were of no avail. One indignant city editor called up the Fair authorities and served notice that his men would enter the grounds willy nilly, and that if any opposition was offered he'd send out the whole editorial and mechanical staffs of the paper to lick the Exposition forces! The order was never withdrawn, but the newspapermen entered the Fair undisturbed and made notes and pictures to their hearts' content. The photographers, I am told, took particular delight in snapshotting Connick every time he came within range. If D'Arcy Ryan did not know previously that his work was

to be depreciated by jealous Fair men he learned it on that occasion. He also learned that the newspapers were appreciative, and that they would not join the conspiracy against him.

**The Recalcitrant Press**

When all the other heads of departments were honored at the Fair on a day set aside for them, D'Arcy Ryan was the only one ignored. A curious newspaperman who inquired about this snub was informed that "maybe" D'Arcy Ryan would be given a day of honor all to himself "at some later date." When his work was completed D'Arcy Ryan prepared a report to be filed with President Moore. The Examiner had copious notes made from this report, as it was a matter of interesting news to all the city. But when the Fair officials heard that the Examiner was going to summarize this report of D'Arcy Ryan's there was the mischief to pay. Word came to the Examiner office from Chief Engineer Connick and from George Hough Perry that the Exposition people did not want that report published or D'Arcy Ryan's name mentioned. This word came first as a request, later as a demand, incredible as that may seem. However, the Examiner has an editor who is a real newspaperman as well as a man of fine human feelings in the person of Managing Editor Stanton. Stanton dealt with the situation in a manner which won for him the increased admiration of his staff. He gave orders not only that the report should be published but that the name of D'Arcy Ryan should be featured in it to the exclusion of all other names. When that article appeared the jealous enemies of D'Arcy Ryan frothed at the mouth. A little later Miss Pauline Jacobson, the able special writer of the Bulletin, was instructed to interview D'Arcy Ryan. I have it from Miss Jacobson herself that in all her long career as an interviewer she never experienced such difficulties as blocked her path when she set out to find and interview D'Arcy Ryan. Nobody who had anything to do with the Fair could tell her where to find him. Wouldn't somebody else do just as well? she was asked continually. But she persisted until she found her man. D'Arcy Ryan talked freely to her about his work, for he is a courteous gentleman, has a pride in his achievements and is naturally desirous that his company which has done so much for the Fair should be properly recognized. But he had already been so harried by jealousy and intrigue, so disgusted by the meanness displayed on all sides that he longed for a little peace and begged Miss Jacobson not to quote him in her article. Nevertheless she gave him full credit for his magnificent accomplishment, and her page in the Saturday Bulletin caused even more gnashing of teeth than had the article in the Examiner. Do you see what I meant when I informed the prominent Irishmen that they would be "in bad" with Exposition officials for exalting the horn of D'Arcy Ryan?

**Not Too Late to Mend**

I have called attention to all this in no petty spirit of knocking, but simply to give the Exposition people an opportunity to correct an intolerable situation before it is too late. The Exposition is still in the making. There is a long period of world entertainment before us. By all means let us remedy these defects before they threaten the success of our auspicious enterprise. The daily newspapers have been so loyal to the Fair that they have refrained from commenting on things of this sort, though newspapermen are fully alive to them and are very pronounced in their adverse criticisms when they discuss them. There is Fair glory enough for everybody who deserves a share; a genius like D'Arcy Ryan does not have to be depreciated in order to make others appear important. And the Fair is too big an enterprise to be hurt by the publication of legitimate news, although the panjandarum of the Fair, the mighty Connick, apparently does not think so. The press censorship at the Fair has been working overtime. An attempt was made to keep out of the papers the news that Earl Cooper had pneumonia and would not compete in the Vanderbilt Cup race. The newspapermen were denied access to the records of the emergency hospital at the Fair until they insisted on their right to inspect them. These are excesses that have followed the clothing of small men with a little brief authority. There is ample opportunity to put an end to them. Let the Fair men who have been dazzled by the rays of their own greatness try to accustom their eyes to the ordinary light of day which suffices for the rest of us. If they have never heard of Rodin, let them confess their ignorance and thus honestly save themselves from making the rest of us ridiculous —but that is another story. And let them not strut about buzzing in the ears of unimpressed common clay "I'm a Commissioner, I'm a Commissioner"—but that is still another story. Let them in fine take a leaf out of the book of the San Diego Fair which has been run without ridiculous red tape. Or if they do not care to go so far from home, let them imitate Will Crocker, a modest, unostentatious, sensible commissioner who has done more for the Fair than nearly all the rest of them put together but who has refused to depart from his poise or to take himself too seriously. A little of the leaven of saving common sense, gentlemen, and there will be less heartburning and recrimination as we go along, and less to regret when the Fair is over.

**The Fatal Press**

Just before going to his death last Sunday Lincoln Beachey was asked to pose for a newspaper picture, and he did. At the same time he remarked to his friend Roy Lee: "It's newspapers that kill aviators." Lee understood. Beachey had often talked to him of the influence of the newspaper. He liked newspaper approval; and once having been censured in Los Angeles for not performing feats that had been advertised, he had a dread of newspaper criticism. The few intimate friends who were with Beachey Sunday say that he lost confidence in his machine after the first flight. In all probability he would not have taken the second flight had he had the moral courage to acknowledge that to carry out his program called for more nerve than he cared to exert. But the newspaper photographer was on hand to take a picture, and Beachey went to his doom.

**Can Brown "Come Back?"**

"Ah," exclaimed Harbor Commissioner Dwyer


**Single Lens to give double vision**

A new double vision lens called "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocal has recently been invented which combines reading and distance glasses in one single lens. This is the only perfect lens of its kind in the world, other bifocals are either made by cementing one piece of glass on another or two pieces of glass are melted or fused together. The "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocal is actually ground from a single piece of clear hard white optical glass and there is no noticeable dividing line between the reading and distance portions.

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as he put down his favorite newspaper, "I see there is some talk of our buying the Western Pacific."

"Yes," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "there is a lot of talk about it. A good idea, eh, Joe?"

"A very good idea."

"Hm! I thought so."

"Are you in favor of it?"

"Yes, indeed," said the clockwinder, sticking his tongue in his cheek and winking at himself in the Harbor Commissioner's gilt mirror. "Yes, I'm in favor of it provided the State hires J. Dalzell Brown to run it."

Commissioner Dwyer looked at the clockwinder interrogatively, as it were.

"You know, Joe, J. Dalzell discovered the road and promoted it. And a little later he gave a little of the stock to our mutual friend, the Governor, for making a rival road—the one to the pen—easy for him. Now if it hadn't been for Brown the Governor might never have known what a good thing the Western Pacific was. But even aside from the considerations I have mentioned I'm always in accord with my friend Rudie Spreckels, who has some of the Western Pacific bonds in his bank. I saw the other day where Rudie told the clapper-clawing groundlings in a speech to 'beware of capitalists.' Rudie ought to have excepted himself. Rudie is perfectly safe. He wouldn't do anything wrong to anybody—bless his chemically pure heart! And, by the way, Joe, you ought to like Rudie. He gave you a fee once."

Commissioner Dwyer emitted a gastric grunt that was inarticulate, and the clockwinder told him to hit his 'phone.

### For Love of the Bondholders

"I'm in favor of buying the road," said Dwyer, "because I think it would be good for the State."

"And the bondholders, Joe. Don't forget the bondholders—the poor bondholders! Yes, I'm sure it would be a good thing for both the State and the bondholders. I'm sure because Bush, the president of the Western Pacific, says so. He ought to know. He's on the inside. I read an interview with him in the Call the other day. He says he doesn't care 'whether the State or federal government takes it.' Either one would suit him. His exact words were: 'It would be most agreeable to me to have the road operated by the government.' Now, isn't that nice of him! It just shows you that notwithstanding what the papers say about the big interests in the abstract occasionally you find that in the concrete they are damn good fellows. Here is one talking like a Hearst editorial. He says he knows that the government can take hold of this bankrupt road and make it pay. If you'll listen to him he'll convince you that the government can make the road pay the national debt. I think he can give us the figures to prove it. If he can't Hearst can, and Hearst hasn't any of the bonds; that is, he hasn't any visible on his person. Hearst is for the dear people for the love of them."

### The Sunday-Closing Sign

The clockwinder met Chester Rowell, the well known rural editor, at the Exposition last Sunday. Rowell is one of the State commissioners, and as such regards the Exposition as his personal achievement. Rubbing his hands, and smiling unctuously, he asked the clockwinder for his opinion on the big show. Now the water front philosopher had forgotten for the moment that the raisin-belt journalist enjoyed official relations with the Exposition. So he had no hesitation in unburdening himself of a grouch that he had just contracted. "I see," said the bilge water cynic, "that exhibiting here are a lot of the sons of the people who used to make wooden nutmegs and skin the poor Indian out of his fur-skins with counterfeit money."

Editor Rowell showed signs of flabbergastation. "What people do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean the Sunday-closers. They oughtn't to be allowed in the Exposition at all. It isn't fair to the Pinkertons, for they're not looking for that kind."

"I don't understand you," said Editor Rowell.

"Listen. I was in a building just now that's full of closed-on-account-of-Sunday signs. I don't like 'em. I'm a Californian of the old school, and I never had much sympathy with people who won't do in Rome as the Romans do. This is an Exposition for all the people, and it's open on Sunday, and some people can't see it any other day. Now if there's anybody who doesn't want to show on Sunday he oughtn't to be allowed to show at all."

"But," said Editor Rowell, "some folks have religious scruples against working on Sunday."

The clockwinder stared in amazement. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Then, I've no objection. You see, one of the first signs I saw was that of the National Cash Register Company. You've heard of the company, haven't you?"

Editor Rowell nodded.

"From all accounts a pretty tough lot! What they haven't done to put competitors out of business isn't worth while. Well, you know I've got my idea of Sunday-closers from fellows of the National Cash Register brand, and from the fact that they've tried to make us all do on Sunday as they do. I'm strong for personal liberty. It seems to me that men ought to take a broad view of Sunday. I'm like Dr. Aked."

"It occurs to me you're very unlike that reverend gentleman," said Editor Rowell. "I don't believe you are very religious."

"Neither is Dr. Aked. We are just religous enough. He and I have the same views, I think, about Sunday observance. I was passing his church this morning, and I saw a painted sign near the entrance—"'Lecturettes on Current Topics by Rev. C. F. Aked," and below in chalk on the same sign I read: 'California: An Intimate Study, by Gertrude Atherton.' I said to myself, 'Why talk about God on Sunday when you can lecturette on current topics?"

"But perhaps," said the editor, "Dr. Aked brought God into his lecture."

"His lecturette, you mean. Fancy putting God into a lecturette! You know, whenever I find a person using that culturine termination I think of the first time it was used to coin an American word."

"What was the word?"

"Pantalettes."

The maidenly editor from Fresno walked hurriedly away, his cheeks aglow.

### The Palace of Kubla Khan

The Poet was looking for words, and judging from the expression on his pallid countenance, finding it exceedingly hard to find the particular words he wanted. In fact the Poet's beautiful face was so contorted with perplexity that it looked dreadful. Along came the Book Worm.

"What's eating you?" said the Book Worm who affects low brow ways and phrases.

"I am trying," sighed the Poet, "to describe the Palace of Fine Arts at the Fair. But I cannot, I cannot. Its beauty refuses to be mirrored in my verses." Whereupon he tore out a handful of locks.

"What license have you to write a poem on the Palace of Fine Arts when a real poet has already turned the trick?" demanded the Book Worm.

"What do you mean? Who is this other poet?" asked the Poet wearily.

Whereupon the Book Worm recited:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

"Dear old S. T. C.!" exclaimed the Poet, but the Book Worm went on quoting:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated mid-way on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice—

"But go and read it for yourself," said the Book Worm, interrupting himself. "Coleridge was clairvoyant, and the vision he saw in that dream of his was not of Tartary, but of San Francisco," and he left the Poet wondering.

### A Hearst Black List?

There has been a good deal of speculation in New York during the past few days regarding the possibility of the existence of a black list in the offices of the Hearst newspapers. Readers of the New York American were amazed when, in perusing that newspaper's review of the premiere of "The Peasant Girl," in which Mlle. Trentini is starring, they noted that the little prima donna's name had been omitted from both the review and the printed cast. The heading chosen by the American indicated that Clifton Crawford was the star of the enterprise, because it read, "Clifton Crawford in a New Opera." In the cast above the review, the name of Helene, Mlle. Trentini's character, appeared, but where her own name should have been printed there was only a dotted line. In the body of the review no reference whatever was made to the prima donna. The Broadway and Park Row theory is to the effect that Mlle. Trentini once offended William Randolph Hearst grievously by either declining or failing to appear at a big Christmas benefit performance he had arranged.


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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**Another Salon**

A salon is about to be established in San Francisco. The announcement will probably leave you cold, and I can't blame you. A salon is always about to be established in San Francisco, and yet we have never had one. The unestablished salons of San Francisco would go far to pave a certain region popularly supposed to be boulevarded with good intentions. This time it is not Mrs. Carolan who is about to establish that elusive salon. Perhaps Mrs. Carolan has grown tired of saying that she is about to establish a salon. No, this time it is Madame Ali Kuli Khan. Madame is the wife of Mirza Ali Kuli Khan who is pretty well known here. It was Mirza who said that Carmel was to be the artistic hub of the universe, thereby causing a great sensation among the Carmelites. Madame is not so well known here as Mirza, but she will be. Her father was a wealthy shoe manufacturer of Massachusetts, and she is said to be a superior woman. In fact, her Persian husband's success in life is credited mostly to her. It is said that she pulled the wires to have him appointed Persian charge d'affaires at Washington. She is coming here for the Exposition, and has announced in the East that she will start a salon here. Just why she should do this I haven't the remotest idea. And bearing in mind the past history of salons here (a perfectly blank chapter in our annals), I shan't be surprised if she changes her mind.

**A Dice Game**

"Give you a tie, Tommy."

"Can't take it."

"What've you got?"

"Three sixes."

"Beats three deuces; horse on me."

"What've you got this time?"

"Two pairs of nice little treys!"

"Beats a full house; the pony is yours, Tommy."

Something like this conversation is said to have taken place at Coronado quite recently after a polo game for women in which Eleo Sears, otherwise "Tommy," and Mrs. Devereux Milburn wielded the mallets. While resting after the game, so I am told, Miss Sears said she would shake Mrs. Milburn for her polo pony, "two flops poker, horses." The dice were produced, avers my informant, and they rolled in Tommy's favor. The polo pony changed ownership.

**In an Imported Gown**

According to Lady Teazle, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst wore at an Exposition function the other night "an imported gown." It is to be presumed, I fancy, that all the other ladies wore domestic gowns, but as to this no information was vouchsafed, and I am curious to know the reason why. I indulge the presumption because no other gown that ornamented the function was described as imported. The inference is warranted that had there been any other imported gowns the fact would not have been suppressed, for of course every lady in society pays the tariff on what she imports. But why the invidious distinction? If a gown at a ball is eloquent of domestic art and handiwork, why not give home industry its meed of praise? Besides why should our dailies neglect their advertisers? If, for instance, a gown has the cachet of the Umporium or Ragnins why not show that it pays to advertise? These trivial reflections are in the nature of afterthoughts. What I really wanted to know was by what species of clairvoyance a society reporter distinguishes an imported gown at sight. I've suspected the reporters of affecting superior powers of discernment, but I know Lady Teazle had the right dope. I know because after reading her I turned to what in this case was indisputable authority—the Examiner, and I read that Mrs. Hearst's gown was "a French creation."

**The Lord-Ferrer Case**

This case is being watched with great interest in this city owing to the part that the much married Amy Crocker is playing therein. And besides there are people who take some interest in Miss Ferrer, for they knew her years ago. Her father Manuel Ferrer was a well known musician. He taught the guitar to the belles and beaux of this city when the guitar was as much the rage as the tango and fox trot now are. Everybody tried to "do it," and it was fashionable to go to Manuel Ferrer, a Spaniard of refinement and excellent musical education, who could play the guitar and make it sound either like an orchestra or the lute-like accompaniment to the tender melody sung by an absent Crusader's bride. There were numerous Ferrer children, all with temperament and cultivated musical talent. At sixteen Eugenie, the present litigant, took up the study of the piano. Her teacher was the late Santiago Arrillaga. In a few years she became the most notable pianist of the local amateur musical world. With her sister and a brother she formed a trio of piano, guitar and violin. They enjoyed the patronage of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the fairy godmother of aspiring Californian talent. The trio went East, and enjoyed a vogue in Washington, D. C., where Adele, the guitarist, married a Mr. Wightman. The Ferrers have many friends here who sympathize with the New York litigant.

**Pulchritude From Marin**

The prettiest newspaper picture that has appeared in a lustrum was printed in the Examiner the morning after Marin County Day at the Exposition. It was a picture of a group of Marin county girls. In his Exposition address Judge Lennon said, "We have shown them that we have some county." Which is true, but there is no better exhibit at the Fair than the group of healthy, well-bred and tastefully dressed girls in the newspaper picture. It might appropriately have been called a peaches-and-cream exhibit. There are many pretty girls in Marin but those who happened to be in the picture were Misses Gertrude Hunt, Marjorie Sellwood, Nellie Van Lunnen, Genevieve Martinelli, Gladys Blumenberg, Janet Samuels, Martha Cochrane and Clementine Pastori.

**The Hospitality of Holland**

If Tantalus is not exceedingly mistaken the Netherlands Pavilion is to be one of the most most popular centres of sociability on the Fair grounds. I judge from the reception and dance which marked the formal opening of the beautiful building last Saturday night. In his dual capacity of Consul General and World's Fair Commissioner for the Netherlands Henry A. Van Coenen Torchiana welcomed his guests in the heartiest fashion of Holland hospitality, his gracious wife seconding his efforts in the most charming manner imaginable. The decorative scheme of the Pavilion shows that an artist has been at work there, and the striking combinations of colors produce an effect of opulence which excited great enthusiasm among the guests. There was a smart gathering for the formal reception, and the dancing which followed proved so enjoyable that it was two in the morning before the merry party came to an end. It was the general hope that Mr. and Mrs. Torchiana might make generous use of the ball room during the gay months to come.

**Mary's Help Benefit**

Elaborate preparations are under way to give tone and piquancy to the "The Dansant" at the St. Francis on Saturday, April 10, from 4 to 7 for the benefit of the free clinic of Mary's Help Hospital. The committee is exerting its best efforts to insure an air of smart distinction. The exquisite Guerin shades of the Exposition have been adopted for the color scheme and many of

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[illegible] promised their choicest blossoms for the occasion. The color scheme was selected because it will harmonize effectively with the splendor of the Italian ball room which is so captivating to those who have visited the old Roman palace of which it is a copy. The patronesses are urging those interested to bring their Exposition visitors to the St. Francis on this occasion as this ball room, of world wide fame, is in itself a treat. That it will be a smart event is indicated by the long list of society women who are acting as patronesses, many of whom will entertain guests. The floor will be under the direction of William A. Lange and Supervisor Wm. H. McCarthy, assisted by Senator James D. Phelan, Hiram W. Johnson Jr., Matt. A. Harris, Edward M. Greenway, James Woods, Willis Polk, Chas. S. Stanton, Theodore F. Bonnet, William F. Humphrey, Sam Rucker, Paul T. Carroll, Oliver Olson, Wm. A. Kelly, J. J. O'Toole, Richard J. Welch, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Harry Monahan, Dennis M. Duffy, E. F. Conlon, Jas. Fennell, Edw. H. O'Brien, John S. Reardon, T. I. O'Brien, Richard J. Costello, J. B. Crowley, Sam Berger, Thos. Dillon, John Tait, Jos. O. Berendsen, J. Frank Moroney, Orrin Wilson, John Burton, George Uhl, James Scanlon, Warren Shannon, Geo. Dixon, Jas. W. Coffroth, Jos. S. Duggan, Wm. C. Mikulich, Wm. J. Ruddick, Andrew Mahony, Harry McCormack, Thos. A. Keogh, Edward J. Taaffe, Angelo Rossi, David Wolf, Jos. A. Watts, A. J. Griffith, Frank Lewis, Thos. Curran, Jack C. Wilson, Humphrey Sullivan, Frank Panter, Francis J. Sullivan, John F. Cunningham, Hon. Bernard J. Flood, Hon. Franklin J. Griffin, Drs. A. P. O'Brien, I. Walter Thorne, Alex. Keenan, Thos. D. Maher, J. C. Brady, J. Wilson Shiels, A. H. Giannini, B. F. McElroy, Francis E. Derham.

### A New Dancing Club

Miss Clara Alexander has started a dancing club which, she promises, "will be very unique and interesting." She has invited literary, dramatic and artistic people to join, and is meeting with gratifying response. The dances will be every Friday night in a Market street department store. A partial list of those who have already become members follows: Mr. Charles Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. Redfern Mason, Mr. D'Arcy Von Bokkelen, Mlle. Louise La Gai, Mr. Harold Maundrell, Madam Isabelle Marks, Miss Lita McCartney, Col. and Mrs. Paul M. Nippert, Mr. and Mrs. John McNear, Mrs. Josephine Martin, Miss Helen Dare, Miss Annie Wilde, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mullgardt, Mrs. Alice Ames Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mr. Herbert Law, Dr. Crittenden Van Wyck, Mr. G. Cadenasso, the Misses Meiere, Mr. Jules Mersfelder, Mr. Jack Hillman, Mrs. Ada Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nunan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baskette, Mr. and Mrs. Lamar, Miss Zita Hastings, Mr. Foster Krake, Miss Grace Armistead Doyle, Dr. Clement Moore Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Corydon B. Root, Mrs. Florence Leroy Chase, Lieut.-Commander Clark Woodward, U. S. N., Miss Bessie Beatty, Mr. Arthur Brunner, Mr. Clarence W. Thompson and Lieutenant H. G. Ball, U. S. A.

### Sport at Coronado

Word comes from beautiful, balmy Coronado Beach which lies just across the bay from San Diego and the Panama-California Exposition that the famous Hotel del Coronado has since the first day of 1915 been taxed to capacity almost continuously in caring for its thousands of visitors from every quarter of the world. The polo season, despite the absence of noted foreign players on account of their participation in the greater game of war, has been the most successful and interesting three lively months of polo in the history of the game on the Coast. The Annual Spring Tennis Tournament now being played at Coronado promises to eclipse those of previous years. Golf, with the extensive improvements amounting to almost an entire reconstruction of the eighteen-hole course, is furnishing a large share of the amusement at the gay beach resort. Yachting from now on will attract considerable attention. Deep sea fishing, bay and surf bathing and hydropianing all come in for their share of patronage.

### Attractions for Motorists

Visiting motorists find no other place in America so ideal for the continuous enjoyment of their touring cars. Coronado and San Diego are almost completely boulevarded and there are hundreds of miles of smooth scenic roads to mountains and beaches nearby. San Diego county has been expending large sums of money for several years in anticipation of a heavy influx of visiting automobilists with the result that little if any improvement could now be made in road conditions.

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Miss Ann A. Rodgers
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Scalp and Facial Treatments, Shampooing
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ado Beach. During the entire Expositon year there will be greater efforts than ever made in the matter of providing entertainment for guests. Manager John J. Hernan is a past master in this art and his faculties, according to his own statement, are going to work overtime until January 1, 1916. Semi-weekly dances are given for guests in addition to special balls and parties at frequent intervals. In the large casino every indoor amusement is found for old and young. The management has paid a great deal of attention to the service and entertainment of children. New open-air school buildings and playgrounds have been opened with competent instructors in charge. In addition to the regular branches of study are included domestic science and manual training. There are dancing classes; also a kindergarten employing the Montessori system. An attractive dining room for nurses and children is also provided. The Coronado Country Club with its polo fields, eighteen-hole golf course and several cement tennis courts is within a few minutes' ride of the hotel.

### The Hotel Accommodations

To do justice by description to the Hotel del Coronado and its surroundings is hardly possible. More like a great comfortable home than a hotel it is situated beside the waters of the Pacific with acres of parked grounds and semi-tropical foliage. The hotel structure occupies about four and one-half acres of ground enclosing a court or patio about the size of an ordinary city square. It contains four hundred and fifty rooms and suites, one of the most comfortable and inviting lobbies to be found anywhere, a dining room as large as many of the modern church auditoriums without a pillar to mar its beauty, an immense circular ball room on the ocean side and a smaller "Tango" room where exclusive private dances may be held. The club grill, tea rooms, art rooms, salt water baths and beauty parlors are on the ground floor. The reading, writing and card rooms are on the same floor as the main lobby. There is conducted in connection with the hotel a large and well equipped boat house. A new and splendidly equipped garage is located on the hotel grounds. There is also a salt water natatorium within a few steps of the hotel entrance. The Hotel del Coronado is conducted on the American plan, is within thirty minutes' ride of the Panama-California Exposition and a short distance from the government aviation headquarters at North Island. The resort is conveniently reached by steamship or train via San Diego.

### Affairs at Hotel Oakland

Miss Leslie Brown of Alameda entertained forty guests at tea at the Hotel Oakland on Thursday, March 11. The honored guest was Miss Katherine Havens of Chicago. Miss Mona Crellin entertained at tea in her apartments on Monday, March 15. The West Oakland Home gave a Mi-Careme card party in the South Room on Tuesday, March 16. Decorations and favors were in green in honor of Ireland's patron saint. Mr. H. T. Heinz of Pittsburg and his son, Mr. Chas. Heinz, who have been guests at the hotel for the past month, left on Friday for the East, stopping at the Panama-California Exposition en route. Mr. Francis B. Loomis, former Assistant Secretary of State, was the host at a luncheon on Friday, the twelfth, in honor of former Vice-President Chas. W. Fairbanks. Covers were laid for twelve in the Renaissance Grill. Among those present were: Ex-Governor Pardee, Ex-Governor Gillett, Victor Metcalf, R. M. Fitzgerald, Albert Holman and Walter Leimert.

### One of the City's Great Attractions

Distinctive in its appointments, unique in the beauty of its settings, Fred Solari's beautiful grill, next to the Columbia Theatre, appeals to all who appreciate the artistic and refined. The cuisine delights the most critical. The daily afternoon and evening dansants draw throngs of the best people, who dance light-heartedly to the best dansant music in town. Talented dancers give exhibition dances and free instruction to patrons. Every Thursday night is an Oriental night, with many special features. The musical program includes such names as Anita Heyman, the famous soprano, and Charles Cross, the boy tenor.

### "Twinkle, Twinkle"

Twinkle, twinkle, little feet,
Through the dance with rhythmic beat.
Maiden, how do you—pray tell—
Remember all the steps so well?

Walks and trots and dips and glides,
Twists and turns and hops and slides—
How I long with you to vie!
All seem easy till I try.

Canter, canter through the wave
(I can't make my feet behave),
But with you to show him how,
Can't a fellow canter—wow!

Twinkle, twinkle, little feet,
Keeping time with rhythmic beat.
You're a poem, maiden fair;
You are—yes'm—you are there!

MISS ELEONOR SEARS

One of the most talked of young women in America, snapped at Coronado on her way to a polo game. The car is going thirty miles an hour, but Miss Sears is not afraid. Walter Dupee is driving, and Mrs. C. C. Rumsey, the former Mary Harriman, is sitting with him. The third lady is Mrs. Watson Webb of New York

# Gossip of the Theatre

### The Singing Song Writer

Everybody gets a hand at the Orpheum this week—everybody, including the masked dogs in Charles Prelle's circus. Perhaps Joe Howard and Mabel McCane enjoyed more recalls than anybody else, but Joe Howard has a very sensitive ear, and besides Mabel McCane had her wardrobe in its interminable variety and it was a pleasure for her to go to the bottom of the trunk. Howard is a song composer who has caught the public ear many times in the course of a long career. In the list of his songs is "The New Bully," which takes one back to that far-off day when May Irwin was climbing to her ultimate plumpness in the company of Pete Dailey and James Powers. The program tells me that Howard is the composer of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "What's the Use of Dreaming," "On a Saturday Night," "Hello, My Baby," and a score of other sentimental and sophisticated lyrics that have appealed to the taste of the plain people at one time or another through the years from the remote past down to date. Here is a ragtime Parnassian who has never had occasion to envy the men that make the laws of his country. He is the true minstrel who not only writes his songs but sings them. He ought to be a multimillionaire. Does he spend his money with the same facility with which he spins his verses? It's good to listen to Joe Howard sing his own stuff. Manifestly he has enthusiasm for it. So has Mabel McCane. She wears a new frock for every song.

—T. F. B.

### What Ho! The Follies!

The latest edition of the celebrated "Ziegfeld Follies" is to be presented at the Columbia for two weeks only, commencing Sunday evening. The production is said to excel in numerous ways any of the noted manager's former offerings. Leon Errol staged the ensemble numbers. George V. Hobart supplied the book and lyrics, while the score is by Raymond Hubbell. David Stamper and Gene Buck did the interpolated numbers. One hundred and fifty are in the company. The cast will include Bert Wiliams, Leon Errol, Vera Michelena, Louise Meyers, Arthur Deagon, Ed Wynn, Anna Pennington, Stella Chatelaine, Walter Percival, J. Bernard Dyllon, Johnny Dove, Herbert Clifton, Gladys Feldman, Lottie Vernon, Dorothy Newell, May Carman, Jean Bernett, Ruby Lewis, Mae Paul, Addison Young, Arthur Rose and numerous others. The Beauty Chorus is a marvel of loveliness and shapeliness. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

### Maggie Teyte's Farewell

Miss Maggie Teyte's second and last concert will be given this Sunday afternoon at the Columbia. She will be heard in two operatic arias that have never before appeared on concert programs here. These are "In Quelle Trine Morbide" from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and the "Air de Mirroir" from Massenet's "Thais." There will be five compositions by Debussy; and delightful old and modern Italian works by De Fesche, Scarlatti, Parelli and Tosti; old French chansonettes and modern works by Sibelius, Quilter, Homer and Woodman will complete the offering. So many requests have been received for the aria "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise" that the singer will give this as an extra number. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and the Columbia.

### Julia Culp Coming

After the Teyte concert Manager Greenbaum will cease activities until after Lent, reopening the season on Sunday, April 11, with Julia Culp, the world's greatest lieder singer. Mme. Culp will give three programs at the Columbia for which special season tickets will be sold.

### Good Friday at the Greek Theatre

The annual Good Friday concert at the Greek Theatre on April 2 promises to be a red letter event. Prof. William Dallam Armes, chairman of the Faculty Committee on Music and Drama, will have charge of the arrangements, and the offering will be a program of sacred and serious music by a symphony orchestra of sixty-five, to be followed by a production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" with a quartet of splendid soloists, a trained chorus of two hundred and fifty voices, and the special symphony orchestra with Giulio Minetti as concertmaster, the entire program under the direction of Choragus Steindorff. The prices are $1.50 and $1.00 in the reserved and 75 cents in the unreserved section. Mail orders may be addressed to Professor Armes, U. C., Berkeley.

ALICE BAXTER

Who plays the title role in "Everywoman" at the Cort

### Fourth Week of "The Clansman"

Nothing like "The Clansman," D. W. Griffiths' marvelous photographic spectacle, now being shown at the Alcazar, has been shown here before. For three weeks this production has been jamming the Alcazar twice daily with audiences whose enthusiasm runs riot as the stirring story is unfolded. Monday afternoon it will commence its fourth week, and already the demand for seats has been astonishing. A complete musical score was written for the film by Joseph Carl Briel and this is played by a large symphony orchestra, aided by a big chorus of singers. All seats for "The Clansman" are reserved, and patrons for both the afternoon and evening presentations are urged to secure their seats in advance and thus avoid the inconvenienec of standing in line.

### Blanche Ring at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as its headliner the famous Blanche Ring, star of numerous musical comedies. She brings "Oh Papa," an adaptation by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, of Dietrichstein's comedy "Vivian's Papa," in which Miss Ring scored one of her triumphs. Lamberti, musical impersonator, will portray Liszt, Hollman, Joachim, Strauss and Gounod, at the same time playing their works on the instrument used by each. Burdella Patterson will present her most recent creation of artistic poses. She is a model who has posed for the leading European sculptors. A remarkably handsome girl and a fine contralto vocalist will be heard in a repertoire of songs. She is known as "The Girl from Milwaukee." Sonia Baraban and Charles C. Grohs will appear in a series of dances. Cervo, piano accordionist, will play. Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne will appear in another of the famous one-act classics entitled "Grasping an Opportunity." With this program Joseph E. Howard and Mabel McCane will close their engagement.

### Helen Keller Coming

After twenty years of unremitting, patient effort and study, guided always by the genius of her friend and teacher Mrs. John Macy, Helen Keller will tell the people of San Francisco at the Cort Theatre the real story of her life. Deprived of her sense of sight and hearing and the power of speech since infancy, this famous woman, now in her early thirties, has at last acquired a speaking voice that is adequate for public addresses. She will appear at the Cort for a series of afternoon lectures beginning Thursday, March 25.

### "Everywoman" at the Cort

The dramatic spectacle, "Everywoman," produced by Henry W. Savage, will be offered at the Cort Sunday night. It has been played for three seasons by three or more organizations, was produced in London with marked success, and at the beginning of the European war was being performed in five foreign countries. The company is of thirty-seven principals, while an augmented orchestra is employed to interpret the music composed by George Whitefield Chadwick.

### Philippine Band Concert

The Philippine Constabulary Band will give a concert at Scottish Rite Hall Sunday evening, March 21, at 8:15. This famous band is of ninety pieces, and one of the features of the Exposition is its playing in the Philippine Pavilion. It took second prize at the St. Louis Exposition under the leadership of Captain Walter Howard Loving, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory and still the leader. The following program will be rendered: Vorspiel, A Faust Overture, Wagner; Suite, At the King's Court, Sousa; Cavatina for the trumpet from Robert le Diable, Meyerbeer (Sr. Leon Roberto); Poeme Symphonique, Phaeton, Saint-Saens; Gems from La Traviata,

Verdi; Serenade, Les Milliones d'Arlequin, Drigo; Gavotte Elegante, First Heart Throbs, Eilenber; Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

**A Fine Bill for Pantages**

The Marco twins, known as "The Mutt and Jeff of Vaudeville," are the headliners on the new bill at Pantages. The act is of sheer nonsense and "horse-play" which keeps an audience in a roar. "Her Honor the Mayor" is a sensational and thrilling playlet. Will Abrams and Agnes Johns, local stock favorites, have the leading roles. The five Musical Nosses, three dashing girls and two men, offer "A Gala Day in Old Seville." Ray Lawrence, a female impersonator, has a peculiar soprano. Howard and Mason have a singing and dancing act. Peggy Bremmen and her brother do acrobatic twists. There are other features and Keystone pictures.

**Gaiety Chorus at Tavern**

The entire chorus from the Gaiety Theatre, over forty talented performers, appeared at Techau Tavern last Thursday evening and rendered all the most attractive numbers of their regular performance. The magnitude of this feature attracted an enormous crowd and the quality of the performance was such as to create the greatest enthusiasm in its hearers. Indeed, one might well have thought, from the size and spirit of the throng that the calendar had been moved to New Year's Eve. The management of the Tavern has been particularly fortunate in securing those notable dancers Miss Vanderhoff and Mr. Foote, members of the Ruth St. Denis company, which has closed its engagements until September. These pleasing dancers may be seen at the Tavern every evening.

"Is the editor in?" asked the man with the unbarbered hair and the shiny coat, as he fished a roll of paper from his pocket.

"No," replied the office boy, "he has just gone out."

"This is the third time I have called to see him," growled the caller, "and each time you told me that he has just gone out. What's the explanation?"

"I don't know," answered the office boy, "but I guess he must have been born under a lucky star."

Lots of people expect something for nothing.

Many a fellow who travels on his uppers wants a lower berth.

Friendship is essential to happiness. Even the man who is his own best friend can't get along very well without a few others.

Quantity doesn't always count. A little charity to the living is worth a wagonload of flowers to the dead.

AGNES JOHNS
In the political dramalet "Her Honor the Mayor" at Pantages.

MAGGIE TEYTE
Who gives her farewell concert at Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon

MAGGIE TEYTE

FAREWELL CONCERT
COLUMBIA THEATER
This Sunday Afternoon, March 21, at 2:30
Tickets, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 Mason and Hamlin Piano
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BLANCHE RING in "Oh, Papa," Arranged by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf from a Play by Leo Dietrichstein; LAMBERTI, the Master Musician; BURDELLA PATTERSON in a Series of Artistic Poses; "THE GIRL FROM MILWAUKEE," a Remarkable Vocalist; SONIA BARABAN & CHARLES C. GROHS, in a Dance Repertoire Including Their Whirlwind Trot; CERVO, Piano Accordionist; CRESSY & DAYNE in "Grasping an Opportunity;" Last Week—JOSEPH E. HOWARD, Composer, and MABEL McCANE, Dainty Comedienne.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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FIVE MUSICAL NOSSES
"A Musical Day in Old Seville"
SEVERAL OTHER PANTAGES FEATURES

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Stocks were firm, but dull, and foreign liquidation of bonds was much lighter. Reports of progress made by the Allies in forcing the passage of the Dardanelles helped securities and created a small panic in wheat in Chicago. Wall Street does not believe that the United States will be involved in any trouble with Great Britain and France over the paper blockade disclosed against Germany in reprisal for the paper submarine war zone declared by the latter power. Protests will be made by the Federal Administration, but the ticker predicts that all disputes will either be arranged easily or talked to death by the diplomats. Reports of railroad earnings for January were more favorable and were all the more encouraging because they included three companies that have made a poor showing of late. The New York Central had a small loss in gross for all lines and a very large increase in net. Erie reported gains in both gross and net earnings, and Canadian Pacific converted a large loss in gross into a small gain in net earnings. The Pennsylvania's annual report revealed a large decrease in business, but the net results after paying dividends, etc., was an actual increase of $2,800,000 in the profit and loss surplus as set forth in the income account. The company's president made a strong plea for better treatment of weak roads. Industrials were firm as a rule. Railroads are buying rails freely and this means the employment of more men by them when the spring opens. Railroad officials look for heavier traffic hereafter and are preparing to handle it by putting roadbeds in order and purchasing additional equipment. The annual report of the American Woolen Company was favorable, the net earnings being practically sufficient to pay the preferred dividends, to meet which the surplus was depleted heavily in the previous year. The annual report of the American Steel Foundries was favorable, but its president stated that prospects have improved since the war broke out. Trade reports were favorable and weather conditions are propitious.

**Wheat**—There was a strong advancing wheat market the past week, with prices at the end of the week at the best figures since the recent decline. The news which caused the big decline last week was not in evidence this week and there was less talk of cancelled contracts by the foreigner. On the other hand, the foreigner has been taking wheat freely, regardless of price, and while at times there would be a weak spell, caused by rumors that the Dardanelles would soon be open and that one fort after another had fallen, the market recovered quickly from any setback. Cash wheat in all primary markets was strong and higher; in fact, cash wheat is selling at a premium over the futures in all markets. Receipts showed a considerable falling off from last week and there was a big decrease in the visible supply, which is now smaller than last year. Country roads are now in no condition to haul grain and it will take at least ten days with favorable weather to bring about any increase in the movement. There was some buying of the deferred futures—July and September options—late in the week, which was said to be for foreign accounts, and this narrowed the spread between May and July. At the present discount July wheat is selling under May, it looks cheap, and with the usual run of bad crop reports from now on, it looks as if July wheat could have a good advance from this level.

**Corn**—The strength in wheat was the bull factor in corn last week and brought about a rally in this commodity helped by the big short interest. Conditions surrounding the corn market have been very bearish of late and sentiment became too much so, and a rally was in order. The big stocks of winter shelled corn in Chicago and the poor demand for the cash article both for export and Eastern consumption has had a depressing effect on the market, as the trade in general are not inclined to accept delivery of this corn on delivery, owing to the fear that it will soon get out of condition when warmer weather arrives. Receipts of corn have been very small, and promise to continue so for the next ten days, owing to the bad condition of the country roads at this season of the year. The market is not expected to show much activity and will probably sympathize to some extent with wheat.

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Department No. 10, Probate; No. 16330.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Order to show cause why application for leave to sell real property should not be granted.

Maria Borrone, the guardian of the persons and estates of Felice Borrone and Giulio Borrone, minors, having this day presented to this Court, and filed herein, her petetion, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to the said minors, either at public or private sale, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from the said petetion that it is for the best interests of and would be beneficial to the said minors, that the said real property described in said petetion or some part of it shall be sold,

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their said estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 Probate, in the court-room thereof in the Temporary City Hall, at No. 1231 Market street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of March, 1915, at 10 a. m. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real property as prayed for in said petetion, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is hereby further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, February 19th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

(Endorsed):
Filed Feb. 19, 1915. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardian,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-4


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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE WILLARD STONE, Deceased; No. 18610, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Marea W. Stone, as Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased (generally known as George Stone), to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 13th day of March, 1915) to the said Executrix at the office of L. F. Young, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Willard Stone, deceased.

MAREA W. STONE,
Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 13, 1915.

L. F. YOUNG,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 3-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOPHIE RAU, deceased.—No. 18545; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ISABELLA LEWIS, executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deacesed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of Vogelsang & Brown, Room 807, Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sophie Rau, deceased.

ISABELLA LEWIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 27th, 1915.

VOGELSANG & BROWN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Room 807 Nevada Bank Building,
No. 14 Montgomery St,, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix and Administrator at the office of Frank J. Egan, attorney at law, 1011 Humboldt Bank Building, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.

MARGUERITE G. SHEEHAN,
CATHERINE B. SHEEHAN,
JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 20th, 1915.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-5

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674. MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

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| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and Discounts | $ 15,013,075.41 |
| U. S. Bonds | 2,030,000.00 |
| Other Bonds and Securities | 1,194,050.10 |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Banks of San Francisco | 80,000.00 |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit | 383,816.74 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange | 9,219,154.86 |
| | $ 27,920,097.11 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital | $ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | 3,101,600.84 |
| Circulation | 1,958,000.00 |
| Letters of Credit | 407,235.44 |
| Deposits | 20,453,260.83 |
| | $ 27,920,097.11 |

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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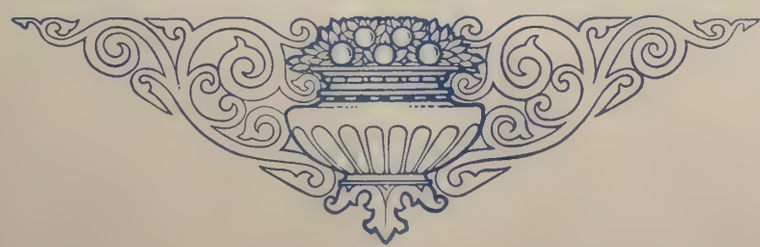

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, March 27, 1915 | No. 1179

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
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Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

## Reaction in Colorado

The Lower House of the Colorado legislature is vindicating its freedom from the influence of organized labor by passing laws to make it easy to put anarchists and demagogues in jail. It would seem that the people of Colorado were not in sympathy with the striking coal miners. For certainly it is to be presumed that the action of the Lower House reflects public opinion. But our benevolent and humane contemporary, the Bulletin, informs us that the Lower House is under the control of the "Colorado oligarchy," whatever that is, and that the laws that are in the making are in the nature of "class legislation," and are designed "to give one set of men power to use violence against another set." Occasionally, as in this latter assertion, our benevolent contemporary deviates into truth. Indubitably the laws are designed "to give one set of men power to use violence against another set." They are designed to give the officers of the law, that is to say, the representatives of the majesty of the people, the power to use violence if need be against potential destroyers of life and property. Assuredly it is class legislation. It is legislation against the cowardly thugs who are responsible for the disesteem in which organized labor is held in various sections of the country. Maybe this class legislation is somewhat prejudicial to the rights of organized labor. If so against whom should censure be directed? Who is responsible for the reaction in Colorado? If we inquire there we shall probably find that Colorado has a Crothers or two, demagogues of the snuffling Pharisee brand, with no more love for the workingman than the Bulletin's proprietor has for the country of his adoption, but conscienceless in misleading and vociferous in espousing, the cause of union labor because it pays. More than probable that such is the case we are led to believe when we find that the same body of legislators that has been legislating by way of anticipating a renewal of hostilities by the Balkan immigrants of Colorado, has passed a bill abolishing Judge Lindsey's Juvenile Court. Judge Lindsey is a patriot of the Crothers type, a militant lover of mankind, with his weather eye perpetually peeled for the Main Chance. Reaction against measures is usually accompanied by reaction against men, and all over the country of late the magazine heroes made by Lincoln Steffens in the heyday of the muckraker are gravitating to their level, which is marked by the muckheap where most of them were generated. It would be premature to say that Lindsey has been booted back to obscurity, but assuredly the little patriot is on his way.

## A Popular Publisher

One of Publisher Crothers' reasons for worrying about class legislation in Colorado is that more bloody history may be made in that State in the near future. Publisher Crothers abhors bloodshed. Loving all mankind with a consuming passion, it grieves him overmuch when his fellow creatures engage in sanguinary strife. A man of the most tender sensibilities, to all who suffer his big heart goes out with an electric light attached that we may see the delicate organ in full bloom. Crothers is for peace at any price, but nature so formed Crothers, so shrewdly adapted his parts to expediency, that when the thugs of union labor are going about breaking the heads and limbs of non-unionists, he is blissfully insensible of their revolting brutalities. This miraculous immunity from shock he has enjoyed through every strike that San Francisco has had since the days when the teamsters were discouraged by the policing of trucks. It was that strike that taught Crothers how unprofitable it was to espouse the cause of law and order. He perceived that our darling shopkeepers preferred to advertise in the Examiner, which supported the strikers and held them as readers. Ever since he has beat the Examiner at Hearst's own game. For Crothers has a facile conscience that enables him to out-Hearst William Randolph. In the recent strike in the printing trades, a lawless and bloody one, while Hearst was content to be blind to the brutalities of the strikers, Crothers, in addition to being blind and deaf, lamented the injustice of the employers. All of which appears to commend this benevolent publisher to the esteem and confidence of our leading commercial bodies in which he is much honored, and in clubs that represent the best blood of this great World's Fair city. By his methods he has proved himself a successful business man. He has studied the psychology of our shopkeepers, he has mastered it, and they eat out of his hands, and some of them would lick his boots if, at the same advertising rates, he could insure them another customer. These are some of the reasons, by the way, why San Francisco is a great city, beautifully governed, and always in the enjoyment of much civic pride.

## The Life of the Party

"The Vice-President has been the life of the company." Of the company are the Hon. Franklin K. Lane and the distinguished journalist of the Hearst staff—John Temple Graves, himself once upon a time a candidate for the high office now ornamented by Tom Marshall. It is John Temple Graves who tells us that the life of the company was the Vice-President. "The Vice-President," he adds, "radiates humor and good cheer at all times." But no mere specimen of the village cut-up is Tom Marshall. Give ear to the tribute of one statesman to another. Listen to Secretary Lane: "The Vice-President needs only to be seen to be liked. His latter day speeches have been so pulsed with the practical and the human that his visits throughout the country must of necessity be productive of great good to the people, to his party and to himself." All of which may be true enough. At any rate it is one great statesman's impression of another. Impressions of this sort, however, are no less misleading than the ancient augurs who could not meet in private without laughing. Many a statesman takes on the appearance of an incarnate Principle through the haze of contemporary eulogy. How often does it turn out that the eulogy is really an allegory! Peradventure what Mr. Lane says of the President's Exposition proxy may be entirely allegorical. Or it may be that Mr. Lane, who is a sly humorist, uttered the eulogy with his tongue in his cheek. Of this we may be sure—that nothing that others may say of Tom Marshall is half so authentic as what that rural attorney says of himself. Listen intently to a man's stories of himself, and unless you are unsophisticated you will get the chief fact regarding him. About a year before his nomination Tom Marshall made a speech in the course of which he said that he had abandoned the practice of law because it put too severe a strain on his conscience. He had been practicing law many years before his conscience hurt him—practicing it in a small way without winning fame or even distinction, and notwithstanding the tenderness of his conscience, when he abandoned the law it was to go into politics. And into that pool he plunged without a twinge. This story gave us an intimate knowledge of Tom Marshall. But there is another story, one that was told by the Vice-President while making himself "the life of the company." It is the story of his eagerness "to look handsome and distinguished." He says he was callow at the time, but as he was married and was about

to be admitted to the legal profession the feathers that adorned him must have been a second crop. To look handsome and distinguished, according to his conception, it was necessary to have white hair. A friend, who doubtless had him pretty accurately sized up, told him to wash his hair in blueing. He did so, and turned his hair green. The callowness of Tom Marshall remains, but the dear people love him for his ingenuousness. The life of any party is Tom Marshall, even the life of a Hearst party. Of such a party, as we have seen, he may be the life even when serving as the special representative of Woodrow Wilson. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near—a flowing light-fountain in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. Get next to Tom, and listen to his stories, and you will get glimpses into the very marrow of the present Administration. Let us bask in his beams, and be fed by his wisdom, but beware of his austere virtue; look not upon it, for it is so white it hurts the eyes. At a time when the Republic has the sorest need of great thinkers and statesman it is heartening to know that while Tom is where he is, the President with all his faults is in good health and in no danger of having his constitution impaired.

---

### "Rats!" Said the President

From our profoundly solemn Administration at Washington has come another contribution to the gaiety of nations. Some time ago there appeared in New York a former Episcopal minister, Charles Ferguson by name, bearing a letter from the President addressed "To Whom It May Concern." He represented himself as the occupant of a new federal post in the Department of Commerce. It was his duty he said to explain to business communities the ideas of the Administration on business, and to ascertain for the Government the thought and feeling of the business world. He went about visiting heads of important corporations and delivering speeches to various societies on American ideals in business. Asked about his business qualifications he said that he had given himself the discipline of three professions—the law, the church and the press. In time this accomplished envoy made a pest of himself in Wall Street. He told leading bankers that he was the Administration's ambassador to the business men of the country, and that it was Mr. Wilson's desire to establish closer relations of amity and good understanding between the business men of the country and the White House, all to the end that business might be improved and prosperity ushered in. One day a banker said to him: "You may tell the President and the rest that I stand ready to do anything that might lead up toward the paradise you describe and away from the hell toward which we are tending." About that time the President's envoy became known as the conductor of the Administration's "Paradise Special." Presently so obviously futile and ridiculous his mission appeared that incredulous persons questioned his credentials. Then a newspaper correspondent was sent to the White House to ask about Mr. Ferguson. The correspondent told the President that some person in New York had been representing that he had a blanket commission to "smooth over" the business interests. "Rats!" said the President, "it's a fairy tale." Then the newspapers got busy. They found that Mr. Ferguson was on the payroll of the Department of Commerce. They found also that he had two letters from the President addressed "To Whom It May Concern" and typewritten on White House stationery. In one letter Mr. Ferguson is described as "a friend of mine in whose character and gifts I have peculiar confidence," and in this letter the President says of Ferguson, "His duties involve the important function of bringing the business community of the country into close and intelligent touch with the plan of the Department of Commerce." In the other letter Ferguson is described as "a warm friend of mine." Eager and anxious to prove he was no impostor Ferguson produced other letters; one from Secretary McAdoo who describes him "as a valued friend of mine;" one from the Secretary of the Department of Labor, and one from the Secretary of the Department of Commerce, all affirming him to be a special commisioner. So it appears that what prompted the ejaculation "Rats!" at the White House was not a fairy tale. Also it appears that the President with all his experience is still taking an academic view of business, and that he has not lost faith in his theory of psychological depression. The New York Sun points out that the President is not above taking refuge in the shelter of a whopper, but evidence of this fact is less disquieting than the amazing proof of his faith in the Chautauqua brand of specific for the cure of what ails us. A most extraordinary Administration is this that we have at Washington.

---

### Kindred Spirits

To realize how very extraordinary this Administration is one must consider the curious performances of some of its shining lights. Brief is the history of the Administration, but it is compact of things that have inspired the suggestion that we are now passing through the sign of the jackass in our political zodiac. Once it was thought that the Administration was suffering from too much Bryan. The Chautauqua statesman was regarded as peculiar, and it was supposed that the President was indulging him in his mental and moral obtuseness partly from a sense of gratitude and partly by reason of the hope that he might take rope enough to hang himself. But gradually it has become evident that Bryan really typifies the Administration. In the process of development we have come to learn that the Bryaniac note is the keynote. It is clearly a case of the mutual attraction of kindred spirits. Months ago we were shocked at George Fred Williams, the Minister to Greece who made Europe shriek with laughter when he took it upon himself to reform and regenerate Albania. Now we see that George Frederick Williams was a man after the very heart of the Administration. He is twin brother to Minister Morgenthau who was intent on wiping out white slavery in Constantinople. As an intellectual giant of this the Age of the Jackass in American politics Morgenthau and Williams are on a par with Ambassador Page, who made himself the laughingstock of Englishmen at a banquet in London. We got an inkling to the sort of diplomatists that appeal to the mind now on watch in Washington when a Peoria journalist was appointed Minister to St. Petersburg. About that time the J. Ham Lewis letter appeared, from which we learned that the Peorian was to be given a flyer that his children and his children's children might be able to point with pride to the honor once bestowed on the family. Qualifications he had none, but he deserved well of the Administration. But the Peorian was impaired by exposure before starting. Unfortunately in the case of James Sullivan of San Domingo exposure was belated, and hence the scandal that brought to light the Bryan letter revealing the occupant of the high office of Secretary of State in the role of pothouse politician and party spoilsman. How luminiferous the sidelights that the diplomatic service throws on the New Freedom! It appears that a most extraordinary kind of mentality finds favor with our President. Extraordinary too is the kind of mentality that prompted the sending of a Colonel House to Europe as a special ambassador to pave the way to peace, and that conceived the idea of reconciling Wall Street with a view to fulfilling the oft repeated prophecy that prosperity would soon dawn. From all that has happened comes the vivid impression that the President and his subordinates are of the same cast of mind. It cannot have been by accident that the President dragged out of obscurity in divers sections of the country men with the same outlook, the same mental obliquities, the same moral prejudices and the same cant phrases. Compare a Secretary Redfield with a Secretary Daniels and you will find that they are one in everything but the whiskers. Listen to the man who barred a prophylactic from the navy that the wages of sin might not be avoided, and then give ear to the conductor of the "Paradise Special," and you will find that they cant in precisely the same terms. Envoy Ferguson speaking of a banker in Wall Street described him as a man of "large social sense." There you have a combination of words redolent of the New Freedom. In loose verbiage loose thought finds expression, and nowadays there are set phrases in which the loose thinking of Washington is held tight like a fly in amber.

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### Our Rodin Collection

Every little while we are told by our daily press that we are an art-loving community; and our daily press affects a sensitiveness to whatever is conducive to the

cultivation of a taste for art. Of this we are reminded by the tremendous wave of silence — impressive and expressive — that swept over our great organs of public opinion when they received from Town Talk the news that, as Mr. O'Day put it, "the finest group of Rodin masterpieces ever assembled is to be presented to the city of San Francisco." To realize the significance of this silence one must consider what happened in the less enlightened, and perhaps more parochial, city of London in the early part of December when the news was received of a gift to that metropolis from Rodin himself. To the trustees of the Victoria and Albert Museum Rodin wrote: "The English and French are brothers; your soldiers are fighting side by side with ours. As token of my admiration of your heroes I have decided to present this collection to England. That is all." In the London collection are three replicas of bronzes which are in the Spreckels collection—The Bronze Age, John the Baptist and The Prodigal Son—but The Thinker, which Rodin did in bronze twice only is not in the collection. One statue is in front of the Pantheon in Paris and the other is in San Francisco. The gift to London is much less magnificent, much less important than the gift to be made to San Francisco. But the London newspapers though distracted by the war have found time to discuss the Rodin masterpieces. Here where we are distracted by social functions at the Fair that are of a peculiarly personal interest to family organs, there is no curiosity about an art collection that would be notable even in one of the world's centres of art. There will come an awakening, however, if not to the importance of the collection in the eyes of artists and art-lovers, at least to its value in dollars and cents to the city. Pilgrimages are made to Boston to view certain mural paintings. Pilgrimages will be made to San Francisco to view our Rodin statues, and pilgrims are worth while to shopkeepers, even to shopkeepers with no taste for art. In London the newspapers that are still discussing the Rodin gift take no Philistine view of the treasure they possess. It is precious in their eyes because it will have an influence on English art. It is so great a treasure says The London Outlook that "it may well be envied by any city in the Old or New World." All the London critics are overflowing with enthusiasm. "It is a gift," says one critic, "that shows us that there is really something after all worth fighting for." Says another: "The value of the gift itself, apart from any consideration of the circumstances under which it has come to us, is so enormous as to impede the most willing tender of gratitude." Randall Davies, a critic of the first rank, and one somewhat slow in his enthusiasms, wrote two columns about the collection. "It will take us years to realize its full meaning and its influence on the future of English sculpture," he says. Of The Prodigal Son which will soon be on exhibition at our Exposition Davies says: "It is a marvellous instance of Rodin's power of impassioning his subject. To make a figure live is difficult enough, but to excite it to such intense emotion as is here expressed is something quite new in sculpture." Comparing the emotion expressed in The Prodigal Son with The Laocoon, which is the classical example, and with Michelangelo's Slave, Davies says: "Here (in the Rodin work) we see the crisis, can almost hear the cri du coeur, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.' Here the passion burns outwards from within, until it seems to turn the poor forlorn figure into a flame. The whole form has been beaten into great waves like a stormy sea. It is marvellous." This statue is not only to be exhibited at the Fair, it is to become the property of this city along with The Thinker, The Bronze Age, The Siren, St. John the Baptist and the bust of Henri Rochefort.

---

## The Harlot of the World

**By Clark Ashton Smith**

O Life, thou harlot who beguilest all!
Beautiful in thy house, the gorgeous world,
Abidest thou, where Powers pinion-furled
And flying Splendors follow on thy call.

Innumerous like the stars or like the dust,
Nations and monarchs were thy thralls of yore:
Unto the grave's old womb forevermore,
Hast thou betrayed the passion and the lust.

Fair as the moon of summer is thy face,
And mystical with cloudiness of hair. . . . .
Only an eye subornless by delight,

Shall find, within thy phosphorescent gaze,
Those caverns of corruption and despair,
Where the Worm toileth in the charnel night.

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# Perspective Impressions

A lot of people wouldn't know it was Lent if the society editors didn't mention it once in a while.

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The price of wine is going up, but never mind, cheer up, the Wilson wave of prosperity is on the way.

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If Mrs. Gotrocks or Mrs. Climber may ride in a limousine to a reception in the Exposition grounds, why should Miss Plainpeople be barred from a jitney ride to the hot-dog factory?

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Walker Whitney Vick explains that he was appointed Receiver of Customs at San Domingo not because he was a political hack but because he was baptized by President Wilson's father. Score one more for the church which has at last come to play a very important part in the affairs of the nation.

The Exposition was enjoyed last Saturday by some seventy thousand souls and a few score assemblymen.

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It is to be hoped that polo will not become too popular because in that event the holiers will try to abolish it.

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Przemysl was determined to hold out to the last letter, but the Russians took it syllable by syllable.

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The proper punishment for those French duellists who broke the rules of duelling by wounding each other, would be thirty days in the trenches.

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The hemp growers of Yucatan are in distress. If all the Mexican revolutionists who deserve it were to receive hemp treatment, the growers of Yucatan would find business brisk.

Powell street poultry note: The spring chicken crop is all that could be desired.

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When is Newport coming to the New York building to get into sassiety?

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"Fox trotting is good for insanity," says a headline. A homeopathic remedy, no doubt.

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Von Bernhardi writes cavalry "cavalery," but we had already surmised that this war was no spelling bee.

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The Hearst papers are boosting for Governor Slaton of Georgia. They tell us that he opposed in Georgia "a wave of demagogic clamor." This we have no hesitation in pronouncing untrue without a bit of knowledge on the subject. Suffice it that Slaton has been patting Hearst on the back and that Hearst has been reciprocating. Must have been some other kind of clamor that Slaton opposed.

# Varied Types

## CCXXII—JULIUS KAHN

By Edward F. O'Day

"I see by the papers that the President is thinking of calling an extra session to deal with war problems."

The remark was thrown out for the purpose of getting Congressman Kahn started. It had that effect. The dean of Californian congressmen smiled that expansive smile of his and proceeded to set me right.

"I can't see," he said, "that there is any present danger of our becoming involved in the war. But there is another reason for the assembling of Congress."

"And that is—?"

"The financial situation," answered Congressman Kahn. "The financial situation of the Government is very bad. On the fourth of March there were about forty millions left in the Treasury. As our expenses are from twelve to fourteen millions more than our income, that forty millions will be gone by the middle of June. Fortunately the income and corporation taxes are payable on the first of June and delinquent on the first of July. It is expected that these taxes will bring in about eighty millions this year. But will they?

"Many corporations have passed their dividends this year, and the profits of hundreds of others have been materially reduced. Private incomes are everywhere below what they were in 1913. In view of this it is my judgment that we won't get much over fifty-five millions from these taxes, and that sum will only carry us along for about four months after the first of July.

"Of course the President can sell bonds. But no doubt he will remember the experience of his own party during the Cleveland administration. Bonds were sold during a period of profound peace to run the civil affairs of the United States, and criticism loud mouthed and deep was directed at that administration because it was forced to resort to that extremity to remedy the failure of the Wilson tariff to raise enough revenue. I am confident that the condition is a source of worry to the present federal officials. Then too it is a serious question whether low percentage bonds could be sold at par.

"In all likelihood resort will be had to additional taxation. There is some talk of restoring the old bank check tax; also of the necessity of reducing the exemption from income tax from three and four thousand (for single and married men respectively) to about fifteen hundred dollars. Of course the income tax so levied would not be collected till June, 1916. So doubtless it will be necessary to enact laws of direct taxation covering many articles and items utilized for taxing purposes during the Civil and Spanish-American war periods but not taxed under the existing war tax law.

"I feel that Congress will be called to meet early in September to take up these important matters."

"But have we not psychologcal prosperity?" I asked with an air of innocent surprise.

"As I understand it," replied Congressman Kahn with another smile, "the President and his principal advisers contend that business has been good, and that to feel otherwise about it is to indicate that the complainant is in a state of mind which makes him suffer from depression which does not exist in reality. Yet the spokesman and friends of the administration are constantly telling us that times are getting better, that there will soon be a revival. If times are good why must we anticipate a revival?

"The truth is, business is not good in any section of the country. The complaint is universal that our industries are suffering. In the large centres of the East men are being employed two or three days a week to enable them to keep body and soul together. The only industries that are doing their usual share of business or have increased it are those manufacturing or supplying munitions of war to the belligerents. To those men of affairs who have to make enough money to pay their employes on Saturday afternoon the assertion that business depression is a psychological question must loom as a huge joke. The kind of prosperity we are having under the present administration, if kept up very long, will see more soup houses throughout the country than ever before in our history."

"But may not the wicked capitalists be forcing hard times to discredit the Administration?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered Congressman Kahn with scorn, "the American business man is an altruist. He is in business for his health. He doesn't care for profits. He worries day and night just to keep himself alive. He'd die of ennui otherwise. There may be such, but in an experience of years I never ran across one. The American business man has a worldwide reputation for conducting business on business principles. He is in business to make profits. He has built up our cities and expanded our trade to such good purpose that when the present administration was inaugurated we had achieved the greatest prosperity that ever came to the American people. It is ridiculous to think that business men would want to depress business to discredit the Administration.

"The legislation enacted by the Democratic party is the cause of business depression. Until confidence is restored I can see no likelihood of a return to prosperity. And how will confidence be restored? By the election of a Republican administration and the enactment of a tariff law predicated on protection for American industries and American labor. Then the great quantities of manufactured goods and supplies dumped on the American market prior to the war under the Underwood tariff law will be materially cut down, and those goods and supplies will be again raised and manufactured in the United States by American labor.

"This country has always thriven under a protective tariff, never during a period of free trade or under a tariff for revenue only. Some enthusiastic Democrats point to the Walker tariff as a great success. That was the lowest ever enacted, with the exception of the Underwood tariff. But the Walker tariff became law in 1846. Then the Mexican War broke out, gold was discovered in California in 1848 and in Australia in 1851, and the Crimean War began in 1854. These great world events naturally aided business in the United States; but in 1857 came one of the worst panics the country ever saw. It was not long before the Morrell law was enacted and protection to American industries became the rallying cry of the Republican party. I am satisfied that with a proper tariff law we shall see a revival of industry that will again fill the now empty dinner pail."

"What do you think of the President's Mexican policy?"

"I said long ago," replied Congressman Kahn, "that if the watchful waiting policy was persisted in anarchy and chaos would be the result in Mexico. We never should have become involved in Mexico. It is none of our business to interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign nation. We should have recognized Huerta, and we should have kept on recoginzing every de facto president who followed him. By following the policy of the Administration we have been made ridiculous before the world.

"We demanded a salute of twenty-one guns for the arrest of some sailors at Tampico. Mexico apologized, but that did not suit the Administration. We must have the salute. Has any one heard that salute? No, and nobody ever will, because our commissioners at the A B C conference at Niagara Falls signed a protocol in which we agreed to forget our demand. We boldly marched up the hill and we meekly marched down again. If the apology of old Huerta had been accepted that incident would have been spared us.

"Nineteen boys in blue were killed at Vera Cruz to prevent the landing of ammunition for Huerta. While those boys were being buried in our own country that very ammunition was being landed for Huerta on Mexican soil. It seems to me that the loss of these lads (for they ranged from eighteen to twenty-four years), was a needless sacrifice of human life, and the very purpose for which they shed their blood at Vera Cruz proved futile within a fortnight after their death.

"I fear that when the European nations have settled their affairs they will demand of us the restoration of peace in Mexico. If we refuse they are very apt to organize an expeditionary force to restore peace themselves by taking matters into their own hands.

"All these matters will have a far reaching effect in solving the Mexican problem. I have never wanted intervention in Mexico; I have never wanted to see a drop of American blood shed in Mexico; and I have always feared that the policy of the Administration would make it inevitable for American forces to enter Mexico to restore law and order. Nearly two years ago I advocated a concert of American powers to extend good offices to the Mexican people to restore order. I wanted my country to take the lead. After the affair at Vera Cruz Argentine, Brazil and Chile took the lead and we promptly agreed to settle our differences through their mediation. The time is still propitious for our government to ask these South American republics to join with us in extending good offices to the contending factions with the hope of restoring order and re-establishing civil government."

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# The Last Spring of the Old Lion

By Bernard Shaw

(At the beginning of the war George Bernard Shaw took up a position diametrically opposed to that held by all other writers of Great Britain. His first defense of it was brilliant but reckless, and he has never since been quite able to overcome the tactical disadvantage to which he exposed himself. He has since "dug himself in" deeper and deeper, and for every shot he fires there is a devastating volley from the other writers. Stubborn as von Hindenberg he never seems to know when he is defeated. When the war of articles and pamphlets is over he will still have a very serious charge to meet—the charge that besides fighting against his own country he has been supplying the German pamphleteers with their most effectual ammunition.)

What is the English press coming to when it can find nothing in the French Yellow Book but the single morsel of garbage that disgraces it? In the heat and scare of the first outbreak of the war there was some excuse for swallowing that general order of the Kaiser in which, finding the German language too inexpressive, he exhorted his army to take no notice of the French and Russian millions, but to concentrate their wrath on General French's contemptible little army.

From the authentic part of this Yellow Book there emerges a picture so stirring that it is amazing to me that no Englishman has yet rescued it from its wrappings of official correspondence. For in it you see the old British lion, the lion of Waterloo, the lion of Blenheim, the lion of Trafalgar, making his last and most terrible and triumphant spring. You see him with his old craft and his old courage and strength unimpaired, with his old amazing luck, his old singleness of aim, his old deep-lying and subtle instinct that does better without great men at a pinch than his enemies do with them.

For centuries now the lion has held to his one idea, that none shall be greater than England on land, and none as great on the sea. To him it has been nothing whether a rival to England was better or worse than England. When Waterloo was won, Byron said "I'm damned sorry;" and humanitarians and libertarians looked aghast at the re-establishment of the Inquisition and the restoration of an effete and mischievous dynasty by English arms on the ruins of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Little recked the lion of that: England's rival was in the dust; England was mistress of the seas; England's general (what matter that he was an Irishman?) was master of Europe, with its kings whispering in his presence like frightened schoolboys; England right or wrong, England, complete with her own native corruptions and oppressions no less than her own native greatness and glory, had risen all English from the conflict and held the balance of power in her hand. For a hundred years after that no Englishman knew what it was to turn pale at the possibility of an invasion. For more than two generations of Englishmen the lion lay and basked and smelt no foe that a pat of his paw could not dispose of.

Then a rival arose again. Battles more terrible than Waterloo were fought against the same foe; but it was not England that won them. The lion rose and began to watch. The old instinct stirred in him. He heard the distant song "Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles;" and something in him said "Never that while I live." The rival built a warship; built another warship and yet another; openly challenged the sovereignty of the sea. That was the end. From that moment it was only a question of when to spring. For a lion with that one idea at heart, with that necessity deep in his very bowels, must be crafty; he must win at all hazards, no matter how long he crouches before the right moment comes.

You see it coming in the Yellow Book. Germany with Austria and Russia with France stalk each other, finger on trigger, France avoiding the fight, Russia gradually arming herself and training herself for it, Austria speculating on it: all, even Austria, afraid of the lion's rival, Germany. France, always manoeuvring for peace (being outnumbered) at last finds that Germany, defiant of her and of Russia, contemptuously sure that she can crush the one with her right hand and the other with her left, yet fears the lion, and well knows that if he comes to the aid of France and Russia, the odds will be too terrible even for the victors of Sedan. France sounds the lion on the subject: the lion, grim and cautious, does not object to his naval and military commanders talking to the commanders of France and discussing what might happen and how in that case things might be arranged. France suddenly bullies Germany—tells her to clear out of Morocco and clear out sharp. Germany looks at the lion and sees him with quivering tail about to spring. The odds are too great; with mortification tearing her heart Germany clears out, successfully bullied for the first time since the rise of her star.

The lion is baulked. Another few years of waiting and the British taxpayer may tire of keeping ahead of that growing fleet. The old instinct whispers, "Now, now, before the rival is too strong." Voices begin to cry that in the London streets. But there are new forces that the lion must take account of; if the rival will not fight, it is not easy to attack him. And Germany will not fight unless the lion can be detached from France and Russia, yet is sick with the humiliation of that bullying, and knows that nothing but the riding down of the bullies can restore her prestige and heal her wounded pride. But she must swallow her spleen; for at every threat France points to the lion and saves the peace France alone really desires. Every time Germany is humiliated the lion is baulked, Austria's Balkan speculation is postponed, and Russia does not quite know whether she is baulked or respited.

The lion broods and broods; and deep in his subconsciousness there stirs the knowledge that Germany will never fight—unless—unless—the lion does not quite know what, does not want to know what; but disinterested observers complete the sentence thus: unless Germany can be persuaded that the lion is taking a fancy to Germany, and is becoming a bit of a Pacifist and will not fight.

Then the luck that has so seldom failed the lion sent Prince Lichnowsky as German ambassador to London. There was nothing wrong in being very friendly to the Prince, a charming man with a very charming wife. There was our Sir Edward Grey, also a charming man, always ready to talk peace quite sincerely at tea parties, with all Europe if necessary. The lion knew in his heart that Grey knew nothing of the ways of lions, and would not approve of them if he did; for Grey had ideas instead of the One Idea. And Lichnowsky knew so much less of the ways of lions than Grey that he actually thought Grey was the lion. The lion said, "This is not my doing: England's destiny has provided Grey and provided Lichnowsky. England's star is still in the zenith." Lichnowsky thought Grey every day a greater statesman and a more charming man, and became every day more persuaded that the lion's heart had changed and that he was becoming friendly. And Grey thought Lichnowsky perhaps rather a fool, but was none the less nice to him.

Then there was Asquith, the lucid lawyer, the man who could neither remember the past nor foresee the future, yet was always a Yorkshireman, with ancient English depths behind his mirror-like lucidity in which something of lion craft could lodge without troubling the surface of the mirror. Asquith suddenly found working in himself an unaccountable but wholly irresistible impulse to hide and deny those arrangements with the French commanders which had frightened Germany. He said to Grey, "You must go to the French and say that we are not bound to anything." Grey, the amiable lover of peace, was delighted. He went; and the French, with imperturable politeness, made a note of it. And then Asquith and Grey, with good consciences, found themselves busily persuading the world that the lion was not bound to help France and Russia when the great day of Armageddon came. They persuaded the nation; they persuaded the House of Commons; they persuaded their own Cabinet; and at last—at last—they persuaded Germany. And the lion crouched. Almost before he was ready, the devil's own luck struck down the Archduke by the hand of an assassin, and Austria saw Servia in her grasp at last. She flew at Servia; Russia flew at Austria; Germany flew at France; and the lion, with a mighty roar, sprang at last, and, in a flash, had his teeth and claws in the rival of England, and will not now let her go for all the Pacifists or Socialists in the world until he is either killed or on his Waterloo pedestal again.

That, gentlemen of England, is the epic of the Yellow Book. That was the roar that your tradesmen pretended not to hear because it frightened them into assuring the Germans that it was only the bleat of a pack of peaceful sheep attacked by a wicked wolf. Much you will care for their babble about old treaties, and their assurances that you are incapable of anything so wicked as the hurrah with which your share in the lion's heart responds to his roar, and their piteous stories like the old stories of Boney eating babies, and their frantic lies and shameful abuse of the enemy whom you know you must now hold sacred from every weapon meaner than your steel.

As for me, I understand it; I vibrate to it; I perceive the might and mystery of it; and all sorts of chords in me sound the demand that the lion's last fight shall be the best fight of all, and Germany the last foe overcome. But I am a Socialist, and know well that the lion's day is gone by, and that the bravest lion gets shot in the long run. I foresee that his victory will not, like the old victories, lead to a century of security: I know that it will create a situation more dangerous than the situation of six months ago, and that only by each western nation giving up every dream of supremacy can that situation be mastered. A lion within frontiers is, after all, a lion in a cage; and the future has no use for caged lions fighting to defend their own chains. In future we must fight, not alone for England, but for the welfare of the world. But for all that, the lion is a noble old beast; and his past is a splendid past and his breed more valiant than ever—too valiant nowadays, indeed, to be merely Englishmen contra mundum. I take off my hat to him as he makes his last charge, and shall not cease to wave it because of the squealing of the terrified chickens.

# Two Friends

**(This story—one of the most consummate by perhaps the greatest master of short stories, Guy De Maupassant—is particularly apposite just now**

**Translated by Alec Clark**

Paris was besieged and famished, struggling in her death agony. Few sparrows were left on the housetops, and the rats of the sewers were vanishing: people were feeding on anything they could obtain.

M. Morissot, a watchmaker by profession but called by the situation to serve as a volunteer, was walking sadly along the outer boulevard one bright January morning, with his stomach empty and his hands thrust into the pockets of his uniform. He stopped short before a comrade in arms in whom he recognized a friend. It was M. Dufour, a riverside acquaintance.

Every Sunday before the war Morissot had set out at daybreak with a bamboo rod in his hand and a tin box on his back. He took the Argenteuil train to Colombes, then went on foot to the islet of Marante. Arrived at this scene of his dreams he began to fish, and he continued fishing till nightfall.

Every Sunday he met there a round and jovial little man, M. Dufour, the draper of Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, like himself an enthusiast of the fishing rod. They often spent half the day side by side, with the line in their hands and their feet dangling over the stream, and they had struck up a friendship.

Sometimes they talked. Sometimes they passed the whole day without a word. But their companionship was complete without any need of words, for their tastes were alike and their feelings the same.

Sometimes on a spring morning when the sun came out in restored youth, covered the tranquil river with a light vapor which floated down with the current, and poured on the backs of the two enraptured fishers the genial warmth of the new season, Morissot would say to his neighbor, "Glorious, isn't it?" and Dufour would reply, "There is nothing like it in the world." And without needing to say more each understood and esteemed the other.

And in autumn, at the close of day, when the sky, blood-red as the sun was setting, threw on the water reflections of scarlet clouds, flooded the whole stream with purple light, showed a band of flame along the horizon, made patches red like fire on those golden on the trees already russet and shivering at the approach of winter, M. Dufour would turn to Morissot with a smile, saying, "What a gorgeous sight!" And Morissot, still keeping eyes fixed on his float, would reply with a rapturous "Ah! this is better than the boulevards; eh, old friend?"

As soon as the two friends recognized one another they vigorously shook hands, the meeting in such altered circumstances filled them with emotion. M. Dufour, with a sigh, said, "What dreadful things have been happening!" Morissot groaned in yet deeper dejection, "And what weather! This is the first fine day of the year."

The sky was indeed quite blue and full of brightness.

They began to walk side by side, gloomy and preoccupied. Morissot continued: "Remember our fishing, eh? That's one pleasant memory."

"When shall we do any more?" asked Dufour.

They entered a little cafe and took an absinthe together. Then they returned to their walk along the boulevard. Morissot suddenly stopped. "Another drop, eh?" M. Dufour agreed. "I'm with you," and they went into another wine shop.

Their heads were turned a little when they came out, for fasting men are easily affected by alcohol. A caressing breeze played on their faces, and the warm air sent the absinthe yet more to M. Dufour's head.

"Suppose we went there?" he asked, pausing to give his words weight.

"Where?"

"Why, to our fishing."

"But where?"

"To our island, of course. The French outposts are near Colombes. I know Colonel Dumoulin, and they will let us pass without difficulty."

A quiver of desire ran through Morissot. "Right you are," he said, "I am game;" and they parted to go for their tackle.

An hour later they were marching side by side along the high road. Then they gained the villa where the Colonel was installed. He smiled at their request and acceded to their whim. They renewed their march, furnished with a passport. Soon they passed the outposts, crossed the deserted region of Colombes, and arrived at some little vineyards which sloped down towards the Seine. It was about eleven o'clock.

Across the river was Argenteuil, like a dead village. The heights of Orgemont and Sannois dominated the entire region, and the great plain which extends to Nanterre was empty, absolutely empty save for its naked fruit trees.

M. Dufour pointed to the hill crests. "The Prussians are up there!" he said; and an uneasy feeling paralyzed the two friends as they looked upon the deserted country.

The Prussians! They had never seen one, but for months they had felt the presence of the enemy, preying around Paris, ruining France, unseen but all powerful, bringing pillage, slaughter and starvation. And a kind of superstitious terror was added to the hatred which they felt for this unknown and victorious people.

"I say," faltered Morissot, "what if we met them?"

M. Dufour replied, with that Parisian love of joking which nothing can repress, "We would offer them a fry of fish."

But the silence which reigned around intimidated them, and they hesitated to venture into the country.

At last M. Dufour made up his mind. "Come! Quick, march! But let us go carefully." Then crouching and bent double, with unquiet eyes and ears alert, they crept down through a vineyard, keeping hidden behind the vines. A strip of open land remained to be crossed before they could gain the riverside. They quickened into a run; then, as soon as they had reached the bank, they plunged for hiding among the dry reeds. Morissot put his ear to the earth to listen for any sound of marching in the neighborhood. They heard nothing. They were alone, absolutely alone.

Feeling reassured, they began to fish.

Facing them was the deserted Isle of Marante, which concealed the opposite bank from their view. The little restaurant was closed and looked as though it had not been inhabited for years.

M. Dufour took the first gudgeon. Morissot caught the second; and from moment to moment they whisked back their rods with a little silvery fish quivering at the end of the line. It was truly a miraculous haul. They carefully put the fish into a fine-meshed net bag which was waiting at their feet. A delicious joy penetrated them, the joy which seizes one who has found again a favorite pleasure of which he has long been deprived.

The bright sun poured his warm rays on their shoulders; they no longer heard anything, thought of anything; they had forgotten all else in the world; they were fishing.

But suddenly the earth trembled with a dull sound which seemed to come from underground. The thunder of the guns had begun anew.

Morissot turned his head. Over the steep river bank he saw, away to the left, the huge bulk of Mont-Valerien. From it arose, like a white plume, the smoke which a cannon had just belched forth. At the same instant a second puff of smoke shot out from the ridge of the fort, and a few seconds later a new thunder roared. Others followed, and from moment to moment the mountain hurled forth its message of death and breathed out heavy white vapors which rose gently through the clear air and made a cloud above the fortress.

M. Dufour shrugged his shoulders. "They are at it again," he said.

Morissot was anxiously regarding the feather of his float as it bobbed up and down. He was suddenly filled with rage, the anger of a man of peace against the madmen who were thus fighting. "People must be lunatics," he growled, "to kill one another in this fashion."

"Worse than wild beasts," replied M. Dufour.

Morissot, who had just taken a bleak, declared: "And it will always be like this so long as there are governments."

M. Dufour interrupted: "The Republic would not have declared war—;" but Morissot broke in: "With the kings we were always fighting abroad; with the Republic we have war in our own country."

They entered calmly upon a discussion, examining profound questions of policy with the wholesome reason of gentle and temperate men. They agreed upon one point, that men would never attain freedom. And Mont-Valerien thundered unrestingly, wrecking French houses with French shells, scattering death, pounding men to shapeless pulp; cutting short countless dreams, countless expected joys, countless hopes of happiness; and, in that other land across the borders, filling the hearts of wives and mothers and maidens with sorrows which know no end.

"Such is life," said M. Dufour.

"Say, rather, that such is death," replied Morissot, laughing at his play on the words.

All at once they became aware that someone had been marching and had halted behind them. They trembled with sudden alarm. Turning their eyes, they saw four men standing at their shoulders; four huge, armed, and bearded men, clad like domestics in livery, and wearing flat caps. Their long rifles were pointed at the two Frenchmen.

The fishing-rods slipped from their hands and floated downstream. In a few seconds the fishers were seized, pinioned, borne away, thrown into a boat, and rowed across to the isle. Behind the house, which they had believed to be

abandoned, they saw a score of German soldiers.

A sort of hairy giant, seated astraddle on a chair and smoking a long porcelain pipe, demanded in excellent French, "Well, gentlemen, have you had a good catch?"

A soldier stepped forward and laid at the feet of the officer a netful of fish, which he had been careful to bring away. The Prussian smiled: "Ah! I see you have not done so badly. But we have other business on hand. Listen to me, and do not be alarmed.

"So far as I am concerned, you are two spies who have been sent out to watch me. I capture you and shoot you. You have been pretending to fish, the better to conceal your projects. You have fallen into my hands; so much the worse for you. That is the fortune of war.

"But since you have come out past the outposts, you must certainly have the password for your return. Give me this password, and I give you your lives."

The two friends stood side by side. They were livid, and their hands were twitching slightly with nervous tremors. Both were silent.

The officer continued: "No one will ever know. You will return unharmed and the secret will vanish with you. If you refuse, it is death —instant death. Make your choice."

They remained motionless, without opening their mouths.

The Prussian, with unvarying placidity, stretched out his hand towards the river. "Consider," he began again, "that within five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. Within five minutes! You both have relations, I presume?"

Mont-Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two friends remained silently standing. The German gave some orders in his own language. Then he moved away his chair, so as not to remain too near the prisoners; and twelve armed men came to stand at "attention," twenty paces away. The officer spoke again: "I give you one minute, and not a second more."

Then he suddeny arose, drew near to the two Frenchmen, took Morissot by the arm, dragged him away, and said to him in a low voice: "Quick! the password? Your comrade will know nothing; I shall simply pretend to relent."

Morissot made no reply.

The Prussian then drew M. Dufour aside and spoke to him in the same terms. M. Dufour made no reply.

The two friends stood once more side by side. The officer gave some commands. The soldiers presented arms. Then Morissot's glance fell by chance on the string of gudgeon which lay on the grass a few feet from him. The fish were still quivering, and a ray of sunlight glittered on them. A sudden weakness overcame Morissot, and, in spite of his efforts, his eyes filled with tears. He faltered: "Farewell, Monsieur Dufour."

M. Dufour replied: "Farewell, Monsieur Morissot."

They gripped each other by the hand, shaken from head to foot by irrepressible tremors.

The officer cried "Fire!" and twelve shots rang out like one. M. Dufour fell at once, face downwards. Morissot, the taller man, swayed, swung round, and fell across the body of his comrade. His face was turned to the skies, and gouts of blood oozed out through where the breast of his tunic was pierced.

The German gave fresh orders, and his men disappeared. Then they returned with ropes and stones, which they tied to the feet of the two dead men, afterwards bearing the bodies to the river-brink.

Mont-Valerien roared without pause: the fort was now surmounted by a mountain of smoke.

Two soldiers took Morissot by the head and the feed; two others took M. Dufour in the same way. One strong swing, then the bodies were thrown far out. They described a curve, then plunged, straight up, into the water, the stones dragging the feet in first. The water splashed up, bubbled, quivered, and then was calm again, though some wavelets rippled out to the banks. A little blood floated on the surface.

The officer, with unruffled serenity, said quietly, "This time the fish will have their turn."

Then he returned towards the house. Suddenly he saw the string bag of gudgeons on the grass before him. He picked them up, examined them, and smiled. "Wilhelm!" he cried.

A white-aproned soldier ran up. The Prussain threw him the dead men's catch, and commanded: "Have me these little creatures fried at once, while they are still alive. They will be delicious."

Then he went on smoking his porcelain pipe.

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## "THE LANTERN"

### An Appreciation by Michael Williams in The Monitor

Theodore Bonnet, editor of the best written weekly paper in the United States, Town Talk, is the editor of a new periodical, a monthly magazine named "The Lantern," a "journal of lucid intervals," the attractive motto of which is, "It is better to search for the truth of what concerns us than to hunt for an honest man." And to prove his practicality, this modern Diogenes—presumably Mr. Bonnet himself—who writes the single article to which the entire first number is devoted, takes for his theme one of the really pressing problems of the day and the hour, namely, the liquor question. "The Vice of Total Abstinence" is at once his title and his conclusion. He boldly attacks the Prohibitionists in their very stronghold—the assumption that drink is in itself an evil; one especially injurious to bodily health and public morality. He shows that there is no scientific proof for such an assumption. Not only so, but turning the flank of his enemy's position by a powerful stroke of ironical humor which masks a lot of cold, hard facts, he proceeds to attack total abstinence itself—as preached and practiced by bigots—proclaiming it as a life-destroying vice in itself and one that leads to the most obnoxious results.

* * *

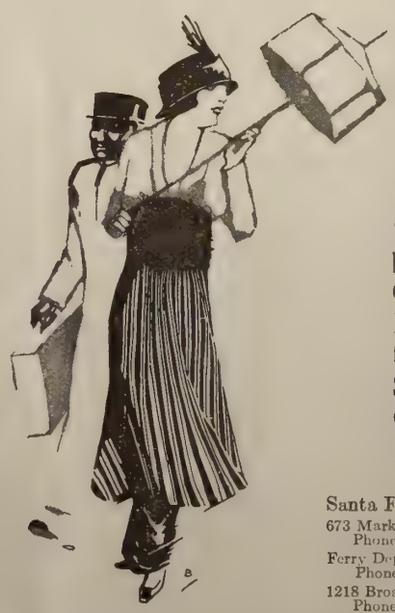
As a witty and mordant piece of special pleading, the pamphlet is a notable contribution to occasional literature. Taken seriously, it is a valuable corrective to the intemperance of the Prohibitionists—whose bigoted, narrow-minded zeal has led to such serious results in Arizona, where the very Mass is threatened by the drastic nature of the law enacted against the importation of all kinds of liquors and wines.

And as a bit of plain, necessary speaking about the danger of giving way before the arrogant demands of that section of our population for which Bonnet's term "the Puritans" seems the handiest definition, "The Vice of Total Abstinence" deserves wide circulation and serious attention.

We are altogether too timid and yielding in our attitude towards self-appointed fanatics and demagogues, especially when they assume to be the guardians of morality. A clique of noisy political women and of men who play the women's game for their own ends is one of the curses of California at the present time. Mr. Bonnet's plain words may do something to clear the air.

* * *

But I wish Mr. Bonnet had not given the support of his powerful prose to what seems to me a mistaken sense of the meaning of the word "asceticism." He employs it in an opprobrious sense, as so many do, to designate a sort of austere fanaticism with which in reality it has not the slightest connection. Asceticism does not connote senseless, pallid, Puritanical austerity. On the contrary, it means a practice of self-training for the purpose of acquiring genuine virtue. It is the athleticism of the soul. In fact, it comes from a Greek word meaning bodily exercise, and, more especially, athletic training. It is a positive art, or exercise, and not a negative habit, when correctly understood. Great, virile, life-enhancing men and women have been ascetics, though far indeed from being fanatics or Puritanical deniers of the joy of living. In fact, by ascetic habits of exercise they sought to make themselves fit—as an athlete is fit—for the real joy of real life. But they never sought to pass laws compelling others to follow their path. Thousands, yes, millions, of men and women have cheerfully denied themselves the legitimate pleasure of wine because they sought a joy which no earthly wine could give. These are the true ascetics, and it is a pity that the clear-sighted, clear-speaking Mr. Bonnet should lump them with the dour, sour Puritans who go about the world trying to make it gloomy and gray like themselves.

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CXC—THE CITY HALL STATUE

(Louis J. Stellman is a local writer and photographer who brought out a sumptuous volume called "The Vanished Ruin Era," illustrating the work of the Fire of 1906 with pictures and verses. The subjoined lines were written when some good sentimental folks were worried over the destruction of the tin goddess who surmounted the City Hall. Weighing art by the ton they considered the passing of the statue a heavy loss. Stellman allows the lady to speak for herself, a judicious proceeding in the case of all members of her sex.)

By Louis J. Stellman

Am I to fall and crumble into dust,
My fragments trampled under foot, unknown?—
I, who have stood for years in pride and trust
Of power, regnant, on my eyrie throne?

Through days uncounted I have watched, serene,
The puerile human throng pass, far below;
Silent, in mock importance I have seen
The rulers of our city come and go.

The honest and the criminal have dwelt
And wrought their destinies beneath my feet;
Have legislated wisely and have smelt
Like hungry curs, the Tempter's carrion meat.

Here stood I, calm, undaunted, while the Earth
Shook, in its palsy, like a withered hand.
Here I have watched the city's sure rebirth
From nature's fury and the fire's brand.

Ah, gruesome jest of Fate! that I have foiled
God's mighty elements, to end my span
Of life—a vandal's prey—to be despoiled
Of being by the hand of puny Man!

---

# The Spectator

### The Clockwinder at the Cliff

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock made his appearance in a taxi the other day and rode through the park to the Cliff House where he bought a bottle of wine and drank to the health of Harbor Commissioner Dwyer. To Mine Host Roy Carruthers the clockwinder took occasion to explain that as he was spending some of Dwyer's hard-earned money he thought it but right he should drink to the gentleman's health.

"Dwyer bet me," said the clockwinder, "that Oakland would vote for the Exposition bonds. I knew that Oakland wouldn't do anything of the kind."

"How did you know?" Carruthers asked.

"Couldn't help knowing, I've met so many commuters in my time. The Oakland commuter is in a class by himself. A man lives in Oakland to save money. What he says he's going to do with his money—I mean what he says out loud before everybody—isn't at all what he feels like doing. When he gets into a little booth, all by himself, with nobody looking, then he tells the truth—to himself. I know the commuter, and I made a cinch bet."

### The Clockwinder at the Fair

From the Cliff House the clockwinder rode to the Exposition, and spent some time in the California Building. When he came out he was laughing uproariously. The first man he met was State Commissioner Rowell, and immediately he stopped laughing, and looked as solemn as the rural editor himself. "There's a great place," he said. "Finest in the Fair."

"Glad you like it," said Rowell.

"So progressive, and up to date! The young man serving the orange juice breathes what the Governor calls the spirit of the West. I have just been listening to him addressing the customers."

"Indeed? Is he addressing them?"

"Yes, 'Get yer change ready, fellers, get yer change ready'—that's what he was shouting when I was at the counter. They must have picked him out of a Fresno bar."

"You must be mistaken," said Rowell.

"No, I'm not mistaken. And, I read the label on the marmalade jar when it was served to me in there. Fine marmalade!"

"Yes, all California marmalade is good."

"But the marmalade I had was from Massachusetts."

"In the California Building?"

"Precisely. Go in and try some. Let me tell you something, Chesty, if we'd go to Massachusetts for our politics and eat our own marmalade we'd be better off. They do make good politics in Massachusetts, and the people there aren't hankering for the Johnsonian spirit of the West."

The rural editor wandered off in deep meditation.

### Hearst's Great Triumph

Later in the day I met the clockwinder, and he asked me if I had been in the New York Building. I had not.

"It's all right," he said. "Good eating, and some swell place. Just met the Hearst lion in there."

"What's the Hearst lion?" I asked.

"You're pretty slow," said the clockwinder. "The Hearst lion is Tommy Marshall. Good joke on Woodrow, isn't it?"

The clockwinder perceived that he perplexed me, and he bestowed on me a look of compassion.

"Listen," he said, "Hearst is playing a stiff social game out here. He's making the New York Building a kind of Hearst annex for the greater glory of the family, and he's going to have the whole Peninsula set on its marrow bones if he has to import a royal Duke. In the absence of a Duke he collars Tommy. Now Tommy is the personal representative of the President. Don't you see the joke?"

I confessed that it was glimmering on me. The clockwinder chortled and resumed.

"Of course," he said, "the President never would have authorized Tommy to act as his personal representative if he had had any suspicion of Tommy's susceptibility to the blandishments of Hearst. Hearst put a big one over. He assigned John Temple Graves to the Presidential special, knowing that as a Southern gentleman John would have no difficulty in getting aboard. John was directed to rub the salve on thick, and on the way out he used a paint brush. He pictured little Tommy as one of the world's great statesmen. Tommy fell for the guff stuff, and when he arrived Bill swallowed him alive. And say, the wires to Washington have been sizzling ever since. Did you read the roast in the Bulletin?"

"What roast?"

"The roast on Tommy. They did him up brown for playing in to Hearst's hands. That was at Senator Phelan's suggestion."

### A Futile Manoeuvre

The clockwinder was taking my breath away. "How did you learn all this?"

He smiled. "I'm close up to Phelan and Lane, but don't tip me off. You know how Phelan loves Hearst. About as much as the President loves him. The Senator grabbed Tommy last Sunday, and ran him out of town—down to the Phelan place at Saratoga, but John Temple Graves was on hand. He kept his eye on the lion. And let me tell you Tommy isn't to be shunted off. He never got so much flattery in his life as Hearst has been giving him on this trip, and he'll take all he can get."

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### Graves the Panegyrist

There is a good deal of truth in this. When John Temple Graves starts out to do anything he doesn't do it by halves. Anything in the writing line, be it understood. When he started out to run for office on Mr. Hearst's pay roll it must be admitted that he only did that by infinitesimals. As a pen pusher, though, the Georgian is a complete performer. There is this matter of praising the Vice-President, for instance. "Johnny," it may be imagined that Hearst instructed his writer, "make the trip to San Francisco with Tommy Marshall, and on the way engage him for a banquet at my expense. He'll take a banquet from me if you handle him right. Praise him till his head swims and he'll stand for almost anything." And so John Temple Graves praised the Vice-President. He praised his looks, his clothes, his speech, his brains, his stories and his politics. When he feared he might be running out of praise he got Franklin K. Lane to help him praise the Vice-President. But Graves didn't run out of praise. After praising Marshall clear across the continent he wrote a special article of praise in San Francisco, probably after kissing the Blarney stone in the Irish village. At least it reads like that kind of praise. In this panegyric Graves, having eulogized everything else about Marshall, devoted a paragraph or two to praise of Marshall's —what do you think?—his religion!

### The Vice-President's Religion

The Vice-President, Graves informs a waiting world, is a Christian. "He could not be anything else if he tried," writes Graves, thereby warning all proselyting Buddhists, Mahometans, Shintoists and agnostics to keep off the grass. He comes, we are told, "of stout old Presbyterian stock." Here qualification is necessary, for Graves writes: "But he is not a bigot." The implication will not please Presbyterians. We further learn that he has cleared his religion of "the mists of superstition," that charity has "robbed this old-fashioned Presbyterian of intolerance and dogma." Again Presbyterians will not be pleased. "No vision of judgment expressed in thunder and no punishments written in fire and brimstone" for Marshall, avers Graves. And why? The answer is easy. "His God is a good God." And finally, "It is a good thing to have such a religion as Thomas R. Marshall has." That may be true, but the benefit of having a religion such as Graves describes may be a different matter. Marshall should pray to be delivered from his panegyrist. And, by the way, is he a Presbyterian? According to the Examiner he attended services at the Episcopal church at San Mateo last Sunday.

### A Trust Fight in Sacramento

The insurance lobby at Sacramento has been very active at this session of the Legislature owing to the efforts of the non-board companies to break up the California insurance trust. Insurance trusts have been wiped out in many States, but the California trust is very firmly entrenched, and it is fortunate in having the support of the Insurance Commissioner. California, by the way, is known as the easy-mark State of the Union among insurance companies, for while rates are whatever the trust decrees the percentage of loss is much lower than in other States. It is more than ten per cent lower than in New York and Illinois. Now it is proposed by Assembly Bill 979 to break up the rate-making combination of insurance companies, and the passage of this bill is being urged by twenty-three of the companies that are independent of the trust. These twenty-three companies are complying with the laws of the State, and are doing business under these laws. All are operating under licenses issued by the Insurance Commissioner, and are recognized as responsible companies. But while they are equal before the law the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific discriminates against them, and penalizes any insurance broker who places insurance with a non-board member. In this way it seeks to force the non-member either to enter its fold or withdraw from the State. The fight of the non-board companies is in the hands of Attorney William F. Humphrey who has made several trips to Sacramento to argue the reasonableness and justice of Assembly Bill 979. Notwithstanding the activities of the insurance lobby it would seem that a Progressive legislature, even with the support of the Insurance Commissioner, would find it somewhat difficult to turn the bill down. At the same time it ought to be regarded as taking serious chances to oppose the bill since the trend of the times is toward rate-making by the State itself. It is considered progressive for the State to do so.

### A Natural Mistake

He's a visitor to the Fair, a splurger in his own home town and quite a devil of a fellow in San Francisco. Booted, garmented, hatted, gloved and caned in the height of pictorial fashion he swaggers harmlessly in the St. Francis Hotel, making ostentatious display of a wallet and telling all who will listen of his importance, his recklessness in spending and his splendid metropolitan adventures among the fair. He has a Ford car, bought since his arrival, and it ornaments the curb across the street from the hotel while he is not using it. The other day he swaggered out of the St. Francis, "to take a spin in my new motor car," as he expressed it to the gentlemanly attendant in the wine room. Judge his surprise when he found a large amorphous bundle of blonde femininity composedly occupying his Ford. He stopped and stared.

"Take me to Nineteenth and Collingwood," she demanded.

"Madame," he said, unbonnetting and bowing as the men do in a Clarence Underwood picture, "this is my private car."

"Oh, Lord," she said, climbing reluctantly out, "I thought all Fords was jitneys."

### A Great Oration

At this late day one does not expect a thrill from a St. Patrick's Day orator. The theme of the St. Patrick's Day orator, like the theme of the Fourth of July orator, is believed to have been worn threadbare in the years agone. But

Easter comes on April 4th this year and a dainty satin-colored, egg-shaped box filled with sweets is the most delightful remembrance to give or to receive. At Geo. Haas & Son's four Candy Stores. Main store and office, 770 Market street. Advt.

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when a man has imagination and feeling he may do a good deal to an audience even with a threadbare theme. This was made manifest in Festival Hall on St. Patrick's Day by John J. Barrett, who gave his audience a series of thrills. A great triumph of oratory was Barrett's; a complete conquest of emotions. It was oratory inspired by beautiful sentiments, inflamed with noble passions; and to the highest peaks of eloquence the orator transported his audience. Often we hear of the decline of oratory. It is attributed to the superior good sense of this sophisticated generation. We are so wise that we are not to be taken in by rhetorical tricks designed to seduce the judgment. As a matter of fact we are very seldom exalted by genuine eloquence. Also as a matter of fact we appear to be very susceptible to the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of the elocutionist, whose gift of gab is confounded with oratory. A wonderful thing is the gift of oratory. It is one of the rarest of gifts. The genuine orator is not the speaker like Cicero, of whom the Romans were wont to remark, "He made a good speech for us." The genuine orator is such a speaker as Demosthenes, whom the Athenians left standing on the platform at the last period of his peroration while they rushed off to get their weapons and march against Philip and his army. The genuine orator is the man who can inflame the emotions of an audience while appealing to the higher faculties of the mind. The genuine orator has the art of concealing the art by which his blaze of eloquence sets fire to the hearts of his hearers. Now this gift of oratory is possessed by Barrett. On St. Patrick's Day, though his theme was threadbare, he furnished us with new ideas, he led the mind into new channels of thought, riveting old impressions more deeply, quickening the pulse the while, and invigorating it. On his subject he shed the lustre of his imagination and clothed it with new beauties. It was the speech at once of a poet and a philosopher. It was the speech of an orator who moves the multitude and makes it think. Barrett moved the multitude, and he also moved men of sober thought—judges, prelates, sophisticated politicians. All were electrified, and at the close they rose as one man to give vent to their pent-up emotions in cheers.

### An Optimist

Notwithstanding what our politicians have done to business there are optimists among our captains of industry, there are men versed in the mysteries of the world of finance who see a silver lining on many clouds. Among them is Isaac Guggenheim of that enterprising combination of Guggenheim brothers, which has some pretty large interests in the bowels of the earth and along the surface extending from Mexico to Alaska. In Mexico there is anarchy, on Alaska the Government has put its heavy and awkward fist, but Isaac Gugenheim, who is now in our midst, has no complaint to make. He looks into the seeds of time, and takes heart of hope. Even the war in Europe has not made him apprehensive. The combatants, he says, are doing a good deal of buying over here at present, and for what they get they pay in gold. We are absorbing the gold of Europe, and the war is keeping our gold at home, for rich folks who used to tip their way from the North Sea to the Mediterranean are staying at home or on their way to the Exposition. So let's cheer up, and think of the crops that are in the making. Isaac Guggenheim is no facile enthusiast, but San Francisco is making a hit with him. He took a flying trip hither about two years ago. It was his first visit. Now he is back again, and he thinks he will come oftener and stay longer. On his first visit he was entertained at a luncheon at the Bohemian Club. Monday evening he entertained his friends at a dinner in the Pagoda Club of the Exposition. His guests were: Dr. W. B. Coffey, Leopold Michels, William F. Herrin, Thornwell Mullally, Dr. Robert Kunitzer, Dr. Max Rothschild, Frederick L. Lipman and Theodore Bonnet.

### For Mary's Help

Announcements are being sent out by the committee in charge of the benefit dansant at the St. Francis on April 10 for the free clinic of Mary's Help Hospital, and the ladies are urging those interested to make their reservations as early as possible. Society in general is taking a deep interest in this affair, as it is to help an institution whose work has been far reaching and has accomplished much in the past. A corps of earnest workers will see that no part of the downtown or residential section shall be slighted, so a group of prettily gowned women with hammers, tacks and posters can be seen every where about the city putting up posters.

### An Unusual Orchestra

A quartette of young women who are all concert soloists have formed an orchestra of which one of their number, Miss Dorothy Pasmore, is the director. Its personnel consists of Miss Dorothy Pasmore, 'cellist; Miss Jean Crow, violinist; Miss Jane Marian Fraser, pianist and organist; and Mrs. Annie White, pianist. "The Pasmore orchestra" has delighted the guests of the new Hotel Plaza with their artistic rendition of chamber music every evening in the music balcony of the American Beauty dining room, and the Renaissance lounge, where the guests gather to listen to their delightful programs.

WILLIAM H. McCARTHY
One of the well known men active in the benefit dansant in preparation for Mary's Help Hospital

### Befriending Girls

A dansant will be given at the Fairmont Thursday, April 8, under the auspices of the Society for Befriending Girls, the proceeds to be devoted to the maintenance of the large restroom in the Horticultural Building on the Exposition grounds. Although the restroom was opened only a short time ago, approximately 200 girls have availed themselves of the advantages of this place, where they may rest and be served tea or coffee free at the noon hour. The dansant will be one of the first large affairs after Easter. Tables may be reserved at the Fairmont or through any of the patronesses. The tickets, which will be $1.50, include tea and dancing. Tickets are also on sale at Sherman and Clay's, or may be obtained from the auxiliary members.

FOR THE CHILDLREN'S EASTER

Easter comes in April this year—on the 4th. Every child is eager for the egg hunt. Be prepared for the children's Easter morning joy. Downy yellow chicks and all the Easter bunnies are waiting at Geo. Haas & Son's four candy stores. Main store and office, 770 Market street. Advt.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA RENNERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, attorney at law, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased.

MARTHA LEO,
Administratrix of the Estate of Julia Rennert, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.
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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Wife of Our Publisher

There has not come to this city in a long time a more charming young matron than Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. All who meet her acknowledge the fascination of her personality. She is unspoiled by wealth, unaffected by prominence. Her sound common sense is one of her outstanding qualities. She is a loyal friend and a very cordial acquaintance to have. Her heart "is in the right place." Therefore it is nice to know that whatever social significance the Fair possesses so far must be sought in those circles which Mrs. William Randolph Hearst dominates. And what does she not dominate? Mrs. John Hays Hammond is not here yet, and so Mrs. Hearst is the absolute queen of the New York Building. There is exclusiveness in the air of the New York Building, and the influence of Mrs. Hearst is felt everywhere in its swagger atmosphere. All the male commissioners of New York are fond of social eminence, and not only they but their wives too are finding it in the company of Mrs. Hearst. From the New York Building the social influence of Mrs. Hearst radiates throughout the Fair. It is strongly felt in the California Building. No function there is complete without Mrs. Hearst. This very statement shows the social importance of Mrs. Hearst. Let me explain. Before the Fair, if I said "No function is complete without Mrs. Hearst," my readers would understand that I referred to our darling philanthropist Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the mother of the publisher. But now the statement may be made of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, the publisher's wife. Today when you read the name of Mrs. Hearst in the society news it is apt to be the younger woman the bavarde is speaking of.

### A Favorite of the Bavardes

And you read that name a great deal. Every day there is something in the society news of the papers about the wife of our brilliant young publisher. Not in the Examiner alone, but also in the Chronicle and the Call (and to a somewhat lesser extent in the Bulletin), Mrs. Hearst is given a great deal of space. It is a charming proof of the entente cordial between the two morning papers that you find young Mrs. Hearst's picture in the Chronicle as often, if not oftener than in the Examiner. She is the favorite of the bavardes, and they do not weary of celebrating her. Being an unaffected, natural young woman Mrs. Hearst is doubtless very pleased with all this attention. And her husband is doubtless pleased too. Young Mr. Hearst is cultivating society as assiduously as he has always cultivated business, with the same enthusiasm that inspires his foxtrotting. Witness his dinner-dance for the Vice-President. There was a great deal about that in the Examiner and Chronicle, and reading it I gathered that a good time was had by all. When we have a good time we like to talk about it, or if we are fortunate enough to own a newspaper, to have it written about. That dinner-dance was not only reported at length the morning after it occurred, but in the Examiner it was mentioned twice two mornings after, in the article which described the Vice-President's visit to Senator Phelan's place at Saratoga. Mr. Hearst and his wife were not of that party, but in describing it the Examiner twice mentioned casually that the Vice-President had already been the guest of the Hearsts at a dinner-dance. I conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Hearst are just as pleased as the rest of us to see their names in the society news.

### Cause for Rejoicing

It is to be inferred from all this that Mrs. William Randolph Hearst is taking her place as one of our society leaders. There seem to be few lists from which her name is absent. Her own lists show that our most prominent society people are pleased to accept her hospitality. Quite suddenly Mrs. Hearst has become a commanding figure here. Almost imperceptibly she has taken the lead in Exposition social affairs, even in the California Building where a number of ambitious women who had planned for more than a year to take command saw the sceptre pass to her hands as though by magic. This is surely cause for rejoicing. The wife of our young publisher should be one of us. New York should not receive too much of her attention. Mrs. Hearst has never been a great figure in New York society, and has not mingled in Newport at all. I suppose that our simpler society is more to her taste. Perhaps she intends to spend more time with us than she was wont. At any rate, she will doubtless be with us throughout the Exposition period. Who knows but that Mr. Hearst may build or buy a country place in Hillsborough or Burlingame and become a figure at the country clubs? Or he may elect to live in San Francisco. How would Mrs Hearst like to succeed to the throne of Mrs Eleanor Martin? Our aristocracy is not one of birth, but of opportunity, and it is always being augmented in unexpected ways. Our Fair would be epochal if it gave us a new regime with Mrs. Hearst at its head.

### The Chagrin of Cheever

I doubt if there is a more sorrowful man in these parts than Cheever Cowdin. Recent events have thrown a wet blanket of sadness over Cheever's soul. He is as melancholy as Antonio who said, "In sooth I know not why I am so sad," only Cheever knows all about his case. His farewell to joy was coincident with the beginning of the brilliant polo season. As everybody should know, Cheever is a member of that dashing coterie which includes Walter Hobart, Tom Driscoll, Dick Tobin, Devereux, Tevis and other high handicap men. In fact, he is vice-president and secretary of the polo club. In that capacity he prepared the official program and score book for the present tournament. That program was sent to the printer before the San Mateo team, "the big four" or "the Slashers," as it is called, had been definitely chosen. When it came from the printer poloists and polo enthusiasts were quite amazed to find that Cheever Cowdin's name was put down as a member of the San Mateo team for many matches. They were amazed because in the meantime the polo club had voted on the personnel of the team, and Cheever Cowdin had not been chosen as one of the players. Cheever would like to have played; in fact he was keen to play; but when the vote for members of the team was counted it developed that the election (he took part in the election) had yielded him only one vote. In other word, only a single voter was impressed with Cheever Cowdin's suitability for the big team. The men elected were Driscoll, Devereux, Hobart and Tevis. Is it any wonder that the program with Cowdin's name in the place where Tevis's should have been, amazed those who


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knew what had happened? And is it any wonder that Cheever Cowdin is sad? Or that one of his friends has laughingly referred to him as "Cheever the Peever?"

### Setting Cheever Right

Another thing has added to Cheever Cowdin's unhappiness. Boxes for the polo tournament were placed on sale at one hundred dollars per. There were many takers, but those who reserved them were not always quite pleased with the boxes Cheever in his capacity as secretary assigned to them. There were murmurs that Cheever was giving the best boxes to the people of his own particular set. That there was some reason for criticism may be inferred from the fact that Joseph S. Tobin, the president of the polo club, went to Cowdin and inquired just how he was assigning the boxes.

"I am using my own judgment," said Cowdin.

"But you are not to use your own judgment," is the substance of what Tobin told him. "This is a case of first come, first served."

After that no boxes were held out.

### The Rift in the Polo "Loot"

More than muttering is heard among the San Mateo Polo Club members at the distribution of events during the polo season. To be sure no one expected the Exposition officials to use the Hillsborough grounds when the Exposition field was available for the big events or the Sunday matches. On the other hand, the members feel that as the San Mateo Club has been the sole factor in keeping polo alive in Northern California in recent years and that it was largely due to its instigation and subsequent assistance that the tournament was pulled off, their organization should have the first recognition after the Fair grounds. The recent advent of the Burlingame club into the games, however, and its lease of the Carolan field seems to side-track San Mateo except for an occasional mid-week game of no great importance or drawing power. Two reasons are assigned for this action: In one instance the Exposition evidently repented its bargain with the San Mateo team by which the allowed to sell boxes to its own members, but as these sales had already been made the club did not see its way clear to change especially as this right was a condition of the lease. Another reason given is that Cheever Cowdin who represents the polo club on the committee was not given a place on the No. 1 team and is peeved, throwing his influence to Burlingame which he also represents.

### Will They Marry?

Will the San Mateo Polo Club be absorbed by the Burlingame club? This is the question that is agitating Peninsular society circles. Now that the Burlingame club has taken up polo again and has procured a five-year lease of the Carolan field, practically as a gift, many who hold membership in both clubs are asking themselves why they should pay dues in two clubs when one could serve the purposes of both. It is true that practically all of the active members of the polo club also belong to the older organization and many of these think that it is unnecessary to pay ten dollars for that which may be obtained for five. On the surface, therefore, amalgamation would appear to be a comparatively simple affair. Not so, however. The financial side appeals to, or rather appals, the Burlingame people, as there is a heavy mortgage to the Hibernia Bank on El Cerrito—the polo club—field, and no arrangement for taking over the field and clubhouse could be made without standing behind this indebtedness. Furthermore the Burlingame club would naturally want to concentrate the club life in their own clubhouse, as a measure of economy if nothing else, and would not use the polo quarters except during the games. As there are quite a number of members living near and around El Cerrito, these do not want to be deprived of convenient facilities. Also it is whispered that certain of the polo players are violently opposed to having their sport run by Burlingame and this feeling of antagonism is returned with interest. So there you are. In many ways the passing of the polo club as an entity would be a pity. A certain amount of friendly rivalry is desirable in club affairs and causes the rivals to use their wits in producing attractive features. The loss of either would be a deduction from the gayety of life.

WILLIAM A. LANGE

Who will be floor director at the dansant at the St. Francis on April 10 for the free clinic of Mary's Help Hospital

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Easter comes on April 4th this year and a dainty satin-colored, egg-shaped box filled with sweets is the most delightful remembrance to give or to receive. At Geo. Haas & Son's four Candy Stores. Main store and office, 770 Market street. Advt.

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# The Naked Truth of "The Follies"

**(Anticipating a Lecturette by a Fashionable Preacher Who Was Conspicuous in the First Night Audience at the Columbia)**

**By Edward F. O'Day**

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—Song of Solomon.

Dearly beloved pewholders, the turtle mentioned by the Wise Man is not the toothsome terrapin beloved of Dives nor yet the mock turtle which graces the table of Lazarus. Solomon is speaking of the turtle dove which bills and coos in the spring time. And truly spring is now with us in this beautiful Liverpool of California, and with the spring come the turtle doves. What are these doves, my pewholders? They are the doves of Mr. Ziegfeld, a man of prominence in New York who once honored with his presence the church where I ministered to Mr. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world and my friend. They are the doves of "The Follies." These doves of "The Follies" I shall speak about tonight, and I trust that my lecturette will prove so edifying to all gathered in this churchette that they will contribute generously to the collectionette.

As I sat in the Columbia Monday night (as close to the stage as I could get) I thought of the words of Genesis viii, 9: "The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot." The words of the Book fit every human need. Indeed, these doves of "The Follies" found no rest for the soles of their feet. How they danced! Not so fervently, perhaps, as David danced before the Ark, but with finer technique. And as I watched them dance I could not help murmuring: "Why call this 'The Follies?' It is the embodiment of pure wisdom!" You see, my mind was working in splendid order, and I was not surprised when another text came into my head. It is from I Kings, xx, II: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." Applied to the needs of today this means, Let not the dove who puts on much plumage, the show girl who wears many clothes preen herself as she that wears next to nothing. And so it should be. We adore the truth, and the truth is naked. Nakedness, therefore, must be good, and the nearer a show girl approaches nakedness the closer she comes to perfection. I noticed that in all that goodly company there were few who wore many garments, doubtless because Mr. Ziegfeld was eager to have us see the perfect show girl.

"The eye is not satisfied with seeing," says Ecclesiastes. No, indeed it is not. And yet it was as fine a sight as David beheld when first he set eyes on Bathsheba, or the elders when they glimpsed Susanna. The first scene was Hell, and I was not shocked because I don't believe in Hell. But if the orthodox must have a Hell, why not such as Hell as this of Mr. Ziegfeld's where Satan is a beauteous damsel in tights and the devils are feminine imps with many visible charms? Dear pewholders, if ever you so forget yourselves as to say, Go to Hell, I absolve you of sin, for it is not wicked to wish your enemy in this fascinating Hell devised by Mr. Ziegfeld. Many lovely creatures came to this Hell, among them "September Morn" whose modesty was emphasized by a little light clothing left out of her picture; also the Spirit of the Tango who was almost too eager to display her diamond garter.

We did not stay in Hell, but saw many other sights, among them the Mansion a la Mode in Black and White. This was Heaven, perhaps, in Mr. Ziegfeld's profound symbolism. Certainly it was full of angels, adorable little things in the most fetching undress. As I gazed my fill I thought of the words of the Psalmist, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places," and I rejoiced so exceedingly that I could not help murmuring: "All flesh may be grass, as Isaiah wrote, but grass is not to be despised." I liked, too, that merry scene where young ladies studying the tango mistook a drunken man for their teacher and followed his intoxicated staggers thinking them the latest steps. It reminded me of Psalms cviii, 27, where the Psalmist says: "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' ends."

I must also commend to your particular attention, dearly beloved pewholders, that charming scene where a young man and a young lady meet in the dark. I trust none will be uneasy in mind when I state that they are clad in pajamas. Do not be startled, my pewholders, for there is nothing in this to raise a scruple in the most delicate conscience. It is indeed most edifying, most uplifting. They sing to each other, and make refined love. What could be more natural? As the Good Book says, it is the way of a man with a maid the world over. I cannot but commend to the ladies of my congregation the discreet conduct of the young lady in pajamas. Make her your model, dear lady pewholders. If ever it happens that you should be similarly clad and should meet a strange young man in the dark, and he should make love to you (as indeed he is apt to do), remember the words of this young lady who has been trained by Mr. Ziegfeld. Ask the young man, as this young lady does, What will Mrs. Grundy say? It is an admirable question. Mrs. Grundy, as you know, is the champion of a certain commandment of the Decalogue which I am too polite to repeat in this sacred edifice. Keep Mrs. Grundy always in mind, dear ladies, and no harm shall come to you. This is the lesson of the scene, and Mr. Ziegfeld proves himself a sublime moralist by inculcating it. It is true that if I were in the young man's place I should not act exactly as he did. I or Doctor Blingum or any other pastorette of souls would take the hand of the young lady and kneel with her in prayer. But prayer is out of place in the theatre.

There are of course a number of men in this splendid "Follies," but I did not pay much attention to them while the beautiful ladies were on the stage. One named Mr. Bert Williams, an African gentleman, excited much laughter, and though I rarely laugh in public I joined in at times. There are many jokes in "The Follies," but one in particular appealed to me. Let me tell you about it so that we may enjoy it together. A beautiful young damsel sang a song about herself. It seems that she is poor and cannot afford fine clothes, and so when invited out to church socials and other nice parties she is obliged to decline. "I have nothing at all to wear," she sang. I laughed heartily at that. You see, she wears the conventional amount of clothing, and yet she says "I have nothing at all to wear." I thought of the other damsels in "The Follies" who had hardly any clothes at all while she had plenty. Was it not humorous of Mr. Ziegfeld to have her sing this song, instead of giving it to one of the others, to "September Morn" for instance? You see, there is humor as well as edification in this charming subject of nudity to which Mr. Ziegfeld has directed our attention.

What is the moral of all this, dearly beloved pewholders? It is a fine moral. The human form is holy and well worth seeing, the feminine form I mean. To the pious a white breast is an aspiration. A shapely leg is a prayer. There are sermons in curves and homilies in garters. And so, if the ladies of "The Follies" will not come to church, let us church people go to "The Follies," bringing the Good Book with us. Do not be shocked to learn that your pastorette quoted Scripture in the theatre. All created things are holy, and chorus girls are among the wonders of creation. Are they not like Eve in their simple notions of dress? Better a fig leaf and charity than many clothes and a hard heart! I love chorus girls, and I would not have them different from what they are. Go and see them, my pewholders, and be delighted as I was. For I was delighted. And now, before the gentlemanly ushers pass among you for the collectionette (please omit jitneys) let us chant in lieu of the customary hymn the inspiring words of the poet who sang:

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

**Julia Culp's Three Programs**

Of the scores of musical stars that have been introduced to the American public during the past decade not one has made a more emphatic success than the Dutch lieder singer Julia Culp. The announcement that she is to give three glorious feasts of song ought to be welcomed by every teacher, student and lover of music. Coenraad V. Bos, probably the finest of all accompanists, whose exquisite art contributed greatly to the success of Dr. Wullner in this country, will play for her. Three concerts will be given at the Columbia under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first is announced for Sunday afternoon, April 11, when the program will consist of five works by Brahms, three works by Richard Strauss, five numbers by the American composers John Alden Carpenter and James R. Rogers, and compositions by Hugo Wolf including, by special request, his inspired 'Heimweh." The second program will be given Friday afternoon, April 16, at 3:15, and will consist of a group by Schubert, a group by Erich Wolff, a group of old English and French ballads and five of the most beautiful songs of Schumann. At the farewell concert on April 18 a program of works by Mendelssohn, Peter Cornelius, Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert will be given besides a song in Dutch by S. de Lange and songs founded on American Indian lyrics by Th. Lieurance. Mail orders will now be accepted for either season tickets or single events. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's.

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**The Barrere Ensemble**

Each year our music lovers have many opportunities of hearing singers, pianists, violinists,

string quartets, trios, etc., and even symphony orchestras and opera companies, but rarely does any community outside of Boston, New York, Paris and perhaps Berlin have the opportunity of hearing the ensemble compositions for wind instruments written by such masters as Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart and Schubert. Manager Greenbaum promises that during the week of April 25 we shall hear the complete Barrere Ensemble of New York and Paris consisting of nine virtuosi on wind instruments in three superb programs of trios, quartets, quintets, octets and nonets for various combinations of flutes, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, English and French horns.

**Good Friday Concert at Greek Theatre**

Next Friday afternoon, April 2, at the Greek Theatre, at three o'clock, the fifth annual Good Friday concert will be given. There will be a chorus of two hundred and fifty trained voices, a symphony orchestra of sixty-five players and a quartet of eminent vocal artists, Mme. Johanna Kristoffy, soprano, Miss Lucy Van der Mark, contralto, Ralph Errolle, tenor, and Godfrey Price, basso, all under the direction of Choragus Paul Steindorff. Mme. Kristoffy was the star soprano of the Bevani Opera Company. Miss Van der Mark is a well known and excellent artist. Errolle was a member of the Chicago Opera Company, and Price was the basso soloist with the famous "Mountain Ash Choir" of Wales. The complete program: Overture, "Der Freischutz," von Weber; Tenor Solo, "Spirito Gentile" (La Favorita), Donizetti; Largo, for full orchestra, Handel; Soprano Solo, "The Palms," Faure; Rossini's "Stabat Mater" in its entirety, with soloists, chorus and complete orchestra. Tickets can be had at Sherman, Clay and Company's in San Francisco and Oakland, and the usual University box offices in Berkeley. From San Francisco either ferry system leaving at 2 o'clock reaches the Greek Theatre.

**Helen Keller at the Cort**

Helen Keller who is now lecturing in the afternoons at the Cort, has created considerable interest. "Happiness" is the subject of her address and it is a wonderful optimistic plea for those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not. She is accompanied by her friend and teacher Mrs. John Macy who delivers an introduction to Miss Keller's lecture and tells of the famous blind girl's education.

**"Potash and Perlmutter" Coming**

"Ziegfeld Follies" has created a furor at the Columbia where the lively show will be seen for a second and last week commencing Monday. The final performance is scheduled for Sunday night, April 4. "Potash and Perlmutter" comes to the Columbia for thirty-six performances commencing Monday night, April 5, with Alexander Carr, Barney Bernard and the original company. Seats will be placed on sale Thursday for the first two weeks.

**Musical Comedy Stars at Orpheum**

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous musical comedy stars who are proving the greatest successes of the present vaudeville season, will appear at the Orpheum next week in the musical skit "The Quakeress" which was written for them by Herbert Hall Winslow. Harry and Emma Sharrock will display their original comedy methods in "Behind the Grand Stand," a skit of the fair ground fortune teller. Kremolina and Darras Brothers will present equilibristic feats on the flying trapeze never before accomplished. Bonita, a marvelously trained horse, will appear in a pantomime entitled "The Equine Detective." Parilla and Frabito are street singers who garb as wandering minstrels. For the last week of their engagement Cressy and Dayne will in response to an enormous demand, present the greatest of all Mr. Cressy's rural New England classics 'Town Hall Tonight." With this bill Lamberti, the master musician, and Blanche Ring will conclude their engagements.

**"Everywoman's" Second Week**

With the return of the dramatic spectacle "Everywoman" the Cort has been crowded at every performance. Counter attractions have not lessened the desire to see the first and best of the modern morality plays. The production has all the elements to delight an audience. "Everywoman" remains at the Cort for one more week with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday at a very popular scale. The last perform-

MISS LUCY VAN DER MARK

Contralto at Greek Theater, Good Friday concert.

JOHN HYAMS and LEILA McINTYRE

Who will appear in "The Quakeress" next week at the Orpheum.

ance will be given on Saturday, April 3. The production is just as careful and painstaking this season as on the occasion of the former visit.

### The Realism of "The Clansman"

In D. W. Griffith's spectacular motion picture production "The Clansman," now enjoying its fourth week at the Alcazar, no efforts were overlooked in securing realism for the settings. George Siegman who plays the part of Silas Lynch the mulatto, spent two hours each morning curling his hair. Ralph Lewis who plays the part of Austin Stoneman and wears a thick-soled shoe, was lame for several weeks after the picture was completed.

### "Wild Oats" at Pantages

"Wild Oats," a sensational playlet dealing with the dangers surrounding boys and girls in a great city, will be the feature at Pantages next week. It was written by Lester Fountain of Los Angeles who based his playlet on an incident that occurred in a court room when a prominent young society man was acquitted on charges preferred by a young girl. "Wild Oats" in Los Angeles ran for three weeks. The added attraction will be "Mum's the Word," a rollicking comedy with pretty girls and catchy songs. Harry Cleveland, a droll comedian, will have the principal part. "A Whirl of Melody" is what Pierce and Roslyn term their singing offering. Mr. and Mrs. Robyns will present a touching sketch of Jewish life entitled "David Berg or One Hundred Cents on the Dollar." The act is said to be one of the few playlets that do not caricature the Jewish race. The Williams brothers, in eccentric dancing numbers; Menomee Aiken and company in an acrobatic novelty called "On Crocdilie Isle," and Wright and Davis in songs of the past and present will round out the bill.

### The Great Boston Symphony

A great musical event is announced for Festival Hall at the Fair from May 14 to 26 inclusive, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in twelve concerts. The tour of this orchestra is remarkable. The organization of 110 men will leave Boston by special train coming direct to San Francisco. They will leave here midnight of May 26, arriving in Boston in time for a concert on Decoration Day. The subscription price will range from $7 to $25, seats for single concerts running 75 cents to $2.50. The subscription sale will begin at the Exposition ticket offices, 343 Powell street, in the St. Francis Hotel, Monday morning, April 5, where communications enclosing funds may now be sent, seats being reserved as near the location desired as possible. This applies to season tickets only. All checks should be made payable to W. H. Leahy who has the local management in hand.

### Dancing Variety at Tavern

The extensive dancing repertory of Miss Vanderhoff and Mr. Foote of the Ruth St. Denis company permits many changes of program and gives to the patrons of Techau Tavern, where this graceful couple are giving exhibition dances, a variety and scope of terpsichorean art which brings them to the cafe again and again. The Tavern is fortunate in securing these well known dancers to entertain its guests. The famous dancing floor in the center of the main cafe is crowded nightly with the elite of San Francisco's dancing public. During the recent warm spell it was very noticeable that the atmosphere of the Tavern was cool and agreeable, owing to the lofty ceiling and the system of scientific ventilation.

### A Baseball Luncheon

The baseball season will begin in a burst of glory when the "Baseball Boosters Club" gives its second annual luncheon at the St. Francis next Tuesday, at 12:15. "Bill" Lange, chairman of the invitation committee, announces that a representative number of "fans" will sit down to table, and will attend the opening game afterwards.

### Takes Pride in His Art

The cuisine at Fred Solari's Grill appeals to, and delights, the most critical taste. Epicures from all parts of the world have had their favorite dishes prepared at Fred Solari's, and, departing have spoken in highest terms of the chef who supervises the well-nigh perfect cuisine. This chef not only cooks well because it is his duty to do so, but he takes a real delight in the perfect preparation of every dish. With "food fit for a king," served amidst beautiful surroundings, with its superior musical entertainment and nightly dansants, Fred Solari's palatial restaurant is one of the most delightful places in the city to which to take your friend for luncheon, dinner or after-the-theatre supper.


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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Wall Street was plentifully supplied with war news but the stock market remained dull with a firm undertone. Speculation was checked by uncertainty regarding the effect of the British ban on trade with Germany. Stocks moved irregularly, but bonds were firm and fairly active. The bond market absorbed all foreign offerings readily and investors are evidently willing to buy at slight concessions. Small investors are taking high grade bonds so freely that they have become the most important factor in the trading. Bethlehem Steel was the feature last week. The stock sold up in the seventies on heavy buying said to be based on increased business resulting from its president's trip abroad right after the war was declared. U. S. Steel failed to reflect the strength shown by Bethlehem Steel, although the stock showed a fractional advance. The automobile issues were strong and higher, especially Willy's Overland and General Motor Company, the latter selling well above par. Coppers were strong due to the advance in the metal abroad and the general belief that copper metal will be wanted whether the war continues or not. All the copper stocks were strong and Amalgamated sold above 58, and when the dividend of only 2 per cent per annum is taken into consideration, it shows that buyers have every confidence in an increased dividend later on. The railroads were dull but firm and did not show much activity. There was some selling of Reading, owing to the fear that the dividend would be cut, but at the annual meeting, the regular dividend was declared and the stock immediately recovered its lost ground. On the whole, the situation seems to be clearing and confidence is gradually being restored. We look for higher prices all around.

**Wheat**—It was a see-saw market the past week with prices showing some reaction toward the close of the week. The principal factor, as usual, has been the news from abroad. News regarding the progress of the allied fleet against the Dardanelles was worked overtime. One day the forts were being silenced and the next day reports had it that the fleet was about to abandon the attempt to force them. Other factors in the market were a little more favorable for the bears. Export business was not as large as the previous week and there was said to be some reselling for foreign account. Receipts were moderate and there was only a fair decrease in the available supply. The new crop has gone through the winter in good shape according to private reports, and there is plenty moisture everywhere. The Hessian fly will be a factor a little later on, as reports would indicate there is an unusually large number of them present this year. The new crop options were inclined to be a little firmer than usual, and the investor seems to want the July now instead of the May option. The whole market hinges on the political situation abroad, but as long as this war continues, the present price of wheat is not high and should a crop scare develop, prices could work much higher.

**Corn**—Corn was dull and dragging all week. Receipts were small and so was the demand. There is no demand for export and the Eastern call is very limited. Stocks of corn are not disappearing as fast as they should at this season of the year, and with the present unusually large stocks on hand, it will be hard work keeping the price up at this level. In the meantime, it looks like a scalping market with a downward tendency.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10


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|---|---|
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| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.

J. C. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-27-10

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Department No. 10—No. 16330; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the aforesaid Superior Court made on the 22nd day of March, 1915, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned Maria Borrone, the guardian of the persons and estates of Felice Borrone and Giulio Borrone, minors, will sell on or after Monday, the 12th day of April, 1915, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the highest and best bidder and upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, at private sale, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, the real property belonging to the estates of said minors consisting of the undivided one-half (½) part of the lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Arkansas street distant thereon two hundred (200) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Eighteenth street, running thence Southerly and along the Easterly line of Arkansas street Twenty-five (25) feet, thence at a right angle Easterly One hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly One hundred (100) feet to the Easterly line of Arkansas street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Potrero Nuevo Block No. 232.

**Terms and Conditions of Sale.**—Cash in United States gold coin upon delivery of the deed of said guardian and after confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; deed at expense of purchase.

Bids and offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., for said guardian, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

MARIA BORRONE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULLIO BORRONE, Minors.

Dated, March 27th, 1915.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardian,
550 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-27-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE WILLARD STONE, Deceased; No. 18610, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Marea W. Stone, as Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased (generally known as George Stone), to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 13th day of March, 1915) to the said Executrix at the office of L. F. Young, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Willard Stone, deceased.

MAREA W. STONE,
Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 13, 1915.
L. F. YOUNG,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 3-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOPHIE RAU, deceased.—No. 18545; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ISABELLA LEWIS, executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deacesed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of Vogelsang & Brown, Room 807, Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sophie Rau, deceased.

ISABELLA LEWIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 27th, 1915.
VOGELSANG & BROWN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Room 807 Nevada Bank Building,
No. 14 Montgomery St,, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix and Administrator at the office of Frank J. Egan, attorney at law, 1011 Humboldt Bank Building, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.

MARGUERITE G. SHEEHAN,
CATHERINE B. SHEEHAN,
JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 20th, 1915.
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-5

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.
MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1180 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 3, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, April 3, 1915 | No. 1180

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# TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor


### A Lenten Meditation

On two commandments, St. Paul tells us, "hang all the law and the prophets." One of them is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Well-meaning persons have many interpretations of the message that Christ brought to earth. Each one interprets it to justify whatever he has made the special object of his concern. And curiously enough in many instances Christ is relied upon to justify the hatreds of men, and the firing of mean passions. Now it is somewhat consoling in view of how we are tormented by the interpreters of the Christian message that so many assurances of the importance of love as a living and final principle are to be found in the New Testament. We are told that it is the message "heard from the beginning," and that in the one word "love" the law is fulfilled. Equally as consoling as these reiterated assurances is the knowledge of the attitude of Christ toward the Pharisees. Exquisite was the sympathy that marked the intercourse of Jesus with all whom He met—all save the Pharisees. He constantly and publicly spoke of the Pharisees as persons whose religion was play-acting. This is remarkable considering that at that time the word Pharisee had no unpleasant connotation. The Pharisees were very important persons. They were the rectitudinous citizens of the day. They were self-denying, ostentatiously virtuous, and in prayer, we are told, they thanked God that they were not as other men. In all probability they agitated for the closing of the red-light district in Jerusalem. Though they were proudly temperate, they never thought of prohibiting the manufacture of wine, but they were very hostile to the sins they were not inclined to, and Jesus said they were hypocrites. He compared them to vipers, and in an overpowering climax declared that as a class they could not escape damnation. Yet Jesus was the friend of publicans and sinners. The attraction of His sympathy, most human, most divine, was felt by all. But to the canting ones, who were told that they had less chance of going into the Kingdom than prostitutes, He said, "Woe unto you, Pharisees!" Humbly we venture the interpretation of the message that love of the Pharisee is not essential to salvation.

### The Pacifists of England

Always, even in war, there is opposition to the Government. In our Civil War there was much censure in the North of President Lincoln, and if he had yielded to the demands of his critics the country would have been divided at a peace congress. At the present time there is criticism of the Kaiser in Germany, and in England there are critics denouncing Grey and Asquith. One of them, an M. P. (name not given) says in a letter to the Rev. C. F. Aked that the war is unpopular in England, and that the "opinion is becoming very general that Germany is not to be conquered by force of arms." Dr. Aked tells us that his correspondent is a very influential member of the House of Commons. Which may be true enough, but why is the gentleman's name not revealed? If he is a statesman of great influence, and expresses sentiments that are widespread and popular in England, why hide his light under a bushel? Dr. Aked excites our curiosity, for we have been keeping in very close touch with British sentiment as reflected in the London press by the leading journalists, publicists and literary men of Great Britain. We know that some Englishmen are not in sympathy with England in this war, but according to Cecil Chesterton, who wrote about them in The New Witness last December, they are a scattered few representing certain financial interests that have business relations with Germany. They have been agitating for peace, but they have been pursuing secretive and disingenuous methods. Perhaps it is a matter of some significance that they have been conducting their propaganda in the Christian Commonwealth, a paper representing the "New Theology," which is what Dr. Aked represents. One of them is a Mr. E. D. Morel, whom Chesterton has exposed as one of the propagandists that prosecuted an agitation against the abuses in the Belgian Congo at a time when Bernhardi was regarding the possession of the Congo by the King of the Belgians with envious anger. "We cannot remember," says Chesterton, "that Mr. Morel has ever engaged in any agitation not directly calculated to promote the interests of Berlin." Of course it may be that Mr. Morel and Dr. Aked's correspondent are unacquainted. And as to Dr. Aked, he is a pacifist for principle only. He loves mankind, and he is for ending the war by having the President lay an embargo on all shipping. This has been thought of before. Many pro-German propagandists have urged it, but as it would be a violation of neutrality thus to reduce the advantage that the allies have gained on the sea it has been thought advisable to refrain from an act of unfriendliness that in the long run might prove disastrous to ourselves.

### Our New Redeemers

The movement for social progress is about to receive tremendous impetus from the tongues of wise men wagging in our midst. Here in San Francisco in World's Social Progress Convention assembled sages, grieved by social anomalies, will take up many problems for solution. They call it a World's Social Congress not because its delegates come from all the ends of the earth, but because the social progress of the whole world is the end to which they have nobly dedicated the east wind of all their spacious lungs. The delegates come as a matter of fact from those inner circles of Los Angeles, Berkeley and Palo Alto that have a monopoly of all the fads that mark the world's new Renaissance, which is concerned chiefly with the regeneration of the world not by fostering the arts and sciences, but by the procreation of piffle and puerility. This Congress opened its session appropriately on the day consecrated to the sacred solemnities of all who call themselves social scientists—the First of April—and immediately proceeded to carry out its laudable design as described in an advance circular. According to this circular "All the zones of American thinking are today vibrant with a new social passion." This is the passion for social justice and the "total welfare." It is the purpose of the Congress to gratify this passion by "constructive methods with all that the term involves." As this circular doubtless reflects the mentality of the whole Congress it is deserving of study. It tells us that there is a "deepening demand" that financial success shall be "far more universal than it now is found to be;" also, that there is "a rising tide of revolt against poverty," and "a new sense of responsibility for society," which is "accompanied by the conviction that a far more adequate guardianship of society must be wrought out on sane and progressive lines." Thus we learn that this World's Congress from Los Angeles, Berkeley and Palo Alto like Eros with his arrows and his torch will pierce and vivify all things, producing joy and a more abundant life. Before the intellectual giants of this great Congress misery and necessity will fly away or dissolve into the inane. They come to bring peace on earth and good will to men, not to mention "more universal" individual prosperity. The movement they stand for means no more eating of the bread of affliction or drinking of the water of affliction. Exorcists are they of the mad illusion that the son of woman is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

### Some Fountains of Opinion

Naturally we are curious respecting the personnel of this epoch-making Congress, and we consult the roster and inquire as to the program. Great names stare at us; names of the foremost publicists that make vibrant the "zones of American thinking." Chancellor David Starr Jordan is the first that arrests the eye. He is on the program for a talk on "The Lessons of the War." Cheek by jowl with the colossal thinker of Stanford is the Hon. J. Stitt Wilson, who will discuss "The Minimum Social Program for Militant Christianity." The Rev. Charles F. Aked, D. D., is down for a talk on "The Fight Against War." The Hon. Francis J. Heney will discuss "The Public Utilities and Social Progress." (Perhaps he will tell us the whole story of his connection with the Contra Costa Water Company.) The Rev. J. A. Geisinger, D. D., will make clear "The Social Message of the Book of Revelation." One of the lesser lights of the blinding galaxy is Dr. Geisinger, a Los Angeles preacher who maintains that the religion of America is the Protestant religion, but who loves all mankind, barring the unorthodox. The other speakers are not of much consequence even in

the zones that vibrate with American thinking. Altogether there are eighteen speakers. Eight of them are reverend gentlemen, four are professors, three are hack politicians. Apparently they represent the zones that vibrate with thinking how to abate poverty and make success "more universal." What the nature is of the "constructive methods" by which these economic wizards are to promote social progress we are unable to conjecture. The title-list of messages gives no inkling. It may be, however, that from such great minds will issue a new epoch of thought. The Heneys, the Stitt Wilsons and the Akeds may give us broad surveys and suggestive hints conducive to social progress. If so great will be the triumph of this World Congress; a notable triumph, for hitherto all the so-called social scientists have been floundering in the dark. Resolved to solve the practical problems of society as problems have been solved in the sphere of physics, they have made not a step of progress since the days of Comte, the founder of their science. Nowhere has anybody deduced any general principles from the phenomena of society. There is, as a matter of fact, no science of human society properly so-called. No practical light has been thrown on the social problems of our time. We have had nothing more than talk on burning questions by scientists of the Jordan type, who give us theories one day that are disproved the next, who have a fine facility for reaching right conclusions from premises that prove to be inaccurate. The progress of social science thus far has been up to a point where there are two diametrically opposite camps of individualists and collectivists into which society is divided.

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**Our Darling Don Quixote**

Chancellor David Starr Jordan thus: "It's almost too silly to answer." The savant of Stanford was speaking of the charge made by Rear-Admiral Chester, U. S. N., retired. According to the Rear-Admiral, Dr. Jordan "is going around the country for Carnegie pay attempting to destroy patriotism." Almost too silly to answer! But how fortunate that reticence is no characteristic of the fluent master! Lofty but not taciturn, he will never conceal the best part of himself. "The kind of patriotism I'm trying to destroy," says the learned Chancellor, "is spurious and a fraud, and it's patriotic to destroy it. Dr. Schwan's phrase 'planetary patriotism' expresses the idea." There you have our most vociferous pedant at a glance, the typical product of the American university who is so sure of his ground that when he utters himself he is more like the House of Lords framing a resolution than one man giving utterance to his opinionativeness. Blithely and with great self-satisfaction (having the infallible Schwan to back him) Chancellor Jordan takes the position of the characteristic American reformer: "My way must be the right for everyone." Too bad we have no table of weights and measures by which our ponderous college pundits might be gauged by the common herd. "Orthodoxy is my doxy" says the religious bigot; and Chancellor Jordon thus: "The only true patriotism is my patriotism." So after all the silly Chester charge is not without a vestige of truth. To Rear-Admiral Chester we are indebted for a side-splitting apocalypse—the revelation of Chancellor Jordan in the role of a twentieth century Don Quixote. His mission is the spreading of the new faith called "planetary patriotism." The old-fashioned kind of patriotism that animates Rear-Admiral Chester and the rest of us in more or less degree Chancellor Jordan abhors. In that profound love of native land which compels men to be jealous of their nation's welfare Chancellor Jordan perceives, no doubt, the pathos of intense simplicity. He pronounces this patriotism "spurious and a fraud" because it induces men "to waste their goods killing other people." In other words in the Jordan philosophy this old-fashioned patriotism "hurts business." For him the patriotism of the superior person, the "planetary patriotism" of the New Freedom, which means of course something very noble. It means what that other College Don, President Wilson, calls "international altruism." It is a patriotism that springs from a lively sense of universal brotherhood, and is significant of the passion for universal service, a passion that is not to be found in the human breast but that may be cultivated successfully. The cardinal principle of this transcendental patriotism is national effacement, and to promote it we must go in for reduction of armament by way of example to the world. Our planetary patriots believe they have got hold of something new, and are therefore very self-conscious and ostentatiously earnest. With all due deference to these noble souls, we would suggest that their ecstasies are due to a misapprehension; for the old-fashioned patriotism is not at all inconsistent with the recognition of the immutable claims of humanity and justice. One may love his country without hating all other countries. We are not as the ancient Romans whose country was their idol on whose altar they were delighted to offer whole hecatombs of human victims. The security of this country is what its lovers are concerned about; and until planetary patriotism becomes an absorbing principle in Japan and wherever there is a powerful navy and a militant spirit, it would be well to prefer Washington's tip to Jordan's flubdub. Now as to the charge that the Chancellor is a propagandist for hire, we are not at all reluctant to accept his plea of not guilty. At the same time we are of the opinion that when a man is going about making an ass of himself as well as a menace it would be more to his credit to have Carnegie as an accomplice than to have nothing but his egregious vanity as an incentive.

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# Perspective Impressions

Answer to query: No, most emphatically no, we don't read Exposition pomes and jitney limericks.

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If the declivity down which the Gadarene swine precipitated themselves into the sea is not so steep as the descent of the nation during the period from Lincoln to Roosevelt what about the subsequent tumble?

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Heard in 1920: "What is all this ruin?" asked the traveler from New Zealand as he sat upon a broken arch of the Tower of Jewels. "This," answered the San Franciscan, "this is the ex-position of the Exposition."

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Says the Rev. W. A. Squires of Lebanon Presbyterian Church: "If a man who has earned a Ph. D. in college is paid less than a man who left school while in the grades, education is discredited." What does he think Ph. D. means—Doctor of Phinance?

Wouldn't you like to be a Supervisor working for the Spring Valley company on the side?

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It would be interesting to know how the man with an automobile mind got along before the automobile was invented.

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If the old Greek indictment by which people safeguarded themselves against evil advice were known to our system of criminal law how many taxeaters would be on the bema recommending the purchase of Spring Valley?

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The savants at Sacramento are pointing with pride to the great extension of civil service that has been made by the Progressives. But civil service has not yet been extended to the point that has been reached in Russia, where as a consequence of civil service the people are under the despotism of the greatest bureaucracy the world has ever seen. However, we are progressing.

Careful consideration of the announcement that Carus' is to get $7,000 per night in Buenos Ayres brings us to the conclusion that if we could warble so golden the lupine prowler at the portal would inspire absolutely no terror.

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On $7,000 per night we should discount our bills, give generously to the best charities and avoid writing letters to machinating ladies with a penchant for breach of promise suits.

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On $7,000 per night we should distribute eleemosynary largess to all the 750 panhandlers who brace us between luncheon and dinner, nor neglect to drop the humble jitney into the hat of the legless purveyor of lead pencils, scorning to take the pencil in exchange.

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In sober sooth, $7,000 per night would change our nature, burning away the dross and leaving our soul like our nightly salary, pure gold. But Carus' is to get this honorarium, not we; so we shall probably continue indefinitely as we are.

# Varied Types

## CCXXIII—GEORGE MARION

By Edward F. O'Day

Forty-five years ago a boy of ten might be observed almost any afternoon wending his way down Market street from Fourth to Fremont. He was a little boy with dark hair, piercing dark eyes, a large smiling mouth and mobile features. He carried his school books compactly tied up in a piece of bright green felt fastened with red tape, the distinctive mark of a student of St. Ignatius College. Somewhere about Montgomery or Sansome he was joined by an older boy on whose face and hands the observer might notice a smudge or two of printers' ink. At Fremont the two boys turned southward, entering a vacant lot near Mission street. Other boys had arrived before them and still others followed them in twos and threes. By six o'clock there were from twenty to thirty boys gathered in that vacant lot at Fremont and Mission. Knowing your old San Francisco you have perhaps guessed that a gang fight was on the boards, or perhaps a fist fight. But you are wrong. All these boys had gathered for a peaceful and extremely serious purpose. George Marion had come from St. Ignatius College, his pal Russell King had come from the composing room of the Mining and Scientific Press, and the rest of the boys from places equally diverse for the purpose of practicing dancing steps!

That was the golden age of the theatre in San Francisco. It was the time when geniuses of entertainment journeyed from the four corners of the globe to win the plaudits of the youthful, pleasure-loving city by the Golden Gate. It was the time when actors and actresses of whose art we now speak with reverence had no higher ambition than to please our mothers and fathers; the time when minstrels whom all other American cities afterwards learned to honor were lavishing the first fruits of their talent upon this outpost of civilization; the time when the queens of light opera who had been toasted and courted in the capitals of Europe were thrilled with a new sensation by the rough homage of Comstockers, stock brokers and gamblers; the time when circus people pitched their tents among us and almost surrendered their nomadic habits in the fascination of this naive, this vivacious, this whole-heartedly appreciative community. And it was the time when the world's greatest pantomimists and dancers, the Phoits, the Martinettis, the Lorellos, the Vokes family, the Majiltans and the Rinaldos were to be seen on every stage in San Francisco.

It was a time too when every boy in San Francisco was a gallery god with intelligent preferences in the matter of Shakespearian actors, minstrels, singers and dancers. The spirit of imitation being a lively spirit in the breast of every healthy boy, it was naturally a time when hundreds of boys dreamed of a career on the stage. Dramatic societies flourished with boys like David Belasco and David Warfield on their rolls of membership. Haphazard coteries of dancers such as that to which George Marion belonged had rendezvous in vacant lots where they shuffled and kicked themselves into perspiration and the parents who had to buy shoes for them into the depths of despair.

The glorious day came when George Marion no longer practiced steps in the lot at Fremont and Mission. He was now twelve years old, and on the program at Woodwards Garden his identity and that of his brother Gene was grandiloquently disguised behind the line which announced Les Vampiares, Grotesque Dancers.

It is forty-three years since George Marion began dancing his way up the difficult incline of theatrical success. In these years his experience has included every variety of work on the stage. When he adventured forth from San Francisco with hope in his heart and a pair of clogs in his satchel—that was thirty-seven years ago—he had done a little of everything from Shakespeare to pantomime. His first engagement outside this city was with a stock company in Chicago where he played Lancelot in "The Merchant of Venice." Since that time his has been a case of "onward and upward." Today he is visiting his old home town. He came unheralded and tarries unostentatiously. Not from modest George Marion will you ever learn the undisputable fact that the boy who used to practice steps in the vacant lot is today one of the best directors of production in the American theatre.

When I mention that George Marion has been responsible for the productions of "Everywoman," "The Merry Widow," "Madame X," "The College Widow," "The County Chairman," "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Shogun," "Woodland," "A Fool There Was," and such early Ziegfeld successes as "Papa's Wife" and "The Duchess," the reader will be able to estimate the range of his talents. The list is of course far from complete; the names are picked at random and are perhaps not quite representative. But at least the brief catalogue enables me to point out that the thousands who have enjoyed these plays are indebted to George Marion for no small part of their enjoyment.

The public hears little of George Marion. Even the San Francisco public has not been taught to number him with the other San Francisco boys who left this city to win fame in the theatre. One reason is that the producer's part in a successful play is forgotten after the first night. During rehearsals he is the czar; but when the public has approved the work to which he has so largely contributed the author and the players divide the homage that is tendered to success, while the producer retires to his study to take up the next order of business.

In the case of George Marion there are other reasons. In the first place there is his modesty. An eloquent talker on all matters theatrical he is reticent when the conversation is switched to himself. He will pour out streams of enlightenment on the German wizard Reinhardt, on Antoine of Paris, on Granville Barker and Gordon Craig and on the stage wizard whom he regards as superior to all of these, David Belasco. But for his own work he has a shrug of the shoulders and a depreciating smile. In all that he has done there are so many faults! And to the best endeavor there is the obstacle of unintelligent co-operation! One can but strive and strive again! That is the way I read George Marion's shrug and smile.

Besides, the American public does not search out those who seclude themselves, and Marion's is far from being a familiar figure. He spends a great deal of his time abroad, haunting the theatres of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome. He is a student who keeps abreast of the latest in stage craft, and the latest is apt to come from the other side of the Atlantic where men are inspired to their best efforts by the serious attention and sympathy they receive from the theatregoing public. George Marion rarely goes to the theatre in America. Of all his productions there are few which he has actually seen. When the dress rehearsal is over he is through with that particular piece of work. His mind leaps forward to something else. He follows an ideal, and finds no satisfaction in the work which, he feels, only dimly realizes a part of his dream. I should say that complacency is foreign to his character.

Enthusiasm of course he possesses, and no doubt in his professional labors his enthusiasm is communicated to those who work out the stage pictures his imagination visualizes. But in private life if you would rouse his enthusiasm you must engage him on the subject of those glorious golden days of his youth when San Francisco was a wonderful theatrical center. Then his eyes flash, his plastic countenance is all one smile and names, dates and incidents pour from his lips. Then he lives in the past. Then he worships at the shrine of recollection. Then you glimpse a little of that enchanted region which mere reminiscence-mongers call Old San Francisco but which men like George Marion, with a deeper insight, look back upon as a fairyland which yielded its inspiration and can never come again.

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# Joffre's Right-Hand Men

By Ernest Dimnet

Four or five months ago the lieutenants of Joffre were his personal friends, Pau and de Castelnau. Behind these three men there were others, but what they were and even who they were was a problem or a mystery. The only one whose past might foreshadow the future was General d'Amade, and his experience of war was colonial. On the whole there was a great deal of anxiety mixed up with the general curiosity concerning the French staff.

Today the alter ego of Joffre is not General Pau, who at nearly seventy found himself unequal to the physical wear and tear of the war; it is not General de Castelnau either, though this general is still in command of one of the principal armies; it is a man whose name at the beginning of the campaign was only familiar to the specialist—General Foch. The history of the war—everybody must realize it—is still a blank, or at best a chronology so dry as to be almost meaningless—in fact, the few details on which the imagination can build make us feel the more our lack of information concerning vital points. Yet, the officiel has every now and then entered important military announcements, and two or three issues of the "Bulletin des Armées" contained long dispatches, very much in the style of those of Field-Marshal Sir John French, which the press has been allowed to analyze. Now we could read in the officiel lists of generals "whose claims to their pension have been recognized," and instructive parentheses in the "Bulletin des Armées" tell us that half of the armies at least have changed names—that is to say, hands—since the beginning of the campaign. The staff of Joffre and Foch consists at present of Generals de Castelnau, Maunoury, de Maud'huy, d'Urbal, de Langle de Cary, Dubail and Sarrail.

What do we know about these chiefs? Merely that they have been successful where others have been less so, and the inference is that the Generalissimo, without any of the bombast or cruelty of the Revolutionary military authorities, applies, however, the same principles, and thinks that the Republic had better entrust her defence to those who prove equal to it. It is remarkable that the resolute application of this method coincided with the reinstatement of M. Millerand at the War Office towards the end of August. No traces of political considerations will be found in the action of Joffre nor in that of M. Millerand.

All the generals I mentioned above seem to have been constantly worthy of their fortunes, but two of them have special rights to the public interest on account of the exceptional rapidity of their rise. It is certainly remarkable that at the end of July General Foch, who today relieves the Generalissimo of the greater part of his responsibility in the north of France, was merely the commandant of an army corps—one of twenty; while General de Maud'huy was a plain brigadier, one of six or seven hundred, whose elevation has had no parallel since the Napoleonic wars.

It ought not to be inferred that General Foch, and even General de Maud'huy, were obscure; it is only the indifference of the modern man to military specialists that is to be blamed for the ignorance of their merit, in which practically all of us lived until a very recent date. General Foch and General de Maud'huy had both been professors of strategy at the Ecole de Guerre, and both had been continued in this capacity for a longer period than any of their predecessors. Foch, after retaining this post during five years, even came back to the Ecole as commandant or director, so that it may be said that most of the officers whose military training was completed since the beginning of the twentieth century bear the mark of either Foch or de Maud'huy, and not infrequently of both. But of all this outsiders were entirely unaware, and their curiosity is the keener.

General Foch is sixty-three, like Joffre, but he is tall, slender and flexible, and altogether much younger-looking than the Generalissimo. Though he was born at Metz, his family comes from the Basque country and is not Alsatian, as some people will imagine. They were ardent Catholics and one of the general's brothers died a Jesuit only a few years ago. Foch, like Joffre, received his military training at the Ecole Polytechnique, enlisted during the war of 1870, and, like Joffre again, he has lived ever since in patient expectation of and persevering qualification for the revanche. During his two terms of service at the Ecole de Guerre he produced two considerable works, "Principés de la Guerre" and "De la Conduite de la Guerre," which give a high idea of their author's character and talent. There is nothing in them that ought to scare away the average reader. Their style has the geometrical lucidity which is the Polytechnician's birthright, but in spite of the deliberate impersonality generally attached to that style of writing, there emanates from it a curious quality which gradually shows us the author as a living person. We have the impression of a vast mental capacity turned to the lifelong study of a fascinating subject and acquiring in it the dignity of attitude and the naturalness which mastery inevitably produces. War has been the constant meditation of this powerful brain. In "La Conduite de la Guerre" this meditation is the minute historical examination of the battles of the First Empire and 1870. "Nothing can replace the experience of war," writes the author, "except the history of war," and it is clear that he understands the word "history" as all those who go to the past for a lesson in greatness understand it. "Les Principés de la Guerre" is more immediately technical, yet it strikes one as being a speculation rather than a visualizing of what modern war was sure to be. If the reader did not feel that he lacks the background which only the contemplation a million times repeated of concrete details can create, he would be tempted to marvel at the extraordinary simplicity of these views. But a good judge who was very near the general until a wound removed him for a while from the —to him—fascinating scene tells me that this simplicity and directness—which marked the action of Foch at the battle of the Marne as they formerly marked his teaching—are the perfection to which only a few can aspire. Everybody can be told that the whole secret of strategy is to place superior forces before the enemy's weak point, but to see as Foch did on September 9 that there must be a gap between the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army, and to be able to bring from all the country round artillery enough to crush the Guard as it was crushed in the Saint-Gond marshes, is the action of genius.

As to General de Maud'huy, originally a Breton and a Royalist, he belongs to the Chasseurs, and he has spent much of his life in the garrison towns near the eastern frontier, running like the true hunter all along the Vosges in quest of his prey. As most of the officers in the same service, he strikes at first sight by his military appearance. He is a dark, agile little man, wonderfully able-bodied, and always ready for a quick, long march. The men worship him. If he were not invariably ready also for a technical argument, at which he has no rival for brilliance and resourcefulness, there would seem to be more of the magnetic sub-lieutenant than of the general in him. Even those who have admired his teaching at the Ecole de Guerre the most cannot help winding up their remarks with the refrain, "Oh! a man of indomitable energy!" But Maud'huy's energy, like that of the slower-going Joffre, is made of professional intelligence as well as of vitality, and nobody wondered at his unprecedented promotion.

# Lost in a Cloud

**How a British Airman Looped the Loop by Accident While Flying Over Hostile Territory**

**By a British Medical Man**

What our airmen have done every one knows in a more or less general way. What they have felt while accomplishing their work belongs to themselves alone. But occasionally it is permitted to learn something of these feelings and sensations, and as the psychology of aerial warfare is of surpassing interest any light which can be thrown upon it has a value.

I have listened to a description of what I shall call "psychology of a war flight" by one of our younger airmen.

The airman received orders to go to a particular place and there drop bombs. His route lay along the sea coast over a portion of country occupied by the enemy and strongly fortified against hostile aeroplanes. Shortly after setting out the zone of fire was entered, and in order to avoid mishap it became necessary to take advantage of such cloud cover as could be obtained. "I saw," my informant said, "a heavy cloud in front of me, hanging over the sea. It was a grey cloud or I should not have entered it; black clouds are well known to be exceedingly dangerous.

"I was flying at a height of about 7,500 feet when I entered the cloud. For a few moments all went well and the cover was very welcome. The cloud was of the fleecy order, and I could see my compass and barometer quite clearly. After a while, however, the mist became thicker and I felt that I was losing my bearings. I was flying quickly, but I did not know in what direction. My compass began to swing round in the most erratic way and I saw the barometer begin to fall."

These manifestations did not, however, occasion any alarm. But what followed was unpleasant. Owing to the effect of the strong and contrary currents which are met with in every cloud the machine began to sway about violently. The airman felt himself "knocked" from side to side and had a very difficult task to manipulate his elevator and rudder. The wind shrilled about him and the density of the cloud increased from moment to moment. Nevertheless, it was still possible to distinguish the indicators and thus to form some idea of the position of the machine in space. Then, suddenly, everything became quite dark, so that he could not as much as see his hands in front of him.

"I was not frightened so far, at least, I do not think so. But I began to think that to have been shot by the enemy would have been the lesser of the two evils. However, thinking was difficult; I required all my wits for the work in hand. I was completely lost. I did not even know at what angle the machine was flying. Then the thought occurred to me that I might have a side-slip or that the machine might turn over, and I made up my mind to try to rise up out of the cloud. I pulled the elevator for this purpose, and next moment everything became perfectly silent round about me. I knew then that I had overdone the pull and forced the machine up almost vertically and in consequence had stopped her. And I knew that now she would probably slip back or fall over sideways.

"One or other of these two things happened. I don't know which. In any case, I felt my holding-in strap tighten and knew that I was upside down. It was still as dark as night. I tried to right myself and failed. I tried frantically. I began to feel that it was all over with me, and I experienced the most acute agony of mind. But suddenly and quite unexpectedly that feeling passed away. I had tried everything and failed. I was conscious of that. Now a wonderful sense of calm took the place of the anguish. It was the most easy and delightful sensation I have ever felt. And meanwhile I was falling, I suppose, at the rate of about 200 miles an hour.

"The next thing I remember is that my holding-in belt burst and that automatically I jammed my knees farther under the indicator board and gripped the seat with my elbows. I had taken my feet off the rudder bar. I was some inches out of the seat and the machine was upside down. I only knew it was upside down in a vague way because I had left the seat. I was quite happy and I had no anxiety of any kind. I did not feel anything. Then in a moment the aeroplane fell out of the cloud and I saw the sea rushing up towards me. My hands automatically moved the controls, and at 1,500 feet the machine righted herself. Then at intervals I heard a curious snapping sound in my ears and realized that I was deaf. I could not hear my own engine."

This deafness was due to the very rapid descent and consequent sudden increasing atmospheric pressure. It had a psychological effect, for it helped to accentuate the sense of depression which followed the return to safety. The airman, who had passed from violent agitation of mind to the "calm of despair"—he desired me to emphasize the easy character of this state, which, he said, disproved all he had expected and feared—now suffered a severe sense of shock. But he continued on his way, mastering himself until he was able to launch his bombs.

The first of these achieved its purpose, and he saw that it had done so. Immediately a reaction set in. He confessed, "I was so happy that I shouted. I simply couldn't contain myself. I felt in all my pockets for something else to throw down. All I could find was my matchbox, and so I threw that." It testifies to the splendidly attuned state of his nerves that next day he was able to carry out his work more or less as if nothing had happened. In proof that the aeroplane had really turned upside down, it was discovered that the airman's revolver had fallen from its pocket on the machine.

# Two Mothers

**A Sketch from the Reichspost of Vienna, Translated for Town Talk**

The weather is dreary, the sky is black as if draped with a pall, rain is dropping incessantly upon the wet sidewalk. I take refuge in a station house of the steamer line near the river. At the entrance a woman acts as ticket-seller and door-keeper, doing the work of her husband who has been called to the colors. A little girl is playing with the report that her mother just finished: tickets numbering 1300-1330; income two kronen. "Traffic is poor," the woman says, "but it has to be kept up." She is glad that at least she earns her bread. Her children, she says, are in the safe-room, since she has nobody to take care of them at home. The oldest is six years, the youngest is in the cradle.

The boat meanwhile has arrived; now the woman's service begins. She has to sell tickets—orange ones of the second class, six heller each, red ones of the first class, ten heller each. An elegantly gowned young woman passes the money to her. Just as the ticket-seller hands over the red ticket, a wailing cry is heard from the small safe-room. The baby is awake and wants the breast. The poor woman vacillates between service and mother's duty. She cannot leave her post. Duty holds her as it holds her husband at his post before the enemy. But what does baby care for service-regulations! Louder and higher sounds his cry. The young woman who just bought a red ticket realizes the situation. She too has a husband at the front, she too is a mother, and she has a little baby at home.

"When does the next boat leave?" she asks.

"In ten minutes."

"Well, then I have plenty time."

She enters the safe-room. Through the open door is heard the desperate cry of the hungry little one. The door is closed; soon everything is quiet there. After a little while the young woman re-appears wearing a happy smile.

"The baby has gone to sleep," she said. "I gave him the breast."

The two mothers looked at each other with an expression of utter confidence, for they felt in their innermost hearts the solidarity of all mothers in the care of all children during this extraordinary time.

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# The Spectator

### Jordan Turned Down by Roosevelt

The great peripatetic Chancellor of Stanford, I lament to report, has just suffered a grievous disappointment. Of late there has been no Macedonian cry for the apostle of an impossible cause, and his activities as a peace propagandist have been confined to small parishes hereabouts where his self-imposed mission is personally conducted. To keep himself in the limelight he has joined a newspaper syndicate, but he longs for greater publicity, and he conceived that his ambition might be gratified if he could get into a debate on militarism with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. This was a shrewd conjecture, for the Colonel is still of first page importance. The Associated Press would take notice of any debate in which the Colonel participated. Jordan knows this, and so does the Colonel, but the Colonel does not have to invent means of breaking into the press. Further, he has no enthusiasm for carrying other persons into newspaper columns on his shoulders. So when he received a letter from his friend Fremont Older, who is also the friend of David Starr Jordan, inviting him to join issue with the former President of Stanford, the former President of the United States chuckled and chortled.

"I'm still some drawing card," said the Colonel, or, at least, I fancy words to that effect are what he uttered. Whether before or after the reflection he sat himself down and wrote Mr. Older a letter, and it was the letter that filled Chancellor Jordan with disappointment. As the letter has not been published I cannot quote it, but I can give a few extracts in substance. "Tell Dr. Jordan," said the Colonel, "that I have always regarded joint debates as futilities. Nothing is accomplished by them, so what's the use? Tell him also that a debate between us on militarism versus pacifism would be of the same general character as an argument between a policeman and a blackhander, or, let us say, a debate between the warden of San Quentin and Abe Ruef." Parenthetically the Colonel informed Mr. Older that he had a very poor opinion of professional pacifists. He thinks they are very much like the copperheads of other days. What Chancellor Jordan said when Mr. Older read the letter to him I have not heard.

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### The Examiner-Exposition Row

No doubt you have noticed that during the past three or four days there has been very little Exposition news in the Examiner. On Tuesday last the Examiner gave a column to the Fair, part of it in agate type. That was just a little more space than the Examiner devoted in the same issue to the San Diego Fair and the Exploits of Elaine. The Chronicle of the same day gave the Fair a whole page. On Wednesday the Examiner gave the Exposition a little more than a column, and again a good part of this was in agate type. The Chronicle of Wednesday devoted more than nine columns to the Fair. The reason for this sudden skimping of Exposition news was an order issued by William Randolph Hearst to the effect that only the actual news of the Fair should be printed. The order is being carried out literally. A reporter can tell a day's Exposition news in a column when he is compelled to; he knows that the story of the creation of the world was told as briefly. As long as that order stands there will be no "human interest stories" of the Fair in the Examiner; no word pictures; none of the little gossipy items that people like to read. Two of the Examiner's best men, Larry Toole and Lem Parton, have been "doing" the Exposition; but as a result of Hearst's latest order they are enjoying what amounts to a sinecure.

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### Shabby Treatment of the Press

I had occasion recently to call attention to the shabby treatment the press has received from the World's Fair functionaries. Just what this treatment is may be inferred from the remark of a well known newspaperman who had occasion to visit the Fair on business a few days ago. "They didn't know I was a newspaperman," he remarked, "so I got what I wanted." This treatment is described without exaggeration in the following squib written by Waldemar Young for last Sunday's Chronicle:

> Course of a reporter sent to cover any exposition function (follow the dotted line):
>
> Arrives at Esplanade in front of building. Stopped by guard. Shows Press Pass and credentials. No good. Guard sends for sergeant. Sergeant goes in search of Army captain. Army captain says, "Let him through."
>
> Arrives at steps of building. Stopped by guard. Shows Press Pass and credentials. "I don't know anything about this. You'll have to see the sergeant." "Where is he?" "Don't know." Sergeant bobs up. Sends for lieutenant of Marines. "Let him through."
>
> Arrives at door of building. Stopped by guard. Must see Exposition official. Have to wait. Waits. Gets stepped on by people coming out. Function's over.

Who is responsible for this treatment of the press? I can only repeat what newspapermen are saying. They blame Chief Engineer Connick. Connick, they declare, has not liked newspapermen ever since they grinned at him through the holes in the Twin Peaks reservoir.

---

### The Last Straw

The Examiner submitted to this discrimination against newspapermen until it conflicted with the particular plans of William Randolph Hearst. Then, by order of Hearst, the Examiner commenced reprisals. The trouble grew out of the reception to Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall in the California Building. An Examiner photographer was detailed to that reception. He desired to obtain a photograph of Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst standing side by side. He was elbowed from pillar to post and from post back to pillar again. The best he got was a picture of the mob. An Examiner reporter was also detailed to that reception. The time he should have spent doing his work was passed in futile efforts to gain admittance to what newspapermen have come to call "The Forbidden City." And finally, John Temple Graves was sent to that reception. Graves came here on the Vice-President's special train. He was sent to that reception as the personal representative of Hearst. It was on the cards that he was to make a speech like the other leading citizens. He didn't gain admittance until the speechmaking was over, and then he was consigned ignominiously to a retired table where he was allowed to commune with his own thoughts. When Hearst heard all this he was furious. The order to cut down on Exposition news was issued.

---

### Where the Orange Juice Flows

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock dropped into Harbor Commissioner Dwyer's office to talk about the California Building.

"I'm glad," he said, "that Town Talk mentioned the orange juice counter, but I wonder why nothing was said about the counter that isn't to be found?"

"What counter is that?" Dwyer asked.

"The wine counter," said the clockwinder.

"Wine is one of the things that California can point to with pride. You can get good orange juice almost anywhere. They raise oranges in Florida, you know, and though wine is made in several States it is here that the best wine is made. I wonder why the California wine men don't advertise their wine at the Fair. They have exhibits, and medals will be given for exhibits, but what about medals for quality? There ought to be competition in wines at this Fair,

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and the whole world should know what are the best brands of wine manufactured in California. I'm afraid our wine men are not aggressive enough. They're letting the captains of the prohibition industry have a clear field instead of going after them, and showing them up for what they are."

"What are they?" Dwyer asked. "I thought they were good men."

The clockwinder smiled. "They are financiers," he said, "and they control the best political machine in the United States. It's working in every State, and not always for the same purpose. Speaking about politicians, Joe, have you been in one of the official automobiles at the Fair?"

"No, I have not," said Dwyer and a cloud darkened his brow.

"You're missing something. Get abaord. All the friends of the California Commissioners are having the time of their lives."

The clockwinder looked at his watch. "Guess I'll go up to Jack Tait's for lunch. Somebody started the story back East that the restaurants here are charging exorbitant prices. But Jack is doing business at the old stand in the old way. I'm told that they want Tait at the Fair, but that he found out that it costs one dollar and ten cents to do a dollar's worth of business out there."

### Hearst's Dual Personality

Our great wholesale journalist William Randolph Hearst has been discovered in London. The Outlook of London has discovered that Mr. Hearst is a man of an amazing neutrality. He has "a voice of an astonishing range," says the Outlook. "It can coo like a dove, roar like a lion, hiss like a serpent." Also, "with the skill of the ventriloquist he can produce it from two or three places at once. He can even make it sing rival national anthems simultaneously." The Outlook has heard the story about the photograph depicting an atrocity committed by the Germans, which appeared in the New York American and later in Hearst's German daily where the atrocity was attributed to the Allies. According to the Outlook writer, Hearst's London journal, which is called Nash's Magazine, has many articles on German wickedness. The writer asks: "Does Mr. Hearst share the guilty secret of Stevenson's Doctor Jekyll; has he a dual personality, one part of him on the side of civilization, the other ruthless and proGerman?" The English writer adds: "Every day Mr. Hearst shows himself to be violently with us and as violently against us. In Nash's Magazine the pens of his contributors positively drop vitriol on the subject of German infamy; while in the columns of the Deutsches Journal ever since August of last year he has been exposing the 'shameful lies' of the English and French who have alleged these things."

### All Things to All Nations

In Hearst's New York German paper, says the Outlook writer, Hearst has become lyrical on the British use of dum-dum bullets, and on a "perfidious intrigue between Russia and Great Britain and he has told of the killing of German women and girls by French soldiers." In his London magazine, says the English writer, Hearst has been telling of the appalling barbarities of the Germans. The frontispiece of his magazine is a grinning skull (with a Kaiser mustache) surmounted by a German spiked helmet and labelled 'The Symbol of German Culture.' Underneath are extracts from the German emperor's speeches, attributed to 'William the Mad.' The Outlook wonders whether the French writers who are contributing to Hearst's London magazine are aware that while flattering their national susceptibilities in that periodical he is busy informing his readers in another of his organs that "want of medical men in France has brought about conditions which recall the most pitiful times of the Middle Ages." The English writer confesses that the psychology of Hearst is beyond him, but he opines that it is because he is "unable to grasp the inwardness of American neutrality." The truth, of course, is that Mr. Hearst is himself the embodiment of a super-neutrality. Mr. Hearst is the great American superman. He is above and beyond all standards of human conduct. And that is why no lesser mortal is ashamed to grasp him by the hand or put his feet under the Hearst mahogany. Insincerity is the virtue of a supermanic mind, and so Hearst appears to have a multiple personality, not only in time of war but in time of peace. He may amaze and confound the dullards of England, but in this country he is understood and appreciated. So forceful is his personality that he has led many of his countrymen into an acceptance of his unmorality in all things. His ways are truly ways on which there is no public opinion in the United States.

### Art at the Fair

Some time ago I read of an amazing incident at a London art exhibition. A picture that attracted much attention was of the Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon. In this picture the queen is richly draped, and her train is borne by two nude girls. One of two young women who were looking at the picture observed that she thought the Queen of Sheba very beautiful. Her companion said, "Uncle Frank says he likes the two behind much better." The first speaker, a prim-looking person, was heard to remark, "I don't think Uncle Frank is a proper person for you to go about with." Of this episode I was reminded in the Fine Arts building at the Exposition in front of the picture of the nude lady and the parrot. In the same room is another picture of a lady and a parrot. The lady in this picture is a thin-lipped person of an austere mien, evidently of a prudish temperament, and she is decorously gowned. A gentleman looking from one picture to another remarked to his companion, a young woman, "I'll bet that if this woman (indicating the gowned woman in the frame) had had anything to say about it she'd not have permitted that lady on the bed to get into this building at all."

### The Nude in Art

In this nude—the lady and the parrot—we have a specimen of the kind of art for which there is no excuse. It may be described as an essay in the presentation of the human form, but it possesses no interest apart from paint, no pictorial expression, no significance whatever, and besides it is ugly. It is a picture of a woman who might look better in clothes than out of them. There are many nudes in this beautiful art exhibition, and one hears some curious comments on them, comments of a kind that betray the Philistine mind. There are folk who believe that drapery is very important, whereas it is the

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thing that makes for suggestiveness, as is strikingly evidenced in one of the nudes in the Fine Arts building. It is a woman having her hair dressed by a maid. This is a picture in which the human figure is forced in an improbable circumstance, for the average woman does not appear naked before her maid. It is not a picture that expresses a healthy sentiment of the nude. Looking at it one feels as though he were playing the part of a Peeping Tom. There are other pictures in this exhibition that are frankly sensuous, but fortunately the Philistine is getting over his squeamishness, and it is well that he should. The highest achievement even apart from poetic suggestiveness lies in the painting of the human figure. It is the basis of all power in drawing and composition. The human figure is the most abstract and idealized medium of the expression of thought and energy. It affords the highest possibility of ideal conception, and some of the finest specimens of art are paintings of the human body shown in picturesque relation with colorful surroundings. After all was it not clothing that brought the sense of immodesty into the world? I have heard the complaint made that there is much shamefaced diffidence to be seen at the art exhibition, and I am reminded that in the Odyssey it was the handmaidens of Nausicaa who were thrown into confusion at sight of the shipwrecked and naked Ulysses. The lady with dignity and composure inquired whether she could be of any assistance to him. And there is the story in point of the Italian Duchess who offered to sit as a model to Titian when he complained of the difficulty of finding beautiful human figures. To her shocked friends she observed that she considered it an honor to assist so great a genius in his work.

### Kansas Was Afraid

If you recall, it blew great guns last Saturday. There was no damage done, but all who were abroad knew that there was a wind coming out of heaven. It made itself felt at the Exposition as elsewhere, but hardly anybody paid particular attention to it. The exception to this was to be found in the Kansas Building. The commissioners from Kansas were terrified when they heard that wind booming down the Marina. They had awful visions, and shut up shop. A sign appeared on the Kansas Building which read, "Closed on account of the wind." The next time Kansas participates in an Exposition, the commissioners will take their cyclone cellars with them.

### The Epidemic of Oratory

Gavin McNab was discussing the "leading citizen." "The leading citizen," he said, "must be distinguished from the prominent citizen. The leading citizen functionates and functioneers more frequently than the prominent citizen. The leading citizen is the direct result of the plug hat; as long as the hatters insist on making that strange article of wear we shall have the leading citizen. What is the use of a plug hat unless there is a plug to wear it?" It is the ancient order of leading citizens that swamps us with oratory on all possible occasions. The leading citizen would rather rise on his legs and orate than receive a free ticket to Heaven. And the leading citizen is in fearful evidence these piping times of Exposition festivity. The speech and the plaque are the outstanding phenomena of the day. Like Siamese twins they draw the breath of life together and are quite useless for all except exhibition purposes. We are in the midst of an epidemic of oratory, and there is none to initiate repressive measures.

### Some Instances

Some of the guests who attended the Knights of St. Patrick banquet this year were surprised to find that the singing of Irish songs, hitherto the most charming feature of these annual gatherings, was to be omitted altogether. The reason was that no time could be spared for song; it was all needed for oratory. The speeches at that banquet lasted until a weary quarter to two in the morning. The Knights of St. Patrick had caught the contagion. Then there was the "dollar dinner" in honor of Vice-President Marshall. Everybody who attended was charged with a speech, and as many as could get the eye of the toastmaster unburdened themselves. The toastmaster was Sidney Van Wyck and he improved the advantage of his position by making five distinct orations, to the deep chagrin of those unterrified Democrats who were allowed to make only one apiece. Nor was the quality of this oratory on a par with its quantity. It was voluminous rather than luminous. I asked Gavin McNab whether this dollar dinner was a success and he told me: "Nobody got more than his money's worth, in food or anything else."

### Marshall as a Speaker

I do not know whether the leader of the local Democracy wished me to understand this remark as applying to Vice-President Marshall as well as to the Van Wycks, the Troys and the rest. But from other sources I have heard a good deal about the Vice-President's oratorical efforts. I have heard, for instance, some very harsh things said about his speechmaking by the dons of Berkeley. If you wish to incite a University of California professor to indignant scorn broach the subject of Marshall's Charter Day speech. "We were not prepared for the Indiana style of oratory," said one of the faculty coldly. Others were even harsher in their characterization of this Charter Day speech. One of the profs called my attention to the fact that the most widely quoted of Marshall's sentences were scarcely original. "The Vice-President," he said, "labored under the disadvantage that his best things had already been said by Ingersoll." And he instanced, among others, that remark about a man dying for his home but not for his boarding-house. The Vice-President, to put it mildly, was a Charter Day disappointment. At Berkeley as in San Francisco he contributed generously to the volume of 1915 oratory, but it was noticed that like our leading citizens he had practically nothing to say.

### The British Critic

Wallie Young and Bill Jacobs have returned to the staff of the Chronicle after a successful season on the Orpheum circuit with their travesty "When Caesar Ran a Paper." The skit was a "bill-topper" everywhere, and all the critics from Ashton Stevens down (Ashton gave them a column when they played Chicago) had nothing but praise for them. The exception that proves the rule was the critic of a St. Paul paper, who wrote that the skit was "far-fetched." Being something of a dramatic critic himself Wallie Young was curious to find out just how a travesty could merit that adjective. On meeting the critic he found him to be an Englishman.

"When Cleopatra dies," the critic gravely explained, "Caesar writes the story and hands it to the press agent, Antony, telling him to take it to the composing room and have it played up on the first page. It is far-fetched to give a press agent the run of the composing room. It isn't done, you know."

Young professed himself satisfied with the explanation.

### Perpetuating the Fair

The pervasive bromide of 1915 is couched in some such words as these: "Isn't it too bad all these beautiful buildings have to be torn down." There is much truth in the sayings of Bromidia. It is too bad. But the Fair is to be perpetuated nevertheless. There are of course the photog-

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raphers and the men who turn the movie crank. But more important by far, there are the artists. How many artists will find inspiration in the Exposition may only be guessed. However, it is pleasant to know that the distinguished Belgian artist Leopold Braun is in town and is translating World's Fair scenes into the language of his own temperament. Cadwalader Washburn, one of the country's best known etchers and dry pointers, is here and hard at work. And Randall Borough, a local artist of great ability, has returned from New York to make pictures of the Fair. Borough has lately succumbed to the fascination of the etching needle, and most of his Exposition work will be in that medium. Another well known illustrator has just left the city. I refer to Hy Mayer who some time ago became the editor of Puck and immediately raised that paper to a new height of excellence. Mayer came here to make a series of Exposition pictures for Puck, and was entranced with the Fair. He declared to his friends here that it was the most beautiful spectacle he had ever seen. "In unity of design and in loveliness of line, color and ensemble," he said, "it surpasses anything done before. The Paris Exposition is not to be compared with it."

### Like Mr. Finnegan

He was a fat, puffing, good-natured son of the Fatherland, and he entered the grounds by the turnstile at the eastern end of the Zone. It was quite plain that he was out for a good time. The first sign that caught his eye was the sign "Exit."

"Vell," he said, "I guess I take this one in first," and he let himself out.

### Grand Canyon Exhibit at Fair

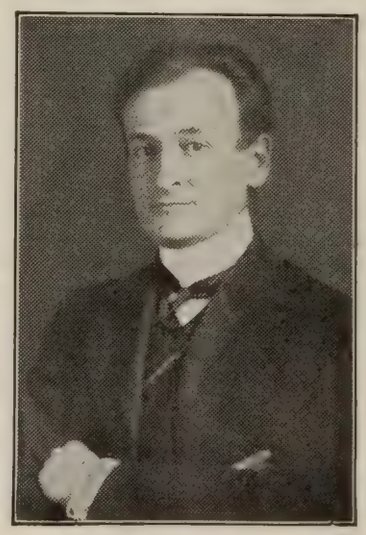
In the center of the Zone stands the Santa Fe exhibit—a reproduction of the Grand Canyon of Arizona and Pueblo Indian villages. The exhibit covers about six acres of ground, and, in many respects is the greatest exhibit ever built at any exposition. Over 100 miles of the great canyon is shown, each section reproduced accurately and carefully, and wrought so wonderfully that it is hard for the observer to realize that he is not standing actually on the rim of the canyon itself. The Grand Canyon is viewed from observation parlor cars, moved by electricity on an electrated trestle along the rim of the canyon. The observer can see seven of the grandest and most distinctive points of the canyon, and over 100 miles of the great gorge. The foreground has been built entirely of material brought from the canyon. Rock, old trees, cacti and all materials forming the rim were collected and shipped to the Exposition grounds for the purpose of building the foreground, and these materials were worked into and were made a part of the picture. The exquisite colorings of the canyon were brought out wonderfully well. The most brilliant reds, yellows, purples and combinations of colors that give the misty blue haze that hovers over the canyon are seen also in the reproduction. All the most prominent characteristics have been reproduced carefully and realistically. In some places the enormous depth of 7000 feet in effect has been developed. And all of this has been done on a scale that was never before undertaken. The cost of building this replica was $300,000, the expense for the entire work being borne by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway from whose lines the canyon is accessible. On the roof of the main building that extends across the entire frontage of the Grand Canyon exhibit has been constructed a Pueblo Indian village, wherein the daily life and the character of this tribe of Indians are accurately shown.

### Pleasant Change from Electric Lights

The daylight that pours in through the great panes of plate glass that enclose two sides of Fred Solari's palatial restaurant, up on Geary street next to the Columbia Theatre, is accounted one of the best features of the place by many of its patrons. It certainly is pleasant to sit down in a beautifully appointed, sunshiny apartment for one's lunch or afternoon tea. The music at lunch time and in the evening is delightful, and the informal after-dinner dansants, given every evening, are thoroughly enjoyable affairs. The cuisine at Fred Solari's is famed the world over, the service well-nigh perfect.

### Carnival Nights at Tavern

Nothing which the management of Techau Tavern has ever planned for the pleasure of its guests has proven so instantly and continuously popular as the Carnival Nights which occur on Wednesday evening of every week. Free-hearted gaiety is the order of the evening and the dancing floor is filled to overflowing with happy couples. Everyone receives fun-making souvenirs which add greatly to the amusement of the guests. Nor do the Candy Dances, which take place every evening except Sunday, show any signs of waning popularity. Gifts to the ladies of art boxes of Foster and Orear's delectable confectionery are prized by the fortunate recipients. Miss Vanderhoff and Mr. Foote continue to delight the guests with their charming and ever-varying entertainment which is always pleasing and always new. Changes of costume seem inexhaustible, and unique and beautiful dances exhibit an almost endless repertory.



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Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, coming to Festival Hall

### The Art of the Exposition

The lectures on the Art of the Exposition delivered by Mr. Eugen Neuhaus in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, will be as follows next week:

Tuesday, April 6, at 3 o'clock—The Decorative Sculpture, its symbolism, its relation to the sculpture.

Thursday, April 8, at 8:15 o'clock—The Scope and Purpose of the Fine Arts Exhibit, a general survey of the fine arts, the educational aspect of the Exposition.

All of these lectures are illustrated with a fine series of lantern slides.

### "The Sea Gull," by Tchekoff

The brilliant series of Drama Travelogues by Josephine L. Caro, in the same gallery, is now reaching the eleventh number.

On Thursday, April 8, at 10:45 o'clock in the forenoon, Mrs. Caro will read that symphony of contrasted moods, "The Sea Gull," by Anton Tchekoff, the great Russian dramatist.

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W. L. SPENCER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-fifth day of March, 1915.
(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917)

# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Two-Dollar Exclusiveness

There has been a great deal of fun poked at the good ladies who are monopolizing whatever social glory attaches to the California Building at the World's Fair. These good ladies, as you no doubt know, have a tea room to which admission is obtained by card only. For the sum of two dollars you are allowed to enjoy the liberty of this sacred chamber, provided you are of the gentler sex and happen to be of California birth. That the privilege might be properly valued it was at first surrounded by very rigid restrictions. Thus, the holder of one of these precious cards was not allowed to entertain any guests in the holy of holies dedicated to oolong and gossip unless those guests could prove that they were born outside California. Mrs. Milpitas, if possessed of a two-dollar passport to exclusiveness, might escort her vivacious friend Mrs. Renowidow and her bubbling young cousin, Miss Tucson, into the tea room, but she might on no account take Miss Salinas or Mrs. Los Gatos there unless these also were equipped with two-dollar credentials.

### Breaking the Rule

This rule caused either indignation or laughter, according to the disposition of the person who ran counter to it. I know of one dashing young lady who brought a friend there for tea, and was stopped at the door. She showed her card.

"But your friend?" asked the maid, who was, of course, merely carrying out the orders impressed upon her. "Has she a card?"

"No, she has not," said the card holder.

"Where was she born?" asked the maid.

"In California," answered the card holder.

"Then she is not permitted to enter," replied the maid.

"Oh, come on," said dashing Miss Card Holder to her girl friend, and they walked in, laughing at the horrified maid.

There must have been many incidents of the sort, for the obnoxious rule has been repealed. Now the holders of cards can entertain their friends in the sanctum sanctorum, no matter where they happened to be born. The only result of letting down the bars is that lorgnettes and aristocratic brows are lifted oftener, which, of course, adds to the amusement the room affords.

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### The Tax Eater in Society

The California Building is not the only State edifice where women enter society to keep others out. Other States have their Exposition aristocrats, their 1915 butterflies, their World's Fair ephemeridae. Many are the wives of commisioners who are enjoying the ecstacies of social prominence for the first time in their lives, and who are, naturally, making themselves a little ridiculous. Great is their astonishment when their petty snobbishness is rebuked, their newly acquired grand airs ignored or made fun of. An atmosphere of positive tragedy enveloped the New York Building when the leaders of our peninsular set snubbed an invitation to a social function there. The Massachusetts Society of California has been profoundly shocked by the lavish hospitality which the genial commissioners from Massachusetts bestow upon all comers, no matter what their accent, looks or social condition. In the opinion of the haughty members of our Massachusetts Society that building should limit its hospitality to the descendants of those who landed on Plymouth Rock. And so it goes in certain other State buildings. The opportunity for the study of mushroom social leaders is one of the greatest entertainment features of the Fair. There's more fun in them than in the wild people on the Zone.

### An Idol That Scandalized

The Piedmont home of Frank C. Havens is one of the greatest show places hereabouts. It is an oriental home rich in "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind," but its crowning glory is the East Indian living room. This is the room which Ruth St. Denis dedicated with one of her exotic dances, and among its treasures are a number of curious idols, some of them supposed to be a thousand or two thousand years old. These idols attracted the particular attention of the Prince of Siam when he was the guest of Mrs. Havens. With his Princess and the members of his suite, but a little in advance of the rest, as became so great a potentate, the Prince made the rounds of this room, manifesting a gratifying interest in all he saw. But he stopped short when he came to an ugly little idol set in a niche. He manifested great excitement, and snatching the idol from its niche he hid it under his silken robe. He kept the idol there all through his visit, and only restored it to its place when the Princess and his suite had left the room and were preparing to leave the house. Asked the reason for this extraordinary behavior the Prince of Siam gravely explained.

"This idol," he said, "is worshiped in my country by the lowest of the low. Its cult is a degraded cult, for it exalts the most shameful passions. I feared lest some of my people should see it here and form a bad opinion of their host and hostess."

### Miss Painter's Engagement

Miss Pauline Painter, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter of Alameda, is being overwhelmed with good wishes by the many friends to whom the news of her betrothal to Mr. George Bradley Dougherty of San Jose has just been communicated. There is no more popular belle on either side of the bay than this dainty girl whose charm has caused her to be sought after by many social coteries in San Francisco and Oakland. "The Painter girls," Janet and Pauline, were popular even before they made their debut. Janet is now the wife of Dr. Bliss, and Pauline is about to follow her example by assuming the dignities and responsibilities of married life. Her fiance is the only son of Mrs. Anna Dougherty and the late William P. Dougherty of San Jose, and is highly esteemed there and in this city. It is an ideal match, and there would be cause for regret that the bride is to make her home in the Garden City were it not certain that she will be lured northward many times for the gaieties of the set to which she belongs. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter are well known, and it goes without saying that there will be a great deal of entertaining for the betrothed couple.

### The Chinese Fox Trotters

"This is something the world must come to San Francisco to see. You can't see it anywhere else on the face of the earth."

The scene was Pavo Real; the speaker was Hy Mayer, an illustrator whose work is as well known in England and Germany as in the United States; and the remark was elicited by the spectacle of a young Chinese couple dancing the latest dances of occidental ball rooms. Similar remarks have been made by other strangers who visited the beautiful dancing room at Tait's. San Franciscans glow with pride when they hear praise of the sort, but do we really appreciate such a feature of our city life as this which Hy Mayer commented on? I am inclined to think that we appreciate such things only after they have disappeared. And this is a feature which is likely to disappear, for if John Tait doesn't watch out some enterprising theatrical manager will lure these charming Chinese dancers into theatredom. Those who frequent Tait's recognize in the Chinese girl dancer the pretty and gentle-

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mannered Rosie who used to distribute hot biscuits to diners downstairs. Shortly before Quentin Tod had the attack of temperament which ended in his leaving Pavo Real, Rosie went to Tait and blushingly asked him if she might not do exhibition dances in the cafe. Tait was surprised at the question. Rosie told him that she had been taking lessons and that her dancing partner was a Chinese boy who had gone through high school with her. The result was that Tait got the two a better teacher and just about the time that the Tod imbroglio started Rosie and her partner were ready to appear before the critical patrons of Pavo Real. To see these youngsters in beautiful oriental dress doing the fox trot, the one step, the waltz, the gavotte and the ta tao is to get a new insight into the color and joy of exhibition dancing.

### A Possible Carmelite

She had prim old maid written all over her from bonnet to mittens. And she had been doing the California Building quite thoroughly. I peeped into the basket on her arm, and can testify that it contained samples of shredded wheat, puffed rice, pickles, biscuits, tunny, apples and prunes. When she attracted my roving eye she was stepping up to an attendant in the Monterey section. I hovered near and (shame on me!) eavesdropped. Do you know what she was inquiring about? I give you my word—the cost of living at Carmel!

### The I. Y. C. Pageant-Dansant

Blossoms by the carload will be brought to San Francisco to decorate the Municipal Auditorium for the Indoor Yacht Club's pageant-dansant on April 10. It is planned to make the great auditorium a bower of blossoms, and Sam Rucker is to make a trip through San Mateo, Santa Clara and Monterey counties in a few days to arrange for flower shipments. In the meantime there have come offers of flowers and blossoms from every direction. In the pageant will be shown several floats built entirely of flowers. Ben Blow of the Napa Chamber of Commerce has offered a Napa blossom float, while Dr. E. L. Parramore of Boyes Springs has made a similar offer on behalf of Sonoma county. Others who have volunteered to help the cause—for this pageant-dansant is a cause, the proceeds going to defray the expenses of the annual Kiddies' Day—are J. A. Filcher, who offers flowers from Placer county and the Sacramento valley; E. J. Edwards of San Jose, M. Rennear of Santa Cruz and R. A. Smith of Santa Clara. Members of the fair sex are contributing their services and are taking much of the toil off the sailors' hands. They have organized a ladies' auxiliary to the general committee of arrangements, and this auxiliary, under the command of Miss Tessie J. Oliva, is doing much energetic work. The selling of the tickets will be largely in the hands of the fair helpers. Following are the patronesses of the dance, who have volunteered to do what they can to help "Kiddies' Day" when it arrives: Mesdames C. Frederick Kohl, Thomas F. Graham, Philip B. Cross, Richard E. Queen, John Tait, J. A. Watts, John F. Cunningham, John J. O'Toole, Bernard F. Flood, Anita Baldwin, Thomas E. Shumate, Warren Shannon, A. G. Fisk, C. H. McCormick, T. I. O'Brien, George Peters, Percy Denroche, M. J. Savage, C. E. Sudden, Ed Christianson, John D. McGilvray, Richard Costello, Daniel C. Ryan and D. C. Heger.

### Charity The Dansant

A dansant under the auspices of the Auxiliary of the Society for Befriending Girls will be given at the Fairmont on Thursday, April 8, from 4 until 7 in the afternoon. Tickets, including tea, are $1.50, and may be had at the Fairmont and Palace, at Sherman Clay & Co., at the Home, 2268 Franklin street, and from members of the auxiliary. Tables may be reserved through the maitre d'hotel of the Fairmont. Geisha girls will serve tea. The patronesses: Mesdames John Gayle Anderton, Ward Barron, Harold Casey, Oscar Cooper, Christian de Guigne Jr., Horace Hill Jr., Walter Martin, Frederic Murphy, Herbert Payne, Dent Hayes Robert, Harry Stetson, George Hill Stoddard, Edward Tobin and Andrew Welch Jr.

### Affairs at Hotel Oakland

Dr. and Mrs. Norman Bridge of Los Angeles are guests at the Hotel Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ladew, J. H. Ladew Jr. and Miss Ladew of New York City are spending a few weeks at Hotel Oakland while visiting the Exposition. Miss Philena Wetmore entertained at tea on Wednesday, the 24th. The guest of honor was Miss Roxana Weihe who is to leave shortly for Chicago to study with Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the famous pianist. On Friday evening, the 26th, Mrs. Daniel Easterbrook entertained at dinner. Covers were laid for twelve in the Tan and Gold Dining Room.

### Color Portraits of Children

On visiting the Exposition one marvels at the amount of space given to all branches of photography, from the astronomical plates and pathological slides to the most marvelous achievement of this decade—color photography in portraiture. However, we did not have to wait for the Exposition to be initiated into the beauties and possibilities of color photography, for a few of our local photographers have been working quietly and conscientiously in this difficult medium, and have produced some beautiful results. We had the pleasure of seeing some little gems at the studios of Misses Moore and Clark, children who had been photographed in their own homes and gardens. The results are charming, adding just that life and color which were lacking in all other portraiture. We look for marvelous results in this new field.

### At the Cecil

Mrs. Hough, wife of the prominent Stockton banker, is sojourning at the Hotel Cecil. Mrs. Hough will be extensively entertained by her many San Francisco friends during her visit in this city. Mrs. W. H. C. Bowen, wife of Colonel Bowen, and her charming daughter Miss Gladys Bowen came down from their home in Napa the first part of the week, and are guests at the Hotel Cecil. When Colonel Bowen was stationed at the Presidio their home was the center for many social affairs.. Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Farnham were hosts at a delightful musicale given at the Hotel Cecil Saturday evening. Mrs. A. R. Jack, a prominent society woman of Fresno who has been sojourning at the hotel for the past fortnight, was the complimented guest. This charming woman is a talented musician, and had the distinction of receiving the prize in the California contest for the best American trained voice. During the evening Mrs. Jack sang a number of solos of a classical nature which were rendered in masterly style. The encores were negro melodies which were enthusiastically received by the appreciative audience. Among the guests were General and Mrs. Edward McClernand, Messrs. and Mesdames A. B. Black, James C. Simms, Samuel B. Mayer, Arthur Thane, Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp, Judge and Mrs. M. H. Highland, Mesdames W. F. Morris, H. C. Pratt, Neal Farnham, A. H. Linton of New York, A. A. Calhoun, Misses Alma Thane and Maud Clay.


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# Gossip of the Theatre

### Lina Abarbanell at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a splendid bill with six new acts. Lina Abarbanell, famous on the musical comedy and comic opera stages, the prima donna who scored a hit in the original production of "Madame Sherry," will make her first appearance in this city. Her offering will consist of a number of exclusive songs specially composed for her, which give her beautiful voice the fullest opportunity. For each song a change of costume is made, Madame Abarbanell having spared no pains to make her act as fascinating as possible. "The Green Beetle," a Chinese fantasy by John Willard which was recently presented in New York at the Lambs' Public Gambol with great success, will be presented by Louis Casavant and a sterling company. Bonita and Lew Hearn term their offering "Bits of Musical Comedy." Both are great favorites in vaudeville. The Seven Colonial Belles will offer a high-class musical act. Jack Kennedy will appear in a comedy by Willard Mack entitled "The Flare Back" in which he will have the aid of a capital company. The Kerville Family will offer a combination of jugglery, cycling, skating and novelty billiard playing. With this bill Parillo and Frabito, and John Hyams and Leila McIntyre close their engagements.

### Kolb and Dill at the Alcazar

It is announced by the Alcazar that on Easter Sunday night Kolb and Dill are returning to this city, bringing with them their own big new company of players and a brand new, spick and span musical comedy entitled "This Way Out," written especially for them by Frank Stammers, the author of their former greatest success "A Peck o' Pickles." It will seem like the good old times again to have Kolb and Dill back in O'Farrell street and the fact that their new show is absolutely the best vehicle they have ever had lends interest to the announcement. Among the principals are Nana Bryant, beautiful California girl; Eva Fallon, direct from Henry W. Savage's latest Broadway productions; Alice Hills, a remarkably clever character actress; Earle Benham, a handsome young juvenile man who comes with a big Eastern reputation and the record of just closing over forty weeks with Raymond Hitchcock in "The Beauty Spot;" George M. George, Thomas Rolfe and a host of others. Among the novel features in "This Way Out" is the complete circus that will be shown. Many new dances have been arranged for the chorus.

### H. B. Warner in "Under Cover"

Local theatregoers who make it a practice of attending the better class theatrical attractions in San Francisco are assured of a treat in the forthcoming engagement of 'Under Cover," Roi Cooper Megrue's exciting and fascinating melodrama of love, laughter, mystery, thrills and surprises, which comes to the Cort for two weeks beginning Sunday night. "Under Cover" has been acclaimed the supreme melodramatic sensation of the season by the newspaper critics and theatre patrons of New York, Boston, Chicago and all the other cities of the East and Middle West. Selwyn and Company are sending one of the finest companies seen here in a long time. Heading it is H. B. Warner who won a host of friends in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." In the company are such noted players as Rita Stanwood, Isabel Irving, Frank Kingdon, William Courtleigh Jr., Thomas McGrane and Ruth Donnelly.

### The Boston Symphony

The announcement that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is coming to San Francisco in May and will give a series of concerts at Festival Hall has created intense interest among the music lovers of California, and that it will be greeted by a succession of crowded houses seems a foregone conclusion. This organization of one hundred instrumentalists, the pick of the profession, stands at the very head of symphonic orchestras and during the thirty-three years of its existence it has never reached a higher pinnacle of perfection than under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck who first conducted the orchestra in 1906. The sale of seats for the series of twelve concerts will begin Monday morning next at 343 Powell street, St. Francis Hotel, prices ranging from $7 to $25, according to location. Mail orders will be received and filled as near the desired location as possible and all checks, money orders and communications should be addressed to W. H. Leahy, manager, 343 Powell street, San Francisco.

### Julia Culp Concerts

A series of three concerts is announced by Julia Culp, the great exponent of the art of "lieder," assisted by that fine accompanist, Coenraad V. Bos. Here is the program for the first concert, Sunday afternoon, April 11, at the Columbia: 1 (a) "Minnelied," (b) "Nachtigall," (c) "Vor dem Fenster," (d) "Schwalbe sag mir an," (e) "Botschaft," Brahms; 2 (a) "Befreit," (b) "Morgen," (c) "Heimliche Aufforderung"; 3 (a) "Go Lovely Rose," (b) "The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes," (c) "When I Bring Colored Toys," John Alden Carpenter, (d) "Wind Song," (e) "The Star," James H. Rogers; 4 (a) "Heimweh,"

ALEXANDER CARR and BARNEY BERNARD
As "Mawruss" and "Abe" in "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Columbia Theatre

(b) "Sie Blasen zum Abmarsch," (c) "Ihr junge Leute," (d) "Abschiedslied," (e) "Du denkst mit einem faedchen," (f) "Er ist's," Hugo Wolf. The second concert will be given, by special request, on Friday afternoon, April 16, at 3:15 at the Columbia. This is the usual symphony concert hour and is most convenient for many out-of-town concertgoers, teachers, etc. The program on this occasion will include five numbers by Schubert, four by Erich Wolff, five by Schumann, a group of three old English and two old French gems. The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 18, when groups by Mendelssohn, Peter Cornelius, Brahms and Schubert will be given, besides some American Indian songs arranged by Lieurance, and numbers by Beethoven and the Dutch composer de Lange. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Columbia. Season tickets at a reduced figure may be obtained at Sherman Clay & Co. only. Mail orders for either season or single tickets may now be ordered. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay & Co., enclosing check or money order.

### The Barrere Ensemble

The great novelty of the Greenbaum season will be the final attraction. It is the Barrere Ensemble of wind instrument virtuosi. There are nine members, each an artist, and the instrumentation is one flute, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons and two French horns. We have many opportunities of hearing great singers, pianists, violinists, quartets, etc., but the visit of a wood wind choir is rare in any community; even in the big musical centers of the old world the wonderful literature for the wind choir is almost unknown. As a chamber music organization the Barrere Ensemble will rank, for artistry, with the Kneisels or the Flonzaleys, and, in fact, has often been called "the Flonzaleys of the Wind Instruments." The expense of bringing such a rare organization has been enormous, and this is the first time music of this kind has been given in America by a touring organization. The Longy Club of Boston rarely, if ever, leaves that city and that is the only wood wind organization in the country besides the Barreres. The first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, April 25, when an octet by Mozart, quintet by Lefebvre, rondino for two French horns accompanied by wood instruments by Beethoven, and similar compositions by Chadwick, Pfeiffer and Gouvy will be heard for the first time here and M. Barrere, the world's greatest flute virtuoso, will be the soloist. Equally beautiful programs will be given Friday afternoon, April 30, and Sunday afternoon, May 2.

### Last of "The Follies"

The final performance of Ziegfeld's Follies will be given at the Columbia this Sunday night. The engagement has proven a great crowd-drawer. This is one of the biggest musical shows ever staged in America.

### Abe and Mawruss at Columbia

"Potash and Perlmutter," the comedy which A. H. Woods will present at the Columbia for a

MME. JULIA CULP

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limited engagement beginning Monday evening, needs little introduction. The big success will be given here with the same company that played it for fifty-six weeks at the Cohan theatre, New York, and twenty-six weeks at the Olympic in Chicago. This clever organization includes Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, who created the roles of Abe and Mawruss; Lee Kohlmar, Pearl Sindelar and Grace Fielding. "Potash and Perlmutter" is a dramatization of the characters and incidents in Montague Glass' stories in the Saturday Evening Post. A comedy, it yet has tremendous heart interest. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

### Grand Opera at Popular Prices

Grand opera at popular prices seems to be an assured thing in our city. At least the experiment is to be tried. All the arrangements have been completed by the People's San Francisco Opera Association which announces a season of opera, beginning Monday night, April 12, in Scottish Rite Auditorium, corner Van Ness avenue and Sutter street. The admission is to be from 25 cents to a dollar. The cast of artists includes Mme. Johanna Kristoffy, Miss Alice Gentle, Fausto Castellani, De Biasi, Errolle, Florian, Gallazzi, Guiliani and Orpezzo, all of whom have won the approval of our critical audiences. The operas will be produced under the capable direction of Josiah Zuro, acknowledged as among the best in his line in this country, and Louis Raybaut is engaged as stage manager. "Carmen" with Alice Gentle in the leading role will open the season. The repertoire for the following performances is to be announced later. This venture is being made possible by the co-operation of a large number of men and women.

### Picture Novelty at Pantages

The newest novelty in animated pictures will be presented for the first time in this city at Pantages on Sunday. It is called the "Cinoplasticaon" and is a combination of moving pictures and a specially constructed phonograph which records every movement of the performer. The subjects will be world famous opera stars in excerpts from favorite operas. The scenes to be offered will be from "Carmen," "Mignon" and "Cavaleria Rusticana." Special stage settings are used to add to the effect of the unique production. Of the regular vaudeville features the six acrobatic Tasmanian Demians will top the bill. They are shapely maidens and their aerial feats are startling. Charles L. Gill and his players will present the star's own playlet "The Devil, the Servant and the Man" which created comment here a few years ago. Elsie de Wolffe, leading lady with Gill, has the distinction of having won the title of "The Second Loveliest Woman in the World" in a contest held by the Ansco Film Company. The great Lester, a ventriloquist, will be one of the popular features. The Bernivici brothers are violinists of exceptional ability. Harrison Greene and Katheryne Parker have a classy little singing specialty termed "The Blue Ribbon Couple of Polite Comedy." "Aviation Hatters" are what the juggling Barretts style their act.

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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA RENNERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, attorney at law, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased.

MARTHA LEO,
Administratrix of the Estate of Julia Rennert, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Administratrix,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 8-27-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Another broad, strong market put the active list on a higher level. Prices rose and held well until the last day, when profit-taking by scalpers and floor traders caused a sharp decline that had no other significance. So strong was the market at first that the bears covered as fast as possible. Many big operators have been holding fast to their short commitments in the belief that a flood of liquidation from Europe was bound to come. Many of them gave up and covered and thereby helped to put prices up to a point that started some of the foreign liquidation which they have been expecting for three months. It became evident that the market has gone up far enough to induce foreign holders to sell and they can get a point or more above the actual selling price through the depression in foreign exchange in New York. The boom last January was checked by foreign selling and several important issues are higher than they were on Janury 25th last when the tide was at its highest. Banking interests will watch the market very closely because so much depends on the amount of securities sold for foreign account. The foreign exchange market will tell the tale to those who can read. Standard rails and industrials retained their leadership and they advanced while some of the recent favorites in the light-weight class declined in the face of a rising market. Baltimore and Ohio made a very good report of February earnings, showing a small gain in gross and an increase of more than a million dollars in net earnings as compared with February, 1914. This report gives ground for believing that the railroads of the Eastern District will make a better showing in their March reports because they are now getting the benefit of the freight rate decision. Union Pacific was the real market leader, and its sharp advance created interest in Atchison, which showed unusual activity as it rose. Both issues had to bear the pressure of foreign liquidation, but the demand was so good that they were not affected by it when it was at full tide.

**Wheat**—Old General Liquidation was in command last week, and as a result prices were on the down grade. Rallies were frequent, but were of short duration and at the close of the week, the market was at its lowest price. Frequent rumors of peace and reported success of the allies as well as the destruction of some of the forts of the Dardanelles was the principal factor, but lack of an export demand was also a help. Exporters seemed to have withdrawn their bids and while clearances for the week were large, this reflected sales made some time ago. The domestic demand for wheat was light, and it looks as if millers were pretty well filled up for the time being. Flour prices were reduced and the general sentiment seemed to be that wheat prices, especially for the May option, were high enough. The May option lost the most ground, and while reports of the growing crop showed that the plant had gone through the winter in good shape and that very little abandonment could be looked for, there was a feeling that owing to the many reports of Hessian fly from practically every section of the winter wheat belt, this insect would be a factor a little later on when warm weather sets in. The July and September option held up well considering the weakness in the May option and a good many commission houses are advocating the purchase of both these options, as we are now on the eve of the crop-scare period. Argentine news was generally favorable and shipments from that country were again large. Primary receipts were small, but the shipments were under the receipts. Roads are in no condition to haul grain and this probably accounts for the small movement. The price is now down to a level where we believe purchases of the deferred options will prove profitable.

**Corn**—Corn was inclined to follow wheat and prices were down near the 70 cent level for the May option. There is nothing new in the corn market. Receipts continue very light, but the demand is flat. Exporters are out of the market and the Eastern demand is practically nothing. Stocks showed a fair decrease for the week, but they are too large to permit any pronounced advance, especially as liquidation in the May option is near at hand. Argentine shipments for the week were small but the weather for curing their crops has been very favorable and shipments of this new crop will soon be felt in this market, as our prices are about fifteen cents a bushel over theirs. This will permit of corn being shipped to this country and will have its effect on our July option. We believe corn can be sold on the hard spots.

---

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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

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For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.


**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.

J. C. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-27-5

**NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Department No. 10—No. 16330; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the aforesaid Superior Court made on the 22nd day of March, 1915, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned Maria Borrone, the guardian of the persons and estates of Felice Borrone and Giulio Borrone, minors, will sell on or after Monday, the 12th day of April, 1915, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the highest and best bidder and upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, at private sale, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, the real property belonging to the estates of said minors consisting of the undivided one-half (½) part of the lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Arkansas street distant thereon two hundred (200) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Eighteenth street, running thence Southerly and along the Easterly line of Arkansas street Twenty-five (25) feet, thence at a right angle Easterly One hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly One hundred (100) feet to the Easterly line of Arkansas street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Potrero Nuevo Block No. 232.

**Terms and Conditions of Sale.**—Cash in United States gold coin upon delivery of the deed of said guardian and after confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; deed at expense of purchase.

Bids and offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., for said guardian, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

MARIA BORRONE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Dated, March 27th, 1915.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardian,
550 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-27-3

**SUMMONS**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE WILLARD STONE, Deceased; No. 18610, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Marea W. Stone, as Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased (generally known as George Stone), to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 13th day of March, 1915) to the said Executrix at the office of L. F. Young, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Willard Stone, deceased.

MAREA W. STONE,
Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 13, 1915.
L. F. YOUNG,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 3-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOPHIE RAU, deceased.—No. 18545; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ISABELLA LEWIS, executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deacesed, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of Vogelsang & Brown, Room 807, Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sophie Rau, deceased.

ISABELLA LEWIS,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Sophie Rau, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 27th, 1915.
VOGELSANG & BROWN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Room 807 Nevada Bank Building,
No. 14 Montgomery St,, San Francisco, Cal. 2-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix and Administrator at the office of Frank J. Egan, attorney at law, 1011 Humboldt Bank Building, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.

MARGUERITE G. SHEEHAN,
CATHERINE B. SHEEHAN,
JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 20th, 1915.
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-5

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.
MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, April 10, 1915 | No. 1181

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

## Americans in Mexico

Great is the patience of the Administration at Washington. Consider all the warnings that our State Department has given to Americans to quit Mexico. The one issued by Mr. Bryan last week was the seventh. Americans in Mexico, it appears, fall into the dilatory ways of the natives. Their procrastination is exasperating, for while there are Americans in Mexico the State Department is exposed to shock and Mr. Bryan is not altogether free from nervous apprehension on his lecturette trips. Mr. Bryan has been doing some effective work of late as a temperance exhorter, but he cannot hope to compete successfully with Bill Sunday while Americans remain in Mexico to claim the protection of the American flag. Many of them, it is true, have had the good sense to deny their nationality and pose as Englishmen, but the State Department would prefer to have all Americans leave Mexico and seek refuge beneath the folds of the stars and stripes, the symbol of liberty and of the dignity of American citizenship.

## A Gentleman of Leisure

In a country where all of us are engaged in the struggle for life, and so few of us have the time to be ourselves, to cultivate our intellects and our senses, a young gentleman of leisure like Vincent Astor is a fascinating figure, and we like to read of his doings. We are told there is a lot of class hatred in this country. But nobody hates Vincent Astor. On the contrary everybody likes him. We like him without knowing any reason for liking him except, perhaps, that he is a sensible young man whose simple, natural qualities have not been impaired by having more money than he is able to spend. If there is class hatred in this country the class that young Astor represents is not one of the objects of it. Perhaps it is because this class is so insignificant. For as a matter of fact a genuine leisure class is hardly known in this country. Our so-called plutocracy is made up of men absorbed in business pursuits. These men are hardly any better off than the rest of us. They are sons of toil. The traces of a struggle are upon them all. They have their anxieties about money, their reveries are tinged by it. The stock market depresses their spirits. They are cold, hard and uninteresting. It is absurd to hate men of this class. It would be more reasonable to pity them. Surely there is no reason to envy them. We might reasonably envy a man of leisure, but in a kindly way, for it is a mean spirit that grudges another his possessions. When you meet a man of leisure you have a sense that life really is being lived, and that eyes and arms are opened bravely to all its possibilities. Intelligent men of leisure, men with poetry and romance in their souls thrive on life. They have an intense physical vitality due chiefly to the absence of petty vexation, the cause of all the wear and tear of existence.

## In Holy Kansas

According to a despatch from Topeka, Kansas, there is a great scandal in that town. It has been found that the students of the Topeka high schools have been going to "frat" dances in a drunken condition. As a consequence there has been much insulting of girls at these dances, and now the authorities are trying to break up all high school fraternities. But apparently there is no curiosity in Topeka regarding the source of the liquor that inflames the pupils. There never is any curiosity about the flow of liquor in "dry" States. Apparently it is sufficient for Prohibitionists to know that the use of liquor is interdicted by law. The saloon is what they abhor, not the "blind pig." They are tolerant of the "blind pig." Their fight is over when a State "goes dry." It is something to point to with pride after the manner of William Allen White, or with the vehemence of Senator Bristow, who said only the other day, "I am glad I live in a State where men and women have been born and grown to manhood and womanhood and have never seen a saloon." Senator Bristow knew precisely what he was saying. He did not say that he came from a State where there are men and women who have never seen a "blind pig." He comes from a State where boys and girls are educated in hypocrisy, and where high-school boys get drunk, not because they love liquor but because it is "such fun" taking booze surreptitiously in a "blind pig."

## A Private Letter Printed

It is deemed a gross breach of the ethics of journalism to print a letter marked private. There are exceptions to the rule, however, and one exception has been called to public attention by the New York Sun in an editorial under the caption "We Print a 'Private' Letter." The letter was written to the Sun by a distinguished clergyman, the Reverend Doctor Randolph Harrison McKim of Washington, D. C., author of many books on various subjects. Taking exception to the printing of the views of von Bernhardi in the Sun, Dr. McKim wrote to the editor asking, "Are we to conclude that the Sun has gone over to the German camp? Or that it has been made worth while to the paper to boost the German cause?" This insulting question, in the opinion of the editor, relieved the Sun "of any obligation ordinarily obtaining in correspondence between gentlemen, to accept his view of the abusive communication's status or to respect his desire that the insult shall be treated as confidential." So the letter was printed, not for the justification of the Sun but for the moral benefit of the distinguished clergyman, "and for the moral benefit of others like him, sluggish in perception but very quick to attribute venality to any divergence from their narrow conception of propriety." "We want," said the editor, "to teach the reverend gentleman a sadly needed lesson in Christian charity. We want to warn him against what seems to be a congenital impulse to bear false witness against his neighbor. We want to make him ashamed of himself; or if by reason of his temperament or his integument that shame is impossible, then to make his friends ashamed of and for him." No intelligent person, howsoever punctilious, will question the propriety of publishing the McKim letter. Aside from the fact that it is the moral duty of a newspaper to take the public into its confidence when it discovers a clergyman of the McKim type, no newspaper is required by any code of ethics to give a cowardly boor the benefit of any of the conventions of polite society.

## The Yellow Logician

Now we know why Mr. Hearst is for government ownership of railroads. The Examiner has told us: it is because "no business with which the owners cannot do as they please can be much of a success." The railroads, says the Examiner, are managed by railroad commissions because the people will not let the owners manage their own business, and consequently the railroad business is a failure and capital will not invest in it. Such being the case "the only possible solution," says the Examiner, "is to drop the unsatisfactory method of regulation of owners' business by politicians who have no interest in the business and only the intelligence and integrity common to persons who subsist by politics, and make the people owners of all railroads. Then the railroad business will be a success because the owners can run it to suit themselves." One wonders whether this solution was conceived by Hearst himself when his wits were wandering, or whether it is

the conception of a man of intelligence who assumes that the readers of the Examiner are blithering idiots. The argument is that the railroad business is a failure because it is run by railroad commissioners who are politicians with no interest in the business and not any more intelligence or integrity than are commonly possessed by taxeaters. So turn the business over to the people, make them the owners and let them run it. Is it necessary to ask by what agency the people will manage the business: whether they will get along without politicians, and operate the roads as one man? It is this transparent disingenuousness, which is characteristic of the Hearst papers in their advice to the public, that makes baffling the psychology of the Hearst attitude on public questions. Here we find that he is under no delusion respecting politicians. Even with some check on them, with the owners of railroads fighting for fair play and decent treatment they have almost ruined the railroad business, but Hearst would give them the free play they enjoy in managing the postoffice and the navy and all the bureaus that have brought the Government once more to the verge of bankruptcy. The principal objection to public ownership is that it means management of public utilities by incompetent and dishonest politicians, and there is no department of the federal government that is not in incompetent and dishonest hands. To be quite frank, from the President down all our public servants in Washington are more or less implicated in robbery of the people. The pork barrel, which has been the symbol of the recreancy of our statesmen for more than a generation has become the hallowed instrument of party expediency, and in this Administration it smells to heaven as never before in all the years of its growth. Chiefly because of this pork barrel there is mismanagement of every public utility now under government control, and nobody is more keenly sensible of the truth than William Randolph Hearst who urges public ownership of railroads in the same breath in which he remarks the shortcomings of our professional politicians.

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### The Censorious Pulpiteer

We all know that the administration of justice is not what it should be. We all know that there are some bad men in the legal profession. But is it not astonishing to find criticism of judges and lawyers emanating from the pulpit of one of our so-called Christian churches? If the courts are not all that they should be neither are the churches. If there are some bad lawyers, at least they are not so conspicuous as are the clergymen of loose morals. All things considered the administration of justice is on a pretty high plane, and the Dogberrys and Shallows of the judiciary are much rarer than the Chadbands and Honeymans of the ministry. Further, there are many excellent men of first-rate ability in the legal profession, who are at once proud of their profession and zealous for the correction of its faults. To the men of high character in the legal profession we may leave the business of reforming the administration of justice. Surely no intelligent person would think of entrusting it to our sensational pulpiteers who have no reverence for their own profession and no hesitation to indulge their cheap wit at the expense of another. The law is a science of such vast extent that, as somebody has said, none but the highest and broadest minds can reach even its boundaries. As the law is founded on general principles, and as there is no possibility of mortal mind fixing just principles of truth, every system of laws must necessarily fall short of its purposes. It is on this account that in the minds of men unlearned in the mysteries of the law incorrect ideas are formed of the duties of those who administer it. In the circumstances it is not astonishing that there should be much ignorant criticism of the courts, but it is astonishing that a pulpiteer of one of the six and thirty jarring sects should set himself up as a critic For in view of the state of the church it would seem that he might be better occupied attending to his own business. Our courts are not half so much in need of reform as our pulpits. There is something radically wrong with the pulpits. They have ceased to exercise any spiritual influence or to rouse any religious enthusiasm. In the pulpit there is a great deal of incompetency, not to mention anything worse, as is evident from the fact that a body of clergymen recently called in an advertising agency to devise ways and means of luring people to church. Most of our preachers having drifted out of the main stream of Christian life are in absolute ignorance of the realities to which a living religion has always appealed. In some churches it is thought sufficient to dose folks with a kind of culturine concoction until they become intoxicated with phrases, and then leave them to recover from the debauch as best they can. Of effective pulpit oratory we have not a bit. Our preachers are in ignorance of the themes by which devotion and faith are awakened in the mystic deeps of men's souls. And so they talk about the courts, the latest novels and the social evil. The mysteries of our being, the things of the soul, the human affections in their sublime and majestic relations, the tragedies that mark the instability of human dignities, the symbols that are touching in the life of the Saviour, the wonders and beauties of the Scriptures—these are themes for the sermons of men of imagination and of the highest spiritual gifts, but they are beyond the powers of the captains of vaudeville now shouting in the pulpits of the land. All that we may hope for them is that some day they may be blessed with sufficient common sense to restrain them from discussing subjects about which they are not informed. To discuss the administration of justice intelligently one must have more knowledge of the science of law and its principles than is to be gained from the experience of a clerk in an English court of inferior jurisdiction. We have in mind a preacher who has been criticising the courts of this country, holding them to be inferior to the courts of England. In the course of a lecturette he jeered at a decision setting aside a verdict in a murder case in this country because of some question respecting the date of the dead man's death. In his opinion the date of the man's death was unimportant. It happens that under the law no man may be convicted of murder or manslaughter unless the person he is accused of killing died within "a year and a day." The reason of this is not hard to conjecture. It happens that this law is of the English common law, and that our code is almost in the language of a noted English authority—Blackstone. This same preacher told of the speed with which justice is administered under the English system. He quoted a Canadian jurist who said that a man may be tried, convicted and hanged in Canada while a jury was being impaneled in this country. Doubtless he never heard of George D. Collins, now of San Quentin. When Collins was a fugitive from justice in Canada he kept the courts of that country busy a whole year passing on technicalities, and finally took pity on them and came home of his own volition to be tried. Now speed is really not greatly desirable, as the English courts have learned since they adopted our system of appeal, and technicalities are really of some importance. A great English statesman by the name of Burke was aware of this many years ago, and he said that while the march of oppression and violence has been rapid since the first records of human impatience, the progress of remedial and vindictive justice, even the divine, has always favored the appearance of being languid and sluggish. He attributed this to the very nature of human affairs. "Justice," he said, "ought to be circumspect, cautious, scrutinizing, full of doubt even of itself, and fearful of doing wrong even to the greatest wrongdoer." He added that in the nature of things the movements of remedial justice "must be slow in comparison with the headlong rapidity with which avarice, ambition and revenge pounce down on the devoted prey of violent and destructive passions." The sentiments of Burke might be pondered to advantage in some of our pulpits where the idea is prevalent that morals are manufactured in prison cells.

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# Varied Types

## CCXXIV—BERNARD MAYBECK

By Edward F. O'Day

"You must regret that your Palace of Fine Arts is not a permanent thing."

"But it is permanent," answered Bernard Maybeck.

And of course Bernard Maybeck is right. The sunset of yesterday has faded forever, but is its beauty less lasting than the beauty of the eternal stars? When the Palace of Fine Arts has passed away, and when the eyes of all who behold it are closed in death, it will not cease to enrich the world. The soul of beauty is immortal.

"But would you not prefer that it should still exert a direct influence ten, fifty years from now?"

"It happens sometimes," answered Maybeck, "that I catch a glimpse of a girl on the street, and I think: 'What perfect loveliness!' I have taught myself not to look again, lest I be disappointed."

Was it not in that spirit Wordsworth trembled to visit Yarrow? "The swan on still St. Mary's Lake" was a vision of the mind, and he hesitated to exchange it for the vision of the eye. We are not all poets, so we cannot cultivate such delicacy. The eye must feed our appetite for beauty. It needs that we see Yosemite. And yet we are not John Muirs either. We must not see it too often. So once more Bernard Maybeck is right. Let the Palace of Fine Arts endure only in our imagination; then the passing of years shall never weaken its appeal.

There are poems that have dwelt with us from childhood, but which we are subtly warned by an inner whisper never to read again. To disregard that intimation of the soul is to hazard disillusionment. To obey it, at the same time communicating to others the secret of those poems' enchantment, is to preserve their witchery undiminished for ourselves while sharing their precious beauty with others. The circle of their influence is enlarged, but our own part in them remains the same.

Bernard Maybeck has given us a poem of architecture. It must disappear, even as the "stately pleasure place" of Kubla Kahn disappeared. The memory of it cannot be taken away from us. Nor can it be taken from those to whom we transmit it, either directly by words transfigured in the light of a sincere admiration, or indirectly in the emanations of a nature refined and uplifted by its influence. The wrecker who razes a World's Fair is impotent to destroy anything whose beauty makes it a joy forever.

In speaking of Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts one would fain distil the quintessence of language. The imagination glows and is lifted up on wings, but the mounting words sink back to commonplace beneath a leaden weight of inadequacy. Coleridge rubbed the lamp of inspiration and conjured such a vision into verse, but Coleridge "on honey dew had fed, and drunk the milk of Paradise." I suppose we must wait till George Sterling comes home.

Meanwhile I envy the lady who said to Maybeck:

"It makes me feel just as I have felt when the organ stopped in a great cathedral."

Maybeck smiled when he repeated the compliment, and then he analyzed it. It was not the building which affected her so, he said, but the reflection of the building in the lagoon

"It is an old, old trick," he said. "It used to be a favorite with the painters of theatre curtains. Do you remember their islands reflected in still waters? It is the effect Boecklin got in his 'Island of the Dead.' You see it often when you sail among the Mediterranean isles. You see it on Clear Lake. The organ stops there too."

I asked Maybeck if this was not undervaluing his work, and he smiled again. He has a strange smile in his dreamer's eyes, has this man who looks like—is it William Morris or Paul Verlaine? I shall not call it a sad smile; it is rather the wistful smile of innocence abiding with ripe age, the slow, gentle smile of one who is reverent of all created things, knowing creation to be very beautiful. He smiled and shook his head.

"I assure you," he said, "I liked to hear the lady say that. I like to be patted on the back. But I cannot help wondering sometimes just why the patting is done. I am afraid there is sometimes a hardness in my speech of which I am not quite conscious. But I have had experiences which made me bitter."

Bernard Maybeck is a Beaux Arts man. He studied in the Atelier Guadet. Than Guadet there has been no more famous master of architecture in these our times. His encyclopedic work on the art is recognized everywhere. On his return from Paris Maybeck went into the office of Carrere and Hastings in New York. Then he drifted to Kansas City. About twenty-five years ago he came here.

"Until I was twenty-five," he says, "life meant nothing to me. But there came a change. It was then I began to build homes. People said they were unpractical. I've been building unpractical homes for a long time now."

The hills of San Francisco and Berkeley have many of these 'unpractical' homes, and the people for whom Maybeck built them are all his friends. He establishes an intimate relation with all for whom he exercises his noble art. There are none who rejoice more heartily in the triumph he has won on the World's Fair grounds than the men and women whose lives are lived in the 'unpractical' homes Maybeck built for them.

He has never built a skyscraper or a residence for Dives. Aside from modest dwellings the only works of his you were likely to hear of before he surprised us all with the Palace of Fine Arts were the Faculty Club and the First Christian Science Church of Berkeley. The operation of his mind shows in the way he planned this church. When he was asked to build it he replied with questions about the faith.

"I asked one of the Christian Scientists whether he would allow a doctor to administer serum to his child if it were stricken with diphtheria, and he told me no. It struck me that there had been no such faith as this since the early days of Christianity, the days of miracles and martyrdom, the days before Romanesque architecture. And so I tried to build a church in which one of those early Christians would feel at home if he returned to earth."

So too when Willis Polk asked him to design a Palace of Fine Arts for the World's Fair.

"The man who has been looking at pictures leaves the art gallery in a certain mood. The mood varies with the individual, but it is never the mood of ordinary life. It he steps out immediately into the world he is a little dazed or shocked. It was for me to save him that shock, to lead him gradually from the exalted mood the pictures wrought in him to the mood of the outside world. There were attempts to make inroads on my design, but I am obstinate. Suppose you had made up your mind to write a poem about an art gallery, and somebody came to you and said: 'Don't do that. People won't appreciate it. Write a poem about a jail.' That was the condition I had to contend with."

These are the words of a dreamer, but of a dreamer who has the magic power to make his dreams come true. The event proves that. Such a power is never the possession of the dreamer who is too aloof. Maybeck keeps his soul aloof from too much worldliness, but he lives with humanity. The man who builds beautiful houses wherein men may live bright, happy lives must be in sympathy with his fellows. And while Maybeck is now content to avoid the hurly burly, there was a time when he was in the midst of architectural affairs. While teaching at the University he dreamed a dream of a greater and grander seat of learning whose buildings should rise in conformity with a spacious design. That was the genesis of the Hearst Plan, and Maybeck had much to do with the preliminaries of the work. Every year sees that dream of his approaching closer and closer to complete realization.

He has a proud humility. He knows that his work is good, but he also knows how far short of the dream the building falls. No praise can convince him that his own estimate of his work is false. The Palace of Fine Arts is fine, but he prefers his little dwelling places. He is so matter-of-fact in valuing the Palace of Fine Arts less than one of his houses that your mind borrows his viewpoint, your eye strives to see level with his eye, and you learn perhaps a sounder way of thinking. He communicates his sensitiveness. He lifts you to the heights of simplicity. He makes you thirst for the living waters of sincerity.

He would have the love of those for whom he builds. He told me so. The Palace of Fine Arts is for the multitude, and the multitude can only admire. Love is not a public sentiment. Maybeck knows that, knows that he may draw the people just so close to him and no closer.

"If the man in overalls likes the Palace, that is something," he said.

But building for the individual is different. The architect like Maybeck leaves a little of himself beneath every rooftree.

"And so," he says with a smile, "I prefer my cottages."

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# Perspective Impressions

Isn't it time for the taxpayers to hold an indignation meeting?

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There is room for chemical purity in Los Angeles politics.

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One of the things we are entirely uninterested in is the identity of the Clutching Hand.

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Now that the Balkans are war-clouding again, we look for news of the dear old Sanjak of Novi-Bazar.

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"All the miracles of healing in the New Testament stand for less than the tuberculosis crusade," said Dr. Aked in his Easter sermon. The pastor talks more like an unbelieving doctor of medicine than a doctor of Christian divinity.

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"Nor will our efforts be abated until every American baby shall grow up under a guarantee of a fair chance of financing its own life," said Bishop Bell of Los Angeles, opening the World's Social Progress Congress in this city. Here's hoping the millennium may come before the bishop dies.

The New York Sun asks: "Just what is 'Social Service?'" Respectfully referred to Jane Addams or any of the busybody old ladies in trousers who sign themselves D. D. or L. L. D.

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Some burning questions that were setting inflammable men and women afire not long ago: white slavery, minimum wage, recall of decisions, prostitution.

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Colonel George Harvey's opinion of Secretary Daniels doesn't seem to be of much importance if you happen to remember what he used to think of Woodrow Wilson.

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We should be grateful to the Germans for expelling that unmitigated ass Gifford Pinchot from Belgium. But now that he is out of a job maybe our darling President will create another Cabinet post just to add to his collection of sapheads.

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The submarines appear to be knocking the bottom out of British shipping unless you happen to know that the ships sunk in a month are one per cent of all that get by without any trouble.

More "aerial insanity" at the Fair. We judge that the Old Gray Reaper has a season pass.

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"War settles nothing," Chancellor Jordan told the school marms. Peace, Chancellor, peace!

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Speaking about Spring Valley Abe Ruef is in San Quentin, and can prove an alibi.

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"Daniels' scalp may be in peril," says the Examiner. But it isn't. Josephus is a man after Woodrow's own heart.

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If we must have Spring Valley what's the objection to condemnation of properties? A condemnation suit wouldn't cost half so much as an election, but a condemnation suit would spoil the pickings.

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The newspapers that formerly told us that Spring Valley was fighting the Hetch-Hetchy project are now making it clear that the purchase of Hetch-Hetchy was merely preliminary to the raw deal that our greedy publishers are now trying to put through.

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# Italy and the Dardanelles

**By a Correspondent in Italy**

Sir: The operations of the Anglo-French fleet in the Dardanelles have aroused extraordinary interest throughout Italy, and are regarded as more likely to hasten this country's decision on the burning question of intervention in the war than any other event. Many who, without being Germanophils, or even Francophobes (there are many more of the latter than of the former), were neutrals because they did not see that Italy had any compelling motive to take part in the conflict, now feel that the moment for action is very near. There are two reasons which render it difficult for Italy to remain wholly inactive during the world-wide struggle—viz., the aspiration of the people that their unity be completed by the acquisition of the Italian-speaking districts of Austria, comprising a better strategic frontier, and the desire that when peace is concluded she should not remain, as after the Berlin Treaty of 1878, with "clean"—i.e., empty hands. The irredentist question may not come into play as a motion for intervention very soon, as the war is still being waged at a considerable distance from the "unredeemed" provinces; of course, if Austria were to break up, and the Serbian, or perhaps the German, army, were to approach the Northern Adriatic littoral, the necessity for action would become at once pressing, but for the present such possibility seems still remote.

But were the Dardanelles to be forced and Constantinople occupied by the Allies, the break-up of Turkey would be inevitable, and it would be a grave diminutio capitis for Italy if she did not have her share in the division, if not of territories, at least of "spheres of influence" in Asia Minor. Italy has ancient and splendid traditions in the Near East. Without going back to Roman times, the maritime republics of medieval Italy made their power felt throughout the Eastern Mediterranean, the Aegean, and even the Black Sea; Venetian and Genoese palaces, castles, churches, and inscriptions throughout the Levant bear witness to Italian civilization and influence, both political and commercial, in those lands. The Italian language is still spoken in almost every Levantine port, and even Austria, Italy's chief rival in those waters, has contributed to its diffusion, by means of the Austrian Lloyd, whose captains, crews, and agents all use it habitually. Italian schools, both government and private, and Italian missionaries are of course still more active agents in this field. The Venetians, above all, left their impress on this part of the world, for besides many islands and coast towns they were for many centuries from the fall of Constantinople in the Fourth Crusade, lords of "a quarter and half a quarter of new Rome." Traditions, however respectable and venerable, do not constitute a sufficient title for present-day claims; but even modern Italy has shown much activity in the Ottoman Empire and its neighbor lands, and in spite of many drawbacks and disadvantages, occupies a good position in the trade of the country. The Libyan war revived and intensified Italian interest in the Near East, and the occupation of Rhodes and the Dodecannesos has given Italy a footing in the Aegean, and aspirations in Asiatic Turkey.

If, as seems probable, the action of the Anglo-French fleet is conducted to its logical conclusion, the whole Eastern question will be cast into the melting-pot. Russia, even if she does not acquire Constantinople, will be freed from her isolation in the Black Sea and become a Mediterranean Power. Asia Minor will be opened up to European development, and the carefully adjusted equilibrium of the Balkans, built up by all Europe, but chiefly for the benefit of Austria and Germany, shaken and upset by the recent Balkan wars, will be finally swept away. What, then, will Italy's future be in this new Eastern world? That is the question which all thinking Italians are anxiously asking themselves, and the problem is how best to secure the country's position now against the day of final settlement. Signor Giolitti's letter was undoubtedly a "feeler" in the direction of neutrality. By suggesting the possibility of Italy's obtaining "a great deal without war" it caused much rejoicing in the neutralist camp. But its effect was short-lived, thanks to the tactless comments of the German and Austrian press, and its last echoes have been dispelled by the fire of the guns in the Dardanelles.

Other signs there are that Italy's neutrality is drawing to an end. The speech of the Minister of War who, in reply to a question in the Chamber, said that with the melting of the snows on the Alps certain military measures had become urgent, is highly significant. So, too, are the bills just presented to Parliament by the Premier against espionage and the publication of news concerning military movements, and the decree of the Government forbidding public meetings on the international situation. There are still neutralists in Italy, and they have some arguments on their side which cannot be altogether discarded. But it seems as though the mass of public opinion were now convinced that the arguments in favor of intervention are stronger, and that action cannot now be delayed for very long.

Rome, March 18th, 1915.

# The Eastern Question

By Alcibiades

Diplomacy is not, as the Germans would have it, a threat of war, but, at best, a substitute, and, at worst, a preparation for it. It recognizes that the sword must cut Gordian knots which it cannot itself untie, but, even so, its concern is so to manipulate influences that the minimum of action shall yield the maximum of result. Accordingly, a diplomatic analysis does not discover what a particular Power intends to do, but simply reveals what position it is establishing, what claims it is staking out, before it finally decides whether it must do anything at all or can confidently await the march of events.

What we call the Eastern question is really two questions—a Turkish question and an Austrian question—and it has long been apparent to diplomatists that no sooner would the Turkish question be solved than the Austrian question would become acute. For the Austrian Empire, like the Turkish Empire, and, for that matter like the British Empire and every other State which is not itself a unit but an aggregate of units, must either be a Great Power or no Power at all. It will cease to be a Power the moment that its parts think more of themselves than of the whole to which they belong, and it has been the constant misfortune of Austria that its very growth has created forces disastrous to itself. So soon as a sufficient number of Germans and of Italians felt themselves subject to Austrian influence they banded together to escape it and erect a separate national State, and in our own day we have seen how the annexation of Bosnia created a parallel movement amongst the Serbs. It has thus been a diplomatic commonplace that Austria would grow at Turkey's expense, and that, having grown, she would tend to break into pieces, but it was never anticipated that all contemplated contingencies would occur simultaneously, and that the Austrian question would begin to press for solution before the question of Turkey in Europe had been finally disposed of, and as soon as the question of Turkey in Asia had been definitely raised. Near Eastern diplomatists had accordingly to make up their minds whether Austria was really about to cease to exist as a Near Eastern Power, and the first point revealed by a diplomatic analysis is that the end of Austria is now universally admitted to be at hand. At this crisis she finds herself without a friend. There is not one neutral Power which is still prepared to contemplate the possibility of giving her aid, and this wiping of Austria off the slate constitutes a diplomatic revolution and goes far to explain the long delays and many hesitations that have distinguished the policies of the Near Eastern Powers.

"Momentumque fuit mutatus Curio rerum." Rumania is the Curio of this drama. For more than forty years Rumania has regarded Austria as her mainstay against Russia, and so strong were these traditions of policy in the mind of her old King that at the beginning of the war he seems to have seriously considered the advisability of supporting her in arms. Today the Austrophil party in Rumania is extinct, the Russophil party is more vigorous than it has ever been since 1878, and Rumanian diplomacy is working on the hypothesis of a Russian victory. The evidence of all this is to be found in the present co-operation between Rumania and Italy. Lying as they do on opposite flanks of the Austrian Empire, these two Powers were bound to co-operate as soon as that Empire showed signs of breaking up; but while the signs were still to seek Rumania gladly availed herself of Austrian support, while Italy was busy with the other half of the Eastern question and secured the reversion of a vilayet of the Turkish Empire. Their co-operation today means that the field of their diplomatic interests has been completely changed.

Even more significant is the case of Bulgaria. Of all the Near Eastern Powers Bulgaria had most reason to throw in her lot with Austria. It was, after all, Austrian co-operation which had enabled her to proclaim her independence, and by supporting Austria last August she could hope to secure the permanent humiliation of her Serb rival and to recover her lost Macedonian province, while at the same time feeling safe from attack by Turkey. The question for Bulgarian was what Rumania and Greece would do, and it was fortunate for the welfare of the Slav States that Rumania and Greece had already made up their minds that Austria would be beaten, and therefore intimated to the Sofia Cabinet that they would join the Serbs were they attacked in the rear. Thus headed off, Bulgaria acquiesced, at first sullenly enough. But a neutrality which was first forced upon her by pressure of circumstances is now displayed as a mark of benevolence to the Entente, and the possibility of an attack on Turkey in co-operation with Turkey's enemies is no longer remote. It is noteworthy that Greece, which only a few months ago was angling for Austrian support as against Italy in regard to Southern Albania, has now let it be known semi-officially that she would co-operate with Bulgaria in an attack on Adrianople. To M. Venizelos, no less than to all the other Near Eastern Premiers, it is clear that the Austrian alliance has in no way renewed the Turk's exhausted strength.

Just as the outstanding new diplomatic fact in one aspect of the Eastern question is the unexpected negligibility of Austria, so in its other aspect the diplomats have to note the equally unexpected negligibility of Germany. Following the old Bismarckian precept of creating distrust between England and Russia—the whale and the elephant—the Germans wedged themselves into the very heart of Asia Minor and there established a great position of which the Baghdad railway concession was the backbone. The collapse of German prestige in the Near East has been remarkably rapid, and was in no way restored by the fact that German influence finally succeeded in involving Turkey in the war; for if there be one person who now counts for less than the Teuton in the Near East it is the Turk. Nor is the reason for this collapse far to seek. The German position in Asia Minor rested in the last resort on the fame of the German navy, and it is the failure of the German navy to make its influence felt in the Mediterranean—for the varied adventures of the Goeben cannot be said to constitute an influence—which is responsible for the belief that the Germans' day in Asia is over. The future of Asia Minor will be settled over Germany's head, and the elimination of this hitherto important factor has greatly simplified the problem as it presents itself to British, Russian and French diplomacy. But it is to be noted that while capable of preventing the Germans from exerting any real strength in Asia Minor at all, the Allies are unable to bring their whole strength to bear in that region themselves, and for that reason must attach weight to claims which under other circumstances might perhaps have been overriden.

These claims are put forward by Italy and Greece, and their settlement constitutes a difficult diplomatic problem. Rhodes and the other islands of the Dodecanese stand at the heart of the matter. They are in Italian occupation, but the Treaty of Lausanne pledged Italy to return them to Turkey as soon as certain conditions had been complied with. It is, however, quite clear that their ultimate destiny is to be neither Italian nor Turkish, but Greek, and that they will never again know internal tranquillity until they are in Greek hands. Greece has a right to them and Greece will strain every nerve to get them, directing all her diplomatic efforts toward that end. The more reasonable section of Italian opinion fully realises that in declaring the occupation to be no more than temporary the Italian Government showed a wise discretion; but there is a school of thought which holds that Italy has a certain claim on all regions once included in the Empire of Venice, and which notes that occupations of Turkish territory tend to be permanent, as the case of Egypt proves. It must however be clear to the Italian Cabinet that action which might estrange Greece over the islands and Serbia over Albania might eventually confront Italy with a couple of enemies very formidable in alliance, and there is evidence that efforts are in progress to solve the problem diplomatically. At any rate, Italy and Greece have come to an agreement over the question of Northern Epirus. But if they are to reach a parallel agreement in the case of the islands, compensation must clearly be found for Italy elsewhere, and the obvious aim of Italian diplomacy is to exchange the islands for the mainland and thus realise her ambition of securing a foothold in Asia Minor. A question in its origin Italo-Greek is thus seen to involve the Allies, in whose hands the future of Asia Minor now lies; and a further step in the argument shows that it involves the Balkan States as well. The position is that the Allies are to negotiate an arrangement with Italy by which Greece will benefit, and the question they have to consider is whether they have anything to suggest to Greece in return for the favor. The problem of the Greco-Bulgar boundary at once presents itself, and it is not impossible that Greece, like Italy, will be asked to sacrifice conquests in Europe and, again like Italy, will receive compensation in Asia. Our diplomatic analysis thus shows that all the threads of Near Eastern policy are joined together in Rhodes, precisely as ten years ago they were all joined together in Crete.

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# Poems Inspired by the War

### TO A WAR POET
**By Louis Untermyer**

You sang the battle—
Boldly you called for the muskets to rattle,
You, in your slippered ease.
And bade the bugles lift to the breeze.
Glory you sang—from your couch—
With a weak and sagging pouch
You uttered your militant prattle—
You sang the battle!

What was your singing for,
With its two-penny craving for gore;
With its blatant and shoddy glamor
False to the core?
Evil enough is the poisonous clamor—
Why should you yammer
Of war?

Safe in your club or your den
You watch them go past you again;
Other than when you first sung them,
(Thankful that you're not among them)
Soldiers no longer, but men.
Men—and young boys—who were hot with the breath
Of your ardor and noisy ferment—
Look at them now; they are broken and spent. . .
Are you not glad that your doggerel sent
Hundreds of these to their death?

Go now—stop clearing your throat;
Drop those fat hands that smote
Your twanging and trumpery lute.
Go now—and learn from that battered recruit
Of his jubilant sixty days!
Of the horror that crowded the dawn;
Of a fragrant and peace-breathing lawn
Turned to a roaring blaze;
Of frantic drums that blustered and beat
A nightmare retreat;
Of the sickness, the death-dealing stenches;
Of the blundering fight through the sleet
Waist-high in the water-filled trenches.
Of women ravished in a gust
Of horrible, hasty lust;
And children conceived with the crippling weight
Of frenzied and cancerous hate. . . . .
The dusk settling down like a blight,
Screening unnamable hordes;
Searchlights stabbing the night
With blinding and bodiless swords;
Of a sudden welter of cries
And death dropping down from the skies. . . .
What was your singing for?
This music that dared to enamor
The crowd with the clamor
It could not ignore. . . . .
Go—with your falsetto roar;
Go—with your ready-made glamor.
Why should you stay here to gurgle and stammer
Of war?

---

### "MY NORMANDY"
**By a French Prisoner of War**

Alien tongue and alien legions,
Alien scenes around me teem.
Am I still in fancy's regions?
Do I wake or do I dream?
Still I hear the roar and rattle
Of the cannon, fierce and deep.
And I see the god of battle
O'er my native valleys sweep.
Still the dull reverberation
Of the thunder fills my ear;
Scenes of carnage, desolation,
Haunt my memory even here.
From embattled walls my vision
Sweeps o'er alien land and dome,
While my heart on holy mission
Sends a thousand greetings home.
Where the shades of night are falling—
Yonder, where I fought for thee,
Thee for whom my heart is calling:
My belovéd Normandy.

Yonder sun, serenely beaming,
Shines alike on friend and foe;
Over yonder, shells are screaming,
Battles raging to and fro.
Here a peace-enjoying nation,
Far from tumult, strife and dread—
Would that war's fierce devastation
Had descended here instead.
These the rude barbarian minions,
Planning early, planning late,
To dismember our dominions,
Filled with envy and with hate?
Were these homes and pleasant places
Fashioned by barbarian hands?
No, I say! No noble graces
Ever throve on barren lands.
Quiet, love of home, submission,
Faith in God, is what I see;
Pleasing prospects greet my vision,
Beautiful as Normandy.

When they led us through the city,
Enemies, cast down in cheer,
Throngs were watching us in pity,
And in many an eye a tear.
Not as chained slaves did they meet us,
Bent beneath the ruler's rod;
But as equals did they greet us,
Brothers still in sight of God.
Who, then, fanned this conflagration,
Filled our hearts with fierce distrust
Of this proud and noble nation,
Calm and sober, strong, robust?
France, thy gallant sons are dying,
And thy fields are desolate;
Not thy foeman, but a lying
Friend has sealed thy iron fate.
Trait'rous friend, thy favor suing,
Dragged thee down in infamy,
And in thy complete undoing
My belovéd Normandy.

---

### THE COST OF WAR
**By Harry Kemp**

I sing the song of the great clean guns that belch forth death at will.
Ah, but the wailing mothers, the lifeless forms and still!

I sing the song of the billowing flags, the bugles that cry before.
Ah, but the skeleton flapping rags, the lips that speak no more!

I sing of the clash of bayonets, of sabres that flash and cleave.
And wilt thou sing the maimed ones, too, that go with pinned-up sleeve?

I sing acclaimed generals that bring the victory home.
Ah, but the broken bodies that drip like honeycomb!

I sing of hosts triumphant, long ranks of marching men.
And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts that never march again?

### THE HUN IS AT THE GATE
**—Kipling**
**By C. T. Hall**

Laureate, whose martial chord
Sounded too late, unheard.
We thank thee for that word!

Lords of th' unsetting sun,
Reapers in fields unsown.
No hireling's part the Hun,
The blood he sheds, his own.
False to thy sons of old,
Falser to brothers now,
Perjured a thousandfold,
To keep a tainted vow!
Where is the land or sea
But holds a savage horde,
Slaves of thy golden key,
And bondsmen of thy sword!

The Hun at Europe's gate
Shall keep thy wolves at bay.
Come they, or soon or late,
From Nippon or Cathay,
From Africa's stolen mines,
Or Austral deserts bare,
In black or yellow lines,
On horse or foot or air.

The Hun shall keep the gate
The Briton has betrayed
To Tartar greed and hate,
Unflinching, undismayed.
Grant then your Norman gods
Be absent when you call,
Lest with such fearful odds
The Saxon gate may fall,
Letting the heathen through,
To plunge our world in night.
They know not what they do.
Yet sin against the light!

Britain! They serve who stand and wait,
Fear not, the Hun will hold thy gate.

---

### THE KEEP-IT DARK CITY

(Even the more obscure of the American papers, says London Punch, often contain important news of the doings of the British army many days before the censor allows the information to be published in England.)

I am told that few exploits are finer
Than a battle our Blankshires have won,
So bring me The Michigan Miner,
For I'm anxious to read how 'twas done;
If The Miner's not easy to hit on,
Get The Maryland Trumpet; it treats
Of a story that's kept, to the Briton,
As dark as the Westminster streets!

As our soldiers from north of the Border
Some vital positions have stormed,
Put The Oregon Message on order
To keep me completely informed!
One moment! I've just heard a rumor
That the Germans' whole front has been cleft—
Quick! Rush for The Tennessee Boomer;
Heaven grant that a copy is left!

Each day in this keep-it-dark city,
Officials, to us, seem unkind
To censor such news without pity.
But, of course, they've an object in mind;
For a man, when his spirits touch zero
Through a natural yearning for facts,
Will enlist, and himself be a hero
Where no one can censor his acts!

# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCI—HAPHAZARD

(The following poem by Emma Frances Dawson is taken from her book of stories "An Itinerant House." None can mistake the San Francisco atmosphere.)

By Emma Frances Dawson

In the balcony jutting above the wild ocean,
Like scene an Arabian Night reveals,
Where oft we linger, with gay emotion,
To look at the rocks and the sunning seals,
To number the clouds, and the gulls, wind-shaken,
And name the crowding white horses whose manes
Float and flutter to spray as they sink overtaken—
Th' sea reclaims—

'Twas here we stood, when a mist unbroken
Made the world seem sketched on a vapored pane;
Gray walls surrounded, and blurred all token
Whether sun or moon might arise or wane;
'Twas like a dawning or dreamy gloaming,
And a potent spell upon you and me,
For as we paused there our thoughts were roaming
Ships at sea.

As if in conjuror's crystal looming
Through murky depths, sailed a ship afar
Like thistle-down in its phantom blooming,
Or a floating film a breath might mar;
As if carved of the moonstone's cloudy sheen,
Through the mist it glimmered with softened glow.
And its sails afret with the wind were seen
Intaglio.

And you murmured, "Perhaps in that vessel one passes
Whom we might have adored had we known;
And it may be their view our own so surpasses
Their fantasies shoreward are blown."
"Alas!" I answered, "We have no warning
When the things that almost occur are near—
Or, like our dreams between dusk and dawning,
Disappear."

# The Spectator

### Overlooking Ed Bennett

When I read in the hotel notes of the daily papers that Edward H. Bennett was in town, my curiosity was aroused. Will there be another Designer's Day at the World's Fair? I wondered. Will the Fair directors confer a bronze plaque on Bennett for his part in the preparation of the World's Fair plans? I recalled that this brilliant young architect, the associate of Daniel H. Burnham in the making of the Civic Center plans for San Francisco, had had a great deal to do with the architectural preliminaries of the Fair. I recalled that he had not been honored on Designer's Day when the rest of the architects received fitting recognition for their brilliant achievements. And so I wondered whether his presence in town would be made the opportunity for doing him tardy justice. While speculating thus I met Willis Polk and put the matter to him. I speedily learned that he too had been thinking about this matter. More than that, I learned that it had been in the thoughts of William H. Crocker, chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee of the Exposition. Neither of these thinks that E. H. Bennett should be overlooked.

### His Share in the Plan

Polk reminded me that two general plans for the World's Fair were made when the executive council consisted of Faville, Clarence Ward and himself. One plan was made by Faville, the other by Bennett. Then the board of architects was constituted by the addition to the council of Kelham, Mullgardt and Arthur Browne of San Francisco, McKim, Meade and White, Carrere and Hastings, and Henry Bacon of New York, and Robert Farquhar of Los Angeles. To this board the two plans were submitted. Bennett's was adopted. So, says Polk, the statement often made that the plan was the work of the entire board is not true. Thereafter the work of carrying out the plan was divided among the various members. When the Fair celebrated Designer's Day, Polk and Bennett were not included in the list of those to whom honor was done. Polk is not thirsting for honor, but he thinks Bennett should receive his due. W. H. Crocker thinks so too, and wrote a letter on the subject to President Moore.

### Moore Explains

To Crocker's letter Moore made the following reply:

Office of the President.
March 19th, 1915.

Mr. William H. Crocker,
Chairman, Buildings and Grounds Committee,
San Francisco, California.

My Dear Mr. Crocker:

Replying to your favor of the 4th inst., which I have not found time to acknowledge until now:

I beg to state that the matter of Designer's Day was entirely original with me, and I personally issued the invitations.

So far as I know, we were the first Exposition to recognize the Designers in this manner.

I purposely chose the name "Designers' Day," not as you will note, "Architects' Day," to recognize the men who designed various elements of the architectual picture.

You mention in your letter about Mr. Willis Polk and Mr. Ira E. Bennett (I presume you mean Mr. E. H. Bennett). The advisability of including these gentlemen, and some others, was considered at some length, and I decided that any recognition of them was not in keeping with the purposes of the occasion, for neither Mr. Polk nor Mr. Bennett designed any of the buildings that constitute the Exposition.

Of the men that were recognized on Designer's Day, definite reference could be made to the particular things they did. Of course, a very great many people have aided the Exposition, directly or indirectly, and, much as we might like to, it would be difficult to make definite acknowledgement of the services rendered.

If, however, you and the other members of the Buildings and Grounds Committee consider that some form of acknowledgement should be made to Messrs. Polk and Bennett, I would be very much pleased to receive a statement of the reason warranting such recognition and recommendations as to the form such recognition, if any, should take.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. C. MOORE,
President.

### The Horns of a Dilemma

Whereupon Crocker responded as follows:

March 22, 1915.

Charles C. Moore, Esq., President,
Panama-Pacific International Exposition,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. President:

Your valued favor of the 19th inst. referring to Designers Day, is just at hand.

I note with pleasure the motives which inspired you in selecting those to whom grateful acknowledgement was accorded for the part they took in designing our incomparable Exposition—I realize the burden you have borne in bringing this splendid achievement to such a successful issue—to you the greatest credit of all is due, but when you state that it was your purpose in designating the occasion as "Designers Day" so as to include among others the designers of "various elements of the architectural picture," I cannot understand why after consideration at length you decided not to include those who conceived the entire picture.

I think in devising a general plan of the Exposition that it is a fact that the Executive Council of Architects supervised this work, but in its presentation were divided.

At the first meeting of the Board of Architects Mr. Polk submitted a plan prepared by Mr. Edward H. Bennett; Mr. Faville submitted plans of his own. Mr. Bennett's plan was adopted. At a later meeting, by a resolution introduced by Mr. Faville, Mr. Bennett was "thanked for completing the plan of the Exposition."

For these reasons I cannot see why definite recognition should not be extended to Mr. Bennett.

It seems to me that not to do so places the Exposition on a plane beneath its true place. It

also seems that authoritative statements to the effect that the general plan was the work of the entire Board of Architects should not emanate from Exposition sources when the facts are that this plan was made before the Board of Architects was appointed.

Mr. Polk disclaims any title to recognition and assures me that he would decline any that might be extended. Mr. Bennett is entirely unaware of this matter and should to my mind be consulted as to his wishes in the matter.

Whatever disposition the Exposition authorities may make of this matter, certain credit will be accorded by popular rumor to Messrs. Polk and Bennett—Therefore I believe that either of the following courses, and those only remain open:—

First: Recognize the part they took in creating our plans, or,

Second: Definitely deny that they had anything to do with it.

Any other course can result only in reflection detrimental alike to the gentlemen in question and to the Exposition as well; therefore the Buildings and Grounds committee respectfully requests that you take definite action in accordance with the spirit of their resolution.

Very truly yours,
WM. H. CROCKER,
Chairman Buildings and Grounds Committee.

### Hough Perry's Mistake

George Hough Perry, chief of the publicity bureau, doesn't like the naughty newspapermen who find any fault with the Exposition. He feels that he has a personal grievance against them. Some days ago he was in the company of two local reporters who are assigned to duty on the Fair Grounds, and he took occasion to say what he thought of those newspaper critics who refused to regard the Fair as a sacrosanct institution.

"But I've got one of them," he said. "He's on the Sacramento Bee, and he wrote an article for his paper in which I counted thirteen deliberate misstatements. He can't get away from it either, because he signed his name to the article. I've just written a letter to the managing editor demanding that he be fired."

"What were the deliberate misstatements?" asked one of the newspapermen.

"The first was that it cost sixteen dollars and a half to go through Toyland," answered Perry. "That's a lie on its face, because Toyland isn't open yet."

"But Toyland has been open," one of the reporters pointed out. "It was open for about ten days at the beginning of the Fair."

"I didn't know that," said Perry in surprise.

He went on to the other "deliberate misstatements," and the reporters noted mentally that they were all correct statements. When he concluded, one of his listeners asked him:

"What is the name of the man who wrote this article?"

"McClutchy or some such name," said Perry.

"C. K. McClatchy?" he was asked.

"That's it," said Perry.

"Have you sent the letter yet?" one of the reporters inquired.

"No, it's on my desk, and I'm going to sign it when I go back to my office."

"If I were you," he was told, "I should throw it into the waste basket."

"Why so?" demanded the publicity chief.

"Because," was the answer, "C. K. McClatchy is the editor and proprietor of the Sacramento Bee. He's a vice-president of the Associated Press. He belongs to a newspaper family that has been identified with California since 1850. His paper is known all over the country. It's hardly worth while to ask a man like that to fire himself."

The two reporters went away wondering how the chief of publicity could live in San Francisco for two years without learning something of the personnel of the California press. They left Perry gasping for breath.

### The Clockwinder's Dream

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock dropped into the office of the Harbor Commission last Monday, and found the Hon. Matt I. Sullivan conversing in whispers with Commissioner Joe Dwyer. Throwing his key on the floor he rushed between them, seized Mr. Sullivan by the hand and shook it vigorously. "You're a wiz!" he exclaimed, and before either Mr. Sullivan or Mr. Dwyer recovered from the shock the clockwinder picked up his key and vanished. When he returned half an hour later whistling Tipperary the Harbor Commissioner was alone.

"Say," said Dwyer, "what did you do that to our former Chief Justice for?"

"He's the fellow, ain't he?" the clockwinder meekly asked.

"What fellow? What the devil are you talking about?"

"The wiz."

"What do you mean?"

"The miracle worker."

"I don't understand you. What are you driving at? I don't know anything about miracles."

"Say, Joe," said the clockwinder solemnly, "there's a lot you don't understand. You never did understand in the old days why the ponies didn't run to form in the mud at Emeryville. And now you're not on to the greatest miracle ever performed in San Francisco, the city of wonders."

"No," said Dwyer, "I must confess I haven't heard about it."

"Well, then I'll put you on. A little while ago all the boys at the City Hall, including Percy, were rapping Spring Valley. They wanted to buy Hetch-Hetchy and put Spring Valley on the bum. They told us that if we didn't vote for the Hetch-Hetchy bonds we'd be all dying of thirst during the Exposition. It was so bad that Rudie Spreckels was for sinking wells to prevent a fatal drought. Gee! how they used to hate Spring Valley! Hearst, Crothers, E. P. E. Troy, Phelan—all the civic patriots were for forcing the

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corporation into bankruptcy. I was getting worried, because as you know I sympathize with public service corporations. Of course I ought to have got wise when Billy Bourne, the president of the company, in the midst of the trouble made a sneak over to Ireland to shoot ducks on Lake Killarney. He wasn't worrying. It was aisy comes, aisy goes with him, and he bought a big estate over there, bigger than the one he had at Napa in the romantic days of his youth. Billy wasn't worrying. He isn't worrying now."

"Why should he?" Dwyer asked.

"That's right. Why should he, with the tax-eaters all working for him? All of a sudden somebody shifted the cut, and began dealing from the bottom. There was plenty of water for everybody except in a few districts, and it was deemed advisable to keep them thirsty so that the inhabitants would vote to put the deal through. Do you catch-catchee?"

Dwyer was in a deep brown study.

The clockwinder continued: "There were a few kickers, but somebody moved to make it unanimous, and Spring Valley stock was firm. There's hardly anybody off the reservation just now. Even Crothers, the anarchist, has been taken into camp. He is taking program with Hearst. There's not a bit of friction anywhere. It's a miracle, isn't it? And miracles don't just happen."

"What's the explanation?" Dwyer asked.

"I was sitting up in the clock tower yesterday," said the clockwinder, "looking out the window and thinking it over, and all of a sudden I fell asleep and had a dream, and I saw Matt Sullivan sitting on my key with the Governor on one knee, the Mayor on the other, and President Wilson eating out of Matt's hand. They were singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Presently they got off the key, and I woke up. Now I'm a great interpreter of dreams, and I said to myself, 'There's the wiz, the miracle-worker, the man who can get under three tents at once.' Said I to myself, 'Matt is the only man who could make the thing unanimous.' That's why I shook his hand. Joe, it's too bad you're not a supervisor."

### He Talks About Art

Monday afternoon while strolling through the Fine Arts Building the clockwinder saw his friend Editor Rowell of Fresno taking an esthetic interest in the lady having her hair dressed. The clockwinder approached the great Progressive scholar from the rear, and startled him by slapping him on the shoulder.

"Well, Chestie," the clockwinder asked, "what do you think of her?"

Editor Rowell wrinkled up like a Fresno raisin, but the clockwinder is not a sensitive person. Receiving no reply he casually observed: "Some pretty fine pictures in here."

In icy tones the editor remarked: "I did not know that you took an interest in art."

"Oh, yes indeed," said the bilge water philosopher. "I sit in here by the hour with Count Montgelas and John D. Barry talking it over. We agree on many things. But I got into a dispute with them the other day on the subject of nudes."

"Ah, indeed."

"Yes, I thought I'd interest you. I don't mind confessing that I don't like this favoritism, this discrimination."

"What discrimination?"

"The discrimination in favor of men."

"I don't understand."

"You're as bad as Dwyer. All these nudes around here are of women—studies for men. Now Mr. Barry tells me that the human figure is very important in art. Now I say why play favorites? Let us see more of men."

"Men are not beautiful."

"There's where you are wrong. The masculine figure has more beautiful lines than the feminine figure. Don't you think that Commissioner Bill Sesnon would cut a more beautiful figure in the altogether under his plug hat than that lady over there in the frame with a red rose in her hair? Don't you think so?"

Suffused with blushes Editor Rowell made his exit without making reply. And the clockwinder went over to the Administration Building to inquire just what the difference is between the salary Chief Engineer Connick was getting when he built the reservoir and the salary he is now receiving.

### The Busy Bank Swindler

When William J. Burns, the great detec-a-tive, as he is now called, wormed himself into the confidence of the American Bankers' Association a few years ago his newspaper celebrants assured us that the forger's occupation would soon be gone. Curiously enough forgers and bank swindlers were never so active as they have been of late. This I learned on investigation after having been reminded of the great motion picture Hawkshaw by S. H. Conrad, the forger who swindled a local bank out of $4,500 a few weeks ago. Conrad, by the way, swindled a bank in New Orleans before coming to this city. It was a bank that had purchased the protection of Burns. Burns was asked to arrest the swindler, but he was probably too busy curling his mustache before a camera. At any rate the swindler was not arrested until after his achievement in this city. Burns was again notified, but this time so were the Pinkertons and in a few hours they were on the trail of the swindler They traced him through several cities, and finally ran him to cover in Boston where, co-operating with the police of that city, they placed him under arrest and recovered some of the loot. The records show that several hundred banks under the "protection" of Burns were swindled in the year ending January 31st, 1915, and that the Pinkertons had to be called in to catch the criminals, which they did in a majority of instances.

### How the Shells Sound

Jimmy Hopper, the well known writer of Carmel, is in Paris after a visit to the French army on the western battle front. I have seen a letter he wrote recently to a friend in this city, and it is so interesting that I have obtained leave to quote from it. Hopper's finished work is to be classed with the best inspired by the war, witness his wonderful character study of General Joffre; and it will be noticed that his thumb-nail sketches possess a vividness peculiarly Hopperesque. "I've had at last my wish fulfilled," he writes. "I've been to the front. Just got back last night. I've


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been on top of a hill with shells crossing over my head, and I've been in the first line trenches, and there had a shell burst so close it left mud on my hat. I was under rifle-fire, too, and one bullet snarled so close that the two officers with me ducked frankly, and laughed afterward. I got all the sounds I had been after:—rifle fire, mitrailleuse (they go ta-ta-ta-ta-ta like a child), cannon, big shell going overhead (like a great flat-wheeled chariot going over a trestle made of iron junk loosely screwed together), shell bursting close (a deafening crash), small shell passing overhead (a winged sound) and a bullet passing through one's hair (a snarl of incredible viciousness)."

### Capturing a Town

"I saw a small town the French had taken from the Germans," Hopper also writes. "First the French had charged from their trenches and captured two houses. They held these two houses on the outskirts for fifty-two days without being able to go farther. Then they began tunneling from them. They'd tunnel across streets and yards to another house, would rise up through the cellar floor and clear the Boches out with bayonet. Thus at the rate sometimes of only one yard in one day, they tunneled to the castle in the center of the town, blew up its walls and charged on. There remained a big farm solidly fortified by the Germans. The French tunneled till they reached the house across the street, brought artillery up, and bombarded the farm at a distance of seven yards. They got the farm—and the town. It wasn't much of a town by that time. But never, never speak to me again of French frivolity! If a Frenchman ever asks me for my home, I'll give it to him! The French army is now wonderful. The men all look as if they had fought ten years; bearded, black, muddied from head to foot, with lines of suffering in their strong faces and eyes that pierce you through."

### The Lantern

Something unprecedented in the history of American journalism has happened right here in San Francisco. The first number of a magazine has gone into its second edition within one month after its appearance. Nothing like that ever happened before in this country, if anywhere else. There have been instances of the reprinting of old, long established magazines on account of something of widespread interest, as for instance in the case of the Dublin Quarterly when it contained the essay on Shelley by Francis Thompson, but it is the history of new magazines that slow progress was made at the beginning. The Lantern is a new magazine. It was born in the middle of last month. It came into the world noiselessly. The customary shriek was omitted. It contained but one article—"The Vice of Total Abstinence," by the editor Theodore Bonnet. It was doubtful whether there would be a second number. In ten days the news stand at the St. Francis ordered a second lot. In two weeks there was not a copy left on any news stand in the Ferry Building. Presently orders came in for back numbers; for some folks had failed to take notice that The Lantern was a baby. The Lantern had a subscription list almost before the ink was dry. The second edition is being printed to fill orders from the East. The Lantern will continue for awhile to emit rays. Now it has two editors instead of one—Edward F. O'Day having joined hands with Theodore Bonnet in this venture. The magazine will be devoted to matters of general interest, but especially to making its readers familiar with some of the little known curiosities and masterpieces of literature and with some of the shams of the day. Pharisees, Philistines and other undesirable citizens who make us all more or less uneasy and uncomfortable will see themselves with the aid of Lantern light as others see them.

### Good Friday Sport

Our two State universities enlivened Good Friday with a series of athletic contests. On Good Friday morning there was a track meet; on Good Friday afternoon there were wrestling matches and the annual U. C.-Stanford baseball game. Naturally there has been a good deal of comment on this Good Friday program of athletic festivity. People are asking why the two universities should countenance on Good Friday what they bar on the fifty-two Sundays of the year. There are no athletic contests on Sunday at Stanford or Berkeley, for our universities are Sunday closers. Now there are many, many good Christians who have no objection to Sunday sport but who cherish a decided prejudice against Good Friday sport. In San Francisco many of these Christians—some of them engaged in the liquor business—closed their places of business from twelve to three on Good Friday so that they and their employes might go to church. They are wondering whether the "reverent observance of Good Friday movement" might not be extended to the two universities. The blame for the Good Friday athletics is placed on the two student managers, Wilcox of Stanford and Stroud of California. It is explained that their action is independent of the faculty. At the same time it would seem to the outsider that a word from Prexy Wheeler and Chancellor Jordan might have caused a change of date. No doubt these two eminent men were too busy dreaming of "social service" to note the profanation of a day Christians hold peculiarly sacred.

### Honor for Holland

Signal honor was conferred on Holland when the foreign commissioners accredited to the World's Fair met last week and organized for concerted action in all matters affecting their interests as well as for social reasons. The Dutch Commissioner was made president of the association. Henry Torchiana, the commissioner in question, was already Consul General of the Netherlands and now adds to his dignities that of "President of the Association of Commissioners for the Countries Officially Represented at the P. P. I. E." It would seem that little Holland is in great favor with foreign nations as represented in our midst. If these honors keep coming to the genial attorney the engraver who supplies him with visiting cards will doubtless decide that the long heralded era of prosperity has at last arrived.

### He Made the World's Mouth Water

The man who invented one of the most famous bits of cookery in the world is dead in Philadelphia, and the admiring hotel men of that city are collecting a purse for his needy widow and two sons. The man whose culinary achievement the hotel men honor was William King. "Chicken a la King" is the name of the dish that has entranced the world's epicurean taste, and like all good things, it is simple. King compounded the dish one day twenty years ago at the request of a waiter at the old Bellevue Hotel. At that time he was an ordinary assistant cook in the kitchen of the hostelry that later was succeeded by the Bellevue-Stratford. A patron with a jaded palate had been grumbling, and the waiter asked King to prepare some dish that would please the man. King cut up the white meat of chicken into small cubes. He added fresh mushrooms cut in the same way, truffles, red and green peppers, and cooked the mixture in cream. The patron ate it lingeringly and lovingly, as one who knew that he had met with a masterpiece, and then wanted to know who invented the dish.

"Bill King," said the waiter. "He works in the kitchen."

"Chicken a la King," said the patron, and so was the dish christened.

Since that day its fame has spread throughout the United States and foreign lands. In every restaurant where eating is something more than a necessity, "chicken a la King" holds a place of importance on the menu.

### The People as Stockholders

It is interesting to learn that the preferred stock of our most prosperous public utility corporation, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, is being rapidly absorbed by the plain people of California. The company reports that up to and including March 25, 1915, the company had sold $9,541,900 par value of its first preferred stock to 4,095 purchasers; 501 sales, aggregating $736,500 have been made since January 1, 1915, which is at the rate of about $250,000 per month. The company is said to have recently declined an offer to sell to an Eastern banker, at the same price at which it is retailing this stock to its consumers, the entire amount of the issue authorized by the Railroad Commission but remaining unsold. In January, 1915, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company made a net gain of 2,775 consumers. In February the gain was 2,983, a total net gain for the two months of 5,758. This compares with 2,404 consumers gained in the first two months of last year. The following table shows the number of consumers in each department served February 28, 1915, compared with February 28, 1914, with the growth of each department during the twelve months period:

| February 28 | 1914 | 1915 | Gain |
|---|---|---|---|
| Electric | 134,252 | 152,233 | 17,981 |
| Gas | 208,961 | 222,036 | 13,075 |
| Water | 8,428 | 9,045 | 617 |
| Steam | 297 | 353 | 56 |

She—Would you leave your home for me?

He—I'd leave a baseball game in the ninth inning with the score a tie.

"There's a perfect match."

"So?"

"Yes. She's a spitfire, and he's a stick."

"So Miss Banger played for you? She claims that she can make the piano speak."

"Well, I'll bet if it spoke it would say, 'Woman, you have played me false.'"

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Dan Jackling's Luck

Dan Jackling, you're a lucky man! You will hear that many a time and oft when you and your charming bride return from the honeymoon, but let Tantalus, your friend and well wisher, be among the first to make the conventional remark. I say it in no perfunctory way. You are indeed a lucky man. If there are lucky stars—Tantalus has done some star gazing in his time but is no astronomer—if there are in the heavens certain genial twinklers that confer blessings upon the men of earth, you were undoubtedly born beneath one of them. You became rich beyond those bromidic bounds called "the dreams of avarice" while still in full possession of youth, health, vigor and the joy of life. That was one piece of luck. Your marriage is another and a greater. Charming Virginia Joliffe had no end of suitors, as you must know; suitors worthy your competition. It was your luck to make a spectacular entrance into the field, just as the mysterious knight used to ride into the lists at the last hour of the tournament, and carry her off from all the rivals who contended for her heart and hand. Shall I call you a modern Lochinvar? No, I'll be content to repeat that you're a mighty lucky fellow!

### A Thrilling Courtship

You may not know it, lucky Dan Jackling, but we were all watching your courtship with the keenest interest. Ever since the Mardi Gras, as the papers have iterated and reiterated, you have been striving for the charming prize. How we wondered whether you would succeed where others failed! How we chatted about this and that sign of your approaching triumph! Do you know, some of us—those of us who haunt the country club at Burlingame and give rein to the sporting instinct—do you know that some of us made bets on the affair of the heart that meant so much to you? Think of the excitement you caused! We are not often so moved by a mere matrimonial prospect. But in this instance we were exceedingly interested, and the betting was even money at the end. I can assure you that quite a bit of gold changed dainty hands (for the betting was not all done by the men) when we heard that you had won. Winners and losers alike, we wish you happiness.

### The Bright Future

Your future stretches bright and roseate before you, Dan Jackling. With your marriage to Virginia Joliffe a new element enters your life to enrich it as all your wealth could never enrich it. Do you realize what a privilege it is to claim such a bride? No doubt you do. We are very fond of the Joliffe girls in this community, Dan. They are superior girls. I am not overfond of the adjestive—it has been worn threadbare by misuse—but it expresses what I have in mind. They possess the charms of feminine loveliness, but that is not all. How often are we attracted to a beautiful girl, only to discover that her charms are surface charms exclusively! It is like traversing a splendid portico and finding no rooms to warrant the entrance. It is not so with the Joliffe girls. If they attract by their external charms, they hold by their graces of mind and endear by their graces of heart. They have wit, they have sensibility, they read and think and observe for themselves. Hence they have always cast a spell upon men of attainments. Really, Dan, the nicest thing that you could wish to have said of you is that a Joliffe girl thought enough of you to marry you. I am sure you understand that this is a high compliment.

### As to Social Position

You know of course, Dan, that the Joliffe girls are friendly with the nicest people in town. The bavardes would say that they are members of the exclusive set hereabouts. Through your marriage to Virginia Joliffe you will find yourself welcomed in circles to which all your wealth would prove an inadequate passport. You will be made at home in the most interesting houses here and down the peninsula. You will find that Virginia's friends will be cordially willing to become your friends. You will speedily become one of us, as you never could have become had you remained a widower. And you will find that some of your—what shall I say?—some of your healthy exuberances will fall away from you. You have splurged a good deal, Dan, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame you. Your rise was spectacular, and it was inevitable that you should enjoy it in rather a heady manner. But now you will find that splurging is flat, stale and unprofitable; you will note that it is not done in our set. Do you grasp my meaning? The private car, for instance. That is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, except with railway presidents. Our millionaires no longer believe in that artificial form of exclusiveness. The note sought for nowadays is simplicity, for it has been found that simplicity is really more enjoyable. I shall not be surprised to find you dispensing with the private car, substituting a drawing room with its opportunities for seclusion or democratic intercourse with one's fellows, according to the mood of the moment. The steam yacht is all right, provided you do not take it too seriously, and do not let the newspaper photographers aboard too often. And so on down the line. I mean no offense when I say that life with us will take a good deal of the salt out of your Salt Lakeishness. So once more, lucky Dan Jackling, my hearty good wishes to you!

### Maude Fay in Munich

What a noble woman is Maude Fay, California's queen of song! Europe is not beloved of opera singers these days. They are on the wing, the world's great song birds, seeking congenial climes, where golden notes evoke golden echoes and inspiriting applause. Not so Maude Fay. She was in Munich when the war broke out, and in Munich she has remained ever since. Good friends tried to induce her to return home. There were friends in Munich who invited her to accompany them home. A professional engagement was offered her in New York. All in vain. Maude Fay loves the country of her first triumphs, and she is doing what she can for the German cause. She has had some experience as a nurse in the great war, and she has learned a lot about making bandages. Of these things I have been reminded by a letter from Miss Fay which I saw the other day, a letter in which she told how glad she was to read in Town Talk an article entitled "The German Viewpoint." "It filled me," she wrote, "with national and local pride to see such a lucid account by an American and especially by a Californian, for I am more Californian than ever." In this letter Miss Fay expressed herself frankly as a warm partisan of Germany. "From my heart," she wrote, "I want to see Germany come out on top after this frightful mess has been cleared away a bit. I would be on the side of any nation that had in her favor what Germany has. She is a grand and just nation—none of the grace and charm of France and England perhaps—but these are superficial traits, and not to be taken into account when sincerity, justice and truth must decide."

### Mrs. Davis and the Cow

I am troubled about the trouble Mrs. Norris Davis finds herself in. Mrs. Davis cannot sleep in the morning because her next door neighbor's cow sings while being milked. As one of our most popular belles Therese Morgan loved good music, and as the wife of Norris Davis she has not lost that taste. But the music of a cow

at milking time does not appeal to Mrs. Davis. Milking time is beauty sleep time with Mrs. Davis, and the moo song of the milk giver does not blend acceptably with her dreams. Now what are we going to do about this? It is a difficult question. You can hardly order a cow not to sing, for music is one of the few consolations a cow has, and it would be cruel to deprive the poor animal of it. Besides, would the cow stop singing at command? I doubt it. Perhaps the cow might be taught to sing pianissimo.

### The Kiddies' Ball

San Francisco's busiest and most unusual social organization, the Indoor Yacht Club, is planning a night of pageantry and dancing this Saturday at the Municipal Auditorium which promises in its lavishness of decoration and its originality of program to surpass all the club's past efforts. This "Pageant Dansant," as the sailors of the good ship Easy Chair have christened it, is to be given with a purpose additional to the mere entertainment of the club's hundreds of members and their guests. Its purpose is to raise funds for the annual Kiddies' Day. Each year the Indoor Yachtsmen who are the gayest of gay fellows and the playfullest of play fellows, take a day off from their own searching after joy to make the little folks of San Francisco happy. They take several thousand kiddies to the park and the beach, feed them, play with them, play for them, give them a day that they remember long after the sombre philanthropies of regular charity organizations have been forgotten. It takes money to entertain the kiddies right. This year particularly a lot of money will be needed, for the Indoor Yachtsmen want to entertain the children on the Joy Zone at the Exposition. And this Pageant Dansant, which is being planned on a scale of magnificence that should make it one of the most memorable social events ever held in San Francisco, is after all just a benefit for the kiddies. Carloads of flowers and fruit blossoms from the Santa Clara, Sonoma and Napa valleys are to be imported, and the whole interior of the great auditorium is to be converted into a beautiful bower and greenery. At one end of the hall a stage is to be built —not a platform merely, but a real stage.

### Pageantry and Dancing

The early part of the evening will be devoted to the pageantry and to other special entertainment. A parade is planning, in which many pretty floats will appear. On the stage a program of musical numbers will be presented. Sam Berger is in charge of this feature of the evening, and for weeks he has had twenty of the prettiest girls in San Francisco rehearsing chorus numbers, in which they are to be led by the Indoor Yacht Club's own favorite singer, William ("Kid") Nelson. There will be, too, a "Lady Bountiful" contest. "Lady Bountiful" is to be the goddess of Kiddies' Day, the living symbol of the spirit of giving which is the day's inspiration. So the ladies of San Francisco are invited to enter a competition for the selection of "Lady Bountiful." Invitations have been sent to every foreign society in the city asking that it send a delegation of young ladies in native costume to the dance. They will come as guests of the Indoor Yacht Club, and they will each receive as a souvenir a small silver loving cup. The dancer who in the opinion of the judges has the most original and attractive costume will be given a big loving cup, and will also be one of the eligibles for the "Lady Bountiful" contest. Beautiful decorations, an elaborate program of genuinely entertaining character, a night of dancing to the best music obtainable, and courteous indoor sailors at every hand to watch for the welfare of the guests, make a combination that is expected to pack the Auditorium to the doors.

### Antoine Borel

There was much deep sorrow in this city on receipt of the news of the death of Antoine Borel in Lausanne, Switzerland. For Antoine Borel had a strong hold on the affections of many people. A resident of this city since 1862, he took an active part in its development, and was identified with many of its commercial, social and benevolent institutions. A man of cultivated mind was Antoine Borel, a student and a lover of the things that appeal to the intellect, and he was always in sympathy with the best activities of his fellow men. Shortly after coming to this city from Switzerland, the land of his birth, he became vice-consul of Switzerland, and later he was made consul, and in the affairs of these offices he took a very lively interest, winning the respect and love of the whole Swiss colony by his devotion to duty and zeal for the welfare of his countrymen. Mr. Borel was prominent in financial circles during all the years of his residence in San Francisco and to the hour of his death he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all his business associates. Mr. Borel leaves a widow and six children.

### Easter at the Hotel Plaza

The Hotel Plaza took its part in the celebration of Easter. The lobby and lounge were beautifully decorated with orange trees bearing fruit and Italian garden boxes filled with azaleas and primroses, while in the center of the lounge towered a magnificent floral basket entwined with a pink rambler, the clusters of roses arranged charmingly on a vine which has been growing in this basket for the past six months. During dinner and the evening the Plaza Orchestra gave a special program of Easter music, augmented by the major part of the Grace Cathedral choir under the direction of Mr. Jeffries.

### An Attractive Exhibit

One of the very attractive exhibits in the Liberal Arts Building at the Fair is that of Graf Brothers, New York, who show the fine Hyglo nail polish powder so popular with the discriminating. The demonstration of the delicately perfumed gloss which Hyglo leaves on the nails and which is not diminished by water, the polish being waterproof, is a constant source of interest to the fair sex and the booth is thronged all the time. It is a beautiful display, and most effectively presented.

### The Candy Dances

The Candy Dances at Techau Tavern seem to be a permanent feature of the entertainment furnished by this famous cafe. Foster and Orear whose candies are presented in art souvenir boxes to the ladies, have been furnishing delectable dainties which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Carnival Nights which come on Wednesday evening of each week are so popular that the dancing floor is hardly adequate, large as it is, to provide for the throng of dancers. Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote, artists of celebrity, were never so pleasing as at the present time. They have added many new dances to their repertory and their exhibitions are of supreme attractiveness. Two new and accomplished singers, Miss Bell and Miss Grant, have been added to the corps of Tavern artists, which includes Miss Becky Reuck whose singing has been a feature of the Tavern for more than two years.


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Edited by Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

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(Advertisement)

# Gossip of the Theatre

**Those Cloak and Suit Men**

Take the pleasure you derived from a single "Potash and Perlmutter" story. Multiply it by, say ten or twenty. The product presents the pleasure to be had at the Columbia. To figure the laughs you will have to use a larger multiple. There's a laugh about every ten seconds. It is positively one of the best offerings we've had in a blue moon. Abe and Mawruss are old friends, and friends so highly esteemed that we could never forgive any wrong done to them. The anonymous dramatizer of their doings and sayings has performed his task admirably. Montague Glass can take no exception to this play. Indeed the characters are much more clearly differentiated than in the stories, much more clearly at least than the characters seemed differentiated to those of us who read the stories as they appeared from time to time in the Saturday Evening Post. Too much praise cannot be given to Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr for the manner in which they portray the inimitable cloak and suit merchants. Barney's cleverness we have always known; his yearning for success in serious work he confided to some of us in the old days; and now he has proved the justice of his own estimate. Carr too gives a finished portrayal. The rest of the cast is very good, leaving nothing to be desired. "Potash and Perlmutter" is making a nice long stay, and a lot of us will not be content with enjoying a single performance.

—Edward F. O'Day.

**A Chinese Melodrama**

John Willard is the author, Joseph Hart the producer and Louis Casavant the principal actor of "The Green Beetle," a "Chinese fantasy" presented at the Orpheum this week. It is a melodrama of New York's Chinatown in two well constructed and well written acts, and it holds the audience silent and fascinated from beginning to end. It is so successful that it proves conclusively what a great many writers for the stage frequently contend, namely that an audience does not object to improbability and the long arm of coincidence provided the piece in which these stage weaknesses are exhibited is inherently interesting and well acted. Vaudeville has seemed to fight shy of little dramas with Chinese themes, but the success of this one will probably encourage the managers to produce others. In that event we may hope to see on the Orpheum circuit some of those written by Grant Carpenter of this city, a playwright who has no equal in this particular field. There is also in the bill a sketch by Willard Mack called "The Flare Back." It is exciting and it contains plenty of that rough, vivid slang of which Willard Mack is master; so it too scores. Lina Abarbanell makes her first appearance in this city, and wins the immediate approval of the discriminating. She has a pouting, kittenish manner that does not overshadow her real merit as a singer, and her translation of "Every Little Movement" into the very latest dancing rhythms is very clever. Parillo and Frabito, street singers; the Seven Colonial Belles; John Hyams and Leila McIntyre; Bonita and Lew Hearns; and the Kervilles, trick billiardists—all of these receive their meed of appreciation from the audience.

—E. F. O'D.

**A Skit with a Moral**

"The Devil, the Servant and the Man" is the headliner at Pantages this week. It is a playlet with a moral, and its lesson is framed for the benefit of the clubman who would rather stay at his club or cultivate the acquaintance of chorus girls than devote himself to his wife and home. It is well acted and pleases the audience immensely. The comedy team of Harrison Greene and Katheryn Parker are very good, with the Juggling Barretts a close second in popularity. The Great Lester is the best ventriloquist ever seen on the Pantages circuit. The Bernivici Brothers in "A Night in Venice," and the Tasmanian Van Diemans, acrobatic and aerial performers, are very well received. The Cinaplasticon pictures show that there is still much to be accomplished before singing moving pictures can bid for public applause.

—The Second Nighter.

GRACE FIELDING
Appearing in "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Columbia.

**The Julia Culp Concerts**

Julia Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano who is conceded to be the world's greatest lieder singer, will give the first of a series of three concerts at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon. Assisted by the famous accompanist Coenraad V. Bos, she will sing five works by Brahms, three by Richard Strauss and six by Hugo Wolf, besides a group of numbers by the American composers John Alden Carpenter and James H. Rodgers. Mme. Culp will render nineteen works, and all know how gracious she is with encores. Her second concert will be given next Friday afternoon, April 16, at 3:15, this hour being set for the convenience of teachers and students. The program will include five works by Schubert, five by Schumann, four songs by Erich Wolff, the brilliant young composer who died last season while on tour with the soprano Elena Gerhardt, and a charming group of old French and English ballads. The farewell Culp program will be given Sunday afternoon, April 18, when the offering will consist of songs by Mendelssohn, Cornelius, Brahms, Schubert and others. Manager Greenbaum announces that books of the words will be distributed gratis at the Culp concerts. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia.

**The Barrere Ensemble**

On Sunday afternoon, April 25, at the Columbia, our music lovers will have the first opportunity of hearing a program of important chamber music compositions for wind instruments. The Barrere Ensemble composed of nine virtuosi on flute, oboe, bassoon, clarinet and French horn will present a program of works by Mozart, Beethoven, Lefebvre, Chadwick, Pfieffer, de Wailly and Gouvy for various combinations of instruments, from trios to nonets. The following Friday afternoon works by Haydn, Beethoven, Deslandres, Mozart, Kuhlau and Kriens will be given, and at a third concert numbers by Schubert, Rossini, Debussy, Kriens, Haydn and others are promised. All of these compositions will be novelties here, for this will be the first visit of a wind instrument organization of this kind. Manager Greenbaum has never brought us anything of more artistic and educational value. Mr. George Barrere, the director, is conceded to be the world's foremost flute virtuoso, and will be heard in solo work at each concert. Complete annotated programs will be furnished by Mr. Greenbaum on application to his office, 101 Post street.

**The Boston Symphony**

No musical event in recent years has created more interest than the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be heard for a series of twelve concerts at Festival Hall, beginning Friday evening, May 14. This organization, under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, is acknowledged to be the finest of the kind in the world. Impresario W. H. Leahy who has charge of the season, is more than pleased with the subscription sale of seats, now progressing at 343 Powell street, the Exposition box office. Mail orders are pouring in from all parts of the State and local music lovers are hurrying in to make their reservations. The sale for single seats will begin Monday, May 3.

**"This Way Out" at Alcazar**

Kolb and Dill have recaptured San Francisco with their newest musical comedy offering "This Way Out" at the Alcazar. In the new Frank Stammers piece they are offering local theatregoers the biggest, brightest and keenest attraction they have ever had. One of the chief song hits is "I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay" which since the opening night has been the whistling sensation of the city. The second week will begin at the Alcazar on Monday night, with regular popular matinees on Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

**"The Bride Shop" at Orpheum**

"The Bride Shop," a delightful musical comedy by Fred de Gressac, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. It is a splendid act, gorgeously gowned and handsomelly mounted and rich in sparkling music and bright and witty dialogue. Andrew Tombes, a comedian of original and successful methods, is the principal feature and associated with him is Lola Wentworth, a prima donna whose birdlike notes never fail to charm. They have the assistance of a company of sixteen, mostly girls. That famous team of farceurs and pantomimists James C. Morton and Frank F. Moore who scored such a hit as the principal comedians of "The Tik Toc Man of Oz" will present a plotless singing and dancing skit full of surprises and irresistible in its humor. Fred J. Ardath and company will appear in the rural comedy "Hiram." Brabazon Lowther, the

famous Celtic baritone, will be heard in selections which will include "In An Old-Fashioned Town," "Out of the Mist," "Invictus" and "Forgotten." Lew Hawkins, "The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy," like good wine needs no bush. He brings with him a collection of songs and stories. Frances Lucille and Jimmy Lucas are singing and dancing comedians. It will be the last week of the Seven Colonial Belles and the famous prima donna Lina Abarbanell.

### Abe and Mawruss Continue

Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard, the original "Abe" and "Mawruss' in the Montague Glass comedy, "Potash and Perlmutter," continue at the Columbia until Sunday, May 2, and that will be the last of the entertainment, as the company goes direct to New York. Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

### Second Week of "Under Cover"

Beginning Sunday night "Under Cover," Roi Cooper Megrue's fascinating melodrama of transatlantic smuggling, New York's smart set and secret service methods, enters the second and final week of its engagement at the Cort. So great has been the demand for seats that the management is holding it over for an extra performance on Sunday, April 18. Mr. Megrue's play has proven one of the treats of the present season, being doubly popular with local theatregoers through the fact of its bringing back to this city for the first time in several seasons H. B. Warner, who is endeared to countless lovers of the drama through his splendid work in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Nor has Selwyn and Company neglected the support. It includes some of the most noted players on the stage and they give a good account of themselves in their respective roles. Heading the list is Rita Stanwood, a young leading woman who has established a reputation for herself in the East as one of the most promising of her profession. Isabel Irving is well known. An ex-star and former leading woman with such important actors as John Drew, James K. Hackett, Leo Ditriechstein and Kyrle Bellew, she shows in her work the evidence of her noteworthy stage career which includes six years with the famous Daly stock company. Others of importance in the company are Frank Kingdon, William Courtleigh Jr., Thomas McGrane and Ruth Donnelly.

### Carl McCullough at Pantages

One of the best balanced bills Pantages has offered in months will open Sunday with Carl McCullough, one of the great musical comedy stars, as the star. He was leading man with "The Pink Lady" on its last trip to this city, and was also leading comedian with "Louisiana Lou" and McIntyre and Heath's "Ham Tree." In his vaudeville offering the best bits that McCullough presents are impersonations of Harry Lauder, David Warfield, Eddie Foy and other celebrities. The Morton-Jewell troupe of jugglers have an unique act entitled "An Event in Clubdom" in which they show the newest ideas in club tossing. "Outwitted," a dramatic episode of the Montana wilderness, will be one of the big things of the new bill. It has the Ronald Bradbury players for principals. Hennings, Lewis and Company will offer a novelty in singing and dancing entitled "Mixed Drinks." The Kleine war production which created a sensation in Los Angeles last week will be another big feature. It shows the evolution of the battleship. Other good acts will be the Renello and Sister cycling act, and Gibson and Dyso, English comedians, in an eccentric performance.

"This is a pretty time of night for you to be coming home, Jeremiah!"

"I know, my dear; but I hadn't anywhere else to go."

ANDREW TOMBES AND BEAUTY CHORUS
In "The Bride Shop" next week at the Orpheum

RITA STANWOOD
The charming leading woman of "Under Cover" at the Cort this week

"As a matter of fact," said the lawyer for the defendant, trying to be sarcastic, "you were scared half to death and don't know whether it was a motor car or something resembling a motor car that hit you."

"It resembled one all right," the plaintiff made answer. "I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."

---

The motor car, traveling at a tremendous speed, was just about to turn a very dangerous corner.

"Do people lose their lives here frequently?" asked the nervous lady passenger.

"Not more than once," yelled the intrepid driver as he took a firmer grip of the wheel.

---

"George," said Hilda, looking up from the morning paper, which she was reading, "it says here than another octogenarian is dead. What is an octogenarian?"

"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they are dying."

---

The man who has no imagination never falls in love.

Even the egotist may have the wool pulled over his I's.

Sillicus—Scientists claim that a woman's mind is more apt to succumb to great mental strain than a man's.

Cynicus—Yes, I suppose the constant changing of anything will wear it out.

---

"I wish we had more literary people like Blank!"

"Great Scott! He's never had anything published."

"That's just why."

JULIA CULP

THE DUTCH LIEDER SINGER

COENRAAD V. BOS at the Piano

COLUMBIA THEATER

This Sunday Afternoon, April 11, at 2:30

Next Friday Afternoon, April 16, at 3:15

Next Sunday Afternoon, April 18, at 2:30

Tickets $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and Columbia Theater.

Direction, WILL L. GREENBAUM

Steinway Piano

April 25—THE BARRERE ENSEMBLE OF NINE WIND INSTRUMENT VIRTUOSI

MME. JULIA CULP

World-famous lieder singer who gives three concerts at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoons, April 11 and 19, and Friday afternoon, April 16


CORT Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market

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LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 11

Last Time Sunday Night, April 18

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Sensational Melodramatic Success

"UNDER COVER"

With San Francisco's Favorite

H. B. WARNER

And a Superb Company

$1.00 MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

NIGHTS 25c TO $2.00

NEXT—Monday, April 19: "THE CLANSMAN," the World's Greatest Motion Picture

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

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CARL McCULLOUGH, "The Joy Germ," in his own Original Vaudeville Act "Footlight Impressions;" THE FIVE MORTON-JEWELL TROUPE, "An Event in Clubdom;" "OUTWITTED," a Dramatic Episode of the Montana Wilderness, With the Ronald Bradbury Players; KLEINE'S WAR PRODUCTION, a Big Scenic Production Showing the Evolution of the Battleship from the Time of the Revolutionary War to the Present Day.

Orpheum

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day

A MARVELOUS NEW SHOW

"THE BRIDE SHOP" by Fred de Gressac with Andrew Tombes and a Company of Sixteen, Direction of B. A. Rolfe; MORTON & MOORE, Late Stars of "The Tic Tok Man of Oz;" FRED J. ARDATH & CO. in "Hiram;" BRABAZON LOWTHER, Famous Celtic Baritone; LEW HAWKINS, "The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy;" FRANCES LUCILLE & JIMMY LUCAS, Live Wire Nonsense; THE SEVEN COLONIAL BELLES; LINA ABARBANELL, the Famous Musical Comedy Prima Donna.

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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With

BARNEY BERNARD, ALEXANDER CARR

And Original New York Company

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, April 12th

Popular Matinees Thursday and Saturday

"It's the Talk of the Whole Town!"

SECOND BIG WEEK OF

KOLB & DILL

In Their Newest, Brightest and by All Odds Funniest Musical Show

"THIS WAY OUT"

By Frank M. Stammers

"EVERYTHING NEW, AND THEN SOME"

PRICES: Nights, 50c, $1.00; Matinees, 50c, 75c

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Traders were well pleased with the stock market. Trading was less active and the rapid advance was checked but the tone of the market was better at the close of the week. Specialists and minor industrials are no longer unduly prominent. Union Pacific was again the market leader and other important railroad shares were proportionately active. Investment buying of both stocks and bonds was very good and interest in securities is more widespread than ever before. The comparatively favorable statements of earnings issued by the Southern Pacific and Baltimore & Ohio Railway companies, recently, have created the feeling that the transportation companies have seen the worst of the depression in earnings by poor business conditions. The particular strength in New Haven indicates confidence that the property has turned the corner and that from now on developments will be of a nature to encourage holders in the belief that the company will get back to a dividend-paying basis. Nothing could be more encouraging from the standpoint of general business, than evidence that the railway earnings had begun to reflect the improvement in the demand for merchandise created by the war in Europe and the somewhat improved sentiment as to the future of domestic business. The railway companies have been very poor buyers for the past two years and their attitude in this regard affects the welfare of an enormous army of workers. Starting with the miners who produce the iron and coal and running through the mills up to those who do the construction work for the companies, there are thousands of men idle awaiting a more constructive policy on the part of transportation interests. It is true that unfavorable monetary conditions have had much influence with the managements until recently, but unfavorable markets for railway securities have been largely the result of the loss of credit due to the diminishing net earnings and the belief that low transportation rates by the Government and high wages forced by arbitration boards, had pushed the companies too far and meant nothing for dividends unless a change came.

**Wheat**—Prices have recorded some decline during the week, although there have been several periods of strength, one condition succeeding the other, and the action of the market seeming to be based mostly on the technical situation existing at the time. The weakness and hesitation resulted mostly from an idea, gathered from various incidents, that peace might be closer at hand than some time ago seemed possible; this, naturally, produces a sense of nervousness among the trade and a disinclination to maintain a stand in the face of the unexpected. The export sales have not been so large, but this is supposed to be due to the fact that supplies are less accessible The primary movement is above last week's, but only moderately so, while the clearances are of good volume, although some lighter than in previous weeks. Argentine shipments are again liberal, but owing to the heavy rains, that surplus is estimated to be consideraly reduced. There were some reports of fly damage to the growing crop, but generally conditions are regarded as being quite favorable. So long as the supply and demand situation keeps as it has so far been on this crop, it is reasonable to believe that high prices will be maintained, but developments in the war situation will necessarily be the main factors in determining values.

**Corn**—Corn has shown considerable weakness, due to the fact that there is only a moderate domestic demand and very little export business doing. The movement from the country is of small proportions, but the large stocks have impressed the trade and have been the cause of gradual liquidation of long holdings. Aside from these considerations, there is little that is vital in the situation, but it would seem as though liquidation would soon have run its course and that the market would be therefore so strengthened technically as to permit an improvement in values.

**Cotton**—Considering the big advance in cotton the previous week, prices held remarkably well last week, and scored a further slight gain. There was nothing new in the news, but the undertone was strong and any little setback brought buying orders, and shorts were forced to bid prices up to cover their contracts. The Liverpool market has been following our advance and contracts compare very favorably with last year at this time, although they are a million and a half bales below last year. The advance in cotton in the past ten days has brought about an increase in the movement, and port receipts are showing up quite large. Stocks of cotton in New York showed a further increase for the week and are now twice as large as last year. The weather is beginning to be a factor in the cotton market and owing to the cold, wet weather, farm work has been retarded. Snow and sleet as far south as Georgia in the Eastern belt had a strengthening effect on the market as well as numerous messages telling of reduced acreage in every State, with some estimates as high as 30 per cent reduction. The market has had a big advance and has eliminated the short interest, and while we believe in ultimately higher prices, we believe the market is entitled to fair reaction.


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.


### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE WILLARD STONE, Deceased; No. 18610, N. S., Dept. No. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Marea W. Stone, as Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased (generally known as George Stone), to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 13th day of March, 1915) to the said Executrix at the office of L. F. Young, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Willard Stone, deceased.

MAREA W. STONE,
Executrix of the last will of George Willard Stone, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 13, 1915.

L. F. YOUNG,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 3-13-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Landry C. Babin Company, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 10th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


**E. F. HUTTON & CO.**

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Theodore L. Breslauer, Room 909 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

HENRY F. ROTHSCHILD,
Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 10, 1915.
THEODORE L. BRESLAUER,
909 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Department No. 10—No. 16330; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the aforesaid Superior Court made on the 22nd day of March, 1915, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned Maria Borrone, the guardian of the persons and estates of Felice Borrone and Giulio Borrone, minors, will sell on or after Monday, the 12th day of April, 1915, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the highest and best bidder and upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, at private sale, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, the real property belonging to the estates of said minors consisting of the undivided one-half (½) part of the lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Arkansas street distant thereon two hundred (200) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Eighteenth street, running thence Southerly and along the Easterly line of Arkansas street Twenty-five (25) feet, thence at a right angle Easterly One hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle Northerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly One hundred (100) feet to the Easterly line of Arkansas street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Potrero Nuevo Block No. 232.

**Terms and Conditions of Sale.**—Cash in United States gold coin upon delivery of the deed of said guardian and after confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; deed at expense of purchase.

Bids and offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, Esq., for said guardian, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed with the Clerk of said Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

MARIA BORRONE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of FELICE BORRONE and GIULIO BORRONE, Minors.
Dated, March 27th, 1915.
JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardian,
550 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-27-3

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA RENNERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, attorney at law, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased.

MARTHA LEO,
Administratrix of the Estate of Julia Rennert, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.
G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Administratrix,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 8-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix and Administrator at the office of Frank J. Egan, attorney at law, 1011 Humboldt Bank Building, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.

MARGUERITE G. SHEEHAN,
CATHERINE B. SHEEHAN,
JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 20th, 1915.
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-5

SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.

MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.
J. C. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-27-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10

ANNUAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of the JOHN J. SESNON COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 506 Balboa Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, on SATURDAY, the 24th day of April, 1915, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., to elect a new Board of Directors for the ensuing year and to transact such business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 10th, 1915.
J. J. LERMEN, Secretary.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney-at-law,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-3

PACIFIC PRINTING CO. 88 FIRST ST., S. F.

# Pacific Gas and Electric Company

# Announcement

FROM time to time during the past few months the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has directed the attention of investors to the opportunity of purchasing its First Preferred 6% Stock, directly from the Company, at the minimum price authorized by the Railroad Commission.

Approximately 80% of the issue having now been sold, the Company begs to announce that from and after April 1, 1915, and until further notice, none of this stock will be sold except to investors residing within and contiguous to the territory in California served by the Company. Orders may be mailed or left in person at any of the Company's offices.

While the Company is in a strong cash position it will, nevertheless, continue until further notice the sale of this First Preferred 6% Stock at the original price of $82.50 per $100 share, solely in pursuance of its policy of having its friends and patrons in its territory become more closely identified with the Company as proprietors.

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1182 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 17, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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### The Precursor of Yellow Journalism

Unheralded, Mr. Richard K. Fox came to town last week and pursued among us the even tenor of his way unbanqueted, uncelebrated and unsung. Yet Mr. Richard K. Fox was not incog. The explanation of the noiselessness of his presence is that he has become the survivor of his own celebrity. He has lagged so long superfluous on this bank and shoal of time that the memory of man runneth not to the golden heyday of his career. Only feebly and by the few is it recalled that in the dark backward and abysm there was a thundering controversy that reverberated over the country between Richard K. Fox and the notablest of notables of his day—John Lawrence Sullivan of Boston, Mass. A great figure in American journalism was Richard K. Fox in that golden age of the prize-ring. That was before there was any talk of the brutalities of pugilism. There were no woman's movements in those days. Men were of tough stuff, and not easily shocked, not given to the refined madness of capering to ragtime. Yet in that remote period when our civilization was young and lacking in refinement the Police Gazette, though prosperous, was not circulated in the homes of the country. Its readers were mostly of sporting circles. It was of a character that appealed to a class. Yet Mr. Fox was the precursor of all our prosperous yellow journalists. He began the work of educating the public out of its parochial prudishness. He was the first to make pictorial journalism popular. The Police Gazette with its "wood-cuts" of music-hall soubrettes in tights was a most attractive paper in the days when there was such restraint in art that statues in public places were draped in deference to the modesty of Mrs. Grundy. What was regarded as a touch of salacity in those ancient days has lost its piquancy. Nowadays the dailies show us the intimate curves of the wives of our leading citizens, and by improving in many ways on the precedents established by Mr. Fox they have made the Police Gazette seem as chaste and jejune as a Sunday school bulletin. Yellow journalism has cultivated a taste for thrills that never were dreamt of in the philosophy of the man who was once regarded as the embodiment of all that was coarse and vulgar in American journalism. And the brand of paper that was once barred from the home is now a paper of general circulation. But meanwhile the Police Gazette has receded from view. It has met with too much competition, and besides Mr. Fox has not kept pace with his disciples.

### The Pork Barrel

A correspondent challenges our assertion that the pork barrel is a scandal under the present holy and pious Administration. Let us see whether the pork barrel has lost its fragrance. The total appropriations of the Sixty-third Congress which finished its labors last month were $177,000,000 larger than the Sixty-first Congress, which was the last one controlled in both branches by the Republicans. Obviously it was not altogether because the tariff was revised drastically downward that we had to have an income tax law. Nor was it because of the war that an emergency war tax was levied. When the Republicans, who were denounced at Baltimore for their extravagance, were ousted they left a net balance in the treasury of $166,000,000. Immediately the saints of the New Freedom raised the lid, and we were told there was a deficiency in revenue. There was, but also there was a great increase of expenditure, and at no time has there been any sign of retrenchment. By the end of June there will be a deficiency anywhere from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000, and so the saints are now devising new schemes for the separation of the people from their money. Meanwhile the pork barrel is not to be touched except in the old way.

### The Triumphs of Reformers

Too bad that progress in reform is not always what it is reported to be by reformers. A great deal of time is wasted in this world as a result of the premature conclusions of reformers respecting the effect of their devices for the purification of mankind. For if they were always as zealous for the truth as for the glory of success they would stop at failure and discourage others from pursuing futile ways. But reformers hate to confess defeat. They do a great deal of mischief by applauding themselves when they ought to be lamenting their folly, retracing their footsteps and warning their followers against a misguided enthusiasm. Exemplification of this is to be found in the conduct of the propagandists for the abatement of the social evil by segregation. Notwithstanding the evil that has been wrought everywhere that prostitutes have been scattered to the four winds the propagandists are still going about insisting that they have vindicated their theory. The other day they indulged in their felicitations at a meeting of the Sacramento Ministerial Union. Now the people of Sacramento have had some experience of the Redlight Abatement law, and presumably the editor of the Sacramento Bee, who is a wideawake citizen, knows more of the results of that law than may be learned at a conclave of clergymen. "Men who have spent all their lives here," he says, "men whose business has given them opportunities for years to know and contrast—claim the social vice never has been so rampant in Sacramento as it is today. Never has it been so widely scattered and so promiscuously brazen; never have lodging houses and even the residence section been so contaminated." We learn from the Bee that not yet has there been a single prosecution in Sacramento under the law. But it was to be expected that after getting what they wanted the reformers would take no interest in subsequent proceedings. Our purists of the pulpit are never concerned with enforcement of any of the laws that they have passed. All they want is a law to "point to with pride." It is proof of a victory won. And as the laws they have passed are as a rule a little too drastic for human nature and therefore not agreeable to public sentiment they serve chiefly to facilitate blackmail and enrich susceptible public servants. This is the sort of "social service" we are getting from the pulpit.

### Our Wonderful Sociologists

According to the jargon of our sociologists society is not living up to its responsibilities and obligations. Society is remiss in many of its duties we infer from the cryptic language of these folk who are always soaring into the vacuous inane of supposed superiority where they ponder deeply the "cosmical significance" of things. One cannot help opening one's mouth and drawing in one's breath at the strange thoughts and imaginings of these wonderful thinkers and philosophers who call themselves sociologists. There is poverty in the world, and therefore it is obvious that the bark of civilization ought to be run into a drydock and repaired. We support penitentiaries, which is proof that society should be indicted and held up to scorn. Why do we punish criminals? they ask. We give it up. Great philosophers have pondered this question, and all have not come to the same conclusion. Some have held that it was to protect society and also to make criminals better. Others have held that punishment was inflicted because a fitness in the nature of things makes suffering a suitable concomitant to vice. Our sociologists will tell you that punishment in this sense is nothing but the vengeance of the State, and that it is as repugnant to Christian sentiment as to Utilitarian morals. The idea is medieval in their opinion. But here

is Josephus Daniels barring a certain prophylactic from the navy on that very principle. He holds that an unmarried man who indulges the sexual instinct should be made to incur the danger of a disease that may be transmitted even to the innocent of the third generation. But the sociologists do not criticise or censure Josephus, the reason being that he is a man after their own heart and mind. It is the Daniels order of mind that has no hesitation in indicting society. This is the mind for the present dominant in American society. It is thought to be a very Christian mind, and it is shocked at the failure of Christian civilization without ever stopping to reflect that our civilization has not yet given Christianity a trial. It is this mind that reasons that there should be no capital punishment, since capital punishment is a failure, whereas capital punishment is practically tabu. We hang one man in a hundred, and conclude that capital punishment is a failure. Ninety-nine murderers out of a hundred escape capital punishment and there are something like thirteen thousand murders a year in the United States, from which it would seem that it might be well to give capital punishment a chance to vindicate itself. It would also seem that our sociologists have not got a clear idea of the purpose of society. Might it not be that society is under no obligations at all except to itself? Also might it not be that while the individual owes everything including his misfortunes to society he has no claims on society that he will ever be able to enforce? These questions we do not pretend to be able to answer, for we are too lazy to spend any time trying to expound the ways of God to man.

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### Progressive Party Disintegrating

In all probability the political situation in 1916 will be such that if Governor Johnson should feel like becoming the Progressive standard-bearer he would have no difficulty in getting the nomination. From the present outlook, however, it appears to be taking no risk to predict that by 1916 our Governor will be unable to discover in himself the slightest trace of Presidential aspirations. At present the indications are that by 1916 the strength of the Progressive party will reside mainly in California. In the East it is disintegrating rapidly, going the way of the destiny that was adumbrated by the last Congressional elections. It was immediately after those elections that the people's idol of Oyster Bay perceived the wisdom of the advice given to him by Elihu Root immediately after the expedition to Africa—to keep his mouth shut for awhile. The Colonel has been holding on to his tongue with both hands of late, and meanwhile Mr. Root has been directing a great get-together movement. One of the first to join it was Senator Works, Progressive patriot from California. It has the support of Dan Hanna of Ohio, who helped to finance the Roosevelt campaign in 1912. Former Senator Bourne of Oregon, Senator Clapp of Minnesota, Senator Poindexter of Oregon and Senator Gronna of North Dakota—all bolters of 1912—have become "regular" once more, and promise to remain faithful whatever happens in the next convention. Of course they are for giving the Colonel the nomination. Some of them expect to go to Roosevelt when they die. But if the Colonel is regaining lost prestige no signs of the recovery are manifest. All that is now evident respecting him is that whatever he does his motives incur suspicion. There was great enthusiasm for the organization of the so-called American Legion by which it is intended to form a reservist force for national defense; but when it was found that Roosevelt was one of the moving spirits danger signals were hoisted. And presently the press began sounding notes of warning against a political movement in disguise. So the Colonel will have to go on holding his tongue a while longer. While this is fine evercise for him it is not stimulating interest in the Progressive party, which now appears to be in the hands of the Pinchots and kindred spirits.

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### A Broader View of McKim

The Rev. Randolph McKim, D. D., of the church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C., has written to the New York Sun apologizing for a previous communication marked "private" in which he suggested that it might have been "made worth while" for the Sun to give prominence to an article by Von Bernhardi. "What I had in mind I need not explain," says the clergyman in his letter of apology. Further: "It is enough to assure you that in the sense which I intended, my words should not be offensive. In the sense in which you apparently did understand them they would be so unutterably insulting that it did not occur to me, writing currente calamo, that they could possibly be taken." Remarkable, isn't it? In simple English the Rev. Dr. McKim expressed astonishment at the Sun for publishing a German's statement of the German case, and ventured to account for the Sun's action on the theory that it had been "made worth while." By way of emphasis he italicized the words "worth while." Indubitably his language seemed to imply that possibly the Sun had been paid to publish the article. But now he gives the Sun the assurance that he intended no such implication. The language, he says, was inadvertently used, and therefore as "a Christian man" and "in justice to my principles" he apologized and admitted that he did wrong "to use an expression capable of such a meaning." The Sun accepts the apology, pronounces the second communication "a manly letter," and declares that "the incident is closed." We think the Sun is in error. The incident may be closed as far as the Sun is concerned, but hardly in respect of the Christian clergyman who reproached an American newspaper for living up to the American principle of freedom of discussion. In justice to our principles as a Christian journal we stoutly object to the closing of the incident with the Sun's characterization of the second McKim letter. The Rev. Dr. McKim is something of a publicist. He enjoys a certain prestige which enables him to exercise some influence on public opinion, and public opinion is a matter of vital importance to all of us—Christians, heretics and pagans. We should know something of the men who rely on their cloth to influence public opinion. If they work in the dark as the Rev. Dr. McKim sought to do when he marked his rebuke to the Sun "private" it is to our advantage to know. The Rev. Dr. McKim we have been informed has influence at Washington in these days of the ascendancy in our Government of a narrow and intolerant religious spirit, and it is hinted that he championed that nasty sheet called the Menace on the ground that it was published in the interest of religious liberty. How much he cares about liberty we may conjecture from the letter he wrote to the Sun. So it is important that we should not be deceived about this person who calls himself a Christian and affects deep concern about his principles. Therefore we are for keeping open the Sun incident. And we don't mind telling the Sun (meaning no offense) that we have as much curiosity regarding its motive in pronouncing the letter of apology "manly" as the Rev. Dr. McKim had about the article by Von Bernhardi. Let us consider the letter of apoloogy. According to the Rev. Dr. McKim his first letter is susceptible of two interpretations; one of a grossly insulting nature, and one not insulting at all. The first is obvious enough, as the Rev. Dr. McKim admits, saying that it was wrong for him to use such language. But he also says it was "inadvertently" used, and though as a writer he has had a lot of practice, having written several books, he says that this language "inadvertently used" is easily to be "understood to convey an insult though none was intended." Now what is the second interpretation of which the letter is susceptible? "What I had in mind," says the clergyman in his "manly" letter, "what I had in mind I need not explain." And as a matter of fact he doesn't explain, but he says: "My idea may have grown out of ignorance of the rules governing the publication of such matters in your office. It is enough to assure you that in the sense which I intended, my words should not be offensive." "My idea." What idea? Was it the idea that it is according to the rules for the Sun to publish views contrary to its own only when it is made "worth while" by a big sum of money? Well, so far as the Sun is concerned Dr. McKim need not explain. But is it that he need not explain because the inoffensive sense in which he intended his language to be taken is obvious? If so why should the Sun, having choice of two interpretations, have preferred to assume that the author of the letter implied the suspicion that the editor had sold himself to the German propaganda? Surely the Sun has its own principles to be solicitous about. But perhaps the Sun is so overflowing with Christian charity that it can easily persuade itself that the author of a mean and cowardly letter can be a very manly fellow when caught with his trousers dragging at his heels.

# Varied Types

## CCXXV—GENARO SALDIERNA

By Edward F. O'Day

"I was seventeen when I arrived in San Francisco from La Paz, Lower California, in the year 1881, and although the college I attended in the City of Mexico had awarded me a diploma for English, that did not prevent me from going into a restaurant in the California Market and asking for 'language' when I wanted tongue."

Thus Genaro Saldierna, musician, Bohemian clubman and, in the best sense of the term, good fellow. I do not think that "Sal," as his friends affectionately call him, needs much introduction to San Franciscans. Man and boy he has played in and led orchestras here for more than three decades. It is his leading you have missed at the Columbia since Gottlob and Marx dispensed with their orchestra after a dispute with the Musicians Union.

"I came here with enough money to keep me comfortably for six months," continued Saldierna, "but I took a suite at the Lick House and discovered what a pleasant thing it was to hire a team at the St. George Stables and drive to the Cliff, so naturally I was soon in need of a job. Arion Hall in the basement at Sutter and Kearny was the headquarters for actors and musicians, and I went there a great deal, but nobody seemed to want the 'Mexican boy musician' until Marcus Blum needed a violinist at a picnic in Schuetzen Park. 'You play alto at the Ferry before the boat leaves,' he told me. I didn't have an alto and had never played one, but Harry Green who ran the Arion borrowed one for me and I practiced all day on the roof of the Lick House because they wouldn't let me practice in my room. The result was that my lips were so puffed out that I couldn't play at the Ferry. At the picnic I got along all right playing the violin. On the way back there was a fight on the boat. That interested me, and I took a hand. I also took a black eye. Before I went to bed that night I looked at my black eye and my puffed lips in the mirror, and I decided never to play at a picnic again, and I never did.

"Shortly after that I moved to a less expensive hotel on Pine street. One day Charley Schultz, the leader at the Old California, and Spadina who played clarinet in the orchestra, came and asked me to play for them. I did, and Schultz told me to report for rehearsal. Schultz was a character. He wore the tightest pants in San Francisco and always carried a fireman's hat suspended from a button on his chest. He was crazy about fires. After the rehearsal he engaged me to play second violin. I shall never forget my first night at the Old California. Bartley Campbell was running the theatre, and Jeffreys Lewis was there. The play was 'Michael Strogoff.' Schultz always chewed tobacco, and he sat there during the dialogue rolling little balls of tobacco and flipping them at the actors. He had a fire alarm in the pit, and while we were playing the entr' acte the bell rang. He dropped his baton, counted the alarm and dashed out of the theatre. He came back with his fire hat on and his clothes covered with mud in time to play the last number.

"Billy Brady was call boy at the Old California, and after the show I used to treat him to coffee and doughnuts at Coffee Dan's. That is something Brady has never forgotten. Frank Marcus who is property man at the Columbia, was then property man at the Old California. I'll never forget the night he put mice in the bass of old Pinto, a Portuguese and a character. They escaped and ran under the stage. If they had gone into the audience there would have been a panic.

"Old Schultz used to get very mad when any of the musicians made a mistake. He was scolding old Pinto all the time. 'Am I leading or are you, Pinto?' he would say. 'You are the leader, Mr. Schultz.' Then Pinto would try to keep time for a while. Finally Schultz would say: 'It's no use, Pinto, we can't both play in this orchestra. One of us has got to go.' 'You go, Mr. Schultz,' Pinto would answer. Schultz never scolded me, but when I made a mistake he'd stop and say, without looking at me: 'These damned Mexican banditti! They murdered Maximilian!' Cass Downing played the drums. One day I missed him and learned that he had become the leader at the Standard. Then I met him on the street and he offered me a job there. That night I made a very bad mistake, and when Schultz damned the Mexicans I pretended to be deeply insulted and quit.

"The next night I joined the minstrels. For the first part the orchestra played on the stage in black face. It was hard work, and I perspired freely. Without thinking I wiped my face with my handkerchief. 'You damned fool!' Charley Reed said to me, and I didn't know what was wrong till Cass Downing smeared the black over the white spaces on my face. Once I was fined a dollar for boisterous conduct on the stage. Charley Reed was telling his famous parrot story and the audience was perfectly quiet. Suddenly I shouted 'Hallelujah!' and I came near breaking up the show. I have never been able to explain why I did it, but I think I had had a Mexican dinner, so perhaps it was the 'red paint' shouting and not me. It was hard work memorizing all the songs for the minstrel show, so I used to write out the themes on little pieces of paper and slip them under the bridge of my violin. 'That Mexican boy has a wonderful ear,' Charley Reed said one night. You see, he didn't know about the little papers.

"We used to play to crowded houses. Sunday was the big night, as it is at the Orpheum now. You saw the same people in the same seats week after week. And they were great shows. There was Charley Reed, and Billy Emerson, Murray and Mack, Billy Sweatnam, Courtright and Gus Bruno. Billy Gould was a madrigal boy. I f I remember correctly Chauncey Olcott was working for Sam Meyer, the treasurer of the theatre. I learned the great American game playing with the minstrels at Arion Hall. Musicians got twenty dollars a week, and you can imagine how far that went in a poker game. But Meyer used to play too, and he'd advance money on our salaries. Charley Reed was the worst player I ever saw. He never won. He'd call on a pair of deuces!

"From the Standard I went to the Winter Garden where Jack Allen was the leader. He was the father of the Allen Sisters, one of whom married Willie Collier. I was there six months, and in that time we played just three overtures. Allen spoke several languages, and he'd simply translate the title of an overture from English to German or from German to French or Italian, so it would look different on the program. I played at the Baldwin, and at the Alcazar when it was opened by Osborne, Stockwell and Wallingrod. I was at Stockwell's up to the time of the Midwinter Fair. Fritz Scheel was leading in the Vienna Prater at the Fair, but when Sousa left Scheel conducted the band and I succeeded him as leader at the Vienna Prater. There I met Sandow who was brought here by Florenz Ziegfeld. After the Fair closed I went on the road with Sandow for three years. He is a lovable fellow, simple as a child, and I had great fun teaching him to sing. Ziegfeld was a great press agent. Somebody gave Sandow two magnificent hounds, and Ziegfeld announced that they came from Bismarck! I went to the Baldwin a second time and found Eugene Schmitz playing viola and Alfred Roncovieri playing trombone.

"Those were wonderful days. San Francisco was a light-hearted city. And there was a genuine love for music. People went to the cafes to hear good music; now they prefer a cabaret. There was a youthful Bohemian spirit which has disappeared. Perhaps the city has become more commercial. The fire marked the end of the old epoch. Things are so different now! It is no wonder so many San Franciscans like to live in the past!"

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# Perspective Impressions

One horror of war we refuse to submit to is the reading of Hall Caine's war articles.

"I was too proud to beg, so I slugged him with a gas pipe," says the latest thug. Give him a bronze plaque.

Why not let the dear people vote on the question whether the Barbary Coast should be eliminated as a social service institution?

The modern prophet is a man whose knowledge of the future is derived from his ignorance of the past.

The Rev. George Burlingame says Lieutenant Governor Eshleman is possessed by the devil. How does he know? Simplest thing in the world. Eshleman voted against the "dry zone" bill.

The devil disguises himself, says one of our hardest-hitting pulpit pounders. "He transfigures himself into an angel of light." Great hevings! Just suppose he should get possession of one of our pulpits!

Said Bishop McConnell of Denver at the World's Social Progress Congress: "I am for quick-acting grace." And doubtless though God be for some other kind nevertheless the Bishop stands pat.

The Examiner, speaking of the old fight against Hetch-Hetchy, asks: "Where did the money come from?" Let us come down to date and brass tacks: Where is the money coming from now?

"Today," says the Rev. Caleb Dutton, "all religious thinking must be done in a new synthesis." Of course! And foggy thought must be further obscured by the use of sesquipedalian honorificabilitudinitatibus.

"It gives me an opportunity to admire once more the greatness of the American people, whom I SALUTE through their press," said Huerta on landing in New York. There you are. We've received that salute, and watchful waiting triumphs again.

"Whom the reporters would destroy they first make mad," says the corrected axiom, but can the Examiner make the Police Commissioners really mad?

When the editor of the Examiner succeeds in clamping down the lid on the Barbary Coast Hearst will give him the Macedonian cry to come on to New York and purify the Bowery—we don't think.

In Los Angeles where a Hearst paper flourishes there is no Barbary Coast, but there is a Long Beach, and there are lots of religious people whose instincts might be imaged by the frame-up in the Sebastian case.

The accusation against Judge Childs of Del Norte is that he is more of a prosecutor than a judge. For this some folks think he should be removed. Preposterous, isn't it, in view of the recent promotion of one judge to the Supreme Court for his success as a prosecutor? The Del Norte folk are reactionary.

# Ambrose Bierce's War Stories

(The following article appeared in the Spectator of London, January 23 this year. It was occasioned by the publication in London of a cheap edition of Bierce's book "In the Midst of Life: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians." The statement has been made (and denied) that Bierce had been found drilling recruits in England. It is evident that the reviewer knew nothing of this report.)

We have so far seen no comment on the brief statement, which appeared a few weeks back, that Ambrose Bierce, who went to Mexico about a year ago had not since been heard of and was presumed to be dead. Ambrose Bierce has always had his admirers on both sides of the Atlantic, but here at any rate they belong mainly to the elder generation, for his best work was done nearly thirty years ago, and, apart from that, it was distinguished by qualities which militated against a wide popularity. The exigencies of journalism, again, absorbed in ephemeral work energies which, if devoted to literature might have won for him a greater name. But with all his limitations of temperament and circumstance he achieved in a certain domain results which have never been equalled by any writer in the English language since Edgar Allan Poe. The outstanding facts of his life can be told in a few sentences. He was born in Ohio in 1842, served in the army of the North as a line officer in the Civil War, received the brevet rank of major for distinguished services, and settled in California in 1866. In 1872—the same year in which his picturesque contemporary Joaquin Miller visited England—he came to London and contributed to Fun, the once well known comic journal, then edited by Tom Hood the younger, a series of fables purporting to be translations from Zambri, the Parsee. But his stay in England was short, and he returned to California, where for many years he pursued the calling of journalist, and from 1877 to 1884 edited several weeklies. His famous war stories, unless we are mistaken, appeared originally in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, and were republished under the title of In the Midst of Life in 1892. For many years he contributed the "Prattle" columns to the San Francisco Examiner. Volumes of short stories, essays and fables followed, and a collected edition of his works in twelve volumes appeared in 1912. There is only one of his books in the catalogue of the London Library, and his name is not even mentioned in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. He was never the fashion, he flourished before the era which has been irreverently called A.D.M. (anno Daily Mail), and has never been discovered by the young lions of Carmelite House. Even in his own country, so we have been told, he was regarded, if not exactly as a back number, as something of an extinct volcano.

This neglect is the more remarkable since in many ways Ambrose Bierce was a pioneer in his methods of presenting the realities of war. He did not fail to render justice to its heroic side, but he stripped it of its pageantry. He made no attempt to deal with it as a vast panorama in the manner of Tolstoy, or with the cumulative and circumstantial detail to be found in Zola's Débacle or the Désastre of the brothers Margueritte. He confined himself to episodes—none of these stories runs to more than twenty pages—and their essential interest is psychological. In this regard he naturally suggests comparison with another and later American writer of war stories, Stephen Crane; but his style was simpler and less spasmodic, and while Crane wrote his best stories before he had seen any fighting, Bierce had himself served in the fighting line throughout the campaign of 1861-1865. Stephen Crane's Red Badge of Courage was a triumph of reconstructive imagination, but Bierce brought to bear on his first-hand knowledge an imagination even more horrifying than that of the younger writer. His realism is intense and gruesome, but, in his war stories at any rate, it is never irrevelant or long-drawn; indeed, in the matter of reticence he compares favorably with many moderns who have not the excuse of a theme which inevitably assigns special prominence to violence, physical suffering and death. Some of the stories owe their poignancy to conditions only found in a civil war—the cleavage in families and the dreadful conflict between duty and natural affection. Ambrose Bierce did not disdain familiar situations, as in the story of the son who shot his father, or the artillery officer ordered to bombard a farmhouse where he knew his wife and children were in hiding; but his treatment lent a grim reality to the sinister coincidences always possible where house is divided against house. He wrote without any animus against the South, or any desire to institute comparisons between the relative humanity of the soldiers of the North and South. That may have been because he came from a State in which sympathies were divided. But the fact remains that the most tragic figure in any of these stories is that of the Alabama planter hanged for spying. At the same time, he emphasized the curious barrier that separates combatants on either side. Describing an advance of troops over ground recently occupied by the enemy, he observes in "A Son of the Gods:"

"How curiously we regarded everything! how odd it all seemed! Nothing appeared quite familiar; the most commonplace objects—an old saddle, a splintered wheel, a forgotten canteen—everything related something of the mysterious personality of those strange men who had been killing us. The soldier never becomes wholly familiar with the conception of his foes as men like himself; he cannot divest himself of the feeling that they are another order of beings, differently conditioned, in an environment not altogether of the earth. The smallest vestiges of them rivet his attention and engage his interest. He thinks of them as inaccessible; and, catching an unexpected glimpse of them, they appear father away, and therefore larger than they really are—like objects in a fog. He is somewhat in awe of them."

No one has ever reproduced the grotesque horrors of war more vividly than Ambrose Bierce. In this vein he reaches a climax in the story of the deaf-mute child who wandered away from his home and, coming across a number of wounded soldiers crawling painfully from the battlefield of Chickamauga, thought they were playing a game, in which he tried to take part, finally returning to his home to find it burned down and his mother lying dead and shattered by a shell.

But, as a writer in the Spectator remarked in 1892, the kind of narrative peculiar to Bierce is the analysis of a man's thoughts during the brief moments in which he is being sent from life to eternity. Thus, in the description of the death of the Southern spy, "we escape with him by the breaking of the rope, drop into the stream, reach the river bank, and are on the point of reaching his home, when the narrative breaks off, and we realize that all these incidents have taken place in the doomed man's imagination, and his death follows instantly." Perhaps the best comment on Ambrose Bierce's sombre genius and the best explanation of his limited appeal is to be found in the remark made to the present writer by a friend. On being asked whether he had ever read Bierce's war stories, he answered: "O yes. I read them years ago, and shall never forget them. But I could never read them again. They are too terrible." It may, however, be fairly urged that, while there is nothing in them to blunt the resolution of those who are fighting for a righteous cause, they form the most powerful indictment conceivable of war for war's sake. Sherman's often-quoted saying, "War is hell!" never found more convincing literary illustration than in the stories of Ambrose Bierce.

# The Regeneration of Palestine

By A. M. H.

Until little more than thirty years ago Palestine was, like most of the remainder of the Turkish dominions, a derelict land. The Turkish system of government encouraged neither progress nor development. The pioneer in Turkey, unless he had an influential and insistent foreign Government behind him, toiled unassisted, with impediments artificial as well as natural at every turn. The principle of the Turk for a century and more has been laisser-faire. Anyone who interfered with the comfort of the most conservative of races was at best a nuisance, at worst an enemy. In the worst of conditions, however, neither a land nor a nation can stand absolutely still.

Of all the provinces of Turkey, Palestine was perhaps the least affected by outside influence. Its only foreign neighbor, Egypt, has displayed no interest in it since the short-lived annexation by Mehemet Ali. It possesses no unruly population which by its turbulence might attract the unfavorable attention of the Turkish Government. In the European press it has appeared, one might almost say, only on the occasion of the arrival of the first motor car or of the first aeroplane, or when some religious dispute between Greek and Latin pilgrims led by its virulence to an undesirable advertisement.

As a matter of fact, until the opening of the penultimate decade of the nineteenth century nothing may be said to have happened in Palestine since the withdrawal of the Egyptians. Two or three colonies of German or American mystics assured of the imminence of the millennium, and anxious to be close at hand when the great day arrived, were founded, and as a rule either melted away within a short time or lost their significance. By a mutual arrangement between the Prussian and the British Governments an Anglican bishropic was established in Jerusalem, but this religious partnership, as is the case with all joint protectorates, proved unsatisfactory, and the Prussian partner in the arrangement soon dropped out. This may be said to complete the story of Palestinian history during the middle decades of the nineteenth century. The country was still stagnant, as it had been for hundreds of years. In the east of Europe, however, the first years of the 'eighties were marked by an outburst of Jewish persecution. The Europeanized Russian Jew, who had been encouraged to dream of the realization of his ambition to become a Russian of the Jewish persuasion, found that he was fated to remain a Jew. The historic racial memories, which had been dulled by the universal campaign for political emancipation, were once more aroused, and the eye of the Russo-Jewish student turned away from Russia to the land which both history and religion had consecrated to him. The massacres in the Russian ghettos of the year 1881 and the oppressive May Laws of the following year mark the beginning of the Jewish revival in Palestine, and of the renascence of the land. In the year 1882 the first of the existing Jewish agricultural colonies was established. Four years earlier that of Petach Tikvah had been founded near Jaffa, but it proved a failure until its transfer to Russian refugees in 1883. The agricultural school of Mikveh Israel had been founded by the Alliance Israélite of Paris in the same district in 1870, and still exists, though it cannot be designated an agricultural colony. The example set by the pioneers of 1882 was speedily followed by others, and in the course of the next thirty years forty-four Jewish colonies in all came into existence in different parts of Palestine, and on the outbreak of the war others were in course of settlement.

The size of these colonies ranges from about 3000 inhabitants downwards. Their products vary with the soil and the climate of the districts in which they are situated. Some produce principally cereals, others wine, and yet others oranges; olives, almonds and other products are also cultivated. Many of the older colonies were at one time kept going only by a system of subsidies. But a healthier state now prevails. All are self-supporting, and in many cases the capital originally advanced is being or has been repaid. These colonies have produced a race of well-set-up peasants and farmers, healthy in body and mind, but differing from the agricultural population of most other lands, in the relatively considerable intellectual level to which they as a class reach. These Jewish farmers of Palestine, themselves refugees or the children of refugees from the walled-in alleys of the Russian Pale of Settlement, have in one generation developed into a sturdy race of children of the open air, men and women markedly superior in intellectual culture to the agricultural populations of other lands.

This handful of refugees taken from the six millions of the Jews of Russia have become the pioneers of the re-creation of the Jewish people. For of the many lessons that the history of the Jews in the Diaspora has taught, one stands out clear above all others. Without a spiritual centre, Jewish history can be nothing but one long-drawn-out agony—when the agony ceases the Jews will disappear. In Palestine alone is a Jewish spiritual centre possible. The few Jewish settlements in Palestine have already to some extent relieved the anguish of the Jews of the Diaspora—not directly, for their direct influence is infinitesimal. But they have held out some promise for the future. And the Jew, above all other peoples, lives in the future—not in himself, but in his children.

But to return to the concrete. The early colonies were settled by townsmen and students who had had no experience of agriculture, of Palestine, or of any other element of the new life into which they were entering. They were not only townsmen and strangers to the land. In many instances they knew nothing of the language or habits of the at first none too friendly Arabs in whose midst they settled. By these pioneers water was often obtained only with great difficulty; satisfactory houses were lacking; even the climate was unfavorable to colonists from a northerly region. Every circumstance seemed to argue against success. The ordinary observer would have had little hesitation in foretelling the speedy end of the experiment. But if he did so, he would have overlooked one asset that compensated for all the disadvantages. These colonists were inspired by an enthusiasm that overcame all obstacles. Colonies settled under the most unfavorable conditions did not disappear. There were few, if any, that did not pass through critical times, when one need not have been a pessimist to conclude that heredity and inexperience combined with minor drawbacks must prove insuperable. But the soldiers of the new Judaism in Palestine had friends and supporters in Europe. At critical moments there came forward the Society of Lovers of Zion of Odessa, above all Baron Edmond de Rothschild of Paris, who has devoted a royal fortune to the revival of Jewish life in the Holy Land, and later the Jewish Colonization Association, the society endowed by Baron de Hirsch with his great fortune, for the benefit of the oppressed of Jewry. With this assistance the crises were overcome and the stability of Jewish colonization in Palestine assured. Much of the growth of the prosperity—reckoned by imports and exports, a very large portion of which are with the British Empire—of Palestine in recent years is due to the remarkable Jewish revival which the last generation has seen. The exports consist of fruits, in which oranges occupy the leading position, soap made of olive oil, wine, cereals, etc. Since the era of Jewish colonization commenced a railway has been built from Jerusalem to the port of Jaffa, and another from the coast at Haifa to connect with the Hedjaz railway, which runs through the land east of the Jordan, and gives through communication from Haifa, the future port of Palestine, to Damascus. Roads have been constructed and other improvements contemplated. The Jewish colonies have received no assistance from the Government, but on the other hand they have suffered no interference in their internal affairs. They are governed, even in the administration of justice, by elected committees, and so successful are they that the neighboring Arab population has on occasions voluntarily brought its disputes before these committees for adjudication.

Although the inhabitants of these colonies form but a small proportion of the Jewish population of Palestine, which is more than a seventh of the total population of the country, a relatively considerable space has been devoted to them, for they must inevitably be the backbone of the national revival. The whole of the renascence of Palestine is, however, not to be found in the country. The towns also have had their share in it. Here, however, other difficulties had to be faced. The 60,000 Jews of Jerusalem consist for the most part of an entirely different class of settler, of immigrants or the children of immigrants, who came to Palestine not to regenerate the country, but as an expression of piety in order to spend the end of their lives on holy soil. Most of them were incapable of self-support. They passed their days in study, supported by the pious in the lands from which they had come.

### The Neutrality of Polk

"Whatever direction Mr. Polk's efforts or activities took in the intervals between the meetings of the entire commission," Ward concluded, "he presided successfully at most of these meetings with the proper neutrality of a chairman. In fact, for this reason, he went so far as to refuse to design a building, although his contract with the Exposition Company required him to do so. From what member of the commission emanated the first suggestion of the court plan is not entirely clear in the minds of all the members of the commission. However, this plan was born of a desire to so plan the Fair as to afford protection to the people from the trade winds. All of these facts can be substantiated by the minutes and by drawings on file with the Division of Works, as well as from the memories of the members of the commision. From these bald facts it would seem that there should be no difficulty in establishing the authorship of this plan, and each member's relation to it, and there should be no difficulty for anyone to decide whose work it is and to whom the honor should be awarded."

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### As to the Trade Winds

It will be noted from Mr. Ward's summary that the Bennett plan or Scheme A, called for courts open toward the water front. Mr. Bennett insisted during the discussion that this plan would give the proper orientation because the trade winds blew from the southwest, and that therefore courts open toward the water would afford the needed protection. Others held, however, that the trades blew from the northwest, and this was confirmed by Alexander McAdie who was our weather prophet at that time. This dispute led to the adoption of a curious resolution moved by Mr. Ward to the effect that the trades blew into this city from the northwest, so it is to be presumed that that matter has been settled once and for all! It has been further pointed out to me that when thanks were tendered to Mr. Bennett on the occasion of his severing his connection with the commission, he was thanked for his work but not for completing the plan of the Exposition. Are there any others who would like to be heard on this interesting question?

### The Clock Winder at the Thalia

"Say, Joe, what's the subterranean on the Examiner's fight against the police?"

"What do you mean?" Harbor Commissioner Dwyer asked.

"The dope from the basement. The inside. What's it all about, this new spasm of virtue the man behind the Examiner is throwing? I'm told some real estate sharks are behind it; that they are trying to pull down the price of real estate on the Barbary Coast and buy it in. What about it?"

"How should I know?" the Harbor Commissioner asked querulously.

"You used to be close up, weren't you? You were on the Hearst leg when the Examiner was trying to put 'Muley' Langdon over for Governor. Don't they take you in on private snaps?"

Commissioner Dwyer grunted. He was not in good humor. But the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was not to be denied. By way of keeping the conversation alive he remarked that he spent some time in the Thalia the night before.

"What were you doing there?" Dwyer asked.

"Just went up to see the girls the Examiner told us about Monday. The reporter said there was a dozen girls there trying 'to outdo Ziegfeld and his Folly girls.' Those were his exact words, and he got me into Dr. Aked's state of mind. You know Dr. Aked went to the Columbia to give the Folly girls the once over, and he remained to repeat—sat the whole show out. Now those Folly girls were some girls. They'd hold anybody for awhile. Gee, but they were nice girls! You know, Joe, girls with a punch. And they didn't wear many clothes."

Dwyer was deeply interested. "And you say the girls at the Thalia are just like them?" he asked.

"No," said the clockwinder, "I didn't say so. The Examiner said so. "The girls at the Thalia haven't the zip to them that the girls at the Columbia had. And you don't see so much of them. And they don't get off any of those clubby jokes that Dr. Aked and I heard at the Columbia. They're just plain working girls. Hearst wouldn't have one of them in the Follies' show."

"Hearst!" Dwyer exclaimed.

"Yes Hearst, didn't you hear?"

"Hear what?"

"That Hearst owned a half interest in the Follies show?"

"You don't say so!"

"No, I don't say so. I'm only telling you what I heard—what was common rumor when the show came to town."

"Do you believe it?"

"I don't see anything incredible about it. Hearst is in the theatrical business. He's interested in Elaine whom he boosts to death in the Examiner. He's a motion picture magnate. And I noticed there was never a show came to town that got the boosting in the Examiner that the Follies' show got—except, perhaps, Elaine."

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### Protection for the Marines

Harbor Commissioner Dwyer was absorbed in reverie.

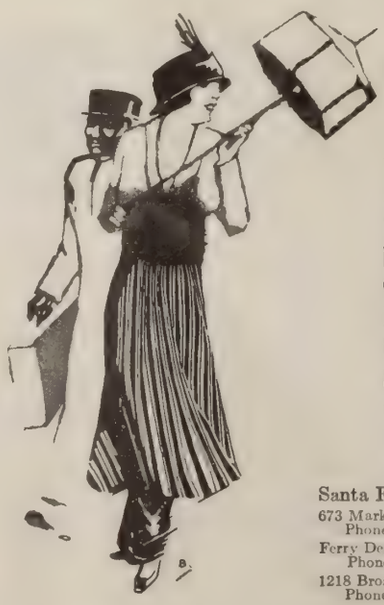
"Well, what do you think about it?" the clockwinder asked.

"I think that my friend Mr. Hearst is a great business man."

"That's a bright thought," said the clockwinder, "but what do you think about the Examiner trying to put the lid on the Barbary Coast because of the Thalia girls?"

"I haven't thought of that."

"Well, think it over. It's worth thinking about. It shows that the Examiner is more concerned about the morals of sailors and the unsophisticated marines than about the morals of clergymen like Dr. Aked and the morals of simple folks like myself. Mr. Hearst's idea is that if you can afford to buy a seat in the Columbia you are not in need of protection, but that if a place like the Barbary Coast appeals to you then the police should look out for you and see that you are guarded against temptation. If you are blase like Mr. Hearst and his editors it's all right to look on the half-naked Folly girl, to find inspiration in her dainty kick, take delight in her lickerish bon mot, or get a thrill from her ravishing wriggle. The girls of the Follies are edify-

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ing to the sophisticated, to wise men like Mr. Hearst and the divine who was formerly one of his employees; and therefore plenty of space for them in our great family journal, but as to the Thalia girls who haven't learned to cultivate a leer —the lid for them. Joe, if I had your literary ability I'd write an essay on class distinction in the moral zone."

### A Talk on Politics

Harbor Commissioner Dwyer showed signs of drawing the conversation to a close.

"Hold on, Joe," said the clockwinder as he slipped a finger into a Dwyer buttonhole; "tell me something about the political situation."

"I'm taking no interest in politics," said Dwyer.

"Fie! fie! Joe. Say not so. Haven't you heard from our mutual friend Matt Ignatius—the former Chief Justice?"

"No, I have not."

"But you will, Joe. He's waiting to see what happens to Spring Valley. He has put Rolph into that fight with both feet, and if the dear people get wise and put the lid on the financiers at the City Hall Matt'll call you in to do some figuring with him. He told me the other day to talk up Andy Gallagher among the union men on the water front."

"You don't mean to say he's for Andy."

"Yes, he's for Andy to split the Labor vote. He thinks that that will help Jim. But the tip I get is that they can't beat P. H. McCarthy. The wise fellows are all going to P. H."

"Do you think a union man can be elected again?"

"Yes, I find that some folks think it's better to have an out-and-out union man for Mayor than an in-and-out business man. They say they know where the union man stands, and they never know anything about the other fellow. Besides P. H. is only a union man; he isn't an anarchist. He's for keeping men on the job, not for promoting strikes. Think it over, Joe."

### Concerning Liberal Arts

"What," asked the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "what is a liberal art?"

As he waited for my answer he perched himself on the top of a hydrant and rested his feet on the ward of his key.

"Why," I answered, "that's very simple. You know what a fine art is. Well, a liberal art, as distinguished from a fine art, is—Or put it this way: All those arts which are not fine arts—"

"Yes, of course," the Clock Winder interposed, "it's quite clear. You are as lucid as a supervisor talking for the Spring Valley deal. In other words, you don't know what a liberal art is."

"Nothing of the sort!" I retorted indignantly.

"Well, if you do," said the Clock Winder, "you're a wonder. Nobody else seems to know. There's a definition in Webster, but it doesn't fit the Liberal Arts Building. I went out to the Fair just to find out what a liberal art was. I thought of asking a guard, but after my experience in the California Building I decided not to. I asked a guard in the California Building who was the architect of our State building and he told me he used to know but it was so long since he'd thought of it that he'd forgotten."

### Are These Liberal Arts?

"I made an investigation of the Liberal Arts Building on my own hook," continued the Clock Winder, "and while I can't say that it cleared up all my doubts, it did help me to make up a list of liberal arts. Photography is a liberal art. The selling of encyclopedias and dictionaries and first editions is a liberal art. Drugs, disinfectants, complexion creams, colognes and insect powder are liberal arts."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that they must be liberal arts because they are all in the Liberal Arts Building," said the Clock Winder. "Also telephones, scales, fire alarms, adding machines, cash registers and typewriters. And bromo seltzer and mange cure belong to the liberal arts. So do safety matches, fireworks and camphor, absorbent cotton, porous and corn plasters. And artificial limbs and dental chairs and false teeth and kidney cures. All of these are to be found in the Liberal Arts Building. But there's one joke in there."

"What is it?" I asked, stifling a yawn.

"The Methodist Book Concern," said the Clock Winder. "You know, I've once or twice heard that concern charged with being illiberal."

And he was on his way before I could rebuke him for this preposterous aspersion.

### Vive La France!

It is no wonder that cry burst spontaneously from a thousand throats last Friday when the French Building at the Exposition was dedicated. The great republic has always shown its affection for the United States in unmistakable fashion, and we should be churls indeed not to reciprocate. That France should take the trouble to renew the marks of her esteem at such a time as this is indeed an honor which we cannot appreciate too highly. Fitting expression was given to our appreciation in the speeches last Friday, and it was noted that Commissioner General Albert Tirman could not restrain his tears while his country was being thanked and praised. Most of the warring nations are represented unofficially to a greater or lesser extent at the Fair—England, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Belgium have exhibits there. Japan has a building, but Japan is not as deeply plunged in the world struggle as the others. Of the European fighters France alone has erected an exhibit palace. It is a remarkable achievement, but then France has a way of doing remarkable things, and doing them not only beautifully but also simply, for all the world as though it were a matter of course that she should do them. There was no infringement of neutrality in that heartfelt cry of Vive La France.

### Lester Boronda Answers

Lester Boronda, the young Salinas artist who has been showing his latest pictures with great success in the big Eastern cities, is one of the Californian painters not represented in the Palace of Fine Arts. Some time ago I named a number of artists whose works were not on the walls at the Fair, and wondered whether any of


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them would explain the reason for their absence. Boronda is the first to avail himself of the opportunity.

"To explain is very easy," he writes me from New York, "but to arrive at any reason why, is difficult. I submitted canvases to three juries, New York, Chicago and San Francisco. I was eligible to be invited from the walls of the Annual Art Institute show in Chicago or the Corcoran Biennial, Washington, D. C. Yet I was not invited. The Chief of the Fine Arts Department, Mr. Trask, doubtless has never heard of me or of my works, so there is no prejudice or personal feeling on his part. The San Francisco jury of worthy Californians, I know, obeyed their highest impulses in the course of their selections. One member was my first professor and he, I know, would do all in his power to see me represented in this great show, providing of course my works merited the distinction. Other noted members of this body would make the same efforts in my behalf—granting my pictures were acceptable to their standards. In short, I am not represented, and it seems there is but one conclusion: that is, my pictures are not very good. As I am about to believe this I ask myself, Why would the Chicago jury accept my canvas, limited as they are for space, if it were not good enough for the Panama-Pacific? Why would the Pennsylvania Academy invite my canvas from the Corcoran Gallery, if it were not worthy to be invited to San Francisco? Why would my canvas not be good enough to pass the New York Panama-Pacific jury, yet pass the National Academy jury, be superbly hung and noticed by every leading New York art critic? Why should many of the most prominent museums in America honor me with one-man shows, for instance, Rochester Memorial Museum, Minneapolis Institute, City Museum of St. Louis and Seattle Art Museum? I have passed the jury of every important exhibition in America—except the Panama-Pacific. Why? I do not know. I should feel grieved if my good San Francisco friends, the people that gave me my start in the art world, were not to have a chance to see if my productions are as bad as certain events might indicate. However, I am bringing my own exhibition out to San Francisco and will show it at the Hotel St. Francis late in May. I will be glad to have every one interested see my collection and decide this matter."

### The Proper Spirit

I met Lester Boronda when he gave an exhibition here before adventuring forth to Europe for the enrichment of his art. I liked him then, and I like him still more after reading this good-tempered, well-considered letter. He shows, I think, the proper spirit. Of course I can say nothing of his case, for the facts are not in my possession. But it must be remembered that art juries are human and therefore apt to err. An art jury works under considerable strain; it must suffer some diminution of enthusiasm, must have its perceptions dulled a bit toward the end of a long session of concentrated attention. So it is quite likely that a jury sometimes rejects pictures it should not reject. This is unfortunate but seems to be inevitable. There is another thought which should be pondered here, though I do not pretend to know whether it applies to Boronda. It was expressed by Chief of the Department of Fine Arts John E. D. Trask in an interview in Town Talk, as follows: "The standard was deliberately placed very high. The juries were asked to establish and hold to this very high standard. It is fully one hundred per cent higher than the standard at the Salon. I suppose you know that the annual exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute is one of the very best in the country. That exhibition closed the day before the World's Fair jury sat in Chicago, and over one hundred pictures shown at that exhibition were submitted to the World's Fair jury. Just fifty per cent of them were rejected as not good enough to represent American art in an international show of the highest standard. A very considerable number rejected in New York were accepted by the National Academy of Design. Taking their work seriously the juries could not do otherwise."

### Cause for Thanks

The Exposition men are to be congratulated on their good sense in remedying certain conditions which called for criticism. D'Arcy Ryan has been honored for the wizard work he accomplished in the illumination of the Fair. Those who thought that he was receiving less than his due are prepared now to forget what they considered a slight. Another improvement is to be seen in the treatment of newspapermen. They are receiving the courtesies to which they are entitled. Red tape doesn't trip them up every time they go forth in quest of Exposition news. Orders have been issued that they are to be recognized on presentation of their credentials, instead of being submitted to the suspicious scrutiny of all sorts and conditions of officials as heretofore. All of this is as it should be. The Fair is a big thing, and no pettiness should be allowed to intrude on its success.

### A Los Angeles Comeback

"Broncho Billy" Anderson came a cropper in Los Angeles recently when he produced "The Arcadians" at the Morosco Theatre. It was a good production made by the experienced theatrical man Sam Rork, but died of box office inanition. Rork was peeved and allowed his peeve to get into print.

"It's a jay town, a jitney town, a cafeteria town, a Victrola town," he said in an outburst to a newspaper interviewer. "They don't want anything in Los Angeles but a bungalow and a shaded light and a stove to put their feet on at night, and a vegetable garden where they can raise truck to live on."

In the reply to the foregoing comment another Los Angeles newspaper printed the following bit of verse:

"If you want to live in the kind of town
Like the kind of town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town,
It isn't the town—it's you."

### Carnival Night at Tavern

The greatest attraction in San Francisco on Wednesday evenings is the Carnival at Techau Tavern. The management has purchased a large supply of fun-making souvenirs and presents a bag of these novelties to each guest. Included in each bag is a miniature bottle of Colgate's famous perfumery. Carnival Night has a brand new program each week, including new dances and costumes by Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote, late of the Ruth St. Denis company, and new songs by the large corps of vocalists which numbers such celebrities as Miss Reuck, Miss Bell, Miss Grant and Mr. Remmick. There are Candy Dances every evening in the week at Techau Tavern and each lady is presented with an art souvenir box of Foster and Orear's candies, which are the acme of confectionery of varieties to be had only at these Candy Dances.

"Nice children you have. Which is this?"

"The seventh."

"He seems to be the healthiest-looking one of the lot."

"Yes; by the time he came along his mother had run out of theories."

"How beautifully they dance together!"

"Yes. I wonder whose husband her partner is?"

"My husband is just like our furnace," sighed Mrs. Blinks. "All day he smokes, and at night he goes out."

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Parrott Goes to Work

Twenty-six-year-old Willie Parrott has gone to work. It is real work too, not the delicate dabbling so many scions of plutocracy call work. Young Parrott has a job with the Great Western Power Company and while you read this he is probably perspiring over a dynamo in the power plant on the Feather River. Doubtless there is oil on his face and an ache in his bones, but he is having a good time just the same. He is working, and he likes to work. The boys of the Parrott family do not have to work. John Parrott is a rich and an indulgent father, and he long ago informed Willie, as he had previously informed Willie's elder brothers John Jr. and Joe that there was no necessity for seeking a job. John Jr. and Joe took dad at his word. Not so Willie. He entered Hastings College of the Law, but did not finish. Now he has a job he likes. One of his friends asked him just before he left town why he bothered about working when he didn't have to.

"Oh," he said, "my brothers are satisfied with three squares and a bed, but I want something more."

"Who's the girl, Willie?" the friend asked, but Willie smiled and said no more.

### The Gracious Schumann-Heink

Madame Schumann-Heink loves the Cliff House by day and by night. She dined there two nights in succession recently, and it was evident that she thoroughly enjoyed her environment, for she is a natural woman and never dreams of appearing bored when she is having a good time. One of the things she enjoyed particularly was the music at the Cliff House. Indeed, she enjoyed it so much that she quite unaffectedly left her table and lifted up her glorious voice in song with the entertainers, giving the other diners a treat which they relished the more because it was so spontaneous and unexpected. Before she left San Francisco she sent beautiful scarf pins to the two young men who are the instrumentalists at the Cliff House, and a beautiful bracelet to the young lady who sings. Is it any wonder Madame Schumann-Heink is so beloved?

### Informal Eleo Sears

Eleonora Sears was the centre of a group of young men from Burlingame in Peacock Alley, Hotel St. Francis, a few evenings ago. She was chatting vivaciously, and the young men hung upon her words. The chair she occupied was near the entrance to what is known as the "Powell Street Country Club," in other words the St. Francis bar. One of the young men suggested that he was thirsty, and the others pleaded the same complaint. It was agreed that immediate treatment was necessary. As the young men were about to desert the lively "Tommy" for a few minutes, one of them laughingly inquired whether she cared for anything.

"A Scotch," she answered promptly, "and in a long glass."

She got it.

### Indoor Yacht Club Ball

I understand that some eight thousand dollars were banked to the credit of the kiddies after the Indoor Yacht Club's pageant-dansant. And I am not in the least surprised. These mariners of terra firma are the most energetic men in town both in business and pleasure. When they set out to do a thing they do it thoroughly and with eclat. When they appealed once more to San Francisco to help them brighten the lives of the lonely youngsters who call some orphan asylum "home," San Francisco thought of that wonderful Kiddies Day at the Park last summer and responded immediately. I know people to whose eyes the tears come when they recall last year's Kiddies Day. It was a day on which the warm sun of gentle kindness shone, and all the good it did was not done to the children. So it is no wonder that San Francisco has decided to aid the Indoor Yacht Club in making Kiddies Day an annual affair. There were ten thousand people in the Civic Auditorium Saturday night, and it is safe to say that three-fourths of them went out of sentiment. The tars of the Indoor Yacht Club are not emotionalists, but they are inspired by a charitable purpose and their appeal for the kiddies goes straight to the big heart of this community.

### A Splendid Pageant

The Indoor Yachtsmen do not believe in allowing charity to cover the defects of entertainment. On the contrary they believe that the best is none too good for the man who gives his money to a worthy cause. So this ball was not like other balls, a dance and nothing more. It was a pageant as well, one of the most elaborate, one of the most beautiful, one of the most original pageants it has been San Francisco's fortune to see. The whole affair has been the talk of the town this week. It has left nice memories, and what more can be said in praise of any festivity? Its success was a foregone conclusion. Consider the men who were active in its preparation. Commodore Frank Hennessy, John Tait, Joseph Watts, Supervisor McCarthy, James Woods, Joseph Lewis, M. W. Altmayer, Sam Berger, James W. Coffroth and Thomas Mulvey. It would be hard to name ten other men of this city equal to these in the qualities which make up what we call a "live wire." They have initiative, ideas, inexhaustible energy and a fine enthusiasm. Such men pick strong lieutenants. No wonder every detail of the pageant-dansant was carefully wrought out. Here was an organization that set out to give San Francisco the "time of its life," and accomplished its purpose. And maybe the kiddies won't have the "time of their young lives" on the Zone when the great day for the spending of that eight thousand arrives!

### Social Classification

Tantalus pays no attention to letters from "Constant Reader," "Old Subscriber" et id genus omne when they deal with matters which should only be written over a correct signature. Occasionally however an anonymous letter comes to me from some reader who desires to express his views on some topic that has engaged my attention. I suppose all editors receive such letters, harmless letters and not meant for publication. I have just received one from "Constant Reader" who commends certain remarks of mine recently published. The letter is of more than passing interest because it contains a bit of social terminology that may be new to most readers. "Constant Reader" says that certain ladies whom she mentions are included in the "Pure Push" in contradistinction to the "Rotten Rich." This is an illuminating classification. The terms are not polite terms but they convey an emphatic meaning. Would not lists of those who belong to one and the other set be interesting?

### The O'Connell Organ Recitals

Not all music lovers that go to the Exposition to hear an organ recital visit Festival Hall; not since the deep, vibrant tones of the organ in the Illinois building reached the public ear. At the organ in the Illinois building sits one of San Francisco's talented musicians, Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell, who in other days not so remote gave distinction to the choir of St. Ignatius Church. Dr. O'Connell has been rendering some fine programs in the Illinois building, and his concerts on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons at three-fifteen have proved a strong attraction. Apropos the interest he is arousing I am reminded that the Irish are having a lot to do with Illinois affairs. That beloved and much esteemed clergyman, Dr. F. W. Clampett, had something to say on this subject at the dedication ceremonies in February. Dr. Clampett went to Illinois to urge Governor Dunne to exercise his influence to have the Fair appropriation increased. During the conversation between the Governor and the pastor of Trinity Church they discovered that both were graduates of Trinity College, Dublin. The Governor was at once in favor of the increase, but before it was allowed a gentleman by the name of O'Shaughnessy had to be consulted. At the dedication ceremonies the Illinois colony of California presented a flag through Mrs. Viola F. Murphy, and now Dr. O'Connell, direct descendant of the illustrious Daniel, is playing the organ. But the organist has no Illinois connections.

Here is the Sunday program: 1. "Sit Laus

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### Two Dinners

Samuel Alzas of New York has been renewing his acquaintance with San Francisco after an absence of some years. His last visit to the city in April, 1906, when he was in the company of Paul Kessler of the Moet & Chandon Company, with whom he is associated, was cut short with a thrill. Both gentleman left town by the peninsula route in an automobile, but at the earliest opportunity they got into telegraphic communication with Chicago, ordering three carloads of eatables shipped to this city. Last Monday evening Mr. Alzas entertained a party of friends at the Cliff House, and on the following evening he was entertained in Tait's Pavo Real. In the party were Mr. S. N. Rucker, Mr. William F. Humphrey, Mr. James Woods, Mr. John Tait, Mr. Thomas F. McCann, Mr. William Nelson, Mr. William Lange, Mr. James Wood Coffroth, Mr. Julius Rosenfield, Mr. William H. McCarthy, Mr. Harry Keegan Monaghan, Mr. Joseph Deering and Mr. T. F. Bonnet.

### Enter "Chick" Evans

Californians have long had the golfing craze, but there has been very little opportunity afforded the local golfers of testing their skill against that of the crack Easterners. This the P. P. I. E. Amateur and Open championship tournaments will give them. All the events of importance will be played on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club commencing next Monday with the Amateur championship. The bright lights of the tournament will of course be "Chick" Evans and H. Chandler Egan. The former hails from the Edgewater Golf Club, Chicago, and holds today the title of Western Amateur champion, in addition to being the runner-up of the National Open championship. Evans is conceded by all who have seen him in action to be one of the most brilliant exponents of the game ever produced in this country, and his popularity has spread to all corners of the earth, as was exemplified when he invaded England two years ago in search of European laurels. His greatest fault in competition is weakness in putting, yet on his best days he is simply marvelous in this department of the game. During his trip through the Northwest he had one of these brilliant putting streaks on, and actually pulled a match out of the fire from Jack Neville by holing out a sequence of twenty footers. He has appeared in National finals but has yet to win this event, though Middle Western golfers claim that he is quite as good as Francis Ouimet, the champion, or Jerome Travers who has held the title on many occasions. This is Evans' first trip to California, and we hope that he will show us a sample of his best form.

### Also Chandler Egan

Chandler Egan has held both the National and Western championship titles, and three or four years ago was considered equal to anyone in the country. During the past few years however he has been devoting his time and attention solely to his fruit ranch in Oregon, with very few opportunities of indulging in his favorite pastime on the links. He was defeated in a heart-breaking struggle for the Northwestern championship by Jack Neville last June on the Seattle links, and this was his only public appearance on any course for the entire year.

### Our Crack Golfers

Naturally the local contingent is anxious to see how Harry Davis, the California champion, will fare against these two crack Easterners. He drives a longer ball than either of them and his putting is uncanny when in a tight corner. The Ingleside links are entirely suited to his game, and he will of course have the advantage of greater familiarity with the course. Then there is Robin Hayne, the recent conqueror of Davis in the Northern California championship, a player who has no superior on the coast in the use of his irons. The Burlingame player made a reputation for himself in intercollegiate golf on the other side of the continent, and big things were predicted for him, but apart from an occasional best score in a qualifying round, he failed signally to live up to these hopes until he won the title at Claremont. Jack Neville seems to have developed into an in-and-outer. In one tournament he will show brilliant form and run through his opponents with apparent ease, and the very next week he will be ousted by the veriest dub. His Claremont friends are looking for him to show some class when pitted against Evans or Egan, whose games he knows to a tee.

### Not a Plagiarist

Charley Dickman, the artist, was having a social glass with some friends at the Bohemian Club.

"Three rousing cheers," said Dickman as he quaffed.

"Ah ha!" said one of the party, "you are plagiarizing from 'Ruggles of Red Gap'."

If he had known Dickman better he would not have thought so. Harry Leon Wilson got the toast from Dickman who used it for years before it was put to literary use.

### A Cinema-Dansant

Now for another variation of the prevailing craze: now for a cinema dansant. It will be held at the St. Francis on the evening of May 17th, and as it is to be for the benefit of the Auxiliary of the Catholic Humane Bureau society is already sitting up and taking notice. Supper parties are now being arranged. The Humane Bureau needs more shoes for its army of little ones, and the cinema-dansant will call forth the funds.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy have taken possession of their summer home at Woodside.

### A "1915" Dance

Miss Clara Alexander who has organized a dancing club which meets every Friday night, makes the interesting announcement that the dance of Friday, April 23, will be the first fancy dress party and that members of the club will appear in costumes depicting something to be seen at the Fair. This idea has possibilities which will undoubtedly appeal to the merry set Miss Alexander has gathered together. There are a number of well known people in the club, including such popular writers as Helen Dare, Miss Annie Wilde, Mr. Charles Kenyon and Mr. Thomas Nunan.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

### Reflections at a Concert

Esthetics have come into the air in this World's Fair year and one meets with much interesting criticism on art and music. I was reflecting on this last Sunday at the Columbia between songs that were sung by Julia Culp. What joy one gets from the singing of this finished vocalist! But I remembered that a month or so ago people here were enjoying other kind of singing. They were really enthusing over it. They were saying the singers were very artistic, they were so picturesque in their rendering of folk songs and ballads. Apparently it did not matter that the singers had never learned how to sing. So I asked myself how is it that to some people who like to talk of art and music, and who apparently enjoy art and music, that it really doesn't matter if a singer has learned the elements of her art provided she has certain adventitious and extrinsic aids to expression and representation. The technique of the vocalist appears to be regarded as a matter of secondary importance. I have wondered why this is so. Maybe it is because we have heard of "natural" singers, by which is meant singers who never took any lessons in singing. Patti is pointed to as a notable example. There are also "natural" pianists, "natural" acrobats, "natural" craftsmen. But they all have technique. Technique is not an end in itself, but without it there is much bungling. People who speak of Patti as a "natural" singer forget that she was a member of a family of musicians. She had a beautiful voice and instinctively she sang correctly, but her finesse, style and brilliance were not acquired altogether without instruction. Nor were Melba's, but Melba was able to trill when she was a child. Technique means nothing more than knowing how. In no art is any one worthy of consideration who has not technique, perfect of its kind. Even an acrobat must perfect himself in technique. If a tight-rope dancer had as little technique as some of the singers that immediately preceded Julia Culp the dancer would break her neck. Danger is the teacher to whom the finished acrobat is indebted, and it is too bad that the singer who has not learned the distinction between right and wrong, the true and false, is not exposed to laughter. It is too bad that criticism does not insist that as an instrument the voice should be used for artistic expression no less scrupulously than the violin. It is all right and interesting to make a drama of a song with the aid of costume or other accessories, but directness of appeal should come through the voice. Such were my irrelevant reflections at the Culp concert. Julia Culp is a singer who has not only a beautiful voice, but perfect mastery of all the technical essentials to perfect voice production. If she had not this mastery we should miss some of the beauty of her voice. A rare contralto, it is evenly developed over a wide range. Not only in her verbal phrasing but equally in presentation of tonal nuances she interprets the lovely songs of masters as only the perfect technician can interpret them. Is it joy, grief, exultation, calm content, hope, despair, resignation, exaltation she would have us feel? Whatever the emotion she wishes to evoke it responds. Sunday she gave us a long program,—Brahms, Strauss, Carpenter, Rogers and Hugo Wolf. She sang a weigenlied and Schubert's Ave Maria for encores. Julia Culp's is the kind of voice worthy to be heard with a great symphony orchestra.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### The Authorship of Abe and Mawruss

Without exception the critics and the public acclaimed with enthusiasm A. H. Woods' production of "Potash and Perlmutter," the authorship of which was generally attributed to Hugh Ford and Montague Glass—the latter, the writer of the well known tales in the Saturday Evening Post. Scores of "dramatizations," it seems, were made of the stories of Mr. Glass, but none quite suited his notions. Charles Klein, according to Rialto oracles, was called in to "lick 'em into shape," and he did some licking. Ultimately the heads of Messrs. Glass and Ford and Woods, laid closely together, proved to be the best foundation for the structure and the outcome was another big winner for Mr. Woods. Announced as "an up-to-date garment in three pieces," it is also worthy of the time honored description of "all wool and a yard wide." Carrying on the familiar phraseology of the tailor shop—especially those establishments where Abe and Mawruss contrive to make a big profit by close attention to business and to the maxim "Caveat Emptor," it fits the leading actors "like the paper on the wall." "Potash and Perlmutter" will continue at the Columbia until Sunday, May 2. There are matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The third week of the engagement begins Sunday night, April 18. Chauncey Olcott in his new play "The Heart of Paddy Whack" will be the next attraction at the Columbia.

### The Boston Symphony

The interest of the music loving public is centered on the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will begin a series of twelve concerts in Festival Hall at the Exposition, Friday evening, May 14. This organization is the finest of the kind in the world. The subscription sale of seats for the twelve concerts, eight of which will take place at night, is progressing at 343 Powell street, with a very large demand. Mail orders, accompanied by funds, addressed to W. H. Leahy, will receive prompt attention and seats will be allotted as near the location desired as is possible.

### "The Clansman" at the Cort

D. W. Griffith's wonderful film drama "The Clansman," by special arrangement, has been secured by the Cort Theatre for a limited engagement opening Monday matinee, April 19. Despite the fact that "The Clansman" had a record run of six weeks in San Francisco, during which time it was shown to more than 100,000 persons, the popular demand for its return has been so great that the Cort considers a return engagement advisable. "The Clansman" is the greatest motion picture that has ever been produced. A fortune was expended before it was completed and eight months were required to stage it. Historically and technically it is perfect. The film deals with the Civil War period and the reconstruction that followed. A well known professor of history in one of California's leading universities worked four months searching through history for historical data for the staging. In this film are seen the greatest battle scenes ever staged. The final performance of "Under Cover" with H. B. Warner will be given Sunday night.

### Mme. Yorska at Orpheum

Next week's Orpheum bill will include two new headline acts of great renown, the famous author and comedian Alan Brooks and the distinguished actress Madame Yorska. Alan Brooks who has been responsible for some of the most conspicuous successes of the legitimate stage both as an author and principal comedian, will offer his latest playlet "Straightened Out" and will portray a most original and amusing inebriate. He is supported by a very clever company. Madame Yorska is one of the very few players and the only woman that has attained the distinction of being a featured member

MADAME YORSKA

The distinguished actress and protege of Sarah Bernhardt next week at the Orpheum

of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's company at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris. She headed the company which played at the Theatre National de L'Odeon, Paris, and came to America for the French Dramatic Society of New York. She is playing for the first time in the English language which she has perfectly mastered and is meeting with immense success in a one-act drama by Maurice Joy and Gordon A. Smith entitled "Days of War." She is supported by Jose Ruben and a company of her own selection. Helen Scholder, the eminent 'cellist, will be heard for the first time here. She graduated with the highest honors from the foremost American conservatories, after which she pursued her studies in Berlin. "The Three Rubes," Bowers, Walters and Crocker, will present a melange of grotesque acrobatics, music, singing and country dancing. Al Rover with the assistance of his sister will supply an eccentric musical and dancing novelty. George H. Rosener presents two unique impersonations, a drug fiend and an old soldier. The other acts will be Morton and Moore and "The Bride Shop," both of which have proved big hits.

### Final Culp Concert

The farewell concert of Mme. Julia Culp will be given at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30, and the program will be one of exceptional interest and beauty. The accompaniments will be played by Coenraad V. Bos. The program will consist of four groups. The first will include "On Wings of Song," "The Moon" and "Cradle Song" by Mendelssohn and "Unfaithful," "One Tone" and "Violets" by Peter Cornelius. The second will conist of "Her Blanket" and "Indian Lullaby," two songs arranged by Th. Lieurance from tribal chants of American Indians, also Beethoven's "The Cottage Maid" and a "Dutch Serenade" by de Lang. The third group will include four masterworks of Brahms and the fourth works by Schubert. By special request Mme. Culp will sing the "Ave Maria." Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia. This Saturday night at 8:15 Mme. Culp will sing in Assembly Hall at Stanford University under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

### The Success of Kolb and Dill

Kolb and Dill have come into their own at the Alcazar where they are nightly delighting capacity audiences with their brand new and up-to-date musical show "This Way Out," written especially for them by Frank M. Stammers, with music by Harold Orlob. Produced under the personal direction of the two famous comedians there is absolutely nothing to be desired. The men in the box office have had all they could do to handle the crowds who are after seats. There are matinees on Thursdays and Saturdays. Popular prices prevail at all performances.

### The Barrere Ensemble

Manager Greenbaum announces as his final attraction of the season that unique chamber music organization The Barrere Ensemble of nine virtuosi on wind instruments. Each year this impresario has brought his season to a close with either a string quartet such as the Flonzaley or the Kneisel or an orchestra of importance, such as the New York Symphony or the Russian Symphony. This time he has succeeded in securing a genuine novelty, for chamber music organizations of wind instrument players are very rare, there not being over four in the world. It seems strange to speak of "novelties" by such classic masters as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, etc., and yet that is just what the Barrerres will play for us. Few of the most seasoned and consistent concert goers realize that the repertoire of compositions for various combinations of wind instruments is an enormous one and the only reason we do not know more about them is because really fine players on the requisite instruments are very scarce. There are hundreds of competent players of the string instruments and many of the brass instruments available, whereas ar-

LILLIAN GISH
One of the charming actresses in "The Clansman" at the Cort.


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With
BARNEY BERNARD and ALEXANDER CARR
"Abe" and "Mawruss" and Seats Are Selling Fast
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Special Singing and Music Features—Augmented Orchestra
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

tists on the oboe, clarinet, bassoon and French horn are indeed rare. Mr. George Barrere, the founder and director of the petite orchestra that bears his name, is a world famous flute virtuoso and his ensemble consists of one flute, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons and two French horns. Here is the offering for the first concert to be given Sunday afternoon, April 25, at the Columbia: Serenade, Mozart; Canon, Ch. Lefebvre; Allegretto Scherzando, C. Lefebvre; Rondino, Beethoven; Flute Solo, M. Barrere (a) The Frogs, C. W. Chadwick, (b) Scherzino, C. W. Chadwick; Musette, G. Peiffer; Aubade, P. de Wailly; Suite Gauloise, T. Gouvy. The second concert will be given Friday afternoon, April 30, at 3:15, when a similar program of works by Gounod, Beethoven, Mozart, Kuhlau, Kreins and others will be given, and still another program is promised for the farewell concert on Sunday, May 2. Season tickets and tickets for single concerts will be ready at Sherman, Clay and Company's next Wednesday morning, and single tickets may be secured at the Columbia and Kohler and Chase's. Address all mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's. On Monday night, April 26, the Barreres will play in Petaluma at the Hill Opera House and on Saturday night, May 1, at Stanford University.

**Bothwell Browne at Pantages**

Bothwell Browne, one of the well known oriental dancers, with his own company will top the new bill at Pantages. "The Serpent of the Nile," a weird spectacular pantomimic drama of ancient Egypt, is the offering. Browne appears supported by twelve dancing girls and Francis Young. The production is lavishly staged. As a special added feature Dr. Leonard L. Sugden who has just returned from Alaska with marvelous motion pictures of the interior of the great territory, will show his "movies" and give his interesting talk on "How to Earn a Living in Alaska." These pictures were taken by Dr. Sugden after great difficulties and will be taken to Washington for presentation to President Wilson and the cabinet. Dr. Sugden and Alexander Pantages were friends in the Klondike sixteen years ago, and it was through that friendship that the scientist was induced to show his pictures in the Pantages house before sending them to Washington. The Alaskan Commission and all the principal commercial bodies on the Pacific Coast have endorsed the pictures. Two local youngsters, Kenneth Cook and Bernice Brown, will make their vaudeville debut in songs and ball room dances. Another feature is the Archie Nicholson company in a merry musical melange. The other good numbers will consist of Grace LaDell and company, Parisian sharpshooters; Conboy, Marston and company in a delightful comedy "The Claim Agent;" Jimmy Green, a character impersonator; and reels of comedy pictures.

**Don't Go in the Movies, Ma**

A little boy stood near his mother's side,
A tear that wet his cheek was quickly dried;
Fear was writ upon his face, and as she stroked his head,
He drew closer to his mother and sobbingly he said:
Don't go in the movies, ma, they were never meant for you,
You are pounds too heavy, ma, you will never do.
You can't ride a broncho, you can't swim icy streams;
You've never mixed with father, so you can't have romantic dreams.
You never scaled a mountain, ma, you can't shoot a gun,
You never touched booze, so you couldn't play a bum.
What do you know about fencing, ma, or rowing out to sea?
You've never been in a club, nor near society.
You couldn't do the Chaplin stuff, you ain't no acrobat;
You can't do a somersault, or even skin the cat.
You can't steal into an empty flat, or help rob a house;
You couldn't play the hero, ma, for you even fear a mouse.
You couldn't rope a steer, nor drive a four-horse team;
You couldn't play a workingman and skin up any beam.
You couldn't play a housemaid, you don't know how to cook;
You've got too sweet a countenance to try to play a crook.
Don't go near the studio, don't be foolish, ma,
Just stick around the house here and play with me and pa.

"Why are children so much worse than they used to be?"

"I attribute it to improved ideas in building."

"How so?"

"Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof."

Dr. Curem—You will find your dyspepsia greatly alleviated, Mr. Peck, by cheerful and agreeable conversation at your meals.

Mr. Peck—That's good advice, doc, but my income will not permit me to eat away from home.

"Then you don't think I practise what I preach, eh?" queried the minister, in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, an' ye haven't resigned yet."

JULIA CULP

This Sunday Afternoon, April 18, at 2:30

COLUMBIA THEATER

Prices, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 Steinway Piano

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Nine Wind Instruments in Rare Chamber Music

Sunday Afternoons, April 25 and May 2, and Friday Afternoon, April 30

Season Tickets—$5.00, $3.50, $2.25
Single Tickets—$2.00, $1.50, $1.00

Box offices open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Columbia Theater.

MONDAY, APRIL 26—BARRERES IN PETALUMA

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Commencing Monday Night, April 19th
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Everything New and Up-to-Date
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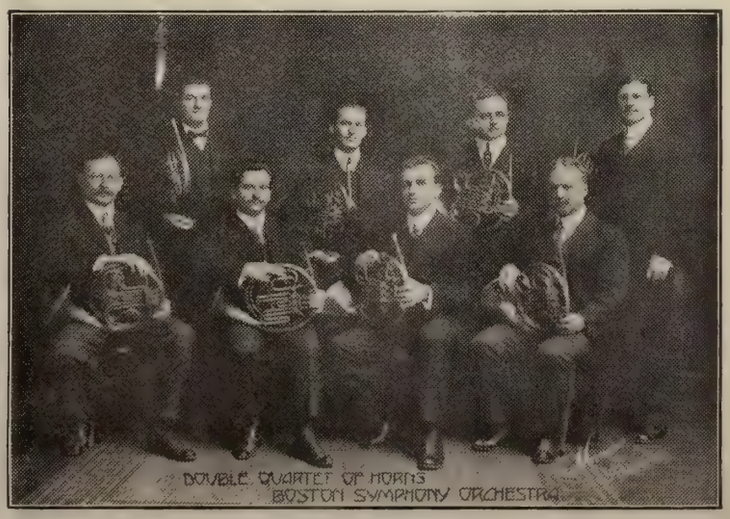
THE BARRERE ENSEMBLE

The wonderful chamber music organization of nine wind instrument virtuosi which will give concerts at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoons, April 25 and May 2, and Friday afternoon, April 30




DOUBLE QUARTET OF HORNS

Of the Boston Symphony Orchestra coming to Festival Hall, Exposition grounds, May 14, for a series of concerts

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stock**—The stock market continued its upward movement last week and prices for all the listed stocks showed a good advance all around. Bethlehem Steel was the leader, and the advance was so rapid that quotations were from two to three points apart. Rumors of all kinds were to be had. The one that the trade was most concerned about was a stock dividend of 100 per cent. U. S. Steel did not share in the wild advance of Bethlehem, but a steady advance carried the common stock up to 58. Copper shares were strong and were led by the advance in Amalgamated, which sold near the 70 mark. Other copper stocks showed a marked improvement, which was based on the advance in the metal market, and talk of a resumption of dividends in some of the minor issues. Toward the end of the week the railroads, which have been lying dormant, woke up and prices were easily advanced throughout the list. Earnings are now showing up better, and with the increase in freight rates, there is no reason why they should not show a period of prosperity with the outlook for crops so good. Broadening along the lines of bullish activity is indicated by latest developments. There is a growing impression in financial circles that the upward movement of the stock market is primarily discounting allied rather than German dominance in world affairs, which, carried further of course, means the end of the war. That the complete defeat of Germany is indicated does not necessarily follow, but there is no longer any fear among world financial powers of German dominance. There are many other things to be discounted. Among them is a probable political change for the better as regards business; another big grain crop of high value; gradual return of trade to normal; permanently expanding foreign trade; establishment of the United States as a predominant financial power and a great wave of investment. The basis for an important bull market is manifest.

**Wheat**—Wheat has ranged somewhat higher during the week, although there has been lacking news of a character to give prices a vital movement in either direction. The export demand, while of a comparatively good volume is necessarily not so large as previously, but the primary movement is moderate in quantity. A well defined idea that in the nature of things the war cannot last an unusually long time has taken some of the stimulus away, more particularly as reports relating to winter wheat are generally favorable and the expectation of another large crop tempers enthusiasm. Argentine advices indicate further reduction in the surplus for export, and it is asserted that deducting what has already been exported from there leaves not a sufficient amount to exert any depressing influence on general values. The situation at this level seems to be fairly well balanced, corresponding to prevailing conditions and leaving the market in a condition to respond to important developments, according to the progress of our growing crop and political developments abroad.

**Corn** has ruled higher, but during the last few days has lost a part of the recent advance. The continued light movement, with clearances of good quantity and the visible supply showing large decreases, has been the cause of some confidence on the part of holders, but the lack of present export sales and a moderate domestic demand has resulted in scattered liquidation. There has been some improvement, however, in the domestic demand. It is very likely that the primary movement will soon show an increase and it would seem that unless a particularly good cash demand arises, liquidation may carry prices lower.

**Cotton**—Fundamentally the situation disclosed few changes. The market rules at nearly the highest level since the outbreak of war and is but little below the plane of values which prevailed when it suspended. Acreage continues to absorb the attention of the trade. Another private estimate will be issued Monday and this is awaited with interest. Traders are curious to learn whether it will agree with the estimate put out by a private crop reporting bureau early in the week, which indicated a reduction of 20 per cent in planted area. With the elapsing of the time limit set by the British Order in Council on the shipment of cotton to Germany and other continental ports the trade is inclined to look for a material decrease in the volume of cotton shipped to Europe. At the same time all early estimates of consumption were revised long ago and it is conceded by the stoutest bears that consumption of American staple by foreign countries will approximate if it will not reach 8,000,000 bales. The huge volume of exports already made precludes any serious change in estimates through the British embargo. Cotton continued to advance the greater part of last week and although there were recessions from time to time, the buying power was so urgent at the declines that the bears made very little headway and when they tried to cover their shorts, they found very little cotton for sale. Liverpool seemed to wake up late in the week and their market advanced faster than ours with a good business being done in spot cotton. Talk of a big reduction in the acreage as well as a big reduction in the demand for fertilizer from all sections of the belt stimulated the advance. The weather in the belt has been too cold and wet the entire week and farm work is far behind normal at this season of the year. Stocks of cotton at New York are piling up rapidly and as New York has advanced much faster than the outside markets, it means that cotton will find its way to New York and might become a bearish argument a little later on. Prices have advanced a little too rapidly of late and the short interest has been eliminated, which would indicate a setback from this level.

Bilton—Are the mosquitoes bad in that part of the country?

Tilton (just returned)—I don't know, my dear fellow; I didn't inquire into their morals.

---

"He is a self-made man, is he not?"

"Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and her mother."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DECEMBER 31, 1914

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| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Theodore L. Breslauer, Room 909 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

HENRY F. ROTHSCHILD,
Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 10, 1915.

THEODORE L. BRESLAUER,
909 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Landry C. Babin Company, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 10th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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# SOUTHERN PACIFIC


### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA RENNERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, attorney at law, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased.

MARTHA LEO,
Administratrix of the Estate of Julia Rennert, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Administratrix,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 8-27-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix and Administrator at the office of Frank J. Egan, attorney at law, 1011 Humboldt Bank Building, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.

MARGUERITE G. SHEEHAN,
CATHERINE B. SHEEHAN,
JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Administratrix and Administrator of the estate of ELLEN SHEEHAN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 20th, 1915.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.

MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 17, 1915.

J. C. B. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-17-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 61831; Dept. No. 15.

DOLLIE HALE, Plaintiff, vs. OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: OWEN F. HALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and, also on account of defendant's failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Californi, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of January A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. JACKSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
607 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 13-2-10

### ANNUAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of the JOHN J. SESNON COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 506 Balboa Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, on SATURDAY, the 24th day of April, 1915, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., to elect a new Board of Directors for the ensuing year and to transact such business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 10th, 1915.
J. J. LERMEN, Secretary.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney-at-law,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-3

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1183 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 24, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, April 24, 1915 | No. 1183

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

### The Awakening

What precisely were the considerations that moved the electorate to turn down the Spring Valley proposition last Tuesday no man knoweth. But it is clear that a very large minority of the dear people far from the Alms House precincts, and having no connection with our colossal municipal machine, have come to suspect their inspired mentors of downright falsehood. For surely had credence been given to one-tenth of the assurances that emanated from those sources the proposition would not have been rejected. Once more it has been demonstrated that you cannot fool all the people all of the time. Some of the people of Hearst-ridden San Francisco have grown sceptical. Zounds! they no longer take Mayor Rolph at his easy word! Do they believe that the municipal street railroad has turned out a profitable investment? Or have they been scrutinizing all the elements and inquiring about the sinking fund and about the percentage of gross earnings that would be coming to the city if the road were in private hands? Do they believe that Spring Valley would pay them one million a year? Do they believe that our politicians believe that the purchase of Spring Valley would mean the reduction of taxes? Or do they remember that they were assured that the Geary street road would reduce taxes? Maybe the taxpayers realize that they made a mistake in plunging into municipal ownership. Maybe they perceive that our water problem was manufactured for us by our politicians and our corrupt newspapers who jockeyed the city into its present position. Maybe they would gladly cancel all Hetch-Hetchy bonds on hand and start over again, allowing Spring Valley a fair rate that would justify adequate extensions. But you never can tell, there is so much mean lying about all these things. Here, for instance, is our engineer on the morning after election telling us that now we shall have to dig wells. But whatever the taxpayers think surely they have reason to be heartily sick of the excursions they have taken on the advice of that subtle Socialist William R. Hearst. Through the years in which they have been misled by him and his cowardly puppets in public office the cost of government has risen, taxes have increased along with assessed valuations, real estate has dropped, rents have gone up and business has been crippled. Faithful followers of Hearst, our business now is principally politics. We are spending more money on elections as a result of the Hearst principle of direct government than we used to spend to keep our streets in repair. But Hearst got us the Liberty Bell, and he will soon get us another election.

### A Popular Demand for War

If among the followers of our pacifist agitators there are any persons that reflect on current phenomena they were doubtless disturbed by the news of the pro-war riots in Italy. For according to the pacifist agitators war and democracy are incompatible, and if the people were always consulted there would be no war. Peace propagandists are agreed beyond the peradventure of a doubt that war like horse racing is the sport of kings, and that it is promoted by a trust which they have discovered, and which they call the Armament Trust. How are we to account then for the pro-war riots in Italy that were suppressed by a monarchical government? Is the King of Italy no longer a good sport? Have the plain people been subsidized by the Armament Trust—the plain people of Rome, Milan, Naples and Bologna? So it would seem. The people of Italy are making it very difficult for the Government to keep out of war. In Rome it was necessary for mounted troopers to charge rough shod into the very midst of the throngs of wild-eyed enthusiasts who want war and nothing but war. This sort of thing must be somewhat discouraging to the prophets who have faith in democracy as a prophylactic against war.

### Our Foremost Native Son

To Mr. Hearst, our greatest benefactor, to William Randolph Hearst, the man that put out the fire in 1906, that made San Francisco the Exposition city and put the lid on the Barbary Coast, we owe one more debt of gratitude of which we are to be reminded from time to time. It was Mr. Hearst that got us the Liberty Bell. Ring out, cracked bell, the glad tidings proclaim! Alas! too late. Mr. Hearst beat the bell to it. Never has Mr. Hearst been scooped on a myth of his own invention. Nor is there ever any need of beating a gong to signalize the achievements of the refined and gallant gentleman who reflects the minds and manners of his countrymen and sets up new standards of taste and deportment. Modesty, which is a vice in democracies, Mr. Hearst has always eschewed. A publicist with a consuming passion for publicity, self-glorification is his favorite pastime, and when he gets into the white light of all his newspaper scintillators the Tower of Jewels pales its ineffectual effulgence. Once it was thought that Mr. Hearst's ardor of self-celebration was due wholly to an instinct for advertisement and the design to advance the interests of his newspapers. This conception does injustice to the great and polished journalist. As a matter of fact Mr. Hearst is very human. He thirsts for the limelight like the bedizened and curled Colonel of a Governor's staff. He is as fond of adulation as a debutante at her first dance. He is as susceptible to homage as any princelet. The boosting of Hearst is the first duty of every Hearst reporter. And when there is any glory to be stolen from anybody to heighten the glory of Hearst misfortune overtake the reporter or editor who would scruple at the theft! Lest doubt should be left in the public mind regarding Hearst's title to the applause led by his hired claqueurs, testimony must be obtained in the form of letters and telegrams from plausible witnesses, as for instance, in the case of the Liberty Bell which has been bolstered up by our amiable Director-General of the Exposition who kindly consented to sign telegrams of fulsome acknowledgement of indefinite services rendered. The proof that "Hearst did it" must always be forthcoming. But why not? Mr. Hearst is a man of great power, and it is well to encourage him to do well with it. The impression is growing in the Examiner office that San Francisco should do something to show its appreciation of our most eminent Native Son, and it has been suggested that instead of erecting a statue of St. Francis, as proposed by Bishop Nichols, we should rear a brass effigy of the darling newspaper proprietor. When a man's deeds have made him great the qualities that inspired them are already beginning to be obscured. So we think it probable that it would be easy to raise a fund with which to raise a Hearst effigy, and we feel confident that the man who got us the Liberty Bell (with the meagre assistance of former President Taft and a few other men of no greater importance) would be willing to put up half the required sum. Wouldn't a bronze plaque be good enough for St. Francis?

### Reflections of a Great Man

Reverently we quote from the formal address of an exalted dignitary:

Then all about them (the combatants in Europe), all about us there sits the silent, waiting tribunal, which is going to utter the ultimate judgment upon this struggle, the great tribunal of the opinion of the world; and I fancy I see, I hope that I see, I pray that it may be that I do truly see, great spiritual forces lying waiting for the

outcome of this thing, to assert themselves, and are asserting themselves even now to enlighten our judgment and steady our spirits. . . . . It seems as if great blind material forces have been released which for long had been held in restraint. And yet underneath that you can see the strong impulses of great ideals. . . . . No man is wise enough to pronounce judgment, but we can all hold our spirits in readiness to accept the truth when it dawns on us and is revealed to us in the outcome of this titanic struggle. . . . . Do you love righteousness? is what each of us ought to ask himself. And if you love righteousness, are you ready to translate righteousness into action, and be ashamed and afraid before no man.

The foregoing are not random passages from a pulpit oration or a baccalaureate sermon, though the occasion that called them forth was one to inspire much moral earnestness. They remind one of Thaumast in his great symbolistic debate with Panurge when, as Rabelais tells us, the English pundit "began to sweat great drops" and "seemed to all the spectators a man strangely ravished in high contemplation." The language might easily be mistaken for the somniferous observations of a Jordan while strenuously vindicating his vacuum, for in these days there is a marked similarity in the mental exudations of our great thinkers. But let no reader be deceived. The passages quoted were uttered by a man of exalted station. They emanated from none other than the head and front of the present unique dispensation, Dr. Woodrow Wilson. The occasion was the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, D. C., on April 8th. There is something of esotericism or mysticism in the language, and for that reason it may seem like the antipodes of common sense, or, at least a sort of negligible loquacity. But this much is clear,—that our learned President has profound faith in "the silent, waiting (and watching?) tribunal which is going to utter the ultimate judgment"—"the tribunal of the world." Also it is clear that our solemn President never takes a day off to smile with "jesting Pilate." When the truth dawns, we shall know how to answer Pilate. The truth will no longer be one of God's secrets. The tribunal of public opinion, which is the God of Democracy, will put us wise. So meanwhile let us ask ourselves if we love righteousness, and whether, loving it, we are not afraid or ashamed to translate it into action. We fancy we see, we hope that we see, we pray that it may be that we do truly see what the great man is driving at. It looks to us like a private affair, a secret between the President and Admiral Grapejuice of the Piffle.

---

### A Comparison

The moment style becomes self-conscious it begins to deteriorate. Maybe this is why our President is growing inarticulate. Every time he says anything or writes anything his admirers go into ecstasies over his style, and now he writes and talks as though he were a teacher setting up standards by which he himself must be judged. All writers of experience know that, as a rule, their best work is that which they have done with the least effort, and that in proportion as they have found progress difficult so have they found the result ineffective. Another thing: any infusion of frank, hearty sentiment about God in these days of New Thought is derided and condemned. So it is thought advisable to speak mystically of "spiritual forces," the "impulses of ideals," the "subtle influences of Nature"—anything but the Divine Being. So there is a good deal of refining and polishing of diction, the result of which is principally cryptical flubdub. Too bad, now that there is so much admiration of Lincoln, that our leaders of thought though they love to talk of him never attempt to talk like him. In his life time Lincoln was never praised for his style, and he was never self-conscious, and he always said precisely what he set out to say. His prose was clear, strong, easy, graceful, concise and full of pith. Compare Wilson in his address to the Methodists with Lincoln in any of his addresses, and note the difference. Take for example Lincoln's farewell address to his friends of Springfield. Lincoln had a task before him much greater than the one now before Mr. Wilson. He said it was greater than the one which once rested on Washington. He added: "Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell." Nothing mystical, cryptical or esoterical about that. It bespeaks no attempt at far-seeing, no concern about the judgment of human tribunals. It sets forth the simple sentiments of a man of deep religious feeling who cared more for the blessing of God than the opinion of the world. Wouldn't it be fine if our great leaders of thought would spend a little less of their time preening themselves on their ideals and endeavor to acquire the understanding and imagination essential to the faith that Lincoln had in common with all the great prophets that made inspiring history?

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### Our Corrupting Churches

The Claude Kelly case reminds us that the safest place for a rascal is the pulpit. We are not judging the Rev. Claude Kelly. For all we know this clergyman may be as innocent as a babe. We know nothing of him save that it is his misfortune to get himself involved in scandal with young women. It may not be his fault. It may be due wholly to his fatal fascinations. It is especially unfortunate for him that to adjudge him innocent it is first necessary to condemn two young women. To believe him innocent we must believe that two young women of spotless reputation were possessed of evil minds and malevolent hearts; we must believe them capable of the most vicious conduct; and this is especially difficult with respect to one of them because she is a zealous Christian of the Missionary service, who has been reared in an atmosphere of piety and self-sacrifice. Further, to believe the Rev. Kelly guiltless we must believe that a deacon of the church at the risk of bringing shame on his daughter entered into a conspiracy with her to ruin the reputation of a minister of God. In the circumstances it is hard to start the Rev. Kelly off with the presumption of innocence. Nevertheless far be it from us to withold from the reverend gentleman anything that he is in desperate need of. The only point we wish to make is that we believe we may be justified in taking the two scandals in which he has figured in San Jose as cumulative evidence of the urgent need of purifying the atmosphere of some of the churches whose ministers and supporters are very busy distracting public attention from this need by their noisy espousal of causes of minor importance. The vices of our Puritan clergymen are every little while exciting the irreverent laughter of ignorant cynics and making it hard for pious Christians to multiply. But this is merely lamentable. What is to be especially deplored is the easy, apathetic conscience that is cultivated in church circles, right in the midst of militant, and sometimes uncharitable crusaders who are intent on regulating the habits of their neighbors. It is because of this easy conscience that the pulpit has become a safe retreat for rascals. Nowhere are there such facilities for whitewashing the whited sepulchre as under certain rooftrees where the Psalms of David are sung on the Sabbath. True, in San Jose the Baptists did not treat the Rev. Claude Kelly as the Congregationalists of Oakland treated the Rev. C. R. Brown. Dr. Brown was allowed to resign and take a pulpit in the East. Dr. Kelly's resignation was refused, but he was not confronted by his accuser. Instead of facing his accuser he took a trip for his health. And so it goes, with the consequence that our church people are relaxing their vigilance and at times trifling with the truth, thus spreading the enormous evil of intellectual dishonesty. Now the growth of intellectual dishonesty is one of the disquieting signs of the times. It is most characteristic of our clamorous, unbridled idealists and reformers, who find it difficult to tell the truth when agitating for a hobby, and who, assuming that a lie is justifiable in a righteous cause easily convince themselves that whatever cause they espouse is righteous. Thus obviously the reforming churches are deserving of attention. They are corrupting our morals.

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# Varied Types

## CCXXVI—LEOPOLD MICHELS

By Edward F. O'Day

"Tell me about General Forrest."

A smile passed across Leopold Michels' handsome face when I put the request. It took him back half a century to the momentous year 1864 when he was a lad of fifteen.

A lad of only fifteen, but a lieutenant on the staff of the great General Nathan B. Forrest! They learned the hell of war young, those boy champions of the Lost Cause. They crowded more than most men's life-experience into a year or two. It hurt some of them; others, like Leopold Michels, it made gentle, kind and tender.

"General Forrest," said Leopold Michels, "was a man who knew no fear. Nothing could stand in his way. He was a natural-born strategist. I do not know whether he was more remarkable for the foresight with which he planned his raids or for the boldness with which he carried them out. His men loved him. He was as square as a die. And he was the greatest cavalry leader the world has ever known."

Before you set this statement down as the exaggeration of a hero worshiper, of a grown man who cannot forget that General Forrest was very fond of him, confided in him, entrusted him with his correspondence and his secrets, consider the verdict of history. Says Charles Willis Thompson: "Military critics, analyzing his work in subordinate commands, detect in him powers not inferior to those of the great generals of history, and speculate on what he might have done had his great qualities been understood at Richmond." Lord Wolseley speaks of his "genius," and ranks him among the great soldiers of the world. Asked whom he considered the greatest soldier of the war General J. E. Johnston answered instantly: "Forrest who, had he had the advantages of a military education and training, would have been the central figure of the Civil War." He called him "the greatest soldier the war produced." General Beauregard said that "Forrest's capacity for war seemed only to be limited by the opportunities for its display." Sherman said in 1864 that "the death of Forrest was so essential to the success of the Union cause that 10,000 lives and the expenditure of limitless means were as naught to its accomplishment." After the war Sherman called Forrest "the most remarkable man our civil war produced on either side." And he added: "He had never read a military book in his life, knew nothing about tactics, could not even drill a company, but he had a genius for strategy which was original, and to me incomprehensible. There was no theory or art of war by which I could calculate with any degree of certainty what Forrest was up to. He seemed always to know what I was doing or intended to do, while I confess I could never tell or form any satisfactory idea of what he was trying to accomplish."

"I was with General Forrest," said Leopold Michels, "when he made his celebrated raid into Memphis in August, 1864. The Federals had destroyed all the bridges on the Hickahala and Codalder rivers to prevent Forrest from getting across. But he dug out stumps and stuck them in the rivers on both sides till they reached within forty feet of one another. Then he connected them with wire rope. Between the stumps he ranged a lot of little boats, and laid boards across the boats. On August 19 his force of about 10,000 crossed both rivers, though the last troops over found the planks under water.

"Nobody knew what General Forest wanted to do in Memphis with the exception of his staff. The staff knew that there were three Federal generals in the city and that General Forrest meant to capture them. These generals were Buckland, C. C. Washburn and Stephen Hurlbut.

"Forrest instructed his brother Captain William Forrest to capture General Hurlbut who, he knew, was stopping at the Gayoso House, the leading hotel in the centre of the city. So Captain Forrest went ahead with a few men, and the General followed with his staff and forty scouts.

"We reached the outskirts of Memphis at four in the morning of Sunday, August 21. The General had given orders that there was to be no noise. But the Federal guards in the streets on the outskirts saw us and fired. The scouts forgot orders and yelled like Indians, so all the posts were aroused. As we rode into the city a fireman started to ring the fire bell, but General Forrest shot him through the head. This was about twenty blocks from the centre of Memphis.

"Meanwhile Captain Forrest had driven the troops away from the battery in front of the Gayoso House. He rode into the hotel on horseback, but it seems that General Hurlbut had not spent Saturday night at home, so he escaped.

"Colonel Jesse Forrest, another brother of the General, had been told to capture General Washburn whose headquarters were on Union street. The Federal soldiers rushed to Washburn's headquarters at the first word of the raid and warned him. Washburn jumped through a rear window in his night clothes and made his way to Fort Pickering, so when Colonel Forrest got to his headquarters all he found was Washburn's uniform which he took.

"While this was going on we surprised several hundred Federal soldiers in bed and made them prisoners, marching them out of Memphis in their night clothes. General Washburn had had time to bring up a regiment from Fort Pickering. He tried to surround us, but General Forrest had scattered his men on a line which they kept open. He had men on every street corner to cover the line of retreat.

"As Washburn came down the end of the street three blocks away, General Forrest spurred his horse into the Gayoso House, rode up to the desk, registered and then rode out of Memphis with his staff, the Federals closely following. But when we reached our main force the Federals turned back.

"General Forrest sent a flag of truce to Washburn, proposing an exchange of prisoners, also asking that the clothes of the Federal prisoners be sent to them. Washburn refused to exchange. but sent the clothes, whereupon Forrest sent Washburn the captured uniform with his compliments. Appreciating this courtesy, Washburn went to General Forrest's tailor (for of course you know that Forrest was a Memphis man) and ordered a Confederate uniform, paid for it and sent it to Forrest.

"I lived in Memphis too. I had joined Forrest in January of '64. Some time after the raid I was captured and returned to my home city a prisoner. There were 700 of us confined in a basement in the Irving Block. What with the filth and the disease that broke out among us, it was a terrible experience. I was there two weeks; it seemed two years. Then the Federal General O. O. Howard came to clean out the prison. At the entrance was a bucket of water and a barrel of hard-tack, our only food, and we had to take the worms out of the hard-tack before eating it. General Howard came in and sat on the barrel, and we passed before him. It was a bad sight.

"I had been marching all day in the boiling sun and sleeping in the tules, and I had a very bad attack of chills and fever. We used to take quinine by the pound. When I stood before General Howard he looked at me and said:

"'There are two things for you to do. You can choose. Swear allegiance to the United States, and enter the navy or else go out West, join the army and fight Indians.'

"'General,' I said, 'if it makes no difference to you, I'd like to go home.'

"All the fight was knocked out of me.

"The General found that I had an uncle in Detroit, so he gave me a pass through the lines and a railroad pass to Detroit. From Detroit I went to New York to join my brothers and sisters. I was still so sick that in the month of July my sister had to light the stove in the basement of the house, and I hugged it and tried to get warm.

"From New York I came to San Francisco by way of Panama. I worked my way to Panama on the opposition steamship line. The Panama Railway only carried those who traveled by the Pacific Mail, so I had to walk across the Isthmus. It took me two nights; it was too hot to walk in the day time. I reached San Francisco after thirty-two days of travel.

"It was some time in the '80's that General Howard was assigned to the Western Division of the army with headquarters in San Francisco. I hadn't heard of this. I was married and in business for myself, and was on my way home after a trip with my wife to New York. At Council Bluffs I saw a man in a military overcoat bidding good-bye to some people in the depot He had a black beard and only one arm.

"'That,' I said to my wife, 'is General Howard.'

"When our train pulled out I looked him up and said:

"'How do you do, General.'

"'How do you do, sir,' he answered.

"'You don't know me, General,' I said.

"'I have met you before,' he said, looking me straight in the face. 'Just a moment,' and he thought. 'I met you in a prison down South.'

"'Yes, you did, Geenral,' I said.

"He thought again.

"'I met you in the Irving Block in Memphis,' he said. 'You're the boy that didn't want to join the navy or fight Indians. You wanted to go home. I am awfully glad to see you again.'

"'General,' I said, 'you saw thousands of prisoners in the South. How could you remember me?'

"'I never forgot you,' he answered, 'you made such an impression on me when you told me you wanted to go home.'

"During all the time General Howard was in San Francisco there wasn't a day we weren't together. I received a letter from him three days after his death. He had written to ask me to join the Lincoln University Association of which he was the organizer."

And Leopold Michels, the reconstructed rebel, pointed to the certificate of membership adorned with an engraved picture of the martyred President.

# Perspective Impressions

"We'll win finally," says Mayor Rolph. Better wait till we get more voters in the Alms House.

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What's the next election on the bill of our continuous voting performance?

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David Starr Jordan has been described as "the legate of peace." Say rather, the Joe Leggett.

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"So the Kurds are massacring the Christians again," said the worst punster in the world. "Well, you'd hardly expect to find any milk of human kindness in them, would you?" and he made a hasty retreat.

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The "drys" in Arizona must now admit that there is such a thing as too much water.

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That physician who is confessing in the Bulletin was probably Alice Smith's doctor.

Now that it's all over we don't mind letting our readers know that there was a good deal of lying in the late campaign.

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A special election may be defined as an expedient whereby politicians seek to convince the public that public opinion is what the politicians say it is.

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Examiner headline: "Killing of policeman laid to Barbary Coast." The implication is of course that we ought to hang the police commission. But hold! The killing of McKinley was laid to Hearst. And sensible men understood, and knew what to think.

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According to an Examiner editorial the day before election we "couldn't please the Spring Valley magnates any better" than by defeating the bond proposition. The Examiner certainly went the distance in its advocacy of the niftiest little deal ever put through in this city. We hope the magnates were sufficiently grateful.

The "On to Washington" movement planned by the Prohibitionists in the hope of carrying the Government by storm is of sufficient significance to serve as a warning to folks who think that total abstinence is a virtue.

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The Chief Deputy Warden of Sing Sing has informed the inmates that "the day will come when a certificate from Sing Sing will be equivalent to a diploma from Harvard." More than equivalent, he should have said. Even now no man in this country is entitled to be taken seriously unless he has been in a penitentiary or public office.

---

Captain Thierfelden of the Kronprinz Wilhelm will bulk large among the romantic heroes of this war. Thirty-three years of age, he lived off the sea for eight months in spite of the enemy's patrol, and his adventures would fill a large volume. Mere fiction will become a drug on the market when the stories of this war begin to appear between book covers.

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# The Preoccupations of the Subaltern

His letters from the trenches had been unconsciously discreet. He had always been slack about letters. And the censor can have found little to expunge from these brief, cheery notes, evidently scrawled as the mood seized him, with a stump of pencil that never seemed to get sharpened satisfactorily.

His people easily consoled themselves by the thought that his leave was due. He would tell them all about it. His father remarked, "You cannot expect the boy to spend his time writing home." His mother added, "Jack never did write much." And they waited.

And then suddenly he comes, one day.

He has a cold, of course. Had he been safe in England at this time of year, be sure he would have had a cold also. And an exceptionally violent cold is inevitable after all he has endured. Indeed, it is noticed that he no longer seems to care as he did for "fresh air." The icy wind of March he excludes immediately. He wants the windows shut. And when all this is done and a few commonplaces over, his mother draws his chair up by the fire. "And now, dear, dear Jack, please tell us, what is it really like?"

"Pretty rotten, mother."

"How long is the war going to last?"

"Good heavens, mother, you don't suppose any of us know anything about that out there, do you?"

"But—"

Her questions are upon him in a shower. But before their full flood can submerge him, he interrupts, "I say, mother, you got the seats for the theatre, didn't you?"

Certainly—seats for the theatre every night: he said so, and nothing that he now wants shall be refused. Were he to ask for a bath of warm champagne, it should be given him. But he would never want that. He is to go to the theatre instead, and to dine first at a restaurant and go to supper afterwards, and for each night he has "ordered" a carefully-chosen party of the people he wants to see again. All of them accepted at once, even those who usually refuse. All accepted, as people accept to meet some one back from the front. And all accepted with thrilled anticipation of hearing what it's really like.

They did not know the boy well enough.

For, by the time the first party is ready on the first evening at home, his own mother has not as yet gained any very dramatic impression of the front. Even the smallest sketch from some reporter who wasn't there would have been more vivid—would have been, so to speak, more like war. Jack's remarks are mainly about home. He asks questions, and his own information is doled out in a tantalizingly scrappy manner. Moreover, he has become rather a fidget. The solidity of existence has clearly disappeared from his conception of it. Life has become a shifting affair for him. He jumps up every now and then to light another cigarette, and if his mother's cross-examination becomes too searching, he suggests something new.

"How's the car? Suppose we take a run?" And this just as she was getting into touch!

However, tonight (she thinks) he will talk. He will have a larger audience, and will talk over dinner. There will be the champagne and the girl he is supposed to like. Tonight he will talk. . . .

But who can "really talk" in a restaurant? There are always the band and the noise of other people. "Nearly as noisy as the trenches?" That skilful question does just draw from him an admission that the trenches are "a bit noisy at times"—no more: he will not follow the clue He is occupied with both girls on each side of him and with asking them what's on at the theatres; and they, silly creatures, tell him at great length and show no tact (as, before marriage, is indeed often the way with girls), and roughly one has a feeling that it would be tactless, too, to bring the trenches into this restaurant, with that band. . . . His mother must wait again.

He got up very late next day, and we saw little of him. At lunch there were people in who made silly jokes and took him off the subject. We picked up scrappily the hint, however, that "some of the Germans were all right." That somehow sounds depressing. One has heard the opposite. But he won't expand the remark. Or at least there seems to be no opportunity. In ways hardly definable he eludes us. The evening of the second day comes in and goes as the first did. . . . . .

And by now, subtly but certainly, we were aware—fond, doting "people" that belonged to him—that we never should get from him, in eloquent discourse, that coherent, that dramatic, statement we anticipated. A sort of shame comes over us. We dare not ask. We hint furtively and pick up a little here and there. But boldly to approach the subject is to make his eyes wander and to make him fidget, and his eyes, which are changed a little, contain a visible hint of weariness. One must not bother. One must refrain. Some day, perhaps, long afterwards, when he is in a reminiscent mood! And perhaps he is right to be so reticent. Do not cross bridges, they tell you, before you come to them. And so now, perhaps, in his unwillingness to talk about the front, lurks that unconscious instinct against too closely looking behind one before one is out of the wood. Long afterwards we may know "what it felt like"—when he knows himself. At present, in the midst of his sense of it, it is best for him to rest while he can and to forget the war and all it means until he has to return to it.

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# Constantinople

By J. Ellis Barker

The present war will prove a godsend to topographers and map-sellers. All the nations will have to buy new atlases. Before long this year's atlases will become a drug in the market. Whatever the result of the war may be, the political geography of Europe, Africa, Asia and Oceania will be profoundly affected. If the war should end in the defeat of Germany and Austria-Hungary—and this is most likely to be the case—it will obviously lead to the disappearance of Turkey in Europe and to the final partition of the Turkish Empire.

Turkey has never been a popular State. She has always been considered an intruder among the nations of the world. Turks and Philo-Turks habitually tell us that the Turks are hated by the Christian nations because of their faith. That explanation is very far from the truth. The Christian nations have not adopted a similarly and unflinchingly hostile attitude towards other non-Christian nations. The Turks, even before they became Muhamadans, had always been hated by the Christian nations because they had been the great destroyers of civilization. They succeeded in conquering all the greatest centres of ancient and of mediaeval culture. They succeeded in conquering an Eden, and they left it a wilderness. Ancient and mediaeval civilization reached its highest development in the Nile Valley, in Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, in Greece and North Africa. The Turks overran all these countries and destroyed the greatest shrines of humanity and civilization, and devastated the most fruitful countries of the world. Moreover, misrule was always prevalent under their dominion. They never succeeded in absorbing the conquered peoples and converting them into satisfied Turkish citizens. They treated the subject nations as slaves, and massacre and extermination have always been one of their arcana imperii. As moreover Turkey's rulers ruled tyrannously over the Turks themselves, and as most serious internal disorders and revolutions were frequent, Turkey's rule became universally detested, and not only ambitious rulers and statesmen but eminent thinkers and philanthropists desired the destruction of that State which has been a curse to the civilized world.

In the past the Turkish Empire was enormously powerful. The Turks were the most dreaded warriors of the universe. Starting from their Asiatic homes, they rapidly conquered not only the vast territories which are at present under Turkish sway, but Hungary, Greece, Rumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, Russian Armenia, Georgia, the Crimea and innumerable islands throughout the Mediterranean. The Black Sea was a Turkish lake. The Turkish army held all Europe in awe, and the Turkish navy more than once dominated the Mediterranean at a time when it was the centre of the world's trade.

As the Turkish Empire was extremely powerful on land and sea, the nations of Europe began at an early date to contemplate the necessity of driving out the Turks by their joint exertions. The partition of Turkey is not a new, or a relatively new, idea. From a most interesting book, Cent projets de partage de la Turquie, written by Mr. T. G. Djuvara, a Rumanian diplomat, we learn that proposals for partitioning Turkey were made by eminent men long before the Turks had succeeded in conquering Constantinople. The advance of the Turks in Asia was observed with fear and dismay by the European nations of the Middle Ages, which, through the Venetians, Genoese, Pisans and Amalfitans, the four great sea Powers of the time, stood in intimate relations with the countries of the Eastern world. Political foresight, trade interest and religious sentiment combined opposed the advance of the Turks. After all, the Crusades were undertaken not merely from religious motives.

The Turks entered Europe for the first time in 1357, and they took Adrianople in 1360 and made it their capital. Constantinople was taken in 1453. From Mr. Djuvara's book we learn that the first project for partitioning Turkey was one of King Charles II of Sicily, made towards 1270, with a view to conquering the Holy Land. During 650 years the problem of disposing of Turkey's sway has been discussed by leaders of men, and in the meantime the power of the Ottomans, after having been greatly increased by their vast conquests, has gradually been reduced during the last two centuries by enormous territorial losses. It is difficult to realize nowadays that there was a time when the Turks besieged Vienna, defeated the Venetian fleet, and threatened Italy, Southern France and Spain.

The greatest rulers took a keen interest in the question of disposing of Turkey by means of partition. Eminent Popes, such as Leo X, Pius V, and great secular rulers such as Francis I of France, the Emperor Maximilian I and King Henry IV of France desired to bring about the disappearance of Turkey. In more modern times the partition of Turkey has been most strongly advocated by rulers such as Peter the Great and Catherine the Great of Russia, by Joseph II of Austria, by Napoleon I, and by Tsar Alexander I. Bismarck contemplated the disappearance of Turkey in his 'Memoirs."

When Napoleon I and Alexander I planned sharing the dominion of the world, beginning with the partition of Turkey, the difficulty of Constantinople proved unsurmountable. Napoleon was quite willing that Russia should occupy Constantinople and the Bosphorus, but he wished to retain the Dardanelles. As the occupation of the Dardanelles by France would have made the possession of Constantinople useless to Russia, the two great rulers could not agree, although both desired to partition Turkey. Alexander desired for Russia the occupation of a position which dominates the Black Sea, where alone Russian is extremely vulnerable. In the words of the Tsar, Constantinople with the narrows is the key to Russia's door. While the Russians wished to dominate Constantinople for defensive purposes, Napoleon wished to control that position for aggressive ends. From the diary of his Irish surgeon, O'Meara, and from Napoleon's "Memoirs" dictated to his generals at St. Helena, we know that the great Corsican's aim was to force England to her knees by attacking India. In Napoleon's writings we find numerous allusions to his plans to invade India either from Egypt or from Constantinople.

Constantinople has been, and will always remain, one of the most valuable positions in the world. From the time when Jason embarked on his mythical expedition to win the Golden Fleece, and from the time of Xerxes to the present day, the dominating position of Constantinople has attracted men's attention. Constantinople occupies, no doubt, the finest position in the world. It is an ideal site for a capital. It lies close to the point where Europe, Asia and Africa meet, and close to the point which connects the Black Sea and the Mediterranean with the Indian Ocean by way of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. The site of Constantinople is a natural fortress of the very greatest strength. It is protected against an attack from the sea by those wonderful channels, the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and the mountains and swamps in the rear make it difficult to attack Constantinople by land. At the same time it is clear that, notwithstanding its matchless position, the strategical importance of Constantinople was greatly diminished by the construction of the Suez Canal. Constantinople has been given a rival in Alexandria. Alexander the Great, that prince of strategists, apparently created that town deliberately as a counterpoise to Constantinople. Strategically, Alexandria is probably nowadays far more important than Constantinople. At the same time it is less strong for defense than is Constantinople, lying on the Sea of Marmora out of gunshot from a fleet which may be battering the gates leading to that sea. Napoleon, in denying Constantinople to Alexander I, coined the celebrated sentence: "No! Constantinople would mean the mastery of the world!" That winged word has influenced European, and especially English, policy ever since. It was an exaggeration at the time. Still, the authority of Napoleon has secured it much credence up to the present day. A glance at the map shows that Constantinople does not dominate the world, but merely the Russian Black Sea. The narrows of Constantinople are only important inasmuch as they dominate the Black Sea traffic. They are no more important than are the narrows through the Danish Archipelago, which dominate the Baltic. A glance at the map further shows that a hostile advance from Constantinople in the direction of India is not easy, that it may be attacked in the flank from many points, and that Alexandria is much nearer to Persia and India than is Constantinople.

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCIII—THE SUNSET GUN AT ANGEL ISLAND

(Lowell Otus Reese's was a well known name to local newspaper readers a few years ago. He has written a great deal of light, graceful verse, and has had the entree to some of the higher class magazines.)

By Lowell Otus Reese

A touch of night on the hill-tops gray;
A dusky hush on the quivering Bay;
A calm moon mounting the silent East—
White slave the day-god has released;
Small, scattered clouds
That seem to wait
Like sheets of fire
O'er the Golden Gate.
And under Bonite, growing dim,
With a seeming pause on the ocean's rim,
Like a weary lab'rer, smiles the sun
To the booming crash of the sunset gun.

# The Spectator

### The Liberty Bell

No elementary school history of the United States is complete without a story of how the Liberty Bell rang out from the tower of the State House in Philadelphia to "proclaim liberty throughout the land" when the Declaration of Independence had been signed July 4, 1776. Sometimes it is the touching story of the little golden haired grandson of the old bell ringer calling up to granddaddy that the Declaration had been signed and it was time to pull the rope. Sometimes it is the story of the gruff old bell ringer who grumbled about the delay, and his fingers itching to set the bell a-ringing, wondered whether the Signers ever intended to stop talking and dip pen in ink. There are other variations in the story, but its spirit is ever the same. When the great paper was signed the bell rang out its deep toned message of the birth of a nation. Hence it is the Liberty Bell, a symbol of Americanism, a beloved relic of the glorious past.

### Fact and Myth

It is only the ruthless iconoclast who lays a violent hand on the legends of a nation, for legends may be historically unfounded and still possess a spiritual significance, and to slight them shows an unsympathetic attitude of mind. At the same time there is no reason why myth should be confused with fact. There is so much romance in fully authenticated American history that it is not necessary to swell its volume by stories of a fanciful description. So if these stories of the Liberty Bell are not true, let us cherish them as stories and not mistake them for the truth of history. So regarded they may still inspire us with patriotism, just as the tales of patriotic poets and novelists do; but at the same time we are free from the reproach of setting up old wives' pretty tales as facts. There is a legend of the Liberty Bell, and there is a history of the Liberty Bell. As we are to have the Bell here before very long—and a mighty good thing—this is the proper time to differentiate the two.

### Its History

On January 27, 1750, the Assembly of Pennsylvania ordered a tower to the State House built, with a staircase and a place for a bell. On the 16th of October, 1751, the Assembly passed a resolution for the purchase of a bell, to be cast in London. That was the jubilee year of the province which had been chartered in 1701, and in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary it was ordered that the following inscription be placed on the bell: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all inhabitants thereof. Lev. XXV. vs. 10." The entire verse runs thus in Leviticus: "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee to you." The bell arrived in Philadelphia in August, 1752. It was tested in September, cracked, and early in 1753 was recast by two "ingenious workmen," Pass and Stow, and was hung in the tower. However it was found to contain too much copper, so it was taken down, and in June was recast a second time by the two "ingenious workmen." The sound was not good, and another bell was ordered from London. This was found to be no better and was discarded. For a while the bell was rung, not only for its original purpose but also for church service. The people of the city protested that it should not be rung except for the opening of the Assembly or of the courts of justice. Skipping for a moment the year 1776 let us complete its history. In the summer of 1777 the bell, together with the chimes of Christ Church, was taken down by the American army and transported to Allentown to prevent the metal from falling into the hands of the British army which was approaching the city. In 1781 it was rehung in the tower. In 1828 a new bell was cast to strike the hours and was operated by the clock. The old bell was still in the upper story of the tower, and was rung on occasions. In 1835 it was cracked in tolling for the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall. In 1848 it was drilled out where cracked, so that it might be rung for Washington's Birthday. The crack extended at the first stroke, and since then no attempt has been made to ring it.

### In July, 1776

Pennsylvania and Philadelphia were not in favor of independence. Or perhaps it would be better to say they were not ready for it. It was on July 8, 1776, that the Declaration of Independence was first publicly read, some of the timorous signers having "made their getaway" in the meantime. As the bell was used to call public bodies together it was rung on that day to call the Committee of Safety to assemble in the State House. The Declaration was read in the State House Yard at noon. According to a letter of Deborah Logan few persons assembled to hear the reading. Marshall in his Remembrancer indicates the same thing. He says that in the evening bonfires were lighted and bells rung. The State House bell was never rung in the evening, and it is more than doubtful if the chimes of Christ Church were rung. The bells mentioned, more probably, were small bells carried about the streets by boys and young men, as on New Year's Eve in these times. The Liberty Bell was never rung in celebration of the adoption of the Declaration, and even on July 4, 1826, the semi-centennial of the nation, it was not rung. There was no public commemoration on that date.

### The Legend of the Bell

How did the legend of the Liberty Bell grow up? It seems to date from 1830. In that year Watson's Annals of Philadelphia were published. Here we find the suggestion that the State House bell was rung when the Declaration was adopted or read. The suggestion is based on no authority. In 1847 George Lippard a sensational novelist published his "Washington, and Legends of the Revolution." Here is found the story of the golden haired grandson of the bell ringer. Preparations for the Centennial Exposition of 1876 were well under way in 1873, and of course these preparations brought everything Revolutionary to

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the front. The bell was "rediscovered," and its inscription was regarded as prophetic by those who did not understand it; hence the bell was dubbed the Liberty Bell.

### A Little Drama

Time: Month of April, 1915.

Scene: The court room of a nisi prius judge in San Francisco. Judge on the bench. Jury in the box. Foreman of the jury on his feet.

Foreman: We the jury find—

Mayor of the City (appearing in the doorway): Judge, here are two gentlemen I wish to introduce to you. (Enter two painted Indians.) They are Indian chiefs from the 101 Ranch. They said they would like to meet a judge. So I thought I'd introduce them to you. (Formal introductions take place after which the foreman of the jury renders the verdict.)

Incredible? Too much so for a motion picture, yet of great value as a matter of historical record. There is nothing of elaboration in the picture. Indeed it is somewhat lacking in detail. Who was it that said that kings, legislators, all the powers, all the functions and apparatus of government are in the ultimate analysis typified by the twelve men in a box? Whoever it was he had too solemn a conception of the matter. At any rate he knew nothing of the tendency of democracy or the ineffable simplicity of it. When democracy is very young it has reverence for the forms of justice and thinks that this reverence is of some importance but when its eye teeth are cut it sheds its superstitions and takes to ideals. Ring out dear old Liberty Bell! At least thou canst do us no harm.

### The Critical Clockwinder

"What is this all about?" The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock always takes his key with him wherever he goes, and as he spoke he pointed to the so-called Fountain of Energy in front of which we had just met.

"What is all what about?" I asked.

"This affair in front of us," and again he lifted his ponderous key to indicate the man on horseback balancing a winged figure on each shoulder.

"I suppose you mean the Fountain of Energy."

"Ah, that's what it's called—h'm!" and the clockwinder dropped into reverie for a moment. "Why not call it the Fountain of Acrobatics?" he asked. "That chap is some acrobat. I knew a circus rider once who could take one girl on his shoulder, but one on each shoulder—that's going some." Again the clockwinder dropped into meditation. He meditated aloud. "I think I could improve on that. Seems to me that the sculptor shouldn't have left the man empty-handed. Now if he were swinging Indian clubs, or playing polo—then you could see he was as energetic as Andy Gallagher chasing a job. What do you think?"

I observed that simplicity was always desirable in art; that an artist with imagination could express himself without being cumbersome or freakish.

"Now I see what's the matter with it," the clockwinder exclaimed.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"It's like a three-ring circus. There's too much of it. Isn't that it?"

Gently I reproved the clockwinder, telling him that where there are so many different degrees and kinds of excellence in art as are to be found within the walls of our Exposition a critic should have no disposition to find fault. And I explained to him that a critic vindicates his taste by his sensibility to excellence rather than by his ability to perceive defects. "It often happens," I said, "that a critic who finds fault with the coloring of a picture by an unknown painter is blind to the tones and hues of a masterpiece of coloring. Further—"

"So long," said the clockwinder, "I think I'd rather talk politics with Joe Dwyer. Besides I've got to wind the clock, or those damned commuters will be kicking again." And he left me admiring the water in its energetic downpour.

### In a Jitney With Rowell

At the Scott street entrance the clockwinder met Editor Rowell, and accepted that spendthrift's invitation to a ride to the ferry in a jitney. Hardly had the jitney started when the water front philosopher opened a conversation.

"I'm glad the boys at Sacramento were refreshed with that insurance bill," he said.

"What insurance bill?" Rowell asked.

"The one to smash the rate-fixing trust. Haven't you heard about it?"

"No, I didn't know there was an insurance trust."

"Oh, I forgot, you live in Fresno. Yes, there's a very powerful insurance trust. It has been skinning the dear people for years, making a cinch bill possible at Sacramento whenever the boys were hungry. But this year a bill was put in on the level. The non-board companies having faith in your boys, thought they would have no difficulty in smashing the trust."

"My boys?"

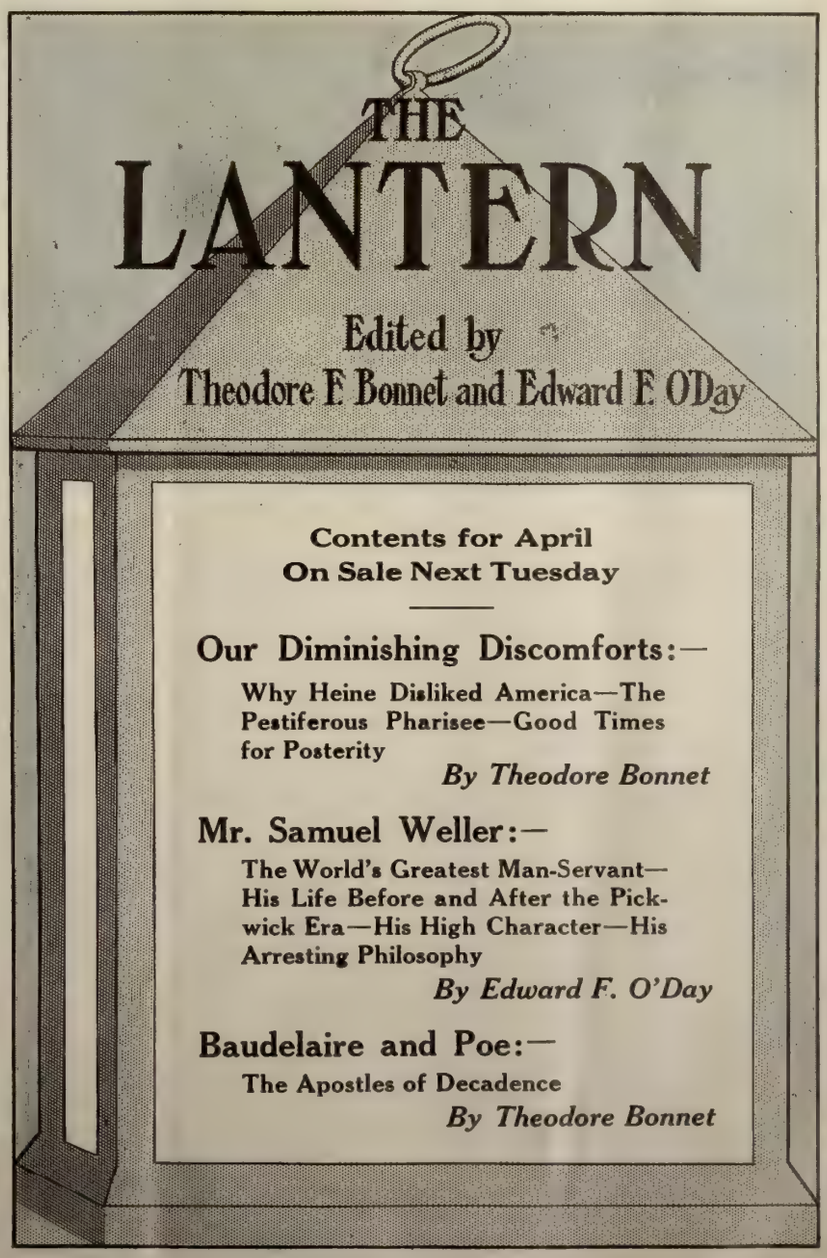
"Yes, the Progressives. Honest boys, those Progressives. They wouldn't do a thing to a crooked dollar if they saw it coming. They're men of principle. They hate graft."

"I'm glad," said Editor Rowell, "to hear you speak well of them."

"Well, as I was saying, the non-board companies got busy. They employed Mr. William F. Humphrey of the firm of Lent and Humphrey to draft a bill and put it through. He did; that is to say, he drafted it. Then he went up to Sacramento, and argued the case, made it clear as a pikestaff that the trust was robbing the people and making more money out of insurance right here than any insurance companies are making in America. He got favorable committee reports after putting it all over the trust lawyers in cold argument."

Editor Rowell smiled. "This," he exclaimed joyfully, "this is one legislature before which an honest lawyer can get a square deal."

"Yes, indeed," said the clockwinder. "Humphrey got a square deal—until the insurance lobby got busy. In about twelve hours Sacramento was full of insurance magnates, and in about two hours after they landed, Senators and Assemblymen began changing their minds. Your friend Rolla V. Watt was early on the job, and you know he's some exhorter. He used to be

president of the Y. M. C. A. He's a pillar of the church, a great civic patriot, ferninst all grafters. And he has had lots of experience at Sacramento."

"Well, what happened?" Editor Rowell asked.

"Well, just now it looks pretty good for the trust. You see, the trust magnates who fix the rates have had a lot of experience fighting for their life, and the other fellows never had any because in the old days the bill was made and backed by the legislators themselves. The men who were not in the trust knew it was only a cinch bill, and paid no attention to it. They don't know anything about prayer meetings."

"What do you mean by prayer meetings?"

"Legislative prayer meetings are something new. They are meetings at which lobbyists kneel down with Progressive statesmen and petition the Throne of Grace for light and sound conviction that has the true ring."

Here the jitney stopped. The ferry had been reached. Editor Rowell in deep thought wandered off leaving the clockwinder to pay the fare.

"How like a Progressive!" murmured the clockwinder as he sauntered toward the office of the Harbor Commission.

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**A Problem in Arithmetic**

Early on the morning after election the clockwinder appeared in Harbor Commissioner Dwyer's office, and propounded a problem thus: "Deduct the taxeaters and their families from the total vote and tell me how many people were in favor of the purchase of Spring Valley." Dwyer said he was in no mood to do any figuring.

"Well, I feel sorry for Jim and Matt myself," said the clockwinder, "but I see that they claim a majority. After the fight they made and lost there cannot be much consolation in pointing to a small majority. But I'm willing to hand it to the Rolph-Sullivan machine. It did good work, and spent a world of money. There wasn't a man on the payroll who wasn't out working. Even the gripmen and conductors on the municipal road responded to the call. On election day all the city's automobiles were consuming gasoline for Spring Valley. Late in the afternoon they knew at machine headquarters every man that had neglected to vote, and the devil wagons were sent out to round up the delinquents. The paupers in the Alms House were taken to the polls in big touring cars. All the contractors working for the city, and all the clerks in municipal supply houses were on the job. Say, Joe, if we keep on building up the machine by means of municipal ownership the dear people won't have a look-in election days. Now I'm sorry for Jim, but he ought to quit talking about majorities. According to my figures, if you deduct the machine vote, the purchase deal was shy a majority by two thousand."

"That's about right, I guess," said Dwyer. "I wonder what will happen now?"

The clockwinder looked out on the bay. "You see that big ferry boat drifting slowly into the slip, don't you?"

Dwyer nodded.

"Well, that's the way P. H. McCarthy will happen. He'll just drift into the job."

"That would be terrible. Matt will be for Andy if he sees he can't win with Jim."

"I know, but the Black Cat is out of the bag."

"What do you mean?"

The clockwinder smiled. "Joe, you're sticking too close to the job. Get out into the open air once in a while and you'll hear a lot of things."

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**The Plan of the Exposition**

Who killed Cock Robin? Who was Cain's wife? Who built the Sphinx? Who struck Billy Patterson? Who was the Man in the Iron Mask? Who abducted Annie Mooney and Dorothy Arnold? These are all hard questions, and I am not going to attempt an answer to any of them. Rather, I am going to add another poser to the list, viz: Who planned the Exposition? "Ned Bennett planned it," says Willis Polk. "He did not," says Clarence Ward. "Indeed and yet again indeed he did not," says Ernest Coxhead; "I was the original planner." A hot controversy, my masters, and much more fruitful in amusement than an argument on Spring Valley. Last week I asked whether there were any more architects who wanted to be heard on the subject. Ernest Coxhead promptly availed himself of the opportunity, thusly:

Dear Mr. Spectator: It would appear from your last issue that the Court Series scheme of the Exposition plan is fatherless and that like Topsy, it just growed. Your pathetic appeal at the end of your article for the identification of the foundling is touching and I am compelled by paternal feeling to reveal myself as the original author or miscreant. For the plan is neither foundling nor orphan. It has merely been severed from its natural guardian temporarily. It is true that I have watched its vigorous growth and development since weaning, and my feelings at times have been lacerated when circumstances over which I had no control prevented me from helping it over rough places during the toddling days. But thanks be, it has survived all vicissitudes of childhood to achieve a noble manhood, and now if only it can be left alone to enjoy its well earned reputation, its end may yet be peaceful. Let us hope that its architectural progeny may not see foundling days. A certificate of birth (dated prior to the appointment of the Board of Architects) may be had upon application. —Ernest Coxhead.

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**Coxhead's Work**

Naturally this letter excited my curiosity. I saw Mr. Coxhead, and heard some interesting statements. He told me about the plans he made for an Exposition before the Architectural Council was appointed. He told me that one of his plans was taken to Washington to help in the fight of San Francisco against New Orleans. He told me that his plan fixed the location of the Exposition at Harbor View. He told me that it

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U S.A." NO. I

# George Washington—"Father of His Country"

EVERY AMERICAN knows that without "Immortal Washington" our National Independence would have been impossible. Few, however, know that the greatest battle of Washington's life was fought to secure for his countrymen the Constitution of the United States. Almost immediately after the Revolution it seemed that all the great sacrifice of blood and treasure had been in vain. The original thirteen states refused to work in harmony, either in spirit or in law. The new Republic was tottering to its foundations. At this critical period in American history the most brilliant men of each state met in convention and unanimously elected Washington as president — undoubtedly the most momentous gathering of its kind the world has ever known. Here he displayed as great ability as a lawmaker as he had as a warrior. For months the Fathers of the Republic labored, and finally adopted our present National law, which forever guarantees Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. This was in 1787. Seventy years later Anheuser-Busch established their great institution on the tenets of the Federal law which Washington did so much to create. Like all of the great men of his time, he was a moderate user of good old barley brews. For three generations Anheuser-Busch have brewed honest malt and hop beers. To-day 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the ever-increasing public demand. The great popularity of their famous brand—BUDWEISER—due to quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, has made its sales exceed those of any other beer by millions of bottles.

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received the indorsement of a number of World's Fair directors. He said it was before the architects at the time they engaged Edward Bennett. He said that he was not the only one interested in the Fair who felt surprise when he was left off the Board of Architects. He explained how he had striven for recognition, but in vain, and how his several months of costly work brought absolutely no compensation. There was a time, he said, when he felt rather strongly on the subject, but he added with a smile that that time had passed, and that now his only emotion was one of amusement. Now the question is, should Ernest Coxhead receive a bronze plaque?

### A Variety of Claims

"One thing more," Coxhead said to me. "You quote Mr. Clarence Ward as saying that the Court Series scheme of ground plan is the biggest architectural achievement of the Exposition. I think there is one thing greater, namely the location upon the waterfront, the original suggestion for which was the inspiration of Senator Francis G. Newlands of Nevada." Aha! Here is another angle of the controversy. I recall a published statement that Clarence Ward first suggested that site way back in 1910, though the statement did not come from Ward himself. But then I have also heard Willis Polk say more than once: "Huh, I drew the plan of a World's Fair at Harbor View for Will Hearst twenty-five years ago." So there you are. Meanwhile, the question remains: Who planned the Exposition? It comes to my ears that since I have ventilated this controversy the local members of the Board of Architects have all signed a letter to President Moore stating that Polk and Bennett collaborated on the plans and that the final plan was an evolution of all the schemes submitted. So perhaps these two men, ignored on Designers Day, are to get bronze plaques after all. Am I right in vaguely sensing some animosity somewhere behind this whole controversy? I put the question to Polk, and he replied: "The official guide book of the Exposition says there were eight architects, but it only mentions seven names. Mine is the one omitted." Who else wants to be heard?

### A Certificate from Burns

The great press-made detec-a-tive, William J. Burns, is in town. Bill says the evidence against Leo Frank was "framed" and that the "mob spirit" was responsible for Frank's conviction; also, "an angry mob surrounded the courthouse and the psychology of the mob invaded the jury room." The great detec-a-tive talks like a man who reprehends such things, who, perhaps, would arrest the "psychology of the mob" if he caught it in the act of invading a jury-room. Perhaps Bill has had a rush of religion to the heart. Maybe there is some significance in his associating with Dr. Aked. Peradventure the former tailor is really to be taken seriously when he presumes to give anybody a certificate of character. But nowadays when any rogue has only to join a reform movement and mirror his eyes in the heavens to be taken for a saint, it may be well to be a little sceptical, if not suspicious. Anyway I don't mind confessing that the connection of Burns with the Frank case is the one circumstance that makes me doubtful of the man's innocence. I remember that the Pinkertons were first employed by Frank, and that they soon got out of the case, and that Burns got in with all the fanfare that he invariably makes, affirming from the start that he was going to prove Frank innocent. And knowing something of the Burns methods, mindful of his conduct in the Haas case in this city, and of what happened in the Oregon land fraud cases, I think it quite likely that the great detec-a-tive might have got the evidence he was hired to get had the mob spirit not expressed itself in a shower of overripe eggs. In justice to Burns it should be said that at least he knows something of the mob spirit as an adventitious aid to justice. He saw a lot of it in this city when it was on the side that hired him. Surely he had no prejudice against it in those days. He saw not the "psychology" of the mob but the mob itself, invade, not the jury-room but the jury-box, and the spectacle, I believe, was a delight to him. So I am glad Burns has taken to religion. I never knew a man I thought more in need of it. I am also glad that he has taken to Dr. Aked's lecturette pulpit where doubtless he is truly edifying. But in the press he is the same old Burns, for the gullible reporters are still faithful to their threadbare hero. He has been telling them that this is now a crookless city because he told the crooks they must keep away from the Fair, and because also he cleaned the city up in the days of the graft prosecution. And this sort of flubdub the reporters print though they know very well that the World's Fair is under Pinkerton protection.

### In the Whistler Room

I made pilgrimage to the Whistler Room in the Palace of Fine Arts last Sunday, and ran upon interesting company. There was John E. D. Trask, chief of the Bureau of Fine Arts, telling Louis Kronberg of Boston about the additional Whistlers which came from abroad on that wonderful treasure ship the Jason, and which will soon be on exhibition. Anon there appeared no less a personage than Frank Powers in company with William Ritschel, the landscape painter who has been working at Carmel for some time. Frank was in fine fettle. Because why? Because he had just been studying the five landscapes of Carmel by which Ritschel is represented in the Palace of Fine Arts. There is no art that Powers likes so much as that which celebrates Carmel. Every picture of Carmel is an advertisement, and the more Carmel is advertised the more chance there is for Frank to sell lots down there. Indeed, as soon as Frank met Kronberg and learned that he was an artist he launched forth on one of his celebrated expositions of the glories of Carmel; so it may be that another artist will be induced to put Frank's domain on canvas. I can't say that Frank paid much attention to the Whistlers, but it was evident that he regarded his visit to the room as a profitable accident.

### A Whistler Story

While Frank Powers was filling Kronberg full of Carmel and Ritschel was nodding serious as-


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sent to his words, Trask told me a Whistler story I had never heard before. Dr. Kurtz of the St. Louis Art Museum went abroad to gather pictures for a show and called on the great "Jimmy" in his Paris studio. He explained the purpose of the visit and found Whistler in a sympathetic mood. So Kurtz indicated two pictures which he said he'd like to borrow.

"But those are the best pictures in my studio," objected Whistler.

"Thanks for indorsing my judgment," said Kurtz. "I am more than ever anxious to get them."

"All right," said Whistler. "I suppose Guinchard does your packing? Yes? Well, I'll send them over to Guinchard's in the morning."

"They are very small, and I have a cab outside," said the canny Kurtz. "I'll just wrap them up and take them with me."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of putting you to that trouble," said Whistler hastily. "They'll be at Guinchard's in the morning."

"No trouble at all," said Kurtz taking them off the easels. "Here's a piece of paper. I'll wrap them up," and he proceeded to do so.

"But Guinchard will attend to this for you," said Whistler.

"Never mind Guinchard," said Kurtz. "It's no trouble. Find me a piece of string."

Whistler was so taken back that he had nothing to say. He found a piece of string. Kurtz tied up the pictures and started for the door. He was just going out when Whistler called him back.

"Kurtz," he said with a whimsical smile, "you knew damned well that I wouldn't have sent them to Guinchard's in the morning!"

### Mrs. Gardner's Experience

Frank Powers had just finished a dithyramb on the subject of abalone chowder, so Kronberg was free to take a hand in the discussion.

"Others have had much the same experience as Dr. Kurtz," he said. "Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston told me about the difficulty she had in getting a Whistler for which she had paid. Whistler had one excuse after another for not giving it up. Finally she went to his studio in company with Jefferson Coolidge who was American Ambassador to France at the time. While Coolidge held Whistler in conversation Mrs. Gardner took the picture off the easel and ran down stairs with it. She told me that she'd never have gotten it any other way."

Apparently it was as hard to get a picture away from Whistler as it is to separate Rodin from one of his bronzes.

### Miss McCarthy's Hypnotism

If you have seen Louis Kronberg's exhibition in one of the Sutter street galleries you have noticed the picture of the old woman who is fastening a flower to the skirt of a ballet girl. It is a very beautiful picture—indeed I doubt whether there is anything finer either in the exhibition or among Kronberg's pictures at the Palace of Fine Arts. After Kronberg had promised Frank Powers that he'd pay a visit to Carmel before he left California, he told me the story of this old woman. She is a well known figure in Boston and her name is Miss Elizabeth Post McCarthy. She is an Orangewoman, a descendant of the great house of McCarthy More, and if she had the lands of her ancestors she would be today the Lady of Clan-Care. She supports herself by doing needlework for the ladies of Trinity Church, Boston; but she is fond of Kronberg and poses for him occasionally. Miss McCarthy entertains delusions not unlike those of poor old Miss Flite in "Bleak House." She is quite certain that she will be as rich as Hetty Green some day. Some time ago she made the momentous discovery that Hetty had accumulated her wealth by hypnotism, and she bought a "hypnotism ball" from some faker. She imparted her plans to Kronberg, and he said to her:

"I'll tell you what you do, Miss McCarthy. You go to my exhibition down town and hypnotize people into buying my pictures, and I'll give you half of what I make."

Judge of his surprise when next he visited the exhibition to find Miss McCarthy following people around, the "hypnotism ball" concealed under her shawl, and trying to hypnotize them into a picture buying frame of mind!

### California Books and Pictures

That true friend to aspiring Californian genius, the publisher Aleck Robertson, is to be congratulated on the fine display he is making in the California Building at the Fair. Other local publishers and book sellers have beautiful displays in the Liberal Arts Building, but Robertson held out for space in the California Building and got it. And where could Aleck Robertson more appropriately show what he has done for Californian writers and painters? In his tastefully arranged booth of Mission architecture are to be found the originals of some of the paintings by Californian artists which he has reproduced in colors during the past few years as souvenirs for the tourist in San Francisco. These fine little reproductions have done a great deal to make Californian art and Californian scenery known abroad. On the shelves are some of the Californian books which Robertson has published. Here are Sterling, Urmy, Clark Ashton Smith, Amelia Truesdell, Louis Robertson, Robeson Taylor and other poets; here are Bierce, Starr Jordan, Vernon Kellogg, McAdie, Lynch, Warren Stoddard and other Californian prose writers for whom Robertson has officiated as publisher. It is a place to linger in, this booth, and many who are attracted simply by the beauty of its Mission setting remain an hour or more turning over books, studying paintings, and go away with a new respect for California's literary and artistic accomplishment.

### Dancing at the Tavern

If you want to enjoy an evening of dancing under ideal conditions, the Candy Dances at Techau Tavern offer you the opportunity every night in the week. The music by Severi's orchestra is superb, the dancing floor perfect, the ventilation scientifically correct. Each lady is presented with an art souvenir box of Foster and Orear's inimitable candies of varieties packed exclusively for the Tavern. One night in the week, Wednesday, is, if anything, a little more enjoyable than any of the other five. This is Carnival Night and justifies its name. There is no end to the fun and yet there is always perceptible that air of refinement and respectability for which the Tavern is noted. On these occasions each guest receives a bag of fun-making souvenirs shrewdly chosen to enhance the gaiety of the evening. In the bags which are presented to the ladies the management now includes a miniature bottle of Colgate's famous perfumery.

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Recent investigations have proven that the majority of people neglect their eyes for the principal reason that they dislike the constant changing of glasses from reading to distance or vice versa, as the case requires. This inconvenience and annoyance, however, has been entirely eliminated in the new lenses called "Caltex Onepiece" Bifocals as they combine both reading and distance corrections in one single clear white lens and when on the face have the appearance of the regular style glasses.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**Marian Newhall's Trunks**

Last Saturday on the Pacific Mail dock. The Korea about to depart for Honolulu and the Orient. More than the usual amount of hurry, bustle, kissing, crying and farewelling. Society out in force to bid godspeed to Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Templeton Crocker and Miss Marian Newhall. "Bon voyage, Fannie! A pleasant trip, Helene! Be sure and write, Marian!" from a multitude of friends. The head line cast off, the gang plank drawn up. Waving of handkerchiefs, merry cries and all that sort of jolly rot. Then a sudden commotion aboard. Behold, it is made by Marian Newhall! Intense excitement. What's the matter? "My trunks, my trunks!" cries pretty Maid Marian. "Where, oh where are my trunks?" Templeton Crocker on the pier strikes his forehead in consternation. "I told Marian I'd attend to her trunks, and they are not yet aboard! Hold the steamer!" Never has Templeton been so excited, at least not since his sister Jennie lost her pearl necklace. Marian is on the verge of tears. The Korea is about to slide out of the dock. "Here they come, here they come!" from Templeton; "hold the steamer!" The trunks arrive. It looks as though they are too late. "Send them by parcel post!" says a derisive onlooker, clearly one of hoi polloi. "Hold the steamer!" yells Templeton. The steamer is held. The gangplank is shoved down. Husky porters shoulder the trunks and rush them aboard. Marian smiles through her tears. The Korea steams away. And society on the pier draws a long breath of relief.

**The Literal Mind**

A young woman went to La Loie Fuller for material to make a magazine article on the subject of the Rodins La Loie brought here for Mrs. A. B. Spreckels.

"First of all," said the young woman, "tell me about Rodin himself:"

"Rodin," began La Loie, "Rodin works in silence."

"Oh," exclaimed the writer, "is he deaf and dumb?"

Le Rideau!

**The Jackling Apartments**

The carpenter, the decorator, the furniture man and others are busy converting the Jackling suite in the St. Francis from a bachelor apartment into a bower of matrimonial bliss. They are knocking out walls, rearranging rooms and what not. The colonel's bride indicated what she would like to have done just before the honeymoon trip started, and it is all being done with religious respect for her lightest wish. Colonel Jackling doesn't mind the expense which is considerable, and the fact that the St. Francis apartment will only be occupied until the new home is built was not considered any reason why the most elaborate alterations should not be made. When Dan and Virginia return to town they will occupy the most luxurious hotel suite this side of New York.

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PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA

**"The Penance of Elinor"**

No matter when you enter the Abbey room in the Palace of Fine Arts you will always find a knot of admiring people before his historical picture "The Penance of Elinor." There is always curiosity about the story the great American painter has told, and of course the temporary catalogue sheds no light on this subject. Perhaps the real catalogue will answer the question that is invariably heard from someone inspecting this picture: "Who is Elinor, and why is she in the street in a white sheet and with a candle in her hand?" Abbey found inspiration for a great deal of his very best work in Shakespeare, and this is one of his Shakespearian pictures. It must be that a great many readers of Shakespeare skip the Henry VI trilogy of chronicle plays, otherwise more would identify the scene on which this picture is based. Elinor is that proud, wilful, ambitious and wicked Elinor who intrigued to place her husband Duke Humphrey of Gloucester on the throne of Henry VI. She received this sentence from the king:

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honor in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

The picture represents scene four, act two of the Second Part of Henry VI where the "forlorn duchess" appears in the streets of London "in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand," to be "a wonder and a pointing stock to every idle, rascal follower."

**A Bachelor Tax Lobby**

I do not vouch for the rumor that Ned Greenway is preparing to launch a lobby against the proposed constitutional amendment imposing a head tax of ten dollars a year on bachelors. Still it may be true. Ned is a confirmed bachelor if there ever was one, and is jealous of the prerogatives of the untroubled state. The rumor is circumstantial; it gives the names of those whom Ned is putting down on his list of lobbyists. 'Tis said that the name of Senator Phelan is there, also the names of Dick Tobin, Raphael Weill and Billy Humphrey, stern unbending bachelors all. Also included, I am told, are such baccalaureate powers as Louis Sloss, Dick Hotaling, Bobby Eyre, Sam Rucker, Felix Hoendorf, otherwise "the Duke," Leonidas Scooffy, Tom McCann, Frank Hooper, Bob McCracken and Louis Haas. I suppose there are others, but these names are enough to indicate what a powerful propaganda will be started if the Assembly tries to pass the obnoxious measure. Of course, if any of these get married in the meantime their names will be crossed off.

**A Dinner to Bishop Hanna**

A beautiful dinner was given in the American Beauty dining room of the Hotel Plaza by a party of prominent guests from Rochester, New York, in compliment to Bishop Hanna of San Francisco. His hosts and hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Howe, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dwyer, Miss Dwyer and Mr. Francis Dwyer, all of Rochester, and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Moore of Geneva. Bishop Hanna came to San Francisco from Rochester, where he had thousands of dear friends. An interesting luncheon was given in the Mulberry dining room of the Hotel Plaza on Monday, participated in by the local members of the International Committee on Marriage and Divorce, of which Mr. Francis M. Moody is California's field secretary. Mrs. I. Lowenburg is one of the most prominent local members of the committee, other representatives coming from various counties of the State. The occasion of the luncheon was to arrange for special educational exhibits and meetings from July 23 to 26 in favor of the new proposed uniform laws of all States on marriage and divorce. Bishop Nichols is the most important member of the local committee.

**Society and Music**

Not alone are musical circles deeply interested in the concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall, but society folk as well will be abundantly represented in the audience. The list of season subscribers is very large and among the purchasers of boxes and seats are the following: Mesdames William Sproule, Joseph A. Donohoe, William B. Bourn, William H. Crocker, Sara H. Gerstle, Hannah Gerstle, Louis F. Monteagle, Henry T. Scott, L. Schwabacher, Leon Sloss, Judge M. C. Sloss, M. A. Gunst, L. M. Robbins, C. F. Kohl, A. B. Spreckels, Henry Crocker, James Otis, Miss F. Greenhood, Messrs. Gordon Blanding, Allen Anderson, Allen I. Kittle, John Rothschild, Judge Frank H. Dunne, Walter Bliss, D. J. Guggenheim, John B. Casserly, John Parrott, Mortimer Fleishhacker, Dr. A. Barkan, G. D. Grant, E. J. Wickson, Edmond Godchaux, Herbert Fleishhacker, Dr. E. Rixford, R. M. Eyre, Louis Sloss and J. K. Armsby.

**At the Hotel Oakland**

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

County gave a Colonial Dansant in the Ivory Ball Room of the Hotel Oakland on Saturday evening. Mrs. William Mitchell Bunker was the hostess at a luncheon in the Blue Room of the Hotel Oakland on Thursday, April 22. Covers were laid for twelve. Mr. James W. Foley, the well known poet-humorist, and Mrs. Foley have returned to the Hotel Oakland for the summer. The Foreign and State Commissioners to the P. P. I. E. were guests at luncheon at the Hotel Oakland on Sunday, the 18th of April. Hon. Victor Metcalf, president of the Commercial Club, presided. Miss Loie Fuller is to give a series of three lectures in the ball room of the Hotel Oakland during the coming weeks. The subjects are "The Art of Dancing," "Truth About the War" and "Rodin."

**At the Cecil**

Mrs. H. B. Rodgers, a prominent society woman of Dayton, Ohio, who has been at the Hotel Cecil, was the complimented guest at a dinner given by Mrs. W. F. Morris Monday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Fair, Mr. and Mrs. H. Defendorf, Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp, Mrs. L. W. Moore and Mr. C. F. Nance. Mrs. Morris has been giving a series of entertainments. One of the most elaborate was the dinner dance at the Hotel Somerton Tuesday evening. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Andrews of New York, Lieutenant Thomas Walker, U. S. A., and Edward Kellogg. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thane were hosts at a delightful dinner given at the Cecil Sunday night. An interesting visitor to San Francisco where she has come to view the Exposition, is Mrs. Sarah E. Boggs, the author of "Sand Peep" and other delightful stories. She has arrived from her home in Easton, Maine. Mrs. Boggs is also well known as the translator of the works of Maurus Jokai. She will be a guest at the Cecil during her stay here. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Miller of Grand Rapids are very enthusiastic over the Exposition. They are sojourning at the Cecil. Mrs. C. Hazard and Miss D. O'Brien of Santa Barbara have taken an attractive suite at the Cecil. They will be in this city for a month. Mrs. Alexander Isenberg and young son, who have been sojourning for the past month at the Hotel Cecil, left Wednesday for her home in Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Pitts entertained at the Hotel Cecil Sunday evening. The diner table was handsomely decorated with tulips and lace ferns. The coterie of friends who enjoyed the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Krahm and General Wankowski. Mrs. K. Lymer Bristol of Chicago has been the motif for much entertainment since her arrival in San Francisco. This charming woman is a guest at the Hotel Cecil. Mrs. W. M. Lenthold of Spokane has come to San Francisco to enjoy the Exposition, and will be a guest at the Cecil for several months. A number of social affairs are being planned for Mr. and Mrs. L. Hittman, Miss Corinne Hittman and Miss Lila Hittman of Helena, Montana. Mr. and Mrs. Hittman and their two charming daughters have apartments at the Hotel Cecil.

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Time is money, but it is apt to hang more heavily on our hands.

You never can tell. Many a woman with a muddy complexion has a clear conscience.

This may be the land of the free, but don't jump to the conclusion that every wife is a Goddess of Liberty.

Of course it is better to believe everything you say than to say everything you believe.

The only time some fellows are willing to help themselves is when a bottle and a glass are placed before them.

As a rule we don't care to have people tell us their troubles, unless we happen to be lawyers.

A woman seldom sees a mirror without pausing for reflection.

Many a man is too fond of his own voice to think of joining the society for the suppression of unnecessary noises.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Nine times out of ten the bread mother used to make came from the bakery.

When a politician is in the hands of his friends he isn't always particular where his friends' hands are.

---

Those seeking homes in the fashionable districts of the Peninsula—either to lease or to buy—will be greatly assisted by the services of an agent with a sympathetic understanding of refined tastes. Mrs. Milton Pray is agent for a large number of the desirable houses in Hillsborough, San Mateo, Burlingame, Easton, Atherton, Menlo, Woodside and other exclusive neighborhoods. Address Mrs. Milton Pray, 1272 Cabrillo Ave., Easton. Telephone Burlingame 89.
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# Gossip of the Theatre

**An Inebriate, Some Lingerie, Etc.**

We have had all sorts of "souses" on the stage, but the condition of inebriation depicted by Alan Brooks at the Orpheum this week is a little different from any that lingers in the memory. His is a chronic jag. He is a saturate solution of alcohol. He hovers on the verge of the d. t.'s. He has forgotten to sleep for so long that his eyes resemble what Oscar Wilde describes as "holes burned with torches in a tapestry of Tyre," the poetical way of referring to two burnt holes in a blanket. His brain is gyrating and his step is ataxic. He has one automatic movement, the movement of his hand from his cigarette pocket to his mouth. Alan Brooks could make the president of the W. C. T. U. laugh—almost. He deserves a bronze plaque for extracting new fun from wet goods. Alan Brooks works very hard, but he does not perspire half as much as Morton and Moore. These are the most perspiratory cutups we've seen in some time. Nor is their self-induced humidity in vain. Before they are half through the audience is in thorough accord with them, and in the end they nearly stop the show. Madame Yorska, a foreign actress with a fine enunciation, shows us what is supposed to be happening in the belligerent countries. "Days of War" has to do with a spy who has won the love of a Casino singer and promises to marry her, a promise, strange to say, which she takes seriously. However, she discovers that he is a spy and betrays him. She still loves him, and he loves her in the same old way. "I did my duty, and you did yours," he tells her, and goes out to be shot. It is perhaps thrilling, and certainly unconvincing. Al Rover is an acrobatic musician who has a very pretty sister. Sister Rover has irresistible soft brown eyes which she knows how to use. She was so busy using them, and I was so busy watching her use them, that I forgot to pay attention to her playing. "The Bride Shop" reveals a hard working and effective comedian in the person of Andrew Tombes. It also reveals the persons of a number of young women who oblige by showing us the very latest things in bride's lingerie. This is a subject in which we are all mightily interested, judging from the absorption of the audience in the various revelations. When one very coy young lady appeared in the bride's robe de nuit (which is trousseauish for night gown), the comedian told us not to look and turned his eyes away. I was too busy in my critical capacity to notice whether anybody in the audience obeyed him. Other good numbers rounded out what the man who winds up Joe Dwyer and the ferry clock would call "some bill."

—Edward F. O'Day.

**A Fine Bill**

The Pantages show this week is one of the best variety shows in the city and much credit is due to Alex Pantages for giving it to us. Dr. Leonard L. Sugden's lecture and motion pictures on "How to Earn a Living in Alaska" make one of the most interesting and profitable entertainments we have seen. The pictures show the salmon industry and all the mysteries of the North, including an iceberg miles high falling into the ocean. Bothwell Browne appeared in "The Serpent of the Nile" with his ten singing and dancing girls. Mr. Browne has been over the Pantages circuit at least five times and is always welcome wherever he appears. Rose Marston and Company in "The Claim Agent" entertain the audience with a pleasing act for a quarter of an hour. Jimmy Green, "the fellow of eccentric humor," was well received. Kenneth Cook and Bernice Brown, two youngsters appearing in a singing and dancing act; Grace La Dell and Company with their shooting act; and Archie Nicholson and Company, three merry musical men, add to the pleasure of the evening.

—The Second Nighter.

**Continued Success of Abe and Mawruss**

The big A. H. Woods success "Potash and Perlmutter" will say farewell at the Columbia Sunday night, May 2. Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr and the original company will start toward New York after playing almost one hundred consecutive weeks. "Abe" and "Mawruss" have delighted San Francisco. The fourth and final week of the engagement begins Sunday night. Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Chauncey Olcott in his new play "The Heart of Paddy Whack," a romance with its scenes laid in Ireland in 1830, will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday night, May 3. Mr. Olcott has a number of new songs for this piece. One of them "A Little Bit of Heaven" has proven unusually popular. The supporting company includes Edith Luckett, Charles Erin Vernon, Maude Hosford and Richard Quilter.

GEORGE BARRERE

The world's greatest flutist and director of the Barrere Ensemble which gives concerts at Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoons, April 25 and May 2, and at Native Sons Hall Friday afternoon, April 30

**The Stammers Success at Alcazar**

Now that Frank M. Stammers' bright new musical comedy revue "This Way Out" which is the new vehicle Kolb and Dill are offering at the Alcazar, has settled down to a successful run, the popular author is about to leave for New York where he has been commissioned to collaborate with New Wayburn, the famous director of musical shows, on a new production to be made this summer at the Century Theatre. It is quite an honor for Stammers to have his local work recognized by as big a man in the theatrical profession as Wayburn, and Stammers is taking with him a brainful of novel and bright ideas that will be invested in the new production. In the meantime "This Way Out" has received the treatment that is always meted out to a new musical production during its first few weeks, and now it has settled down as one of the greatest successes this city has known, and by all odds the biggest triumph in the Kolb and Dill gallery.

**The Boston Symphony**

Interest is keen in the coming series of twelve concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall, commencing Friday evening, May 14, with four afternoons, and the subscription sale which has been progressing for three weeks, indicates a very large attendance. On Monday morning the sale of seats for two or more concerts will begin at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, continuing for one week, after which seats for single concerts will be ready. The function of the Boston Symphony always has been to provide music of the highest class in the most perfect manner possible. Such was the sole object of its founder, and that this ideal has been not only attained but maintained, finds eloquent testimony in the generous and loyal support given to the orchestra in the past thirty-three years by the most discriminating music publics in America.

**Success of "The Clansman"**

"The Clansman, or the Birth of the Nation" starts on the second week of its successful engagement at the Cort with Sunday's performance. Capacity houses have been the rule during the first week and the advance interest promises a continuance of the big business. It takes three hours to show the famous Griffith motion picture drama, which has earned for itself the title of being the greatest work of its kind extant. Historically and educationally it is a great achievement. The introduction of old Southern songs and the special music rendered by the augmented orchestra add not a little to the entertainment. There is a daily matinee at 2 o'clock in addition to the regular evening performance at 8 o'clock.

**"Sari" Coming to Cort**

Henry W. Savage's notable production of "Sari" which has been called the legitimate successor of "The Merry Widow" comes to the Cort on Sunday, May 9, immediately following the engagement of "The Clansman." It will be a relief to get a real operetta such as "Sari" after the avalanche of "girly" revues that have recently been to the Pacific Coast. "Sari" has a real plot and real music and it has caught on as has no recent musical comedy. The leading role is sung and played by Mizzi Hajos who is well remembered here for her delightful work in "The Spring Maid" several seasons ago.

**People's Opera Company**

Having given four performances of high artistic merit, the People's San Francisco Opera Company will appear again next Monday night, April 26. The small attendance has perhaps been due to the prejudice so many have against hearing opera in a hall, but in spite of the drawbacks of producing opera in Scottish Rite Auditorium, no criticism could be made of the quality of the work of the company. From Conductor Josiah Zuro down to the humblest stage hand, everyone in the organization put forth his best effort to make the performances as perfect as possible and the result was manifested in the applause that greeted the artists. The management is increasing the Opera Association membership and investigating the possibilities of securing a theatre for future performances. These are considered

the two most important things to be accomplished at present. The money contributed to secure membership may be any sum from ten dollars up. There are no financial obligations on those entering the association beyond the initial contribution. The fund thus secured is to cover the founding expenses and from the members hearty co-operation is expected in stimulating the interest of the public in the production of opera at popular prices.

**The Barrere Ensemble**

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Manager Will Greenbaum will present a musical attraction of quite a different character from any that has ever appeared in this city. It is the Barrere Ensemble, a chamber music organization of nine artists on flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and French horns which for artistry ranks with the Kneisel or Flonzaley Quartets. The exquisite literature of music for wind instruments has been almost a sealed book to music lovers on account of the difficulty of securing players of these instruments capable of interpreting the great compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Debussy, etc. The Ensemble is directed by Mr. George Barrere, the world's foremost flutist, and first flutist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, and his eight colleagues all hold first class positions in the leading orchestras of New York. This will be the first long tour of the organization. Sunday's program will include nonets, octets, quintets, quartets and trios by Mozart, Beethoven, Chadwick, de Wailly, Gouvy and Pfeiffer, a specially interesting feature being a rondino by Beethoven for two solo French horns accompanied by wood wind choir. Mr. Barrere will be heard in flute solos at each concert. The second concert will be given at Native Sons' Hall on Friday afternoon, April 30, at 3:15 instead of at the Columbia as the theatre will be used for a local benefit performance on that day. The hall is on Mason street above Geary, diagonally opposite the Columbia. On this occasion an octet by Beethoven, a sextet by Mozart for oboes, horns and bassoons and a Little Symphony for nine instruments by Gounod will be the special features. The farewell concert will be at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, May 2, when a "Menuett and Ballet" by Debussy for the full ensemble, a quartet for flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon by Rossini and an octet by Haydn will be the principal works, and by special request the Ensemble will play the entire series of "Woodland Sketches" by Edward MacDowell arranged by Mr. Barrere Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Company's and the Columbia. Monday night, April 26, the Ensemble will appear at the Hill Opera House in Petaluma.

**Pavlowa's Great Season**

Manager Will L. Greenbaum, special representative of Anna Pavlowa, the great Russian dancer, announces that the complete Pavlowa Russian Ballet Company and its magnificent orchestra has just opened the new Grand Opera House in Havana with a week's festival of dance plays and divertissements, and is now in this country, en route west. Mme. Pavlowa's leading male dancer this season is the attractive Volinine who will be remembered here for his splendid work with Mme. Genee. M. Clustine, chief ballet director of the Paris Grand Opera, is directing the stage. It was Clustine who originated the "Pavlowa Gavotte." Altogether the company will number over ninety people and will arrive here by special train to play a short season at the Cort Theatre. At least six new ballet productions will be offered with wonderful scenic and costume investment. Mr. Theo Steier will again wield the baton over the splendid body of musicians which has always been such a feature of the Pavlowa performances.

**Sylvester Schaffer at Orpheum**

The Orpheum announces for next week Sylvester Schaffer, the highest salaried artist in the world and "The Man Who Does Everything," presenting ten headline acts in his own person. He starts with cards and coins, paints in oils under the spotlight, does Japanese juggling, puts his beautiful steeds through dancing steps, plays with his fox terriers, presents difficult examples of marksmanship, plays a violin, balances a huge Roman chariot on the tip of his chin, and closes with what he calls "Apotheosis." Emma Carus who has starred and co-starred in so many musical successes, will amuse with an entirely new act of songs, music and dance. She is assisted by Noel Fahnestock. Harry Cooper, a character comedian with an operatic voice, will present a comedy skit "The Mail Carrier." Clara Inge, "The Dixie Girl" who has been equally successful in musical comedy and vaudeville, will intro-

MAE MARSH

One of the clever principals in "The Clansman" at the Cort

SYLVESTER SCHAFFER

"The Man Who Does Everything" next week at the Orpheum

duce a new act. The only holdovers will be Morton and Moore (retained by popular request) who will present their original success "The Chalk Faced Comedians," and Alan Brooks in his diverting impersonation of the inebriate in "Straightened Out."

**Jimmy Britt at Pantages**

Herbert Lloyd, better known as "The King of Diamonds" in theatrical circles, is the topping act of eight splendid features at the Pantages on Sunday. The comedian calls his offering "A Revue of Vaudeville," and with the assistance of a quintet of pretty English dancing maidens and one other male funmaker, does about all that any vaudeville performer ever did before the footlights. Lloyd is a juggler, an acrobat, a magician, singer, dancer all of which accomplishments he jumbles into a screamingly funny burlesque on the present day vaudeville artist. Back to his native heath comes the dapper ex-lightweight champion Jimmy Britt who has been seeking laurels in gay Manhattan and on the other side of the water. Britt bears modestly the title of "The Pride of the Golden Gate" and on the stage gives several excellent recitations and stories of his former career as a fight champion. Willy Zimmerman, the delineator of kings and war characters, is another splendid attraction. All of the world's greatest rulers are shown with the lightning speed and marvelous likeness that has won the famous entertainer a niche in the hall of celebrated artists. M. Max Weily and Mlle. Melissa Ten Eyck will offer their own original conception dance "The Gambol of the Gods." Tom and Stacia Moore in a picturesque singing act "The Dream Girl," featuring Miss Moore and her elaborate Parisian frocks; Amedio, an accordeonist; and Orourke and Orourke, stair case dancers, are other good numbers.

**The Right Place**

"Really, Kate," said the young man, in considerable agitation, "I am very sorry I lost my head and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family."

"Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "if you ever feel any more such attacks coming on, you had better come right here where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."

Magnifying glasses are part of the equipment of reformers in their search for vice.

A woman has no sense of humor, which may explain why she sometimes takes a man seriously.

The vials of wrath are frequently poured out in family jars.

It doesn't help much to aim high if you use blank cartridges.

"How did the cashier of your bank get into jail?"

"Left the 's' off speculation."

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—As an expression of confidence in the condition of this country, last week's active stock market will have a tonic effect. Wall Street has become optimistic at last and is bidding up to correspond with the improvement which has taken place in the last six months, during which our exports have been running ahead of our imports at a rate never before known. Until last week Wall Street did not reflect the cumulative effect of enormous crops of grain sold at high prices and the expansion of all industries connected with the war. Then speculators found that securities were too low and rushed into the market to reap a harvest that they had been allowing to go to waste. The small investor and the outside speculator got in ahead of the big operators for once and the public has been benefited by the advance. For a time the so-called "war stocks," led by Bethlehem Steel and General Motors, were so prominent that banking interests looked for trouble, but at the end of the week these two issues became dull while the standard railroad shares and Steel common were very active. There was no corner in Bethlehem Steel as far as is known. If big operators were caught short they covered and took their losses without squealing. The cause of the advance is still a mystery, though everyone pretends to be able to explain it. The control of the corporation has not changed hands and some believe that foreign interests which tried to secure it made money, though they failed to do so because when they found the floating supply of the stock insufficient, they resold what they had bought on a rising market at enormous profits. Big international stocks like Canadian Pacific, Union Pacific, Reading, Atchison, Erie, Amalgamated Copper, Steel common, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific and Pennsylvania furnished the real surprise. Banking interests in New York have held that such an advance in these issues could not take place so quickly and easily because foreign liquidation would flood the New York market just as it was doing on July 30th when the Stock Exchange suspended operations. Of course there is some foreign liquidation and the bears make the most of it by hinting that its extent is being disguised. It would be impossible to disguise the real sales of securities for foreign account if they were heavy enough to change the international situation regarding money and exchange. The foreign exchange market is the most delicately adjusted thing on earth, and sterling exchange rates would tell the story of such liquidation instantly. London dislikes intensely the depreciation of its bills in the New York market and the counterbalancing appreciation of dollar exchange throughout the world, and London would, therefore, like nothing better than to see sterling exchange rates here forced up by the establishment of large credits through sales of securities in the New York market. Instead of disguising the extent of foreign selling, there is every inducement to magnify it as far as banking interests are concerned.

**Wheat**—Wheat shows but little alteration from the level of prices prevailing a week ago, having been in the meanwhile somewhat higher and lower. Interest has diminished considerably, and there has been a disposition among the local element to anticipate some weakness in values. This, however, has not occurred to any pronounced extent, the situation being influenced and sustained by the scarcity of the cash article. Growing conditions seem to be generally good and there is the promise of a large winter wheat crop, according to the Government figures. Here and there some apprehension is experienced, but such complaints are not now regarded as material. Export sales are not large, but this is thought to be due to lack of supplies. Argentine shipments for this week fall considerably below last week's, while our clearances continue large in quantity. The market at the moment has no definite trend and the trade apparently is in a mood to await some definite news that will give the market a decided impulse.

**Corn**—Corn has had a rather heavy tone without suffering any material decline, notwithstanding the expectation of free liquidation. The domestic demand is fair in volume, although little is reported sold for export. The clearances, however, continue quite large, with the primary movement moderate. The market has a very firm undertone and it begins to look as though prices have reached a level under which it may be difficult to depress them notwithstanding the comparatively large stocks.

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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Theodore L. Breslauer, Room 909 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

HENRY F. ROTHSCHILD,
Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 10, 1915.
THEODORE L. BRESLAUER,
909 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Landry C. Babin Company, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 10th, 1915.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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Estate of JULIA RENNERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, attorney at law, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA RENNERT, deceased.

MARTHA LEO,
Administratrix of the Estate of Julia Rennert, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 27, 1915.
G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Administratrix,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 8-27-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 17, 1915.
J. C. B. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-17-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce) on Amended Complaint

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; No. 60,674.

MAY BELLE STROBLE, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES B. STROBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 2-20-10


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 18,690; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased, to all creditors of, and to all persons having claims against, said decedent, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months of the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administratrix at Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building, No. 465 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which place said Administratrix selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 24, 1915.

GLADYS STONE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Lillian Hollimon, deceased.
JOHN F. CASSELL,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, California. 4-24-5

### ANNUAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of the JOHN J. SESNON COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 506 Balboa Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Second Streets, San Francisco, California, on SATURDAY, the 24th day of April, 1915, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., to elect a new Board of Directors for the ensuing year and to transact such business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 10th, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN, Secretary.
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney-at-law,
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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

## Better Times

From all sections of the country comes the news that times are getting better, and that despite the Administration at Washington they will continue to improve. From all accounts it appears that outcast Business, miserable reprobate, deservedly execrated by virtuous politicians, long compelled to do penance for its sins, is lifting its head again and boldly venturing to hope and to strive. After a protracted period of psychological depression there is to be a revival of our industries, and Washington has promised to keep its heavy hands off. Ideals are to be put away in the company of moth balls. There is to be no more scourging with scorpions. But you never can tell. It is of course to the interest of the Administration to redeem itself, to make us forget the lean years, but asininity is incorrigible. Here for instance is Comptroller Williams who has been trying to put the Riggs' National Bank out of business. There was much warning against Williams before he was put on the job, but as he bore the Bryanesque brand warning was futile. And now we learn that Williams has been calling for an extension of his powers, an extension that would put bankers under his thumb. Is the ambition of Williams to be indulged? Or is the banker to be allowed to run his business without the assistance of a bumptious bureaucrat? Until we know it may not be wise to give optimism its head.

## The Colonel in Court

So marked is the uniformity of habits, characters and careers in this modern world that almost any kind of individuality fascinates. A man becomes a hero by rising above the commonplace, and it doesn't matter how he rises or what qualities make him distinct from the herd. Virtuosity either in art or roguery commands admiration. Many a man attained greatness by the exquisite finish of his chicanery, and as Fielding points out in his analysis of the character of a great thief there is such a mixture of good and evil in the best of men that it requires a very accurate judgment and elaborate inquiry to determine which side the balance turns. For this reason we should be grateful to Boss Barnes for making Colonel Roosevelt a defendant in a libel suit. For whatever may be thought in future times of this amazing politician, the memory of his personal career must live while any one has an eye for the dramatic in American history; and the student desirous of learning whether he was really the consummate pattern of human virtue that his fascinated contemporaries believed, will find much to enlighten him in the chapter of biography written at Syracuse. On the witness stand the Colonel is his shifty self at his best, conveniently forgetful, preposterously self-righteous. Extremely harsh in his inferences with reference to other men, this colossal egotist demands that to himself must always be ascribed the most sacrosanct motives. It is men of this type, repulsive as they appear at close range, who have done much good in the world, and it is also men of this type who have done prodigious mischief. And whether for good or for ill always they had a tight hold on the imagination of mediocrity.

## A Progressive of Yesteryear

The swatting that J. Stitt Wilson got in Berkeley is not without significance. This prophet of the New Economy was a candidate for Mayor on a municipal ownership platform. "Down with all privately owned public utilities!" was his slogan. Above all things he was for municipal ownership. In his campaign orations he challenged his opponent to prove that the public utility corporations were not behind him. In the philosophy of J. Stitt Wilson everybody who does not realize that municipal ownership is the solution of all our troubles is a troglodyte or something of equal remoteness from this enlightened era. Like most of our doctrinaire progressive redeemers J. Stitt Wilson's contempt for the past is in proportion to his ignorance of its lessons. And so J. Stitt has been standing still while under the impression that he was making us vertiginous by the pace at which he was leading us to the Millennium. Time has converted J. Stitt into a standpatter in Berkeley. Over there municipal ownership is an outworn faith. And so J. Stitt awoke to find himself a backnumber in his own home town.

## The Spring Valley Controversy

Sensible as we are of the amenities of controversy it seems a sort of bad manners to question the intellectual honesty of an adversary. And anyway the question is irrelevant, since, after all, in controversy the argument is the thing, the only thing, and if one's adversary is intellectually dishonest it is probably because logic and reason are against him, in which case his dishonesty doesn't matter. However, it is not to confute, to confound or to convict, but merely from curiosity that we ask whether the advocates of the Spring Valley deal are on the level. Our curiosity is merely academic. We have been pondering the psychology of varying attitudes and considering appeals to passion and prejudice. The result is we have been wondering whether the furious and impassioned advocates of purchase at any price are disinterested in their espousal of Spring Valley's interests; or whether it is that having manoeuvred themselves into an awkward and embarrassing position they are so eager to get out as not to be at all squeamish or scrupulous. At any rate they appear to be lacking in candor, and at times they are somewhat disingenuous, as for instance when they advise us to mount Twin Peaks, survey the prospect, do a little sum in arithmetic and throw a fit of ecstasy. This sort of thing reminds us of Satan in the New Testament. To high elevations his Majesty was addicted when in seductive mood. Our self-constituted mentors paint pictures that are almost irresistible. They know right now just how much money we can make out of Spring Valley, and they tell us of the Geary street profits, though only a few months ago when reduction of fares was agitated, they proved conclusively that we were losing money on the municipal road. They know what everything is going to cost. But only the other day it was found that the City Engineer in his estimate of the cost of a road a few miles in length had erred in his estimate to the extent of about forty thousand dollars. And we know that since Mr. James Rolph came into office the genius of our municipal government trying to construct a reservoir succeeded in building a sieve. Nevertheless there is nothing of dubiety in the City Hall or the Examiner office. Cocksureness is the keynote of the "Buy It Now" symphony. "Leave it to Jim," is the motto of the machine—the same Jim who was going to reduce taxes, so great would the profits from Geary street be. And aside from all the enticing economic considerations, we were urged to vote for the proposition on account of an agreement, or a promise, or something or other that made the purchase of Spring Valley a condition precedent to the tapping of Hetch Hetchy. Where is the record of the agreement or whatever it was? And if there is such a thing why was it ever hidden? Further, why abuse the opponents of the deal for not believing our self-constituted mentors when it is clear enough that if we assume them to be truthful in their present utterances we imply that formerly they were feeding us on falsehoods? They used to tell us we didn't need Spring Valley. They used to tell us it would be

impossible to get an adequate supply from Spring Valley during the World's Fair. They tell us that certain districts are without water, and that those districts cannot be supplied unless we purchase Spring Valley; whereas they know very well that they can compel Spring Valley to supply the whole city with all the water that is needed. Now it is not to be gainsaid that something should be done, but let us have it done in the right way, and let us if possible resent the meanness of our politicians and corrupt newspapers, and avoid playing into their hands. To let certain districts go dry in order to force the residents to vote according to the will of a political machine is a species of political trickery and tyranny that should not be tolerated. Mayor Rolph knows his duty, and should perform it. We have no disposition to be harsh with Spring Valley. As a matter of fact we are in sympathy with that corporation. We were in sympathy with it when the rascals of press and politics who are now "standing in," were holding a club over it and threatening to confiscate its property. We feel that the directors of Spring Valley have good reason to sit tight as they are doing while the city is trying to get itself out of the hole into which it plunged under the dictatorship of Hearst; but it would be easy to come to an amicable agreement whereby necessary extensions might be made and paid for. Let us have this vital matter attended to before there is any more bulldozing.

### Give Rest to the Weary

There is really no reason for getting excited about the purchase of Spring Valley; at least not on the part of the plain people or on the part of anybody who has contracted no obligations except to the plain people. What we need first, and need right away, is more water. And more water is easily obtainable. There is abundant water to be piped wherever needed. Consequently it is disingenuous, if nothing worse, to talk about digging wells and the awful humiliation that well-digging will bring on a great city. It is this sort of clotted nonsense that makes us suspicious of our "buy it now" propagandists. Let us have water, and let us arrange to have the system extended by Spring Valley under whose direction the work can be done much cheaper than it can be done by the city. This we believe will be admitted by the most vehement and vociferous proponent of municipal ownership. For even the craziest of municipal ownership propagandists doesn't pretend to believe that work is done for the city at a fair price. Meanwhile, unless the Mayor and his satellites are absolutely indifferent to the sentiment of intelligent men, they should quit trying to bamboozle us with their silly talk regarding public sentiment as expressed at the polls. The total vote last week was forty-five per cent of the registered vote. Surely that does not represent public sentiment. The vote for the purchase of Spring Valley was twenty-four per cent of the registered vote, or a few thousand more than the vote the other way; and if from the majority vote were deducted the ballots of our taxeaters and their families that vote would be converted into a minority of the vote cast. In the circumstances might it not be well to give the dear people a rest for awhile? In view of the small vote cast at an election on a proposition to spend thirty-four million dollars is it unreasonable to surmise that the dear people have been made weary of elections? We trow not. And if we were the man at the throttle of the municipal steam-roller we should reduce speed, and remembering that the people at a time when they were able to consider their interests calmly and dispassionately decided to make a two-thirds vote essential to decision in certain matters of very great importance, there would not be the slightest danger of our confounding public sentiment with the voice of a small fraction of the populace.

### The Proud Teacher

"I am proud to be called a teacher," said Dr. William F. Foster, president of Reed College of Portland, Or., addressing the Teachers' Institute at the Civic Auditorium. Has it come to this,—that a teacher need affirm his pride in his profession? It would seem so judging from Dr. Foster's outburst following his simple assertion. "Those who are ashamed of the profession," he exclaimed, "should get out of it and work for a corrupt railroad or for crooked politicians or for a newspaper that has sold its soul." Surely there is no reason for a teacher to be ashamed of his profession. He may have reason to be ashamed of some of his fellow-teachers who reflect discredit on the profession, but if so he should not seek other fields with a view to abandoning high ideals and associating with sordid and wicked men. The high-minded teacher ashamed of some of his associates should endeavor to rid the profession of them. Of course it is not to be gainsaid that there are unfit men in the teachers' profession. Nor is it to be denied that if a teacher has a mind to be wicked he may do so as a teacher as well as an editor or a politician. For instance, a teacher may sell his soul to the Book Trust, the meanest of all the commercial and political combinations in this land of trusts. Or he may sell his prestige to any reform propaganda directed by the Book Trust in pursuance of its policy of strengthening its political machine in the several States. Teachers and ministers are the principal instruments of the Book Trust in its divers schemes for the influencing of men in power, and wherever you find ministers and teachers behind a social and political movement of any kind you will not have to look far for the snuffling agents of the trust. It is this trust that has done much toward impairing the prestige of the teachers' profession. But there are still many good men among our educators, men who take delight in forming the character of youth and giving the plastic mind the right impulse. Unfortunately the other kind are the more conspicuous in public life. Teachers of the type of the late Joseph Le Conte and John Swett are so absorbed in their profession that they have no time for politics or for propagating the new ideas that flow from new thought. There are too many loose thinkers among our teachers, and some of them talk a good deal like Dr. Foster of Reed College. This gentleman talked of the two million boys and girls who are to be "intrusted with the greatest experiment in the world's history—the government of the future." We wonder what Dr. Foster means. Has he looked into the seeds of time and seen that the government of the future is to be wholly experimental? Or has he merely talked it over with Tommy Reed of Berkeley? Dr. Foster, who is proud of his profession, talks more like a politician of the Progressive school than a teacher. He fills us with solicitude for the fraction of two million at Reed College. We wonder whether the teachers there are dogmatizing about the recall, the initiative and referendum after the manner of Wilson at Princeton, who (as he has said himself) subsequently found that he had been "teaching bosh." We hope they are inculcating the broad and elementary principles of government and cultivating a love for the kind of literature that is to be found in that much neglected classic The Federalist, one of the world's great books, which teaches nearly all there is worth knowing about the science of government. In short, we hope that Dr. Foster may be proving himself an ornament of his profession. After all, the teacher of whom his profession should be proud is the one who does very little dogmatizing, who, while inspiring youth with the desire to teach itself, makes lasting and good impressions on the heart as well as the mind. The principal duty of the teacher is to awaken interest and kindle enthusiasm. The teacher who spends his time imparting what he believes to be knowledge is doing nothing but "making asses laden with books." It is the teacher who knows how to point the way to the glowing heart that should be held in the highest esteem. Of him the profession will never be ashamed.

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# Varied Types

## CCXXVII—WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY

By Edward F. O'Day

"The Kehoe insurance bill," I read in Tuesday's Examiner, "which was designed to curb the arbitrary rate-making powers of the Pacific Board of Underwriters, was defeated by the Senate by a vote of 14 to 24. San Francisco voted against it." The article went on to say that "the halls have been full of insurance men lobbying against it," also that "the senators voted with great reluctance," and that "they had a suspicion it was a just bill."

This aroused my curiosity, so I went to see "Billy" Humphrey. Humphrey is the attorney retained by twenty-seven insurance companies to make the fight for the Kehoe bill and a collateral measure in the Assembly. I asked him about these bills, and about the fight which had been waged for and against them.

"There are one hundred and thirty-eight fire insurance companies doing business in California," Humphrey told me. "One hundred and eleven of these belong to the Board of Underwriters of the Pacific, which is a voluntary association for the purpose of making fire insurance rates. This Board punishes Board companies if they write insurance at other than the Board's rate; it punishes Board brokers who violate its regulations. In other words, it is a combination to maintain rates and to prevent competition in the fire insurance business.

"Twenty-seven companies doing business in California do not belong to this Board. They are therefore known as the non-Board companies. The Board is engaged all the time in making war on them. The manner of warfare is illustrated by what happened in Glendale, Los Angeles county. The non-Board companies had a great deal of business in Glendale. The Board declared all rates off in Glendale, and allowed its members to quote any rate that was calculated to take business away from the non-Board companies.

"The influence which the non-Board companies have exerted on insurance rates in California may be shown from one example. Before the non-Board companies came into the State, a mercantile brick building was a one-year risk. Since the non-Board companies have been competing with the Board companies, it is a three-year risk. In other words the business man who can only afford an ordinary brick building is not discriminated against when he buys insurance.

"Opposition to the system which gives to a combination of individuals the power to fix insurance rates began in 1909. The result is that laws have been passed in New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Georgia, Michigan, Louisiana, Iowa, Oregon and Washington making rate-fixing bureaus public service bodies. This has put an end to discrimination in rates, such as exists in California against the San Joaquin and San Bernardino Valleys. Where the rates are thought to be discriminatory or unreasonable, the insured has a right to appeal to the Insurance Commissioner for a hearing.

"The Kehoe Bill which has just been beaten in the Senate would have helped to bring California into line with the other States which have adopted this insurance reform. In conjunction with another bill about to be voted on in the Assembly, it would have broken the combination which dictates our rates of fire insurance.

"In this matter of fire insurance California has been called the 'easy mark State,' and not without some justice. In 1913 the sum of $16,420,002 was collected from the people of California in fire insurance premiums. In San Francisco the sum was almost four and one-half millions. What was paid in losses in this city during the same time? Just nine and one-half per cent of the amount of the premiums. Is it any wonder insurance men speak disrespectfully of San Francisco as a "sucker city" for submitting to the high rates imposed by the Underwriters? To show what a profitable field this State is for the men who keep the rates up, it is only necessary to compare our ratio of loss with that of some other States. From 1909 to 1913 our ratio of loss was 35.7. That of Massachusetts was 55.5; of Michigan, 55; of Indiana, 50; of Illinois, 50.8; and of New York, 50.8. In these States private rate-making combinations are illegal."

I asked Humphrey how a bill for which such sound arguments could be made came to be beaten.

"There was a lobby of one hundred and fifty representatives of the Board companies working against it in Sacramento," he said. "When the convention of fire insurance agents was held in San Bernardino last year, a resolution advocating this bill was adopted. Yet some of the men who voted for that resolution lobbied against the bill in Sacramento. They admitted confidentially that they had been whipped into line. The advisory committee of the Board consisting of Rolla V. Watt of the Royal, Russell W. Osborne known as 'Judge Horse Sense,' of the Pennsylvania, and Carl Henry of the Sun Insurance Company were all on the ground and very busy. In arguing before the Senate committee Henry made the statement that fire insurance was not a profitable business; that the profits were only three per cent. I called his attention to a point he seemed to overlook—the reserve, which is invested at a profit to the companies of about forty per cent. It was not a candid or fair fight they made against the bill. Their arguments were, to say the least, disingenuous. And their methods are at least peculiar. Some nights ago lobbyists wined and dined the Assembly committee on insurance until four in the morning. It is probable that thirty or forty thousand dollars were spent in the fight against us.

"The ways of a legislator are past finding out. Let us take the case of Senator Dominic Beban, one of the distinguished legislators who represent San Francisco. At the instance of some of my friends I took quite an interest in Beban's candidacy. When he was elected words seemed inadequate to express his gratitude. I judged that he was prepared to give me the State Capitol if I asked for it. However, I merely asked him to lend his support to the Kehoe Bill, and he gave me to understand that he would do so. He was quite emphatic about it. Rolla Watt was in Sacramento lobbying against the Kehoe Bill, and for Rolla Watt Senator Beban expressed an extreme aversion. He explained the reason to me one day in the presence of Senator Tom Finn. It seems that during his campaign he had called on Mr. Watt, requesting that gentleman's support.

"'What do you want me to do?' he said Watt asked him.

"'The Y. M. C. A. is in my district,' Beban said he answered, 'and I'd like you to ask the men living there to vote for me.'

"'Oh, I can't do that,' was Watt's answer. 'That would be undignified.'

"'It would, would it?' Dominic replied. 'But it isn't undignified for you to come to Sacramento and ask me to vote for your bills.'

"Naturally I counted on Senator Beban's support. But I didn't get it. He voted against the Kehoe Bill.

"The State made $400,000 last year out of compensation insurance. There is no particular reason why it should not go into the fire insurance business. Perhaps it will, if the Board companies persist in regarding the rate-making power as a private function to be exercised at the expense of the insured and in prevention of legitimate competition. There is State fire insurance in Texas, and it came about in just that way. In other words, it seems to me that the Board companies are cutting their own throats; that by following obstructionist instead of constructive methods they are losing sight of their ultimate advantage for the sake of present benefit. The time will come when fire insurance conditions in California will be reformed. Some such bill as that just beaten will become the law, or the State will take over the business of writing fire insurance."

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# Perspective Impressions

"Peaching" and impeaching seem to go hand in hand.

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We have Josephus Daniels' word for it that he is a very great Secretary of the Navy. But the word of Josephus is—just the word of Josephus.

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The most popular indoor sport of Los Angeles seems to be: contributing to the delinquency of minors.

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Some of the American missionaries who find Turkey an uncomfortable field of endeavor might shift their activities to Los Angeles and Crescent City.

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A congressman's importance increases with every mile he puts between himself and Washington.

The men in the navy are just as sober today as they were two years ago, according to Josephus Daniels. Are we to infer that grape juice is only holding its own?

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Wouldn't it be well for Dr. Jordan to go to the Hague and pacify the Women's Peace Congress?

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The Liberty Bell is cracked and can't be rung, but never mind—Mr. Hearst can still toot his own horn.

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All this talk of the cinching of China by the amiable, gentle and inoffensive Japs is absurd. If you don't think so ask our all-wise friend David Starr Jordan.

Our idea of an athletic woman is one who can lace her own boots up the back.

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There is at least this to be said of the Colonel, —that he was grateful to Platt just as long as it was profitable to keep alive the sense of favors to come.

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The man who was robbed in a jitney of $780 in cash and three hundred and twenty-five dollars worth of jewelry ought to consult Buck Travis on "safety first."

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At a time when the espousal of a new ideal counts for more than courageous devotion to principle wouldn't it be more profitable to make an itinerant exhibit of Uncle Joe than to have the Liberty Bell proclaim the greatness of Hearst through the land?

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# By the Light of "The Lantern"

**By Robert McTavish**

I believe "Smart Set" went into a second edition the month it published Willard Huntington Wright's mordant diatribe "Los Angeles, the Chemically Pure." But "Smart Set" was already well established, possessed a national circulation, was to be found regularly on every news stand of any size. Between "Smart Set" and "The Lantern" going into a second edition there is a great difference, for "The Lantern" went into a second edition on the occasion of its very first issue. Did that ever happen before in magazinedom? I doubt it. Yes, it was found necessary to order a second printing of the March number which contained Theodore Bonnet's essay on "The Vice of Total Abstinence." No doubt you've read that essay, as I have. Have you had the experience that I have had? That is to say, have any of your doctor friends commented on that essay, expressing their gratification that a layman with the knack of saying things so that they stick in the mind should at last uproot some of the hardy perennial lies about alcohol and the drinking of strong drink? Several physicians of my acquaintance whose opinion is usually exchanged for a fee have gone over Bonnet's arguments in my hearing and have heartily indorsed them. I can attribute this only to their delight in finding a volunteer fighter in the cause of medical truth as against cant.

And now the second number of "The Lantern" is before the public. I don't know whether this will also go into a second printing, but for the sake of the editors—there are two now, Edward F. O'Day having moved into the sanctum with Theodore Bonnet—I heartily hope that the phenomenon may be repeated. For the second "Lantern" contains the sort of stuff which deserves wide circulation. If the editors can maintain the pace they have set for themselves, their success should be beyond the bounds of doubt.

Bonnet leads off with a good-humored essay on "Our Diminishing Discomforts," the same being the thorns which a self-righteous and too self-conscious democracy has been sticking in the epidermis of the sensitive. Year in and year out I, as a more or less constant contributor to Town Talk, have read a deal of Bonnet's writings. I have found him inclined to that "saeva indignatio," that fierce animosity which controlled the great Dean Swift when he contemplated the hypocrisy of the men around him. As I see him, Bonnet finds it difficult to keep his temper in hand when the Pharisee makes himself more than ordinarily obnoxious. But in this essay of his Bonnet is seen in a lighter mood. His text is that everything will come out right in the end. He refuses to be out of temper with the canters. He almost dares them to irritate him. The result is a lightness, a vivacity of treatment which will please the right thinking and (is this the secret of Bonnet's choice of this method?) infuriate the Pharisees who like nothing so much as to be taken seriously. "Our Diminishing Discomforts" is good spring medicine, a tonic dose for the mind.

O'Day has a paper on our esteemed friend Sam Weller which ought to appeal to the noble army of Dickensians. To write it he must have read "Pickwick" many times. Or perhaps I should say that, having read "Pickwick" many times, he was irresistibly tempted to write this paper. Those of us who belong to the cult of Charles the Great cannot but envy him the task. I'm sorry I never thought of doing it myself. I notice by the way that O'Day confined himself to "Pickwick" as his "source book," and refrained from quoting "Master Humphrey's Clock." To be sure, about the only biographical facts to be gleaned therefrom relate to Sam's first born, setting forth that precocious youngster's strange choice of toys. Perhaps O'Day like other worshipers of Dickens regards "Master Humphrey's Clock" as a mistake.

Bonnet also contributes a thoughtful paper on Baudelaire. It is a searching criticism of the strange genius with particular stress laid on his debt to Poe, and it is enriched with several translations from Baudelaire, not easily come by, for "The Flowers of Evil" has never been a table book in America. And before I conclude I must mention a fine poem by Arthur Symons. We don't read Symons enough, and if this poem causes any readers of "The Lantern" to get acquainted with his wonderful verse a sound benefit will have accrued. "The Lantern" is meant to be stimulating, and this issue certainly fillips the faculties.

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# The German Sailor in Festive Mood

By Richard Thirsk

Von Grunert and I paced the naval landing-stage within sight of Kiel University, waiting for the steam pinnace that was to take us off to the battleship at 7:30. The officers had invited us to a "Gemütlichen Herren Abend" on board—or, as we might say, a free-an-easy. In one corner of the gilt-lettered invitation card was written the word "Smoking," from which a mere civilian gathered that he was expected to appear in a dinner-jacket.

A neighboring clock was striking the half-hour as the fussy little pinnace scurried towards us out of the darkness enveloping the harbor. The Kriegs Flagge at her stern denoted that an officer was in charge. After a couple of men had made the pinnace fast to the steps of the landing-stage the young lieutenant saluted us stiffly, indicating thereby that we might safely step aboard. "There's punctuality for you! That's the German navy!" von Grunert said proudly, as a sailor helped him into the swaying cockpit. Von Grunert is a well-nurtured German who turns the scale at sixteen stone.

"Voraus!" the young lieutenant shouted down the speaking-tube. A moment later we were feeling our way through the darkness, past ships' boats laden with men on shore leave, for it was Sylvester Abend, the last day of the year. An icy wind met us in the teeth as we hove in sight of Kiel Bay, where the German fleet lay at its moorings, shadowy and indistinct.

Von Grunert gazed in silent admiration at the inky outlines and at the forests of masts towering above us into the starlit sky. We had slipped down the double row of warships and were under the lee of the mother of German dreadnoughts before he voiced his feelings. "So silent and yet so terrible," he said, and sighed. Probably his thoughts were akin to my own, though we neither of us suspected that "The Day" was at hand. When we had climbed up to her deck von Grunert paused before a couple of 12-inch guns. "So silent and yet so terrible," he repeated with a touch of patriotic pride. Possibly his friends at the Wilhelmstrasse had confided in him more than was good for him to know. Only a naval man can sentimentalize over silent, terrible guns.

* * * * * * *

Sylvester Abend on board a German battleship is something of an ordeal to the uninitiated. We sat down to an elaborate Abendessen at eight o'clock and we arrived at the coffee close upon midnight. In the interval we worked our way slowly through the menu, dwelling unduly long over the carp in beer—a fish eaten on New Year's Eve for the sake of its scales, which Germans carry in their purse to bring luck in the New Year. Between courses we toasted everybody and everything except "The Day." We kept half a dozen orderlies running round the mess-room table filling our glasses with Sekt in order that, as the admiral put it, "the carp might swim." The ship's band, which had begun solemnly and sedately with pompous Wagner, struck up "Püpchen, Du kleines Püpchen!" and we sang the chorus. Squibs went off, accompanied by noises like the breaking of many plates. Bomb cigarettes were passed round, exploding in the face of the unwary after the first few whiffs. We lived in an atmosphere of surprises and "good jokes," and the table and most of us who sat round it smothered in confetti. It was indeed pandemonium—a typical Sylvester Abend.

There were, as there always must be when sailormen foregather, yarns. The majority of these would not stand the shock of cold type. One commander, with the sun of the Mediterranean still on his bronzed cheeks, told us in more serious vein how he contrived to prevent two hundred German sailors from running amuck at Jerusalem. He had taken his men on an excursion to the Holy City while his ship was coaling at Jaffa. The German colony at Jerusalem feasted these roving sons of the Vaterland, giving them to drink of the heavy wines of the country until their commander saw trouble ahead. "Those fellows," he said, "would have played the very devil at Jerusalem if I had not made them fall in and march without a halt to the top of the Mount of Olives. It was a hot sun, and it took the wine out of them; they were perfectly sober when they got to the top!"

How he brought the two hundred men down again I did not learn, for his brother-officer on my right, Kapitän Schmidt, insisted that I should "Prosit!" with him. This particular Kapitän Schmidt was of the type that becomes bellicose in his cups. He was likewise more confidential than discreet. I may add that at the moment he was not particularly well pleased with himself or with the German navy. Only a few days before his command on a submarine had suddenly terminated and there were ominous rumors as to the reason.

"I can tell you something more interesting than that Jesusalem story," he informed me. "There's going to be trouble one of these days if you English continue to upset our plans. The Agadir business should be a warning to you. Do you know where our fleet was while the diplomatists were making a hash of the business? We were lying off the French coast, ready for action, with the French ships under our guns. If you hadn't interfered we'd have sent them to the bottom before returning to the North Sea."

My informant paused to drain his Sekt glass, eyeing me quizzically. "And then?" I queried, encouragingly.

For answer Kapitän Schmidt shrugged his shoulders. My suggestion that he might go down to keep the Frenchmen company threw him off his guard. "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world!" he blustered, misquoting Bismarck, adding: "You'll find us no cowards when we're ready. We know your weak points, and sea mists may prove valuable allies of ours. Besides, if it comes to the worst and you bottle up your coast towns, we can at least count upon putting down ship for ship!"

Kapitän Schmidt was proceeding to tell me how he could raid our coast towns when the officer of the watch put his head in at the mess-room door to inform us that it was on the stroke of twelve. "Come on, boys; bring full glasses!" the admiral bade us. We did as we were told, following him on deck to greet the New Year. A rocket sent up from the flagship sped the parting 1913. Light-balls thrown into the air illumined the first moments of the fateful 1914. Every ship in the bay sounded its siren loud and long, while their crews greeted each other across the water with a hearty "Prosit Neu Jahr!"

* * * * * * *

When the steam pinnace hurried us back to the landing-stage in the harbor the warships slept under the stars. We had crossed the threshold of another year, and von Grunert felt so happy that he invited our hosts, the ship's officers, to spend New Year's Day among his pheasants. My friends Kapitän Schmidt boasted as though he were the keenest sport of the party and ended by proving himself the worst shot. Nothing fell to his gun. Towards dusk we missed him and were surprised when he turned up just before dinner with three cock birds slung to his bag. "I wasn't coming out for nothing," he told us triumphantly. When he had gone the gamekeeper explained the Herr Kapitän had picked off the birds after they had perched to roost!

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# Notes on The War

By Robert McTavish

We are getting very few heart interest stories from Europe. This is one reason why I don't believe that newspaper correspondents are seeing as much of the war as they would have us believe. It is the heart interest story that appeals above all others to the newspaperman's instinct, and there must be a lot of the stories that thrill to be heard wherever there is fighting and killing. But the correspondents are giving us very few. How little we hear of personal deeds of self-sacrifice—the romantic kind! Not till weeks after it happened did we hear the story of the sinking of the Formidable, a story that fills us with a sense of the tremendous glory of the self-sacrifice of Captain Loxley and his men. That the captain of a sinking battleship should actually spend his last moments in signalling to other ships in the neighborhood not to come to his assistance for fear they, too, might be torpedoed is in the grand tradition of heroism. It is a deed as noble in its way as the life of Joan of Arc or the death of Robert Emmet. It is one of those acts of ultimate virtue which seem in themselves to make a man's life perfect. It is one of those things which not one in a thousand of us, perhaps, would like to do, but which nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of us would give anything to be able to do. We live at the end of an age which has pretended to worship every form of self-interest in turn, from the self-interest of the economic man to the self-interest of the superman; and after all our playing with sentences and theories, here we find ourselves once more as much at the mercy of a brave deed as any simple savage in the New Hebrides. This is the goodness from which the human race can never be delivered.

There is another story that came to us by slow mail, and not from a correspondent. It is a story showing that the crew of the Formidable did not show themselves less ready to die than the captain. These, too, were gentlemen prepared for the last sacrifice. There was a sailor who, after he had won by ballot a place in one of the boats, made another man take his place at the last moment. "You've got parents," he said; "I haven't." To the cynic this may seem to be but another of the many sentimental inventions that gather round every great disaster. But we have the story on the word of the man who was saved.

There has been a lot of talk of the difficulty of inducing Englishmen to enlist. Complaints of the apathy of Englishmen were numerous in the columns of the London press, and there was a lot of talk of conscription. Two months ago Lord Haldane arose in the House of Lords, and solemnly asserted that the obligation of every able-bodied citizen to bear arms in defence of his country was inherent in the British Constitution, and that in a great national emergency it might become the duty of the Government to enforce it. But last week David Lloyd George told the House of Commons that Lord Kitchener was much gratified at the response of the nation to the appeals for recruits.

There was some talk on this occasion of the liquor problem. A little while ago the Prohibitionists of this country were calling attention with great glee to the decision of the British Government to banish booze, but it has not been banished, and there is no intention of banishing it. Yet there is much drunkenness in England; more perhaps than in any country in the world. It has increased since the war, so great has been the spread of misery especially among the families of soldiers at the front. It would seem to be advisable to have prohibition for a time, but there has been no serious thought of it. The only question is whether the Government should regulate the sale of liquor in some special, stringent manner during the war. But even this question has not been settled. On this subject there was a special despatch to the New York Sun the other day from which I take the following paragraph:

"An ordinance banishing alcoholic drinks from the House of Commons for the duration of the war was brought before the House the other day, and a brief discussion showed a broad divergence of views. Andrew Bonar Law, leader of the Opposition, said the proposal would be of no value unless the members intend to follow the example of King George and banish liquors from their homes."

In this connection it should be stated for the enlightenment of our dull enthusiasts that though King George has sworn off by way of giving good example, nobody connected with the Government has so nearly approximated to Bryan in asininity as to suggest prohibition in the army. Some light is thrown on this subject by Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick in the Chicago Tribune. Writing from Ypres he says in that journal of which he is the principal owner:

"The British soldiers are served a ration of rum in the trenches just as they are served beef and biscuits. I do not know whether Tommy takes it straight, with a chaser, in a highball, or southern style as a julep. But the fact is he gets it officially from his government and the statement that the British army is on the water wagon is the biggest canard of the war. Whether the rum cheers him in his trials or irritates his overtaxed nerves, whether it gives him courage to fight or unsteadies his hand and dims his eye I must leave for those with fixed views on the subject to decide. I am writing facts, not propaganda. Furthermore, at every mess I attended, both French and British, the officers all drank the wine of the country. Every French soldier in camp or in the trenches is given a bottle of wine for supper every night. The wine is drunk with water or without water, and when available, like water. As far as appearances go, it has the same effect as water. This is not the 'wine' of the lobster palaces that opens with a pop like a '75' and breaks into waves of creamy foam. This wine comes in wine bottles or vichy bottles or cleared out ink bottles. When emptied they are taken out and refilled by the orderly, from some cask, I suppose, although I had a feeling that it ran from a tap. There is no vintage or ancestral name to this wine. It is red wine and white wine, democratic and interchangeable. Returning from Arras our cavalry officer drank first a tumbler of red and then a tumbler of white; 'le feu me donne tuojours soif,' he said. It also gave him appetite, for the way he ate would have shamed a hired man. All the wine shops in the war zone are open and their owners will all be Waldorfs and Astors if the front does not move soon. The line is held 10,000 men to the mile, men who daily undergo the 'feu' and get the 'soif.' At Ypres today we lunched at an inn whose roof had been blown off by a shell. I asked the proprietor why he did not move into another building. The license was only for the place, was the reply."

Mr. McCormick says that in all the time he has been at the front he has "never seen a soldier of either army who in voice or in manner gave any sign of intoxication."

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCIV—SAN FRANCISCO

(The following verses by John Steven McGroarty, a Southern Californian, have just been issued on a very attractive card with a picture of the San Francisco water front, in connection with our "Nine Years After" celebration. The card is a souvenir which will appeal to visitors at the Exposition.)

By John S. McGroarty

Up from the ashes of the past,
  From sorrow and travail,
She greets again the bending mast,
  She greets the singing sail.

Steeple and tower she lifts anew,
  With the dauntless arm of old;
New-born she greets the skies of blue
  Where gleam the gates of gold.

From thrice her seven hills again,
  Ringing and sweet and clear,
O'er sunlit seas and stretching plain
  She sends her song of cheer.

Within her heart the blood beats warm,
  Her great soul leaps elate—
God save her so, safe from all harm,
  The Keeper of the Gate!

# The Spectator

### The Claude Kelly Case

The Pastors' Union of San Jose has put the brand on the Kelly in Christ's livery who was playing the devil with young girls. Perhaps they were goaded to this action by the observation in Town Talk last week that the pulpit seemed a pretty safe refuge for rascals. Or perhaps they had been reading the nauseating guff of the preacher from Sacramento who told the people of Claude's church last Sunday that Claude's friends in Sacramento had not lost faith in his moral integrity, and were weeping over his cruel misfortunes. Or again, perhaps the Pastors' Union saw it was no use, since Dr. Kelly couldn't keep from getting caught. For it appears from the resolutions of the Pastors' Union that the pastors knew all about Dr. Kelly two years ago. They deposed him from the presidency then, not because he was a rascal, but because the charges against him seemed to "reflect" on the Union. Nor did they expel him from membership or make much fuss about the scandal, though, as they now say, they had evidence which they "believed would have warranted before a proper tribunal the conviction of Dr. Kelly." The Rev. Kelly found the San Jose pulpit a safe place for three years; he found it safe enough to be caught twice, but it was a case of three times and out. Now so far as his amiable and charitable flock was concerned this shepherd might have gone on getting caught. While as a result of one of his love affairs with a girl nineteen years of age his flock was divided, the worshipers who stuck to him would not falter in their devotion, and judging from the way they treated the third girl that resisted his unholy blandishments, one might conjecture that it was a sin against the church to turn him down. One naturally wonders how many times Claude was not caught, and how many times his congregation would stand for the catching of him without losing patience with him. So indulgent a congregation should have no difficulty in getting another parson.

### The Clockwinder Has a Spasm

If, as Goethe says, "nothing is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable," the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock made a quite intimate disclosure of himself at the Exposition last Sunday afternoon. Some folks denounced him for desecrating the Sabbath, but he was only laughing. The only criticism to be made of him is that he laughed so uproariously that a great crowd was attracted, and a guard, thinking the clockwinder was in a fit, sent in a hurry call for the ambulance. The incident occurred in front of the New York City Building. The clockwinder wishing to enter the building almost broke the door in before he realized that it was locked. He looked at the door in amazement, then he expanded his lungs and began to make a noise like chanticleer. But he wasn't really crowing; he was laughing. The crowing was preliminary to a series of explosions. Then he roared until his sides ached. Never did man laugh more heartily. It wasn't till the ambulance arrived that he got control of himself, and then he explained the ebullience of his spirits to the guard. "There's nothing so funny to me," he said, "as the incongruous, and I've just been up at the Massachusetts Building looking at the motion pictures."

"I don't get you," said the guard.

"Just think it over—the building put up by the descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans wide open on the Sabbath with a moving picture show inside, and this building put up chiefly by Tammany as tight as a drum. Can you beat it?"

Somewhat bewildered the guard made no answer. The clockwinder looked at him as though he perceived the need of a surgical operation. "Well," he said, "look at it in this light. You've heard of Broadway, haven't you?"

The guard nodded.

"Well, think of Broadway putting it over Back Bay in this Sabbatarian business." But the guard was hopeless and the clockwinder passed on.

### The Keyhole Community

The following morning the clockwinder talked it over with Commissioner Dwyer, and observed that Los Angeles was having another dose of Sabbatarian politics. From the blank look on the commissioner's countenance it was evident he didn't grasp the clockwinder's meaning.

"Don't you see what they are trying to do with Chief Sebastian?"

"Yes," said Dwyer, "he's charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

"That's Los Angelese," said the clockwinder. "The greatest Sabbatarian town on earth, and they spend their Sundays down there peeping through keyholes, or inventing frame-ups with lewd women and girls in them. Every little

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while somebody is arrested in Los Angeles for some kind of sexual vice or crime. Once they caught the Mayor of the town and took a picture of him. Something of the same kind happened to a great philanthropic reformer down there. A little while ago there was the scandal about the jonquil ladies, then came the Long Beach affair, and now we have the temptation room."

"What's the temptation room?" Dwyer asked.

"You can search me. How should I know? It's something peculiar to Los Angeles, something, I suppose, made especially for the old Middle West farmers down there. I never saw so many decrepit old codgers married to young girls as I've seen in Los Angeles. The bachelors among them, I suppose, patronize the temptation room."

### Dwyer in Disfavor

The clockwinder visited Sacramento this week, and spent some time looking over the statesmen who have been eating out of Governor Johnson's hands.

"A tough bunch," was his verdict. "But they voted to raise Joe Dwyer's salary and I'll forgive them. Joe needs the money, and besides he isn't going to last long."

"Is he sick?" I asked.

"Oh, no, Joe has got fat on the water front. I mean he isn't going to last long on the payroll."

"Isn't the Governor going to reappoint him?"

"He holds at the pleasure of the Governor, and I'm told that the Governor no longer takes any pleasure in Joe. From the inside I get the tip that as a pleasure boat the tug Governor Markham has become too exclusive under Joe's supervision. On one occasion, so the story goes, he refused to let certain folks have the tug, and they've been after his scalp ever since."

Asked who the folks were, the clockwinder said it was a State secret, and he might lose his job if he divulged it.

### A Patriotic Statesman

The sage of the water front has announced in the columns of an Oakland paper that he will deliver an oration on the Fourth of July at the westerly end of the Oakland mole. When Commissioner Dwyer read the announcement he asked the clockwinder what he intended to talk on.

"On patriotism," the bilge water philosopher replied. "What else should a man talk on on the Fourth of July? Nowadays people are saying that patriotism is petering out in this glorious country. They don't know what they are talking about. Look at all the patriots we have up at Sacramento. See what Assemblyman Jimmy Byrnes is doing."

"What is he doing?" Dwyer asked.

"He's putting through a bill requiring that the American flag be raised over schoolhouses every day, and providing that teachers and children shall stand at attention when the flag goes up. That's patriotism. The country is full of it. Jimmy is a man who thinks so much of his State that he put his wife on the payroll. And she'd be there yet only somebody insisted that she should go to work and earn the four per. I tell you, Joe, the country is full of patriots. Look at Hearst packing the Liberty Bell across the continent. And there's Crothers the Canadian who holds militiamen up to scorn and hopes to see the militia disbanded so that union leaders may have the liberty to destroy life and property. Crothers is the true American patriot who regards the Founders of the country as a lot of slobs. He wants to love the country with all his heart, and so he wants to make the country over and revenge himself on the men who drove his Tory ancestors out of it. Joe, I could talk on patriotism for a week."

### The Sheriff and a Fence

Not long ago three trusties escaped from the County Jail. They did so by the simple process of stepping over a broken fence. Obviously it's a bad thing to have a break in the fence which separates prisoners from their liberty. It's a temptation to them. So you would naturally suppose that no time would be lost in repairing that fence. But at the present writing it has not been repaired. The fence is broken for the distance of about a hundred feet. Sheriff Eggers knows it is broken. He wants it repaired. After the trusties escaped he took steps to have it repaired. He went to the Supervisors. Nothing doing. He went to the Board of Public Works. Nothing doing. Neither body had any money to spend on that fence. The sheriff was disgusted, and he told a friend about his experience.

"But, Fred," said this friend, "you have lots of carpenters in the County Jail. Why not have them repair the fence?"

"I'd gladly do it," was the answer, "but the Carpenters' Union served notice on me that if a prisoner touched that fence they'd have me recalled."

### There Were No Donations

Mrs. Fred Sanborn, president of the Woman's Board of the Exposition, was instrumental in forming a Travelers' Aid in connection with the Fair. Owing to her connection with this worthy work Mrs. Sanborn received a great number of letters from all sorts of people in all sorts of communities, letters in which the wickedness of this city was harshly depicted and notice was served that unless immediate steps were taken to uproot all our evil the Exposition would be boycotted. To all these letters Mrs. Sanborn returned personal replies, thanking the writers for their interest in the welfare of San Francisco, pointing out that the Travelers' Aid was trying to do just what they wanted done and inviting cash subscriptions for the furtherance of the good work. Not a single one of her correspondents "came through."

### Losing a Poet

Twenty years ago when Charlotte Perkins Stetson lived in our midst she was a clever and graceful versifier. She had a breezy way of putting things; her outlook was good-humored, vivacious. She returned to this city a few days ago as Charlotte Perkins Gilman, but changed in other respects too. We are told that she is now "an authority on the feminist movement in its larger aspect," and no doubt that is quite true. She lectured the other night, and her theme was "The Vision and the Program," obviously the title of a serious feminist lecture. Even twenty years ago Mrs. Gilman was what we used to call "an advanced woman," an advocate of woman's suffrage and other woman's rights. But I suppose she is ever so much more advanced now. She has, it is to be presumed, followed the bent of her mind which is an alert, tireless sort of mind. I cannot help mourning, however, that her development has led her away from poetry. I'd much rather read a new poem from her pen than hear her lecture on "The Vision and the Program." I'd much rather reread an old poem of hers than peruse one of her very serious articles on feminism. The world of feminism has profited by Mrs. Gilman at the expense of the world of poetry lovers.

### Her San Francisco Verses

Twenty years ago Mrs. Gilman used to sing sweetly of the fleur-de-lys that enamelled the "sea-blown stretches of green turf" at the Presidio. She used to make poetry out of a ride over the slopes in a Powell street car. She used to invite the muse on Russian Hill. She used to poke fun at us in smiling verse for boasting of our climate and for calling every shower "an unusual rain for this time of year." She used to have her witty little fling at "the modest San Francisco maid." All this was delightful. It was part of a body of verse which won her distinction not merely here but in the East too. I wonder whether Mrs. Gilman ever writes poetry any more. I cannot help thinking that she does not. Feminism and poetry do not go well together, for feminism is extremely prosaic. And


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so, while I am glad to see Mrs. Gilman come back to us a great personage, I cannot hide my regret that "the cause" has thrown into the background a talent which was decidedly worth further cultivation. There are so many feminists, and so few poets!

### Anent Edwin Markham

I am in receipt of a communication from Eugene Kurster who invites me to attend a lecture Edwin Markham is to give on his own work. It was kind of Mr. Kurster to favor me, a stranger, with this invitation. But I shall not avail myself of it. I doubt whether Mr. Kurster will miss me, but if he does he may thank himself for my absence. For Mr. Kurster destroyed my desire to hear Markham lecture by writing this in his letter: "His (Markham's) latest volume of verses entitled 'The Shoes of Happiness' contains the finest gems in literature and stamp him as the greatest writer of the English-speaking world of today." I wonder if Mr. Kurster ever wrote dodgers for a circus? If he did not, where did he learn his reckless way with superlatives? Does Edwin Markham know that Mr. Kurster is writing this sort of tommyrot about him? I find the word "Sec." typed under Mr. Kurster's signature, so perhaps he is the poet's secretary. I have no objection to reading a book which "contains the finest gems in literature," but I am quite languid about "The Shoes of Happiness" just the same. The only book I know of that comes within measurable distance of containing the finest gems in literature is Palgrave's Golden Treasury, and that only deals with the literature of one race. And I simply don't believe that the new book of poems stamps Markham as "the greatest writer of the English-speaking world of today." In all his previous work, including the absurdly overrated "Man with the Hoe," there has been nothing to show that Markham even approximated first-rate ability. Besides I don't think much of a poet who employs a press agent.

### The Great Etcher

If you happen to notice a distinguished looking bearded gentleman standing on a crowded street corner holding a smal pad in his right hand and sketching with his left, quite unconscious of the throngs hurrying to and fro, this will let you know that you are beholding the great Joseph Pennell at work. The world-renowned artist is in town, and as he works anywhere and everywhere you are quite likely to be treated to the spectacle I have described. Pennell worked that way during a former visit when he made his very interesting series of San Francisco etchings. He worked that way on the Panama Canal when he wielded his wizard etching needle in celebration of that tremendous undertaking. Is Pennell the foremost etcher of today, or is Frank Brangwyn? I leave it to connoisseurs to decide. Sufficient that he is one of the great etchers of all times.

### The Pictures in the Park

A large number of California artists who for one reason or another are not represented in the Palace of Fine Arts at the Exposition have "put it in the Park." In other words, there is an exhibition of California art in the Park Museum. It is a very interesting exhibition, and it is being patronized surprisingly well. Not all our best artists are represented, for not all were in favor of holding this exhibition at the present time. Xavier Martinez and Rollo Peters are two who show pictures which one cannot but regret not seeing in the Exposition gallery, and there are representative canvases by Piazzoni, Cadenasso, Mathews, Will Sparks, Thad Welch and many others. Haig Patigian, Earl Cummings and Joseph Mora are among those who exhibit sculpture. I went through the rooms hastily last Sunday under the guidance of Curator Barron who blushed a deeper pink than usual when we passed Theodore Wores' portrait of him. Barron is tickled to death with the success of the show, and being a bold man is not afraid to venture on the dangerous seas of art criticism while chaperoning a layman. I listened to his remarks with great edification, and liked the show so much that I am going back to study it more closely.

### Booth's Dig at Barrett

Frank Bacon, the popular comedian who for so long was one of us, is back from a successful season on Broadway in "The Miracle Man" and intends to go down the country and look over his ranch. Frank is glad to see his old friends again, but mighty sorry that Alcazar Stock has disappeared, as some of the happiest years of his life were spent in the Belasco company. Incidentally he brings us a story about Booth and Barrett which he heard at the Lambs. One night Barrett and Edwin Booth met at their club in New York. Barrett, after brief greeting, bustled toward the door with every appearance of remembering a pressing engagement.

"Halloa! Where are you off to?" Booth asked.

"To a rehearsal," said Barrett.

"What's the play?"

Barrett said it was "Romeo and Juliet."

"And what part do you take?" Booth asked, in sudden access of interest.

"There is only one part for me in the play," Barrett said, drawing himself up in lofty indignation.

"Oh, ah, yes," said Booth. "I know—the Nurse."

The angered tragedian strode forth in haughty silence, and did not speak to Booth for two days.

### Senator Phelan as Host

The event of the week in Exposition circles was the visit of the congressional party on its way to Honolulu, and the feature of this event was the dinner given in the California Building at which a number of distinguished people besides the visitors from Washington were entertained by Senator James D. Phelan. This was by all odds the most brilliant dinner of the Exposition so far. It was a big dinner, the guests numbering some hundred and seventy. Big dinners are apt to be stupid affairs, even when a single host dispenses hospitality instead of a committee of distinguished citizens. Senator Phelan's was far from being a dull dinner. It showed San Francisco what Washington has recently discovered, namely that Senator Phelan joins to ability the other desirable quality in a United States senator, the genius for hospitality.

### The Wine Test

One of the tests of the times is wine, the consumption of it. When San Francisco got its insurance money after the big fire wine became the popular beverage. Then came the panic, and at once there was a great demand for beer. Now the fermented juice of the grape is flowing freely once more. In one week last month 3800 people drank Golden State champagne in this city. The champagne industry is growing in California. Golden State was served at the following banquets last month: Insurance Underwriters at the St. Francis; Native Sons at the Palace; Geneva Society at the German House; Foreign P. P. I. E. Commissioners to President Moore, California Building; and Annual Banquet Chamber of Commerce.


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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The House of Mystery

We are told that the mystery which surrounds the home of R. G. Hanford on Pine street at Jones is about to be unraveled. The house, the story goes, has been leased by Hanford to two exponents of dancing who will turn it into a Temple of Terpsichore. "For many years," we read, "the Hanford house been a rich source of speculation and rumor. Stories of luxurious revels, of swimming parties by electric light in the celebrated Roman bath, of dances in the interior court, of tea in the sunken garden have been circulated about town from the Stock Exchange to the Panhandle." It is true that there have been stories told about this Hanford house, but there is no particular reason why it should be called a house of mystery. Perhaps the peculiar appearance it presents from the street is to be held responsible. To Hanford's friends there is no more mystery about the place than about that other beautiful home he built on Russian Hill. The Russian Hill house was built by Hanford for his first wife. It was a fine home, containing one of the most beautiful music rooms in San Francisco.

### The Pine Street Place

That Russian Hill house is larger than the house on Pine street, but not as beautiful. The latter has the loveliness of a seductive dream. It is a house that Aristippus the hedonist would have been delighted to occupy. Antony might have built it for Cleopatra, or Haroun al Raschid for the Princess Scheherezade. It would please the exacting taste of a Petronius. The main apartment is a beautiful room, lighted, as the entire house is, from above. It suggests the atrium of a Pompeiian villa in the time of Trimalchio. In the middle is a fine Italian fountain. The guest rooms are of exceptional luxury, one of them called "the lavender room" being particularly beautiful. There is a magnificent plunge, what the Romans would call an "impluvium."

### A Lover of Beauty

"Bob" Hanford's love of beauty is expressed in this so-called house of mystery. For Hanford has two passions, promoting and beauty. It would be difficult to say which comes first. Perhaps promoting. Certainly his various sensational successes in the field of promotion have enabled him to satisfy his passion for beauty. This passion led him to plan the Pine street house, one of the most beautiful in town. It is the beauty of sensuousness that appeals to "Bob" Hanford. I make the statement confidently, knowing that my readers do not confuse sensuousness with sensuality. A refined voluptuousness breathes through this place, but if you keep the silly stories about the "house of mystery" in mind and look for anything that suggests evil you will be chasing a will o' the wisp and will find yourself balked by "mere imaginary classicality wholly devoid of criminal reality," as somebody said about Walter Savage Landor's sensuous poetry.

### Whence the Stories?

Where do the stories of revels and orgies come from? First of all, as I have indicated, from the strange look of the place as it shows itself blankly to pedestrians. And then from the usual exaggerations that fly about when a man with imagination gives an original party without taking the bavardes into his confidence. "Bob" Hanford likes to entertain his friends. He likes to have beautiful women about him. Once when he was ill he complained that he'd never get well until his doctor sent him a beautiful nurse! With these tastes it is not surprising that his parties are out of the ordinary. Once he gave a masquerade, and while the men were left to their own devices Hanford supplied the costumes of the gentler merrymakers. It turned out that he had ordered beautiful silk bathing suits for all of them! And they entered into the spirit of the occasion. Likewise, with the assistance of several maids whom Hanford had hired for the occasion they entered into the bathing suits! It was a very successful party, but there was no swimming and no orgy of any sort. The Italian fountain is not large enough for wading, let alone swimming, and the plunge is not filled on festive occasions. It goes without saying that the party was a merry one, but it was not unseemly in any way, unless you consider young women in bathing costume unseemly. I don't! "Bob" Hanford is not the man to offer his hospitality to guests who would be likely to misbehave. He believes in fun "within the limits of becoming mirth," and if his limits are broader than yours or mine, what of it? No doubt the stories of 'revels" have grown out of that very successful masquerade.

### Willie Parrott Quits

Two weeks ago I chronicled the tremendous news that Willie of the house of Parrott had gone to work.

"My brothers," said Willie, "are satisfied with three squares and a bed, but I want something more."

Whereupon Willie spat upon his soft hands and tackled a job with the Great Western Power Company on the Feather River. But alas! Willie didn't stay with the job. He has quit.

"They put me in the construction gang," he said with disgust.

Query: Did Willie's brothers instigate the outrage? They are only human, and they may have yearned for revenge on Willie for talking about them.

### The Weber-Kennedy Engagement

Two of California's illustrious pioneer families will be united when the marriage of Miss Helen M. Weber and Gerald D. Kennedy takes place. The engagement of these young people has just been announced, and the definite plans for the wedding will be forthcoming later. Meanwhile hosts of friends are wishing them a lifetime of happiness. Miss Weber belongs to the well known pioneer family of Stockton. She is at present residing with her aunt Miss Sinnott in San Jose. Gerald D. Kennedy is the youngest son of P. J. Kennedy, one of the best known of San Franciscans in the narrowing circle of pioneer society. Gerald's aunt was the celebrated Miss Kate Kennedy, one of the brainiest and best beloved educators this city has produced. Kate Kennedy was an ardent disciple of Henry George, and was the author of an authoritative work on political economy. The family is a large one with many connections, and not a few members of it have attained intellectual distinction.

### A Polo Romance

Among the New York players who came out here for the brilliant but financially disastrous polo tournament was F. Skiddy von Stade. And among the girls who made the journey to see Skiddy and the rest of the crack poloists wield the mallet was Kathryn Steele. Kathryn watched the games closely, both at the Exposition field and down the peninsula. And after watching them she decided that there was no polo player and no young man in the world quite equal to Skiddy von Stade. The result is a polo romance. Kathryn's engagement to Skiddy has just been announced in New York. Kathryn is a sister of Mrs. Devereux Millburn, so she belongs to the polo set. The groom-to-be is one of the richest bachelors in New York society, and until Kathryn cried "bravo" as he dashed down the field he was more interested in ponies than in mere girls.

### Ida Wyatt Discovered

So much local talent has been overlooked at the Exposition that one feels like felicitating Miss Ida Wyatt on having been discovered. Miss Wyatt is the lady who was employed as director-general of the May day dances. Since the birth of the dance craze many exponents of the dance have come to us from the East to teach us how to shake a leg, and it seemed as if we had lost sight of the fact that the dance craze was a home product. More good dancers have come from San Francisco than from any other city in the country. Two of the world's famous dancers—Isadora Duncan and Maude Allen—were born here, and the former was a teacher here before she went to Greece to revive the classic dance in the land of its birth. Some of the best dancers on the American stage received their first lessons right here in San Francisco, and were brought to proficiency here by none other than Ida Wyatt. When Ida Wyatt was only fifteen years old, a pretty, pink rose-bud of a girl with soft blue eyes and flashing teeth, she was ballet mistress and premier danseuse at the

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dear old pre-cinema Tivoli. Among her pupils there was Gertrude Hoffman, who never comes to San Francisco without taking a few more lessons from her first teacher. Others who danced their way to high salaries after leaving the Tivoli of Ida Wyatt's day are Grace Field, Justina Wayne, Jessie Brown, Edna Farrell, Ann Tasker and Sadie Vanderhoff. Thus far Ida Wyatt has shared the fate of the flowers born to blush unseen. Once she went East and appeared with Weber and Fields in Pousse Cafe, but was obliged to return to San Francisco in a few weeks on account of the illness of her mother. Since then she has devoted herself to the teaching of children. It was Impresario Leahy, I believe, who recommended her to the Exposition directors. Neither he nor Stage Manager George Lask has ever forgotten the wonderful ballet achievements of little Ida Wyatt in the days when she was breaking in raw recruits at the Tivoli.

### Bret Harte and a Dansant

The ladies of the Catholic Humane Bureau Auxiliary are being congratulated on their originality in adding the "cinema dansant" to the list of terpsichorean parties. This novelty will be presented at the St. Francis on the evening of May 17. The cinema to be shown is Bret Harte's "Phylis of the Sierras," and the combination of this attraction and dancing would seem to be an irresistible one, judging from the sale of tickets which may be had from members of the Auxiliary or at the St. Francis news stand. The patronesses for the "Cinema dansant" are Mesdames Eleanor Martin, Edward Eyre, M. H. De Young, Garret McEnerney, C. Frederick Kohl, Marshall Dill, Guido Musto, J. A. Folger, Harry Sullivan, Bertha Welch, T. Edward Bailly, B. P. Oliver, Ferdinand Thieriot, Alfred Kelly, Frank Griffin and Miss Maud O'Connor.

### A Beringer Lecture

The semi-annual examination of the music students of the Ursuline College in Santa Rosa will be held next Thursday, May 6. Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer of the well known Beringer Conservatory of Music in this city, together with Harry Samuels, violinist, will devote the day at the college to the examination of the piano, vocal and violin classes. The day will be formally opened by Professor Beringer with a lecture on the subject: "The Belgian School's Influence in Music."


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### At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pitts who are amongst the leaders of the smart set in Cincinnati, were hosts at a dinner at the Cecil Hotel Tuesday evening. The table was prettily decorated with pink carnations and asparagus ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Pitts are planning to spend the month of May at the Cecil. Miss Laura Lewis who has been spending the winter at the Cecil, left Tuesday for Berkeley where she will remain during the summer. Prior to her departure Miss Lewis entertained a coterie of friends at a beautifully appointed dinner. Among the attractive visitors are Miss G. K. Moles of Oak Park and Miss M. Barrett of River Forest, Ill. This is their first trip and they are charmed with San Francisco. Mr. C. L. Wallis of Los Angeles is combining business with pleasure on his trip. He was host at a delightful dinner Wednesday evening. Miss Gladys Bowen who has been stopping with her mother Mrs. William Bowen, gave an elaborate dinner prior to her departure for her home in Napa. The affair was given in the private dining room and the circular table was effectively decorated with pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McKinnie, Miss R. McKinnie and Mrs. Margaret Whitney of Los Angeles are sojourning for a month. The Hon. and Mrs. Albert Johnson of Washington, D. C., are among the prominent visitors. Mr. H. Stevens of Atlantic City and Mr. L. R. Compton of New York are spending a month. Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Kate Fisher entertained with ten covers at dinner Monday evening. The table was adorned with scarlet carnations and maidenhair ferns.

### The Brahms Requiem

The growing interest in large choral combinations will be demonstrated again next Thursday evening at Harmon Gymnasium on the Berkeley campus when the Berkeley Oratorio Society, under the direction of Paul Steindorff and supported by a symphonic orchestra, will present Brahms' great Requiem. It is said that this will be the first adequate presentation the Brahms choral masterpiece has ever been given in this community. Among chorus works it is recognized as being at once the most difficult and one of the most beautiful. In it Brahms' genius is disclosed at its height, there being some numbers in the work that transcend in beauty anything that this composer has ever done, notably the soprano solo, the inspiration of which was Brahms' memory of his mother to whom the Hamburg musician was deeply devoted. The difficulties are prodigious, and it is this fact which prevents the frequent performance of the work. Steindorff is responsible for the assurance that his chorus is thoroughly "up" in the work and have surmounted the difficulties so securely that a smooth and elegant presentation is certain. There are but three solos in the Requiem—which is not a "Requiem" in the strict sense of the word at all—two of the solo numbers being assigned to the baritone who will be on the occasion of the forthcoming production, Lowell Redfield, and one assigned to the soprano. Madame Johanna Kristoffy has been engaged to sing that part. Plans are being made in various of the bay cities by music lovers to make a pilgrimage to Berkeley in order to hear this epochal work which when first sung nearly a half-century ago, gave rise to the famous suggestion of the "Three B's—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms;" critics not hesitating to place the composer of the Requiem in the same category with the composer from Bonn and the father of the fugue.


Those seeking homes in the fashionable districts of the Peninsula—either to lease or to buy—will be greatly assisted by the services of an agent with a sympathetic understanding of refined tastes. Mrs. Milton Pray is agent for a large number of the desirable houses in Hillsborough, San Mateo, Burlingame, Easton, Atherton, Menlo, Woodside and other exclusive neighborhoods. Address Mrs. Milton Pray, 1272 Cabrillo Ave., Easton. Telephone Burlingame 89.

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### Cake Walk at Tavern

This has been an exceptionally lively and enjoyable week at Techau Tavern which has been featuring a revival of a formerly popular form of entertainment—the cake walk contest. The Tavern favorites, Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote, were recently challenged to this contest by an agile New York couple and the contest has been waged every evening this week. So far the honors are pretty evenly divided, each couple having its enthusiastic supporters among the Tavern guests. The contest will be decided on the score for the entire week and the finish on Saturday night promises to be most exciting. Candy Dances, with souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's candies, every night, and Carnival Night on Wednesday, with bags of fun-making souvenirs for everyone, have filled the week to overflowing with pure joy of the Tavern's best brand.


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# Gossip of the Theatre

### A Man of Many Gifts

The world admires versatility quite as much as virtuosity. The man of many gifts though he have nothing more than dexterity is commonly regarded as a genius, and he excites something of the same interest that is aroused by the calf with three legs. Thus when a man with the talents of Sylvester Schaffer appears in vaudeville he compels pop-eyed attention. "The highest salaried artist in the world" is Sylvester Schaffer, according to the Orpheum program, which never tells a lie, for Mr. Gerald Dillon is the author of it. When you see all that Mr. Schaffer does you will say that assuredly he earns an enormous salary. as salaries go nowadays. For with Mr. Schaffer exhibiting all his gifts few other performers are required to piece out the bill. With his multiplicity of gifts he is able to furnish a complete vaudeville show. A prestidigitateur is Sylvester Schaffer; also a juggler, also an artist in oils; also a marksman; also, an animal trainer; also, a "strong man;" also, an equestrian. But above all he is a man with a sense of beauty who goes in for elaborate and picturesque stage settings, and spends no small part of his salary on accessories and assistants —men, women and beasts. Among other new comers at the Orpheum is Emma Carus, the well-nourished vocalist who used to depend chiefly on her affectation of a baritonish quality of voice, but who is now a droll comedienne with some of the ways and manners of May Irwin.

—The First Nighter.

### The Barrere Ensemble

Hardly anybody that heard the Barrere players at the Columbia last Sunday will neglect the opportunity of hearing them again. This little group of artists with their wind instruments give a musical entertainment of a most delightful character. There is a blandness of gusto in their playing that gives one a sense of an ineffable effusion of soul. When they play their Mozart number it seems as if there could be nothing more to hear. In this Mozart number, the Serenade in E flat, they give us all Mozart, not only that brightness and gaiety which everyone can give us, but the strength, the poignancy of beauty, the manly joy that distinguish a rapture from an exercise. Than this sort of music one can expect no finer enchantment. In the "Aubade" of de Wailly and in the classic Beethoven number the music was pure crystal. Listen to the Barrere players, and you will hear music of leaping gaiety, music of intense warmth, and music of profound gravity with something boiling underneath. And really you hardly miss the violin.

—The Music Lover.

### Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia

The coming of Chauncey Olcott in a new play under the direction of Henry Miller is always an event of pleasant anticipation, and the announcement that this favorite star will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, May 3, in "The Heart of Paddy Whack," by Rachael Crothers, will be welcomed by the host of admirers of this favorite player of Irish comedy. Mr. Miller has each season presented Mr. Olcott in a part more interesting than that of the season before. This year he set about securing a comedy that would radically depart from the old lines of Celtic dramas. Miss Crothers' success as the author of "Young Wisdom," "The Three of Us" and "A Man's World" gave her eminence among dramatists of today and she was commissioned to write the comedy which will be presented this season. With much of the humor and flavor of Charles Lever's Irish romance, "The Heart of Paddy Whack" sparkles with fun and touches the heart strings with its appealing sentiment. Its story is that of a bachelor of an old Irish town whose ward returns to him after years at school. The man finds his heart slipping into the keeping of his pretty charge but his sense of duty tells him that he must find the girl a rich young husband. This is the start of a story of strong sentiment and rollicking humor. Mr. Olcott's songs are always important features of his performances. This season he will provide half a dozen new ballads, among them being "Irish Eyes of Love," "A Broth of a Boy," "A Little Bit of Heaven" and "Who Knows." Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

LILLIAN GISH
A film favorite in "The Clansman" at the Cort

### Mizzi Hajos Coming to Cort

The third and final week of "The Clansman or the Birth of the Nation" at the Cort will begin with the matinee and evening performance Sunday. Previous Cort bookings prevent a continuance of the engagement, although the attendance indicates that "The Clansman" could continue indefinitely. "Sari," Henry W. Savage's newest musical comedy production, will be the next attraction at the Cort, opening on Sunday night, May 9. The Savage "brand" is sufficient guarantee of the worth of this attraction. The producer believes that in "Sari" he has the legitimate successor to "The Merry Widow." Authorities claim that Franz Lehar's famous score has been equaled by the melodies of "Sari," which are the work of Emmerich Kalman, the eminent Hungarian composer. Charming Mizzi Hajos is the featured one of the cast.

### The Boston Symphony

As the time for the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Festival Hall grows nearer, greater becomes the interest in this really wonderful musical event, and when Dr. Karl Muck raises his baton over the world-famed organization in this city for the first time Friday evening, May 14, he will be greeted by an audience worthy of the occasion. The subscription sale of seats for two or more concerts, now concluding, has been very large, and seats for single concerts will be ready Monday morning, May 3, at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street. It was Ysaye who said a few years ago that there was no orchestra with which he liked to play so much as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time there was no orchestra which he dreaded so much. There is no orchestra in the world that has among its first violins so many men who rank high among virtuosi. Witok, like his predecessors in the chair of the concert-master, is one of the very great violinists of the world. Noack who sits beside him as second concert-master, although just in his thirties, was famous in Europe before he came to Boston. Other men in the first violins who could prosper greatly as virtuosos, if they chose, are Roth, Hoffman, Theodorowicz and Bak, and in fact there is not a man in the ranks of the first violins who, it is safe to say, is not a better violinist and musician than the average soloist who goes up and down the country giving recitals. The leader of the second violins Walther Habenicht who went to Boston two years, was concert-master of the Kiel Philharmonic Orchestra and sat at the second desk of the first violins of the Festival Orchestra in Bayreuth. He has had a distinguished career as a player of chamber music in Germany. It is this fact that makes an appearance with the orchestra such a trying test for even so great a man as Ysaye.

### Kolb and Dill Still Scoring

There is apparently no let-up to the success scored by Kolb and Dill in their latest musical revue "This Way Out" which will enter on its fifth week at the Alcazar starting Monday night. Crowded houses that go away praising the big show as one of the best things that has ever been offered to the local theatregoing public, have been the rule ever since the first night. Many new features have been introduced since the opening performance and now the musical comedy hit has settled down to a long run. Frank Stammers, the author, has left for New York where he is to collaborate with Ned Wayburn on a big musical revue for the Century Theatre, but before leaving he whipped the big Kolb and Dill show into perfect shape. A newcomer to the cast is pretty little Ida Van Tine who plays the role of Amorita the fortune teller, previously played by clever Alice Hills who now has the role of Cleopatra the snake charmer which has been entirely rewritten for her. William J. Rau has replaced Tom Rolfe in the role of the Chinaman, and is scoring a big hit in the part. Billy Jordan, the veteran announcer of all the big prize fights of the generation, announces the fight between the two German comedians. He is given an ovation at every performance.

### Kohler and Chase Matinee

The program for the regular weekly Matinee of Music at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon will be an all-piano recital. It will be given by Miss Stella Howell, an exceptionally brilliant young pianist of Berkeley and San Francisco, and by Mr. Vargas who will use the Knabe Player Piano as his vehicle of expression. Miss Howell is a member of the Mansfeldt Club and has achieved a series of artistic triumphs in the prominent cities of California during the

last few years. She commands an exceptionally fluent technic and interprets the classics with an intelligence not often noticed among young ladies who are as much in social demand as Miss Howell. Mr. Vargas will have an opportunity to display the artistic possibilities of the player piano side by side with the straight instrument interpreted by a most capable artist. This is one of the things Mr. Vargas likes to do.

**Unusual Skit at the Orpheum**

Homer B. Mason, declared by New York critics to be the best comedian of his kind on the stage, and Marguerite Keeler, a popular actress of charm, vivacity and ability, will appear in a new one-act play entitled "Married" by Porter Emerson Brown at the Orpheum next week. "Married" is a vaudeville gem. Its story is unusual and its denouement startling. Gertrude Long, an English prima donna, will offer a singing act the idea of which is unsual but which it is not considered expedient to disclose in advance. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde, the famous English shadowgraphists from the Coliseum, London, will introduce animated shadows. Mabelle Sherman and Arthur Uttry will delight with dainty bits of musical comedy. Harry Cooper with the assistance of Charles Henderson will repeat his musical comedy hit "The Mail Carrier." Sylvester Schaffer, the man who does everything, will close his engagement with this program.

**Welcome for a Local Girl**

Alma Grace Tuchler, a San Francisco girl who has made good on the stage in this country and Canada, is to appear at Pantages during the week of May 9, and her friends here are preparing to give her a cordial welcome. Since childhood Miss Tuchler has volunteered to sing and dance for every worthy cause of charity, fraternity and education. She is particularly esteemed by the Press Club, having scored the big hit of their "Three Years After" show. Now that she is coming back to let us see whether the verdict of praise pronounced by critics in strange cities was justified, her friends of the Girls High School, the friends of her father Ike Tuchler in club and fraternal circles and the people who remember with gratitude her kindness in appearing at benefit performances are preparing to give her a series of personal welcomes at Pantages. Among the men who have enlisted in this campaign of kindness and good will are Superior Judges Van Nostrand, Deasy, Shortall, Flood and Trout, Frank J. Hennessy, Thomas S. Mulvey, J. S. Dunnigan, C. J. Deasy, Sam Berger, Albert S. Samuels, Joseph Dixon, M. Altmayer, Harry F. Sullivan, William Crayton and Angelo J. Rossi. Miss Tuchler's stage name is Alma Grace, and she is touring the circuit with Therese Pape in a charming act of singing and dancing called "The Dollies." The two girls have made good everywhere, as is evidenced by their newspaper notices. It goes without saying that they will be warmly received when they appear at Pantages here the week after next.

ALMA GRACE TUCHLER

A local girl who is to appear at Pantages week after next, and whose return to this city will be signalized by her friends and admirers

**Jungmeyer's Drama at Pantages**

"The Man Who Dared," Jack Jungmeyer's underworld serial which has just been concluded in the Daily News, has been dramatized by the author into a thrilling fifteen-minute playlet with a punch in every line. "The Man Who Dared" is the story of an every-day workman who defied all the ways of society and married a woman of the half world. The story is based upon an actual incident that came to the author's attention while he was doing an assignment covering the disappearance of a young woman from the tenderloin district who was thought to have met with foul play. The woman left no trace, but it was found out that she had married a young man who was earning an honest living in the oil fields in Bakersfield. In "The Man Who Dared" the author has taken the gripping incidents leading up to the taking of the girl, Anna Sterling, known to frequenters of the red light district as "Nan of Bartlett Alley," from the coast and her struggles to lead an honest life. Meta Marskey

ANTON WITEK

Concert-master Boston Symphony Orchestra coming to Festival Hall May 14

will have the role of Anna Sterling, Edward Raymond plays John Hunt, the man; Tom Loftus is "Big" Martin, the cadet; and C. Leslie Adams has the part of Oliver Harding, the lawyer. The bill surrounding the feature act is an exceptionally strong one and numbers the Eight Forget-Me-Nots in a whirlwind dancing specialty; the Harmony Five, a rollicking quintet of cabaret singers and musicians; Nat Leffingwell and Marion Gale in a boisterous one-act farce called "The Sleep Walker;" Neal Abel, the man of many funny faces; Milt Woods who dances on chairs of every description; the Three Shevey Brothers in acrobatic contortions, and a couple of reels of Keystone films.

---

"So you went to church last Sunday?" asked the doubtful one. "Then, to prove it, what was the text?"

"The text was, 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

"You're all right. How many of the congregation were there?"

"All the beloved, it seemed to me."

---

No man realizes how poor his judgment is till he bets on it.

When trouble calls we are more apt to be at home than when fortune knocks.

The man who lacks principle can't hope to attract much interest.

The man who buys his popularity generally pays more than the market price.

A fellow has to be something of a sprinter to keep pace with his good intentions.

Jinks—Have you ever thought seriously of marriage?

Jenks—Indeed I have; ever since the ceremony.

---

Any novelist will tell you that the first story doesn't always get him in on the ground floor.

The man who marries a woman with an independent fortune also gets an independent wife.

Man was created a little lower than the angels, but you can't make some fellows believe it.

The man whose conversation is heavy should be careful about dropping a remark.

About the hardest work in the world is to get along without any.

Many a man keeps his wife guessing who never got off a conundrum in his life.

What a fine world this would be if it were just as easy to make a good thing better as it is to make a bad matter worse.

Nell—You say you saw her wedding gifts. How was her silver marked?

Belle—From the looks of it I should say it was marked down.

---

Singing our own praises seldom gets us an encore.


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In Porter Emerson Brown's one-act play "Married" next week at the Orpheum


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# Letters

**A Remarkable First Novel**

Though "The Harbor" is Ernest Poole's first novel it carries none of the marks of the novice, but is a strong and finished piece of work. The narrator begins his story with his early childhood. There was evidently some rupture between his parents, the mother a gentle, cultured and religious woman, the father a man of affairs in the shipping world. Billy was his mother's favorite. Could she have regulated all his life, she would have had him a minister of some orthodox denomination or a professor in a small college where he would have been sheltered from contact with a rough world. The father apparently made no interference, so here was a boy of seven or eight years who had never been taken down to the warehouse and the docks, and knew "the harbor" only as a dreadful place to be avoided. While the mother relied upon a doctrine of goodness and elimination of all else, a Scotch nurse produced the same effect through a different course—tales of dreadful beasts who carried off disobedient children to their destruction. Some time about Billy's eighth year he developed a secret habit of escaping the watchful eyes of his guardians and running away across the few blocks that divided his aristocratic home from the water front streets. Here he consorted with the little wharf rats of his own age, and the harbor became to him a land of enchantment. Pirates and cannibals entered his vision, and something of the wonder and mystery of the sea as well as the danger and daring. And then there came a revelation of coarse bestiality, and a bitter disillusionment. Meanwhile the harbor itself was changing, and the white-sailed ships were giving way to steamers and the picturesque sailors to stokers and dockers. Our youth goes to college where he does nothing in particular in the most approved style, but makes the acquaintance of a student whose life is to touch his own at many points thereafter. At one time he had an idea of devoting his life to music, but in the end he settled upon literature. To Paris must he take himself, for not mere writing will he do, but artistic production. The one thing he is determined upon is that he will have nothing to do with the harbor (New York harbor it is) nor the sordid business pursuits of his father. Two years of delightful Parisian dawdling come to an end with the death of his mother, and on his return to his home he learns that his father has been growing old, his sister growing up, and the business which has kept him in easy luxury all his life practically bankrupt. Now he must go to work, and the only available opening is a minor clerkship at a desk beside his father. Here he sees another aspect of the harbor, and when, at last, he is launched upon his career as a writer it is in providing special articles describing the sea ports under various aspects, at night, in storm, the sailing of great freighters and liners, the smaller craft, the developments and improvements, and all the glory of the seas. Later there comes another view, the hardships of the stokers and dock workers with their poor pay and miserable lives, and crowning it, a gigantic strike in which our hero identifies himself with the crowd. Throughout all his life the child, the youth, the man, is always looking for some great force by which to guide his life. In childhood his mother gave him religion; in college it was "truth" when it was not sport; in Paris it was art, and back in New York it became efficiency, until the erratic college mate, Joe Kramer inoculated him with Socialism, but in each phase he grows broader and deeper. Much of his success he owes to Eleanore, the wife whom he married, with her quiet comprehension and efficient capability. Sister Sue is a type of her day, a girl who, not obliged to earn her living by her own labor, has ample time to cultivate fads, and takes up each new freak as soon as it is proclaimed, "everything by turns and nothing long,'" and not really enough interested in anything to care for more than the passing excitement. It is the father who is the pathetic figure, for, while abroad he makes a brave and single-handed fight for the individual shipper against the big combinations, and has all his life the vision of a restored American merchant-marine, his fine and uncomplaining courage meets only with defeats, and at home he occupies the place far too common in our American civilization, that of provider for a wife and children who accept his bounty while regarding themselves as too vastly his superior to waste their sympathy upon him. "The Harbor" would be a notable achievement for any writer. For a first novel it is remarkable. From the Macmillan press.

---

**"Bealby"**

"Bealby" shows H. G. Wells in lighter vein. Artie Bealby, aged thirteen, was a red-blooded English youth whose ambition in life was to be a soldier or an engine-driver or something which would enable him to see the out-door world. His step-father, a gardener on an English estate, had other views. According to him a good service was the best thing possible, so the boy, despite his protests, was sent up to "the house" to begin his career as steward-room boy, and perchance, if fortune favored him, one day to rise to the supreme height of butler. To Artie there seemed but one open door to escape by. He could do his work so badly and with such ill grace that he would be sent away. Accordingly he put his plan into execution with such success that within twenty-four hours he was slated for chastisement, and in endeavoring to evade this he committed the unpardonable sin of escaping into the upper part of the house. Shonts was an old mansion honeycombed with secret passages, many of them unknown to the lessees, and it was into and out of one of these unknown byways that the child penetrated, and free once more resolved to run away. What adventures he had during the week of his freedom and what terrors crowded upon his soul, until, cowed by his first contact with life in the raw and open, he gladly returned to his despised service, the reader must learn for himself. Bealby is an appealing little fellow, and however amusing his perils may have been to others they were real enough to him. One feels really sorry for the little chap terrified into the meek acceptance of a menial position instead of the glorious career he would have chosen for himself. Incidental to his week of wild adventure and all unsuspecting, Bealby broke up a love affair as well as a house party and nearly wrecked the career of an army officer as well as a substantial mansion, to say nothing of a market garden and a few other industries. It is all very funny, only the poor little lad too much resembles the hunted rabbit. From the Macmillan Company.

---

**An Exposition Book**

It was inevitable that the Exposition would be made the occasion for publishing innumerable volumes pertaining to California and the Pacific Coast. Equally inevitable was it that a large proportion of them would be catch-pennies hastily put together, revamps of old material, showy and superficial. One must except from this category Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" which, first published in 1908 by the Macmillan Company, is now for the second time reprinted and thus has given evidence of its worth. The volume is written in the easy, colloquial style of the tourist who has had time to tarry, and in addition to the formal descriptions there are delightful asides gleaned from casual converastion with settlers, travelers and children, as well as pioneers and prospectors. The itinerary begins in Arizona at the Grand Canyon, and continues along the coast up through California, Oregon and Washington to the Canadian border and then into Idaho and Nevada, and the illustrations, generous in number, are equally attractive in size and quality, for they are all full-page photographs. Supplementary to each chapter there is given an automobile route to the interesting points within tourist-reach of the section. "Highways and Byways" is easily the best of the Exposition books, the more so because it was not prepared especially for the tourist trade.

---

**THE FAMOUS PREACHER**

**By Edith Anne Stewart**

As in a dream, the seasons come and go;
Whether it is the season of the snow
Or of the breaking rose I do not know—
I hardly care to know.

Those who have called me shepherd pass me by
In church or street or field, no flash of eye;
I do not greet them, am too tired to try—
I hardly care to try.

I never knew the hour, nor know the day,
And when they talk to me I cannot say
Their names, for whom my God has bade me pray—
I hardly care to pray.
I sold my soul to Satan the Aesthete.
His foulest servants listen at my feet
Year in, year out, and find my sermons sweet—
How bitter now is sweet!

From this defilement, Jesus, set me free!
I ask but death, I ask but death of Thee!
Death, and oblivion through eternity—
Through dark eternity.

---

**Not Openly**

"I like this quaint little mountain village of yours, waiter. I suppose I can get plenty of oxygen here?"

"No, sir; we've got local option here."

---

The attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

Whereupon a shrill voice came from the rear: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

---

A man's success may depend on the way he is raised, especially in a poker game.

Any man can hope for the best, but it takes an optimist to expect to get it.

The popular idea of being contented is simply to have more than you can possibly use.

Some people are so quarrelsome that even their own statements conflict.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—[illegible] or thereabouts, that changed hands on the Stock [illegible] evidently influenced by the opinion of the financial writers in the daily papers that railroad shares were more attractive than "war stocks," and this broadened the market at once. Traders [illegible] these securities. There was no shortage of stocks in the loan crowd, and the demand was not heavy, which shows that the short interest has been reduced. Some talk of manipulation by banking interests was heard, but it is improbable that New York bankers would bid up international stocks when they know that it would lead to liquidation by London. The foreign exchange market for once showed some signs of foreign liquidation of securities. As far as the business [illegible] sales of foreign securities in sufficient volume to put foreign exchange on a more normal basis would tend to stimulate exports and would simply [illegible] the stock market was not alarming, though the declines from the high points were large. With all the excitement, the tone of the market was fairly firm at the close. Mexican Petroleum was the sensation of its class, and the tips that it would cross par did not look so far fetched when it touched 95 on reports that English interests would handle all oil products of the Tampico region and that the British navy alone would consume vast quantities of what is now the best and cheapest smokeless fuel for naval use. The odd thing about the movement in this stock is that its strongest friends have been Germans who have been buying it on tips from their diplomatic corps that it would be favored by the British Government even to the extent of landing troops for the protection of the oil fields. [illegible] Steel mills all over the country took on additional machinery and furnaces in operation yesterday morning. Some of the largest steel plants are now running at full capacity. The boom in [illegible] ton sees at last that the textile trades have revived. Profits in war orders are large and peace will make business still better; so the mills cannot lose either way. The Copper shares held up well, and the entire list shows a good advance for the week. With Copper metal strong and in good demand, there is no reason why a further advance should not take place. Amalgamated came dangerously near the 80 mark and Chino Copper close to the 50 mark. All the minor Copper shares shared in the advance, with the exception of Braden Copper. This stock looks very attractive around present price of 8½, and we look for this stock to wake up shortly.

**Wheat**—The action of prices during the earlier part of the week was uninteresting and apparently without [illegible] days the market developed unusual strength, making an extraordinary rise in a short period of time. This was due in a measure to the subsidence of interest and the accumulation at the same time of a comparatively large short interest, the covering of which contributed materially to the advance. General conditions lose nothing in the way of strength, the supply in this country and Argentina being reduced in such measure as to make the trade cautious, although the local domestic demand is said to be slight. However, the clearances continue large and the primary movement quite moderate. Reports from the growing crop are generally favorable, although there is some apprehension in places. The export sales have been so great so far as to suggest to the minds of the trade that the new crop will be in demand in such a degree as to prevent prices from sustaining any seriously decline from prevailing levels.

**Corn** rules somewhat higher, owing to the fact that the domestic demand has been of fair proportions and the unwieldy supply is being gradually reduced. Clearances continue large and the movement from the country is of moderate proportions. The liquidation, which has been anticipated, has made but little impression on values, there apparently being sufficient demand to sustain prices around recent levels. Reports relating to the Argentine crop are not optimistic. Prices give evidence of working to higher levels in the event that the consumptive demand is of [illegible]

---

The most curious thing in the world is a [illegible]

The man who throws bouquets at himself [illegible]


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| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $[illegible] |
| Deposits | [illegible] |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | [illegible] |
| Employees' Pension Fund | [illegible] |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: [illegible]

[illegible]


DREAM-JOURNEYS

By R. Gorrell Barnes

If on a sudden you and I had wings,
If Time and Space came round us like a mist
So we were set a-journeying where we list
To follow all the breezes' wanderings.
Still and together, motionless in change;
Or if some genie, born from out the air,
On magic tapestry us twain should bear,
What haunts beloved, what climes most longed [illegible]

Would we away and idly hover down
Where new, like ivy, sets itself on old
To see the blossoms, billowy fold on fold,
Below the ward of Fugi's snowy crown;
Or with the lion watch shy Kenia pearled
Beneath the dawn's caress; or tread the land
Where the hoar temples creep into the sand
And the Mueddin rises through an orang[illegible] world?

Would we see realms of Akbar, and be found
By the gemmed palace of the chosen queen?
Would saffron-scented Jhelum flow unseen,
And hid be high Potola and "God's ground?"
Ever the old? Would we not seek the new,
Search out the spreading granaries of earth,
The teeming vastness and great cities' birth,
Where lately roamed at large the moose and caribou?

Would we be gone so far, and never take
The Rhone for comrade to the terraced vines,
Nor, journeying upward through the rugged [illegible]
Come to the snows from which its waters break?
Would we explore the dark-lived steeps of [illegible]
And would the wonder of our eyes be given
To gray-green olive-slopes, pure blue of heaven,
And mighty, broken shell of Pentelican fane?

And Italy? Would we not silent glide
To still lagoon by hushed, cool ocean-streets;
Stand where the gleaming Appian ribbon meets
[illegible]
Ah, stay for ever, and, when summer fell,
Bargain for wealth of melons, figs, and flowers,
Make lazy dream of all the golden hours,
Attuned to languorous note of distant convent-[illegible]

[illegible] to all of these; and each in turn
[illegible] yield us of its grandeur, charm, or [illegible]
[illegible] we should not know the depths of peace.
Our spirits still unsatisfied would yearn
For some soft vale where thrush and blackbird [illegible]
For frail, unfolding beechen canopy,
A zephyr faint with primrose ecstasy,
And all the thrilling lilts of English woods [illegible] spring.

---

The only man who can buy champagne on a beer income is the man who owns a brewery.


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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, carrying on and transacting business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," is dissolved by mutual consent this 20th day of April, in the year A. D. 1915.

The undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, having sold and conveyed his interest in said co-partnership business to the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and the undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, retires from the business, and the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, will continue to carry on said business, to-wit: a French confectionery and patisserie business, at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, San Francisco, April 20, 1915.

JULES ALBRECHT,
ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.
Witness: A. COMTE, JR.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 17, 1915.

J. C. B. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, FELIX DEVLIN, administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of William A. Kelly, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

FELIX DEVLIN,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 18,690; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased, to all creditors of, and to all persons having claims against, said decedent, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months of the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administratrix at Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building, No. 465 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which place said Administratrix selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 24, 1915.

GLADYS STONE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Lillian Hollimon, deceased.

JOHN F. CASSELL,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, California. 4-24-5


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Theodore L. Breslauer, Room 909 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

HENRY F. ROTHSCHILD,
Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 10, 1915.

THEODORE L. BRESLAUER,
909 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.—No. 18887; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Messrs. Ackerman and Oppenheim, Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER,
Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1st, 1915.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Administrator,
402 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Landry C. Babin Company, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 10th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1600 and 1601, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that Friday, the 28th day of May, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four consecutive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: April 23, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-4

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1185 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 8, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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### Brave "Uncle Joe"

In this city and en route hither no member of the touring band of statesmen now in Honolulu received half so much attention as Uncle Joe Cannon. This tough old standpatter has more than "come back." There has been a revolution of sentiment respecting Uncle Joe. A few years ago he was anathema to all the true lovers of their country that were demanding the redemption of it on the Wisconsin plan. One of the toughest of old reprobates was Uncle Joe, according to the portraits of him in the pages of our yellow magazines. The portraits were presented by young reformers fresh from college, literati who were worldly wise before they were dry behind the ears. How they did abuse the old man! They pictured him as the incarnation of all that was villainous in the Republican party. They made widespread the impression that there was not a straight bone in his body. Uncle Joe was cordially hated all over the land. The wrath of all Christian soldiers was concentrated on him, and they whipped him out of public life. But here he is back again, not a bit soured, his serenity undiminished, his homely epigrams a little more mordant, perhaps, but on the whole good natured, and not at all resentful. And now Uncle Joe stands well with the dear people. They esteem and admire him. Nobody finds it hard to like him. What is the psychology of this change of sentiment? Uncle Joe has not changed a bit. He is still for a protective tariff, for the old machine, and for letting the Speaker run the House and discipline the freshmen. Nothing has he recanted. Maybe there is a lesson in the phenomenon that we are pondering. Perhaps the life of Joe Cannon teaches that in the long run it is not the trimmer, but the man who is true to himself and his friends who has the best chance of coming out on top. At any rate we may feel reasonably certain that Representative Cannon is much esteemed for standing pat and without a whimper suffering the enormous injustice that the Pharisees inflicted on him.

### The Pungent Mann

Among the distinguished Republicans who are thought to have the qualities of leadership is Representative Mann of Illinois. As the leader of his party in the House Mr. Mann has given some evidence of his ability, but it is his misfortune that he fathered a piece of legislation which reminds us of him whenever it is discussed. Attached to this act, which fosters blackmail, there is a definite odium, and the Mann personality is impregnated with it, rendering him impossible of consideration in a national convention. The author of the Mann Act is unthinkable in the role of standard bearer of the G. O. P. His Act is his indictment. And this is as it should be. It would be well if every piece of legislation bore the name of its author, for then might the average statesman be reluctant to lend himself to mischievous enterprises and in no hurry to cultivate the favor of the proponents of burning questions. If we had a rule requiring that every legislative act be designated by the name of its author it might have the same salutary effect as the "indictment of illegality," by which the people of Athens were protected against demagogues up to the time that they went in for the simple and fatal democracy which is becoming the fashion in this country.

### An Outstanding Figure

As a psychologist, physiognomist and phrenologist our worthy President is not unerring or infallible. Of this we have Secretary of War Garrison as prima facie evidence. It is clear that Mr. Wilson was mistaken in Garrison. Either he misconstrued the gentleman's bumps, or was misled by "the title-page which heralds the contents of the human volume." There is no affinity between Garrison and Daniels, or between Garrison and Bryan, or, to be brief, between Garrison and anybody in the President's official family. He has none of the characteristic solemnity of the Cabinet. You can imagine Garrison laughing at the monumental arrogance of McAdoo or taking joy in the stupidity of Redfield. At a meeting of the Cabinet Garrison is like a patch of vivid relief on a pallid picture. He does not even acquiesce in the pharisaical sentiments of his brother of the navy. The "service" has respect for Garrison. It has none at all for Daniels. The rural editor at the head of the navy is like a funeral solecism at a wedding. Garrison is a man of rugged common sense, with no passion for parade, no tolerance for sham, no liking for cant. So it is clear that the President was mistaken in Garrison.

### Our Genial Character Assassin

"The strength of the militarist movement in this country is to be found among the reactionaries, the higher-ups, the financiers, the gentlemen clubmen and the members and friends of armament corporations." So runs a sprightly editorial in Mr. Crothers' lovely Bulletin. This militarist movement that makes sore the Christian heart of the great American planetary patriot from Canada, is the movement to induce a disposition in our Government to follow the advice of that barbarous old rebel George Washington—the advice to preserve peace by preparedness for war. All the leaders of the thousands of American citizens who are members of the National Security League, the Navy League and the American Legion, are vile scoundrels, according to the "planetary patriot." They are in this movement not from concern for the welfare of their country, but from sordid motives. They care so little for human life that they would plunge us into war for money. Himself a patriot at times, and always in pursuit of the nickel, by introspection Mr. Crothers learned the psychology of patriotism, and believes that he is a universal type speaking by the card. Never for a moment does it occur to him that possibly by imputing his own most congenial impulses to other men he might be doing them injustice. To him it is inconceivable that such men as Horace Porter, Frederick Coudert, Herbert Saterlee and the warm-hearted Robert M. Thompson should be disinterestedly interested in the welfare of their country. Like himself it must be, he thinks, that they are "out for the stuff." So let it not be supposed that the high-minded publisher dislikes these men whom he holds up to scorn and execration. Virtuous indignation never frets the soul of this unimpassioned business man. He is accessible only to those emotions that respond to the button that opens the cash drawer. It pays him to blacken the character of rich men, since it causes his paper to circulate among the discontented and envious, thus making it a good advertising medium to our leading citizens of the merchant class whose morals and ethics are somewhat elastic. Besides, maybe it enables him to get on the Carnegie leg, for the Laird of Skibo has a big fund for the financing of his mischievous propaganda.

### The Benighted Past

In justice to Publisher Crothers it should be said that at times he really believes some of the things he says, as for instance when he describes the so-called militarist movement "as an atttempt to crawl back into the eighteenth century." Like J. Stitt Wilson and the grand old idealist Dr. Jordan, the publisher of the Bulletin prides himself on being ahead of the times. Not to be in accord with the views expressed in the catch phrases of the progressive cult is to be hopelessly arrear. And they know of no more effective way to cover you with confusion than to put you back a century or two. Fortunately Master Time has kept such good control of the pendulum that no mat-

ter how far back you may be put you will have the company of your superior contemporaries. This is true even with respect to our pacifists. They may be traced back to the eighteenth century and to the dawn of the following century when there was agitation not only for militarism but for the colossal project of perpetual peace. Just before the Napoleonic wars Europe was full of Carnegies and Jordans. So Crothers himself belongs in the eighteenth century and a little later when, as De Quincey tells us in one of his philosophic essays, "Associations existed up and down Christendom, having the ambitious object of abolishing war." De Quincey, by the way, a very mild mannered gentleman as well as a scholar and philosopher, perhaps even more learned than Dr. Jordan, studied the questions that have been revived by Carnegie. From Kant's essay on "Perpetual Peace" De Quincey learned about all that was to be said on the subject, for even Jordan has not put anything new under the sun—not even a thought. His best arguments are but a rehash. A most elaborate discussion of his pet subject in all its bearings is to be found in De Quincey's essay, which is well worth the while of our twentieth century philosophers. Now De Quincey represented no armament trust, but he said that the project to abolish war was the most romantic of all romances, and that consequently whenever he had been asked to become a member of a peace society he "always thought it most respectful, because most sincere, to decline." From this it might be inferred that were the great essayist alive he might challenge the sincerity of old blunderbuss of Palo Alto, or even the intellectual honesty of the lean and hungry Tartuffe of the Bulletin. De Quincey went deeply into the subject of treaties which, according to our pacifists, are the most effectual means of preventing war, and he shows that as a matter of fact, treaties have been, and always must be, not only conducive to war, but one means of giving colorable pretense to war. There was no difference of opinion between our pacifists and De Quincey as to the efficacy of Christianity, but as he points out "man disarms Christianity," and "no lip homage to Christ will answer." De Quincey went so far as to argue that war ought not to be abolished. On this point he was in accord with Wordsworth who held

> "That God's most dreadful instrument
> In working out a pure intent
> Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
> Yea, Carnage is His daughter."

Wordsworth, by the way, was never suspected of sympathy with "the interests." He knew what war meant. His nature was fully as sweet and tender as the nature of Publisher Crothers, and he did not love God less. To be sure he had the misfortune to live back in the eighteenth century, but he is also living now, and may outlast Jordan.

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### The Great American Blight

That most amiable of daily journals the New York Sun has been deriding the "paid missionaries of prohibition," who announced the other day that the "united prohibition forces of the country will oppose the candidacy of any man who voted against the Webb-Kenyon interstate liquor shipment bill or voted against the resolution to submit the national prohibition amendment to the States." The Sun asks, "What are the united prohibitionist forces of the country, and what are they united on, and who are they anyway?" And the Sun wants to know what taxes they are to impose in place of the internal revenue taxes they would extinguish. "The Drys," says the Sun, "have had a party of their own for years; and much good has it done them!" And the Sun adds: "The wise Captain Hobson is at their service; or perhaps they can persuade the Grape Juicer of Chautauqua to live with them and be their love." Derision at times is an excellent weapon, but it can never penetrate the corrugated prohibitionist hide. Whatever the Sun may think of the Drys and whatever sneers it may have for the scatter-brained statesmen whom the prohibitionist propaganda attracts, as a force for mischief in the politics of this country it is commanding the most serious consideration. The prohibition sanhedrim is a very powerful body of men. It is the most powerful political machine in the United States. It may not have much strength in New York or Massachusetts or Pennsylvania or in any State whose citizens spend most of their time attending to their own business, and who are sensible at once of the importance of personal liberty, and of the inevitable consequence of enlarging the powers and duties of the policeman; but there are many States in which the public mind is susceptible to brainstorms. In these States, where every new wind of doctrine is welcome, the captains of the prohibition industry are profitably exploiting a fertile field. With the acquiescence of hamstrung newspapers and politicians they are making a very good showing with money that flows from many sources—the small part of it that does not go into their own purses. They wield a tremendous influence in politics, for such is the power of the prohibition machine that its services are engaged by many sinister interests. Prohibition is a cloak for divers political activities. And the professional Dry agitator is not to be disturbed or discouraged by derision. He is cutting a wide swath in this country, and he is not worrying about taxes or anything else. He has but one object—the generation of hysteria. He has bankrupted more than one State treasury, taken the steam out of business, and "raised hell generally," but the prohibition treasury is overflowing, and nothing prospers like pharisaism.

---

### The Drink Question in England

Some impetus has been given to our prohibition movement by the war. For the alert prohibitionist has made good use of the news from Europe respecting the drink problem. Through innumerable subsidized newspapers the sanhedrim has been creating the impression that the great statesmen of Europe have seen the wisdom of the cause. Now on the contrary they have not seen anything of the kind. Some of them have seen precisely what the people of this city perceived after the catastrophe of 1906, that there are exceptional times when the drunkenness of the few imperils the interests of the many. But even in the midst of this colossal struggle that has brought misery to millions, in times calling for the most drastic and stringent regulations in the populous centres of the British isles, it is only among the Puritan clergy that there is any demand for prohibition. The King has given good example to encourage abstinence, and so has the Archbishop of Canterbury, but even this gentleman does not suggest prohibition. On page 302 of the London Times of April 9th may be found a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury in which he urges total abstinence, but only "during the continuance of the war." In the same issue of the Times and on the same page may be found an account of a Cabinet meeting from which we quote: "All-round prohibition was ruled out as impracticable at the very beginning." Again, in that same issue we find that "the excise returns show for December and January last, as compared with the same months of the preceding years, the brewing of beer decreased by over 1,800,000 barrels and the distillation of spirits increased by over 269,000." Thus we see that experience in England in time of war is precisely the same as the experience of every State in this country in time of prohibition. Wherever there is prohibition drinkers deprived of beer on account of the difficulty of smuggling bulky packages, take to whisky and to patent medicines made chiefly of alcohol with the the consequence that there is a great increase of drunkenness. The cause of drunkenness in England is made clear by the excise figures. That is why in England there is demand for suspension for the present of the manufacture of distilled spirits. And yet the virtue of distilled spirits is recognized, for Tommy Atkins is supplied with rum in the trenches. Now one of the principal objections to our prohibition movement is that it does not differentiate distilled spirits from wines and beers. In the prohibition philosophy all alcoholic beverages are of the same character; all are of the vodka type. It has been pointed out to them that they are guilty of downright viciousness, since they have not only destroyed all the good done by genuine temperance movements, but have also driven men to hard liquor and drugs. Nothing will dissuade them however from their sordid and criminal propaganda.

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# Varied Types

## CCXVIII—CHARLES L. FREER

By Edward F. O'Day

When I first saw Charles L. Freer his tall form was bent in admiration over a miniature by Myra Edgerly of a beautiful fifteen-year-old girl. The ivory rested in the hollow of his hands as in a shrine, and his long, strong fingers curved about it as in loving protection. He had been asked how this fine miniature should be framed, and it was plain to be seen that he took delight in answering the question. He laid the ivory tenderly on the table, his kindly eyes smiled through the glasses that rode aslant his nose, and drawing himself to the full height of his distinguished figure he said, very slowly and with unstudied impressiveness:

"This splendid picture is of girlhood, the most sacred of all human things. You must not try to add anything to it. You cannot enhance its beauty by means of a beautiful frame. This is beauty in the bud, the beauty of innocence and simplicity, and it must be simply framed."

Charles L. Freer, I have been told, achieved a great fortune through the invention and manufacture of the steel railway car. No doubt this is true. Only a very rich man could gather the twelve hundred masterpieces of Whistler and the unique collection of Chinese paintings which Freer has presented to the nation, together with a fund of one million dollars for a gallery to house these treasures in Washington. There is romance of a sort in the acquisition of a great fortune, but he would be an unconscionable worshiper of Mammon who would seek to indulge his taste for that kind of romance in the company of Charles L. Freer. I have heard Francis McComas say that there were three men in whose presence he was conscious of greatness: they were Anatole France, Augustus St. Gaudens and J. Pierpont Morgan. I thought of that remark while I talked with Charles L. Freer.

"Possession is nothing," he said; "collecting, finding a new thing—that is everything," and his eye burned with the genial fire of connoisseurship. He is, if I understand him, that happiest of men, the amateur who has pursued his ideal with passionate devotion and achieved it without disappointment, without diminution of love. The joy of desire has not been abated as it too often is, by possession. To that supreme felicity only the highest ideal can carry mortal man. Freer's ideal is intellectual; his appetite is for the finest fruits of civilization, and he has found them—his happiness with them—in Whistler and the superb art of ancient China.

Whistler was his friend for thirty years, and it is not difficult to understand why. Like Whistler, Freer is an aristocrat of the mind. What his thought touches it touches finely. He collects the best in human nature as he collects the best in art. There is no room in his mind for the commonplace or the vulgar, as there is no space in his gallery for brummagem. It was natural that a volume of Lowes Dickinson should be on his table.

Such a man is exacting, but his exactions are not unjust. He does not ask too much of the mob. "Scold them one day and praise them the next" is his formula for the education of the mob. But he is severe in his demands on those who lead. I gathered from his remarks that his home city Detroit might have had his superb collection of Whistlers had it proved worthy of possessing it. Its unworthiness he emphasized by telling of the curator of the municipal museum whose aim was "popular art."

"The crowds were so large that it was necessary to remove the turnstiles," said Freer with scorn.

He told me too of Detroit's unhappy and unsuccessful efforts to build a fitting art gallery. The story is too much like our attempt to achieve a municipal opera house to make pleasant reading for San Franciscans.

The discussion of leaders who do not lead brought us to the Palace of Fine Arts (in which there are sixteen Whistlers and seven Tryons from the Freer colelction).

For the building itself he has no word of praise. I told him that the architect aimed to evoke a mood proper for the contemplation of fine pictures.

"It evokes a mood of confusion," said Freer. "It is bewildering, silly, a maze! Those gimcrack columns of corrupted Greek!"

The collection itself is to Freer a tragedy of lost opportunity.

"If seventy-five per cent of the pictures were removed and the remaining twenty-five per cent properly hung, the collection would be a thousand per cent improved," he said. "Good pictures are skied and bad pictures hung on the line. A work of art deserves ten times the space it receives there. Good pictures are crowded by bad pictures. You can't see the forest for the trees. Think of a collection of American art in which there is not a single Abbott Thayer! And what has Duveneck done for American art that he should have so large a room, while there are only two Homer Martins, and Winslow Homer and George Inness and Tryon, the greatest of American landscape painters, are so poorly represented? Think of giving Keith a room and having nothing by Rollo Peters!

"Your Californian artists are a fine body of men. Why should so many of them be compelled to go out to Golden Gate Park to exhibit? To explain that they did not send to the jury is not enough. Things should have been so handled in the beginning that they would have desired to send. The fault is not Trask's, for Trask is a man who knows. There has been too much politics, and politics has hurt the collection in two ways. The proper politics was not used to induce all the representative American artists to exhibit; and improper politics was used to secure the admission of artists who did not deserve to be represented. The blame can be traced, and if I owned a paper in San Francisco I should devote my efforts to placing it where it belongs."

The leaders, that is to say, have not led. They have been false to their trust. Material things have overshadowed the higher things.

"In the higher things," said Freer, making this thought clear beyond the possibility of mistake, "in the higher things the consensus of opinion of the men directing this Fair is a blank!"

I asked him if our art display was more glaringly at fault than the art displays of former American expositions. He said it was not.

"But," he added, "there is this difference: Today the opportunity to assemble a representative collection of American art is greater than ever in the past. The advance of American art, the interest in it and the greater number of private American collections to draw from deprives this Fair of the excuses which others might have made."

It will be seen that Freer is a man who does not scruple to shake us out of our complacence. He is impatient of mediocrity. He would have us hitch our wagon to a star. I hope his words will set us to the unpleasant but wholesome task of examining our conscience. He is speaking for our own good, and conformable to his formula for the education of the mob he does not scold only, he praises. He praises California with sincere enthusiasm. But he thinks man has not done in California what man should do where nature has been so bountiful.

"There is a punishment for neglecting the higher things," he said, "and I am afraid California will suffer that punishment."

I pointed out what our history shows, that California learns through punishment. But it was plain that he didn't relish the notion of our learning that way. He is critical but tender, and he would have us achieve knowledge by less severe methods. There is a less severe method, and I wish I could assure Freer of a general disposition to adopt it. But I am afraid I can't. It would be so easy for us to learn if we only inclined an attentive ear while such a man as Freer tells us how things are done in bigger, broader communities. Unfortunately we think we are too busy to listen to such men. Or their voices are drowned by the blatant oratory of a prominent citizen awarding a bronze plaque.

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# Perspective Impressions

[illegible] enjoy the spectacle of a Daniels [illegible]

---

[illegible] it about time to set apart a day to pray [illegible]

---

[illegible] is attached to Field Marshal French's staff as "liaison officer." How his deceased grandfather would smile at the name.

---

With Chairman Walsh of the United States [illegible] Business foaming at the teeth with malice, and thus giving a feeble [illegible] of a few other [illegible] in Washington it is hard for Big Business to accept the kindly assurances of the man at the top.

The "Great Dutch Cleanser" is the latest contribution to the gaiety of the nation. It was made by a wag at Syracuse.

---

The Los Angeles chief of police is no Saint Sebastian, but they took many an unjust shot at him.

---

How easy it is to become great these days one may perceive by studying the career of Jane Addams of Hull House who went to Europe to stop the war with moral suasion.

---

The prosecution of Governor Johnson's political ambitions requires a special election this year at a cost of $700,000. All right. The electorate decided that they couldn't have too much Johnson, so let the State be Johnsonized to satiety.

Pastor Russell's syndicated sermons are of some value. They give us an impression of the mentality of the International Bible Students Association which pays to have them printed.

---

On the whole Judge Childs appears to be a much better and wiser man than the average member of the legislative body that has been considering whether he ought to be impeached.

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A specimen of yellow journalism: "Nothing in it; it's all moonshine," said former President Taft when asked by a reporter about the story that the Japanese were gaining a foothold in Mexico. "He indicated plainly," said the Examiner in an introduction to the interview, "that the Japanese are now trying to establish a foothold in Mexico for the purpose of threatening this country."

# Notes on The War

By Robert McTavish

The war has made some things pretty clear to all who have eyes and are not averse to seeing. It has made clear the weakness of the Internationalist Socialist movement. With brutal suddenness the expectations of the Socialists of Europe were disappointed, and nowhere was the shock [illegible] in Germany. For it was in Germany that the Socialist movement had its greatest strength, and it was in Germany that the movement showed the feeblest reaction to international ideals of social and economic brotherhood. With over a million members, with a voting strength of more than three millions, with a powerful Socialist press in every State, with an organization highly hisciplined and of a machine-like efficiency, the Social Democratic party of Germany might perhaps have controlled the situation at the end of last July. The spiritual weakness of the party at the moment of crisis made its perfection of machinery a hideous irony which has now to some purpose awakened revolt in its [illegible]

Four leading members of the party declared their opposition to the policy pursued at the beginning of the war. Of these, the most prominent were Liebknech and Klara Zetkin. The latter, as international secretary of the women's Socialist movement, worked persistently to re[illegible] with the women of other countries, and at the end of March succeeded in organizing the International Conference which [illegible]

There is something mysterious in the party's supine acceptance of the war. During the previous year the success of the anti-militarist campaign had notably increased. Friendship with France had grown apace. At huge demonstra[illegible] as late as the week before the war, the assertion of an Alsatian orator who came from Paris to speak, that never would France declare war against Germany, was accepted with cheers and shouts of "Vive la France!" Yet, within a week, Germany had declared war against France and the party had accepted the situation. The appeal [illegible] ment, to which the Socialists looked forward as a climax of their anti-militarist agitation, had been again and again postponed. It will now probably never be heard.

We were told in the spring that the Allies would begin the work of driving the Germans over the Rhine. But the spring has come, and the Germans have been doing the driving. They took the offensive in the great battle that was raging for days between Ypres and the sea and that was at its height last week. This will be known probably as the second battle of Ypres. The first lasted almost a month, from October 16th to November 17th, and General Joffre described it as the "greatest battle of the world." With the French north coast in German hands an invasion of England, says Baron Von Ardenne, would be feasible, and it is to this end that the Germans are again driving toward the coast towns. Said Baron Von Ardenne after the first battle of Ypres:

"In the course of time we shall be in possession of Calais (thirty miles west of Dunkirk), probably also of Dieppe and Havre. At Calais the Channel narrows down to a width of 22.25 miles. Our 12-inch howitzers have a range of fourteen miles. The range of our 17-inch howitzers is still greater. England can expect still further artillery surprises. Even if we cannot shoot from the French coast to the English, a safety zone can be made for German ships which will cover more than half the navigable water. In the French harbors bases can be made for torpedo boats and submarines, cruisers, scouts, etc., and, last but not least, bases for our Zeppelins. These bases on the French coast can be made absolutely impregnable from the sea by double or triple rows of mines, especially anchored mines."

M. Venizelos, the political leader who brought Greece so gloriously through the Turkish and Balkan wars, reached the conclusion some two weeks ago that the time had come for Greece to throw in her lot with the Triple Entente. Under the Greek Constitution the King has the sole power to declare war. This Venizelos urged upon the King and the King refused to do so. Venizelos' position is clear. Turkey, the old oppressor of Greece, is staggering under the attack of three great Powers. Russia has forced the Caucasus; England and France are forcing the Dardanelles. Here is Greece's chance to join her lot with the Allies, and in the destruction of the Turk free some 3,000,000 Greek Christians from Moslem rule and as reward receive a large part of Asia Minor. The task cannot be hard, because the Greek General Staff was willing, single handed, to attack Turkey last May. The King's motive is less clear. It may be any one influence or a combination of influences. In the first place his wife is the sister of the Kaiser. Her soul is in his war. Of this there need be and is no secret. It is whispered, however, that if the King joins the Allies even against the Turks she will return to Germany.

Germany is being denounced for using ashyxiating gases, which reminds me that when the declaration against the use of gases in war was adopted at the Hague it was not signed by our representatives. It was signed by Germany and is still in force as a binding agreement, but the United States held aloof at the suggestion of Captain Alfred T. Mahan, afterward Rear-Admiral, who was one of our representatives, the world's greatest authority on naval matters. He prepared a memorandum of his reasons for opposing the provision. Here it is in full:

"1. No shell emitting such gases is as yet in practical use or has undergone adequate experiment; consequently, a vote taken now would be taken in ignorance of the facts as to whether the results would be of a decisive character, or whether injury in excess of that necessary to attain the end of warfare, of immediately disabling the enemy, would be inflicted.

"2. The reproach of cruelty and perfidy addressed against these supposed shells was equally uttered previously against firearms and torpedoes, although each are now employed without scruple. Until we know the effects of such asphyxiating shells there is no saying whether they would be more or less merciful than missiles now permitted.

"3. It is illogical and not demonstrably humane to be tender about asphyxiating men with gas when all were prepared to admit that it was allowable to blow the bottom out of an ironclad at midnight, throwing four or five hundred men into the sea to be choked by water, with scarcely the remotest chance to escape. If, and when, a shell emitting asphyxiating gases has been successfully produced, then and not before will men be able to vote intelligently on the subject."

# The Parable of Ormuzd

By Harold Massingham

"Tell us, O Mage!" said the people, "of the dishonor and the discomfiture wrought upon the scurvy Ahriman by Ormuzd the Good, as it is written in the Zend-Avesta, the sacred chronicles of the strife of the twelve thousand years."

And the Mage lifted up his voice and spake thus:

"Know, O people, that in the Ages of Ooze and of Fog, when our father Zeruane looked upon the Universe with but one eye open, who now shineth with a full and luminous countenance; know that Ahriman the Scrofulous, Father of Slime, was drawing unto the hundredth year of his reign. And, casting in his mind that the period to his iniquities was well nigh set and that Ormuzd might well, in the circle of the hundred years of governance ordained unto him by the wisdom of the radiant Zeruane, undo his guile, he summoned his counsellors, his six Darujs, fangs of his abominations, and deliberated with them in this wise: 'Hearken, my ancients! The time is ripe when I must abdicate these transcendental regions and depart, for an hundred years, to my infernal, more numerous and complaisant subjects in the land of Sheol. And Ormuzd, that prating demagogue—confusion to his impious stratagems!—shall reign in my stead. I am minded, therefore, ere we go, to present him with a memorial of our lease of heaven—a beam within his upstart eye—that we, in the distractions between our ingenious torments of the damned, may cheer ourselves with his afflictions. Go ye, therefore, my sprightly politicians, into the populous and fruitful parts of the earth and stir up deadly rancor between the nations. Hurl their armies, nay, their hosts of peoples, in myriads, to the slaughter. I will have no finicky, no nice and pettifogging tourney. Let not the young and strong and comely suffice unto my hecatombs, but after them the sleek and bald, the men of middle-summer, and they upon the threshold of autumn. Let the engines and the thunderbolts of war shrivel and make desolate the harvests and the vintages. Cast ye all the copious labor of mankind into the fires of my destruction, and may rapine grow fat upon the towns and villages. Go forth; bring desolation upon the race of men and lamentation among the women. Let the arrows of my persuasion pierce the world. Spare neither the weak nor the mighty —save only my chosen ones, whom I, even I, the lord Ahriman, Maker of Politics, will gather unto the citadel of my favor. A fig for thee, O Ormuzd the Blasphemous; a dried and wasting fig for thee! Verily, the impotence of the aged and the barrenness of the virgins and the widows shall be for a lordly inheritance unto thee!'

"And the messengers of Ahriman, Paramour of Slugs, went forth and did his will. And the earth was sour and salt with the corruption of the slain. But Ahriman, his eyes flashing to the burning of the cities and his ears twitching to the bellowing of the cannons, had forgot, in the pride of his heart, that the last hour to his celestial sovereignty was struck. And his father Zeruane, who bore hardly with so pragmatical a son, blew upon him, puffed out his wings, whisked him over the parapet of heaven, and, heaving him in his whirlwind through the firmament, plunged him into the deepest and the lowest pool of bitumen in the kingdom of Sheol.

"And Ormuzd, His Most Excellent Benignancy, to whom all adoration, trod the empty courts of heaven. But his heart was sore within him; because the bones of his people, his beloved people, that dwelled not in palaces nor in embassies, hid the little hills and fields from his sight and the sweetness of his breath fled before the uncleanness of the charnel-house. Because the priests of the nations went up into the high places and offered unto him incantations and supplications and thanksgivings for their arms. Because the captains of the hosts in battle-array did likewise. Because the wise men uttered foolish vapors from their mouths and dotted sheets of parchment with little banners. Because the voices of the birds—little feathers of his wings—were stilled in thunders, in curses, and in weeping. And Ormuzd the Mild summoned his shining seraphs, his six Amshaspands, running feet of his graciousness, and addressed them thus:

"'O candid luminaries, set in the constellation of my virtue, behold how this sly and counterfeit Ahriman, this mouthing and prelatical one—now, grace to our father Zeruane, pent in his own sophistical cauldron of Hell—hath, by his sorceries, cozened and abused my people! Does he think, this hippogriff that feedeth upon mandrakes and the scrolls of arid usurers and theologians, to dispossess me of this ambrosial continent of heaven? For, sooner than this Pandemonium of earth prevail, may heaven itself become a wilderness for prowling jackals. Are not we the legates of the holy Zeruane? Be not cast down. Surely he will keep his covenant with his people and suffer them not to be utterly destroyed. Therefore, haste ye into the midst of battle and seal the eyes of all the hosts in slumber. Which having done, gather all the chieftains and the satraps, the corporals and the captains, the marshals and the majors, the admirals and the generalissimos, in handfuls, as ye would pluck spices and asphodel. And, having rooted them up, every and one of them, so that there be none remaining, take and bear them to a far place and, laying them down without hurt in that place, set your faces speedily to heaven. For more it is not given me to do.'

"Now, in that hour of the night, as it was decreed by the compassion of Ormuzd, a deep sleep came upon the armies. In ranks, in bands, in columns, and in companies, in vast array, in multitudes, they were swept into the consolation of oblivion. There was none that fought, that watched, that marched, that fled, that went up against his foe, that shouted in triumph or cried out in exceeding anguish, but fell in that hour upon sudden sleep. Death himself, with all life at last his captive, had not wrought with such despatch. And the Amshaspands accomplished the command of Ormuzd the Merciful.

"Whereupon, it came to pass that the men wakened out of their sleep and bestirred themselves yet once more to slay and to be slain: so that each man turned to his chief for guidance in that task. And, lo! there were none to lead them. And great fear and bewilderment entered into the hearts of all those multitudes, for every man considered within himself whether the enemy had crept upon them in the night and carried all their officers into captivity. Each man spake unto his fellow and counselled him what he should do, some one thing and some another. And the noise of that babblement was as the humming of countless threshing-floors. And men passed distractedly from one place to another, for there were none to say them nay. The horsemen came upon those that fired the cannons; the men that delved beneath the grounds came upon them that prepared the meats. And the armies fell into a terrible division and confusion, nor was there any more order or purpose or resolution among them. And to Ormuzd and his six Amshaspands, as they looked down from the pinnacles of heaven, it seemed as though a hive of bees were drunken of their own honey and dashed besottedly and violently one against another, not knowing what they did. Thus, frantic and in sore dismay, they ran hither and thither, like leaves blown upon by contrary winds. And at length, drawn into a single accord by the might of terror, they turned with one mind and fled, each army from its foe.

"Now it chanced that a band of men, some with arms in their hands, some with none, and fleeing where they might, climbed up into a hill and encountered an enemy upon the hillside against them. For a while, they stared upon one another, but remembering their former hatreds and valiancies, charged furiously down toward the valley beneath. But as they ran, their rage melted within them, for there was none to urge them. And, as they drew nigh unto each other, enmity passed from them, and blindness was lifted from their eyes. And, casting away their weapons, they that yet had them, with a great and mighty shout, they rushed with eagerness to embrace one another. And the sound of their rejoicing rang among the choirs of heaven. Now, they that were hard by, being filled with astonishment at what they saw, stayed their running, and the flame of that harmony catching at their spirit, they also sought out their foe and greeted them like brothers. And the flame, lighting the hearts of men, spread into a roaring fire. So that the joyfulness of this new thing passed, like the clash of cymbals, through all those hosts. Some danced and some wept; some broiled meats and drank together; some fell upon each others' necks; some burned their bows and joined hands about the blaze. And one and all were glad with an exceeding thankfulness. For peace was upon the earth.

"And the heart of Ormuzd was as a lark that ascendeth the clouds. And, turning to his six Amshaspands, he smiled upon them and said: 'Verily, the spirit of Ahriman will be sour as curds.' But an Amshaspand that stood by, spake and questioned him: 'O Ormuzd, Pillar of Truth, what of the chieftains and the satraps, the corporals and the captains, the marshals and the majors, the admirals and the generalissimos, whom we have removed to a far place!' And Ormuzd said, 'Surely, I had forgot them.' And he sent him forth to bring tidings of them. And the Amshaspand came back and spake unto the Lord Ormuzd: 'O Ormuzd, Pestilence of Evildoers, they have fallen upon one another, and lo, there is not one left!'

"Thus, O people, did Ormuzd the Delectable, overcome the deceitfulness of Ahriman, Companion of Basilisks, as it is written in the Zend-Avesta, the sacred chronicles of the strife of twelve thousand years."

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCV—AT NIGHT

(This was written in the era that is gone. No hack wakes any street nowadays, only the joyriding motor or the "owl" jitney bus. It is from Howard V. Sutherland's "Songs of a City," the city being our own.)

By Howard V. Sutherland

The streets are deserted, the city is still,
Its hours of rest have begun;
The fog from the ocean is heavy and chill—
A clock strikes the hour of one.

A peanut man pushes his truck to the Coast,
A hack wakes a neighboring street;
A desolate dog, with a sniff of a ghost,
Comes hungrily up to my feet.

A couple of Chinamen pass me in file,
And presently, into the light,
A castaway comes with her lip-weary smile
And a heart that is cold as the night.

# The Spectator

### A Reticent Senator

Senator Nick Beban came down from Sacramento last Saturday to spend the week-end in San Francisco. He was met at the ferry by the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. Now when Nick is not working as a statesman for the machine he is working as a wharfinger on the Front, where the clockwinder became one of his most intimate friends.

"Ah," said the clockwinder as they met, "I'm glad you came down, Senator, I wanted to have a chat with you about that insurance deal."

Senator Beban at once assumed an air that congealed the atmosphere.

"Here, Nick, none of that stuff for me," said the clockwinder. "I'm standing for you all the time. I don't care if you switched, but I want the low down. How did it happen? Did Rolla get you—eh—what? And how?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Nothing. Just looking for information. I'm curious about Rolla Virtuous Watt. There's a man full of good Christian principles. He's always for pure politics and honest government, and he used to be president of the Y. M. C. A. Of course he's in the insurance trust, but that's business. Now I'd like to know how he worked it."

"Worked what?"

"Worked you—after you gave your word to William F. Humphrey, and told him that you had no use for Watt. Did Rolla give you the high sign? Or did he pray with you, or sing hymns with you? How did you come to vote for the predatory interests?"

'That's my business," the Senator exclaimed. He was red with anger.

"Of course it's your business, but they are going to recall you, and so I wanted to talk it—"

"Wha—at? Recall me?"

"So I hear." And the clockwinder started off with his key on his shoulder, leaving the Senator dumfounded.

### Promoting a Strike

"I wonder," said Fair Commissioner Rowell as he put both feet on the table, thus beginning his day's work, "I wonder whether we are going to have another street car strike."

"Well," said the clockwinder, "the situation is getting serious."

"How serious?" Rowell asked.

"As serious as Jim and Andy can make it. Four weeks ago there were three street car men in the union. All of them had been discharged from the United Railroads, and immediately two hundred men applied for the jobs. The three were joined by a walking delegate from Seattle —one of the kind that walks from city to city to pull off strikes. The four called on Andy Gallagher and pointed out that the United Railroads paid lower wages than the city. Andy was quick to see the terrible injustice, and he went to see his friend Older to talk it over. Older wrote it up as a big sensation. A strike he said was imminent. Something would happen if the street cars were not unionized. Another man joined the union. He was from Kansas. About this time Mayor Rolph took hold of the thing to avert a catastrophe, and immediately the union grew. Now it has ten members, and if Jim and Andy can keep the agitation up by holding conferences at the City Hall we ought to have a strike before the campaign opens. But the men on the street cars are stubborn. They refuse to join the union. It will probably be necessary to beat a little common sense into them. A few broken bones may do a lot of good."

"I'm afraid the strike might hurt business," said Rowell.

"There you go!" exclaimed the clockwinder. "You talk like Rosenthal the shoe merchant. It can hurt business without hurting you."

"I wonder if this sort of things helps Rolph?"

"I'm afraid not. Folks are beginning to see that the business man in office always bids for the labor vote and that the labor man in office is interested principally in keeping men at work. I mean of course a labor man who is not a congenital disturber."

"Do you mean Galla—"

"Don't ask too many questions, Chester."

### A Talk With Ruef

Last Sunday the clockwinder took a trip to San Quentin to visit his old friend Abe Ruef. "Abe," he said, after shaking hands with the imprisoned boss, "I've noticed that your friend Older has quit palavering up the Governor. What's the low down?"

"How should I know?" Abe exclaimed. "I don't get much of the low down over here. Why don't you ask our former Chief Justice, Matt Ignatius, or Al McCabe, or Cullinan, or Hickey? They know."

"Yes," said the water front philosopher, "they know, but they won't tell. I've been trying to solve the puzzle myself, and I've been wondering whether it's because the Administration has gone back on Labor. Older doesn't dare boost anybody that falls down on the unions."

"Do you mean to say that the Governor has fallen down on Labor?" Ruef asked.

"I think," said the clockwinder, "that he is merely leaning up against the corporate interests like a hog to a post. Oh, a great change has come over our Governor, Abe. He is now a conservative, and he is looking out for the business interests. His boys in the Legislature aren't giving the unions a look-in at this session."

"I'm astonished," said Ruef.

"There are others, Abe. I'm astonished myself. I've often thought that you went the wrong way about it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you ought to have started in as a reformer."

"Don't you think," Ruef asked, "that Johnson is an efficient Governor?"

GOLDEN STATE
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CHAMPAGNE

"GRAND PRIX"
TURIN, ITALY
1911

"GRAND PRIX"
GHENT, BELGIUM
1913

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"The most efficient we ever had. Look at the commissions he has given us for the sake of efficiency. And he hasn't finished yet. We're going to have a Vegetable Market Commission with a director at a salary of five thousand and a secretary at thirty-six hundred. The objection to you machine politicians was that you were pikers. Good government comes high. The people know that, and when taxes are low the people know they're not being governed right. The people love Johnson, and if he could get a special election to put that non-partisan bill through they'd elect him to the Senate. That's why he wants to put it through—to make it easy for the people."

### In Defense of Heney

Again Ruef expressed his astonishment. "I thought," he said, "that Mr. Heney was going to run for the Senate again."

"So he is," said the clockwinder. "And he's a very capable man, with a good many friends, and when the people's interests are involved Frank is not to be guided by a bothersome conscience. Did you hear what he did the other day?"

"No," said Ruef, "what did he do?"

"He went out against Spring Valley and exposed the tough deal the company was putting through. Now you know Frank was once the attorney for the company, so he ought to know a lot about it. I've heard some criticism of him, flubdub about the relation of attorney and client, and the indecency of a lawyer who turns on a client after pocketing a fee—all rot of course. It's the man who can do a thing like that that makes a hit with the dear people. That's one reason why I like to see the dear people get it in the neck from their darling reformers. They like to see a man heneying it through life, but when he does to them what they love to see him do unto others they get awful hot about it."

"Aren't you a little harsh on reformers?" Ruef asked.

Solemnly the clockwinder made reply: "As between reformers and the dear people who vote for reformers," he said, "I'm neutral."

### "The Falling Rocket"

In one of the two rooms devoted to Whistler in the Palace of Fine Arts there is a little picture described in the catalogue as "3635. The Falling Rocket. Lent by Samuel Untermeyer, Esq." In the eyes of those who have learned to appreciate Whistler, who rejoice in his "mental qualities of alertness and emancipation," it is a very beautiful picture. It represents a night scene or "nocturne" in those departed Cremorne Gardens by Thames side in Chelsea which Whistler was so fond of painting. Aside from its great artistic worth, however, this picture possesses an adventitious interest. "The Falling Rocket" made Whistler notorious and made him a bankrupt. It brought him a farthing in damages from John Ruskin. It led him to vindicate his artistic aims in one of the most fascinating books ever written, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Viewed in its ultimate effects upon his career it may be called the most important picture he ever painted.

### Ruskin's Onslaught

Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold—The Falling Rocket" was first exhibited in October, 1875, at the Winter exhibition of the Dudley Gallery in London. No doubt it attracted attention, but it created no sensation. The critics all but ignored it. In May, 1877, Whistler sent it to the loan exhibition at the Grosvenor. This was an important exhibition at which artists showed their work by invitation only. All the critics of London had to have their say about the pictures at the Grosvenor. Among the critics who went there was John Ruskin. At that time John Ruskin was "the stuffed prophet" of British art criticism. He was not the Ruskin of former years; his powers had failed, his mind was impaired, and the homage of the thousands who accepted his lightest word on art as the infallible truth had rendered him arrogant, unreasonable and unjust. Ruskin did not like Whistler to begin with. He looked at the "Nocturne in Black and Gold," and his gorge rose. He was, as the Pennells say in their Life of Whistler, "blind to the beauty and to the mastery of the painter." And so in Fors Clavigera, the publication wherein he pontificated on art and artists he wrote these never-to-be-forgotten lines:

"I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

### The Suit for Libel

Whistler first saw this brutal attack in the smoking room at the Arts Club, and he remarked to his friend Boughton:

"It is the most debased style of criticism I have had thrown at me yet."

"Sounds rather like libel," Boughton suggested.

"Well, that I shall try to find out," was Whistler's reply.

And so began the famous case which Whistler described as a controversy "between the brush and the pen." Almost to a man the artists deserted Whistler and arrayed themselves on Ruskin's side. They had secretly envied and hated "the Yankee," and here was their chance!

"They all hoped they could drive me out of the country, or kill me!" said Whistler. "And if I hadn't had the constitution of a Government mule, they would."

"It's nuts and nectar to me," wrote Ruskin when he heard that Whistler had commenced action for libel. But as Joseph Pennell has said, "nuts and nectar turned into gall and vinegar."

### Defining a Nocturne

Of course the trial attracted a great deal of attention. Whistler's eccentricities of dress and pose, his reputation for sharp wit and the high standing in the art community of both the principals and their witnesses brought throngs to the court room. Ruskin was ill and could not appear, but strangely enough his deposition was not even taken.

When Whistler went on the stand he was asked whether he had sold any Nocturnes since the Ruskin article had appeared, and he replied quite truthfully:

"Not by any means at the same price as before."

He also gave this definition of a Nocturne:

"I have perhaps meant rather to indicate an artistic interest alone in the work, divesting the picture from any outside sort of interest which might have been otherwise attached to it. It is an arrangement of line, form and color first, and

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I make use of any incident of it which shall bring about a symmetrical result. Among my works are some night pieces; and I have chosen the word Nocturne because it generalises and simplifies the whole set of them." "It is an artistic arrangement," he added.

### A Famous Colloquy

Then followed this interchange:

Attorney General: Can you tell me how long it took you to knock off that Nocturne?

Whistler: I beg your pardon?

Attorney General: I am afraid that I am using a term that applies rather perhaps to my own work.

Whistler: Let us say then, how long did I take to—'knock off,' I think that is it—to knock off that Nocturne. Well, as well as I remember, about a day. I may have still put a few more touches to it the next day if the painting were not dry. I had better say then, that I was two days at work on it.

Attorney General: The labor of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?

Whistler: No; I ask it for the knowledge of a life time.

After this last reply for which every artist should feel grateful to Whistler, the Attorney General asked him, "What is the peculiar beauty of that picture?"

"It would be impossible for me to explain to you, I am afraid," Whistler answered with cutting contempt, "although I daresay I could to a sympathetic ear."

### Artists on the Stand

Rosetti was a close friend of Ruskin, but had expressed himself as thinking that Ruskin was "substantially wrong" in the Fors Clavigera attack, so he was called on behalf of Whistler. He testified that he did not like "The Falling Rocket;" that it was not a gem of art or an exquisite painting, but he added that it was a work of art and worth the price asked for it. Whistler's other witness was the painter Albert Moore who testified that it was "simply marvelous, the most consummate art." Burne-Jones, called to the stand on behalf of Ruskin, testified that "The Falling Rocket" was "one of the thousand failures that artists have made in their efforts to paint night." Frith of the Royal Academy and Tom Taylor, the art critic of the Times, also upheld Ruskin. During the course of the trial the picture in question was shown to the jury—upside down! A number of other Whistler Nocturnes were also shown to the twelve art critics in the box, and then a portrait by Titian was passed to them in illustration of what Burne-Jones had said about the "finish" of a painting. One of the jurors looked at the Titian and said:

"Oh come, we have had enough of these Whistlers!"

The others agreed, thus showing that none on the jury could tell a Titian from a Whistler.

### A Farthing in Damages

A verdict of one farthing was returned for Whistler. He accepted it and made a drawing of the coin for "The Gentle Art." Ruskin's costs were paid by popular subscription, but poor Whistler had neither money nor a popular following, so he had to go through bankruptcy. Whistler regarded the outcome of the trial as a moral triumph, and that is the view that the world of art has come to take of the matter. He had vindicated the purely artistic side of art, and the liberty of the artist to do what was right in his artistic eyes. Shortly afterwards he published his satirical pamphlet "Whistler v. Ruskin: Art v. Art Critics" in which he wittily upheld the inability of the public or the critics to have any ideas about art worth considering. It was in this pamphlet, the first document of what afterwards became "The Gentle Art" that he answered those who justified Ruskin on the low grounds, "Il faut vivre" by the crushing "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité." Another of his quips in this work is: "A life passed among pictures makes not a painter—else the policeman in the National Gallery might assert himself."

### Sold to Untermeyer

Of "The Falling Rocket" there is not much more to be said. Whistler was fond of it, and once said enthusiastically:

"It is the finest thing that ever was done. Critics pitch into it. But bring tots, idiots, imbeciles, blind men, children, anything but Englishmen or Ruskin here, and of course they know."

In 1892 it was sold to Samuel Untermeyer for eight hundred guineas, four times the price to which Ruskin had objected; and Whistler said he wished Ruskin could know it had been valued at "four pots of paint." It is safe to say that Mr. Untermeyer through whose kindness it is shown at the Fair would not part with it for many more "pots of paint" than four.

### What Tommy Thinks of Us

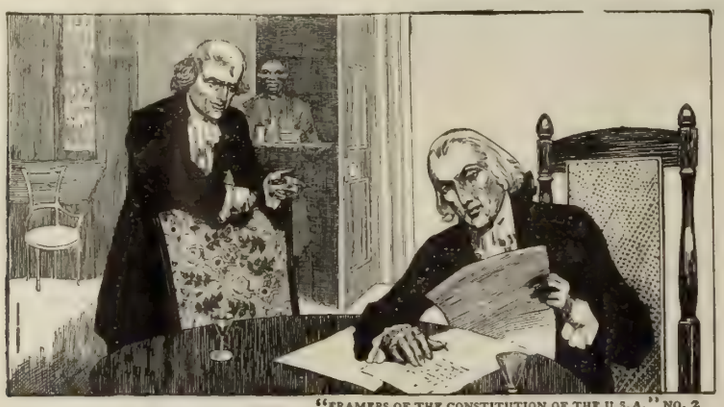
When Vice-President Marshall was asked for his opinion about the two California expositions, he answered:

"In San Francisco everything is great, impressive and astonishing, but I always felt as if I were in the midst of a moving-picture performance. At San Diego I felt at home, at grandfather's and grandmother's home, with all the sweet memories of home."

All that it is necessary to add is that the Vice-President was the Charles Chaplin of the movie he mentions.

### Apologia Pro Markham

A correspondent who hides his identity under the signature "Poeticus" takes me to task for speaking disrespectfully of the poetry of Edwin Markham. He regards my slighting reference to "The Man with the Hoe" as little short of blasphemy, and strongly urges me to read "The Shoes of Happiness," declaring that it is an epoch-

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 2

## James Madison—"Father of the Constitution"

THE FOURTH PRESIDENT of the United States considered it a greater honor to be declared the Father of the Constitution than to have been elected twice to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. No more ardent, intelligent, far-sighted and constant student of governmental problems ever lived than Madison. They were his life-long passion. He it was who labored with all his gigantic ability and indomitable will to have deeply imbedded in our National law those vital principles which forever guarantee to all Americans Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. In private life he was genial and social—yet temperate. Many a foaming glass of good barley-malt beer he drank with his bosom friend Thomas Jefferson—"Father of the Declaration of Independence." Madison died at 85 and Jefferson at 83; both were unalterably opposed to tyrannous Prohibition Laws, and advocated legislation which encouraged the brewing industry. Upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A., to which Madison devoted the best of his genius, Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. Today 7500 people are daily required to produce and market their honest brews. Their chief brand, the famous BUDWEISER, is sold throughout the civilized world—the drink of your forefathers—the drink of the noblest men who ever lived—the drink of the great triumphant nations. BUDWEISER sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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making volume. He also sends me what he calls Markham's "latest," explaining that it was written for the Press Club's Annual Scoop. The "latest" (for which Poeticus professes the highest admiration) runs as follows:

Who puts back in its place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the God's abode.

**Rhymed Piffle**

All I can say is that I don't think much of Markham's "latest," so kindly called to my attention by "Poetic Cuss." "The Man with the Hoe" was piffle in blank verse; this is rhymed piffle. When I first read the introductory line I felt a momentary excitement, for it flashed across my mind that Markham was taking a smash at the Prohibitionists. Finding however that the "fallen bar" was not that kind of a bar I was disappointed. This is the sort of so-called poetry that has been very popular with certain sexless intellects, freemartins in the realm of rhyme, ever since the transcendent importance of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before was impressed upon the dwellers of Bromidia by Samuel Smiles and other philosophers of his school. It is typical Markhamese, which is to say that it is calculated to inspire those giant intellects that thrill to the message of a Ralph Waldo Trine or an Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It is Emerson-and-water, denatured Whitman. Those whose little world was rocked to its foundation by the series of questions Markham fired at the Millet picture doubtless find new stimulus for "service" in such quatrains, but why should they ask us to view them as poetry?

**The Apostle of Complacence**

One of these days I am going to give "The Shoes of Happiness" the "once-over" as we say on Parnassus, and determine to my own satisfaction whether these shoon of felicity be such buskins as become the feet of a lord of language. One effort extracted from the volume I have seen. It is entitled "Earth Is Enough," and it ambles thus:

We men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every-day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

Here we have the same Markhamese patter as in the quatrain submitted by "Poetic Cuss." Such phrases as "the central star," "the Unfulfilled" and "Eternity in time" are very handy makeshifts for the foggy bards who think they are thinking when as a matter of fact their heads are swimming. There is more thought packed into one line of Coleridge or Keats than in ten volumes of such versicular cant. If they mean anything, these lines mean that Markham is an exceedingly complacent minstrel with no spiritual aspirations. No sort of complacence is compatible with poetry. Let Edwin read Francis Thompson or Alice Meynell and glimpse the truth that earth is not enough. But I'd wager a pair of brogans against the "shoes of happiness" that Markham doesn't understand these poets.

**Pictures in the Park**

These be busy days in art circles. What with the opening of new rooms in the Palace of Fine Arts, the show in the Park Museum and the exhibitions in the private galleries down town, the art lover is in danger of finding himself "fed up" with pictures, as Ruggles used to say before he settled in Red Gap. "I'm sick of seeing pictures," Bruce Nelson said to me the other day; "and I'm going down to Monterey to paint some for a change." I know just how Nelson feels about it; but there are still lots of intelligent, cultivated people in this city who are a long way from picture satiety. I refer to the people who have not acquired the gallery habit, who do not know how much they would increase their enjoyment of life if they got into the way of spending a half-hour or so in this, that or the other gallery once or twice a week. The indications are that a great many people indeed are laying the foundation of this habit at the Park Museum as well as at the Palace of Fine Arts. Interest in art is being stimulated in San Francisco just now, and I know of nothing on which we should so congratulate ourselves. The numbers who attend the Park show, for instance, are really surprising.

**The Note of Sincerity**

This exhibition of Californian painters shows one thing conclusively, namely that we have a large body of sincere painters in this State. Some of the work is very good; some of it is very bad. That is inevitable in such a show. But in looking at the work one cannot help feeling that in nearly all instances it is the work of men and women striving very hard to express something that they regard as very important. The good intention won't save a bad picture if it happens to be the work of an established painter; but the case is different when a beginner joins sincerity to crudity. His crudity may be overcome, and a sincere attitude toward his work is one of the indispensable aids for that. The sympathetic visitor at the Park Museum will find himself held time and time again by the work of beginners,

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and his feeling will be that though these may fail to achieve it won't be for want of trying their hardest. There is, in other words, promise for the future of our art in this show. As for the present, it is represented by Rollo Peters with some of his most poetical moonlights, by Martinez with his splendid "Bridge," his "Piedmont Hills" and others, by Cadenasso with his "Pool," by Piazzoni, by Wores, Hinkle, Sparks, Miss Bremer, the Bests and plenty of others. And the past is represented by Julian Rix and the ever popular Keith.

### Some Fine Monotypes

If there can be, strictly speaking, an artistic sensation I should say that the sensation in art circles just now is the exhibition of monotypes which Clark Hobart of Monterey is making in one of the Sutter street galleries. All the artists have been to see it, and all of them have a word of praise. Martinez, McComas, Piazzoni, Bruce Nelson and Anna Bremer are a few of those who are singing Clark Hobart's praises. The general opinion is that this painter has "found himself" in this monotype work which gives rein to the idealizing tendency of his nature. If you associate monotony and monotypes this exhibition will open your eyes, for this painter has an imagination that interests itself in a wide variety of subjects and he has carried the use of color to lengths which would be daring were he not perfectly justified by the result. It is a fascinating exhibition, and it had not been open more than a day or so before Hobart was asked to send some monotypes to the Palace of Fine Arts.

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| Other U. S. Bonds at par | 100,000.00 |
| Other Bonds | 3,932,913.16 |
| Other Assets | 399,922.00 |
| Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit | 1,040,123.32 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange | 10,726,130.26 |
| | $37,585,688.72 |

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| | |
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| Capital Stock | $ 4,000,000.00 |
| Surplus | 1,500,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 427,273.20 |
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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Mrs. Spreckels' Studio

Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels has opened a studio. It is not a studio to paint in, although Mrs. Spreckels paints a little now and then for her own amusement; it is a studio to exhibit works of art in, and throughout the rest of this year it will be the chief theatre of Mrs. Spreckels' philanthropic activities. Her last long sojourn in Paris brought Mrs. Spreckels into contact with many noted artists. That sojourn was important for San Francisco because it led to Mrs. Spreckels' acquisition for this city of the finest group of Rodin statuary in the world. That sojourn was also important for the artists and their families, for when the war broke out Mrs. Spreckels was seized with a fine impulse to do what she could in mitigation of its horrors. News came to her week after week of artists who had gone to the battle front, leaving behind them wives and children, or mothers and sisters, ill provided for, artists being, as we all know, just as "absent-minded beggars" as soldiers. So Mrs. Spreckels conceived the idea of supplying some part of the funds these helpless non-combatants were so sorely in need of. The idea took an added impetus when further news told that many of these helpless ones had suffered the supreme sorrow which war inflicts on those who send their men-folk to the fight. In the execution of the plans born of that idea Mrs. Spreckels' studio at 2042 Vallejo street near Laguna will play a conspicuous part.

### A Fascinating Place

The fine old house has been artistically fitted up, and is now on the way to becoming a most fascinating place. When you enter the big room to the left of the entrance hall your attention is intrigued by an array of autographed photos of distinguished men. Here is Flammarion, here is Metchnikoff, here is Rodin, here is Nansen, and any number of others. Crossing the hall you stop to admire a copy of the Bayeux Tapestry, autographed by Mme. Debussy. Entering the room on the right you find the walls covered with a superb collection of twenty drawings by Rodin, those careless yet masterly sculptoresque drawings of his which artists value as they value the sketches of Leonardo da Vinci. Charles L. Freer, the great patron of art, saw this collection of sketches the other day and valued them offhand at twenty-five thousand dollars. On the mantelpiece is a striking head of Rodin in bronze, the work of Camille Claudel, the unhappy sculptress who played an important part in Rodin's earlier life. In the center of this room is to be placed within a short time Rodin's great "Genius of War," a magnificent group which is to enter deeply into Mrs. Spreckels' philanthropic plans. In the room beyond—a music and tea room—the walls are covered with photographic reproductions of Rodin's most celebrated works. In one of the upper rooms Mrs. Spreckels is assembling with the aid of Maurice Del Mue a collection of characteristic works by California's most representative painters. In another she is gathering together tapestries, bronzes, vases and other beautiful things of Chinese and Japanese workmanship. Another room will be filled with de luxe books by famous authors inscribed by their own hands. Here too will be shown Mrs. Spreckels' collection of dolls of all nations, a very complete and very interesting display. To this last collection as well as to her general assemblage of objects of art the Foreign Commissioners to the World's Fair have contributed articles representative of the nations by which they are accredited. Altogether this whole studio is to house a wonderful collection of works of art and vertu, some from Mrs. Spreckels' private collection, others for sale.

### In the Cause of Charity

The funds raised in this studio are to be devoted for the most part, as I have already indicated, to the helpless relations of artists who have gone to the front, but more especially to the widows and orphans of those who have laid down their lives. In the prosecution of this charitable purpose Mrs. Spreckels hopes to rely principally upon a scheme she has thought out in connection with Rodin's great group "The Genius of War." The scheme is to sell numbered photographs of this piece of statuary—a million if possible—and later on to hold a raffle as part of a grand bazaar, the winning number to bring the holder the great piece of statuary itself, or in lieu of that, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. Half of the money raised by this raffle is to be given to the war relief fund, the other half is to be dedicated to the erection of a suitable museum to house the Rodins which Mrs. Spreckels is to present to the city of San Francisco. It is an ambitious project, and it has yet to be worked out in detail, but Mrs. Spreckels feels confident that it can be carried through. If the courage and enthusiasm of Mrs. Spreckels are properly responded to, it certainly can. All the money derived from the sale of Chinese and Japanese things will go to the war relief fund. So will all the money from the sale of a large edition of three beautifully illustrated works, the "Works of Rodin," the "History of Painting" in two volumes by Armand Dayot of the Beaux Arts and "The Cathedrals of France." Half of the money from the sale of paintings by Californians will go to the war relief fund; the other half will go to the painters themselves.

### The Wyatt Dancers

I believe that all who saw the little pupils of Miss Ida Wyatt dance at the Exposition on May Day will agree that the small tribute I paid that modest woman last week was well earned. A much better tribute was the dancing of the youngsters which filled the spectators with enthusiasm, and won for Miss Wyatt the recognition of Mayor Rolph who took occasion to introduce her to the throng. Two of the dancers—little Eveline Cavagnaro and Marguerite Strehl, tots of eight or nine—gave a notable performance. The former is a wonderful toe dancer, and in her Russian dances she is a miniature Pavlowa. Little Miss Strehl is an Oriental dancer with all the graces of a girl from Bagdad.

### Quentin Tod in New York

Quentin Tod, Mlle. Louise La Gai's erstwhile dancing partner, is appearing in a musical comedy called "Nobody Home" at the Princess Theatre, New York. Lawrence Grossmith is the star of the piece, and Adele Rowland and Charles Judels, both of whom we know here, are in the cast. "Toddy" as his intimates call him, dances with Helen Clark, and their footing is one of the hits of the piece. One of the best things about "Nobody Home," according to one of the critics, is a scene in the second act designed by Elsie de Wolfe. The production at the Princess is backed by Elizabeth Marbury, a pal of Elsie de Wolfe and of Ann Morgan, the late Pierpont Morgan's daughter. Miss Marbury is also managing the Vernon Castles, so she must have her hands full.

### A Hawaiian Dinner at Plaza

The most beautiful function yet given at the Hotel Plaza was the Hawaiian dinner dance given by Chief Justice Robertson of Honolulu in the American Beauty dining room. This was a farewell dinner as Chief Justice and Mrs. Robertson sailed for Honolulu on Wednesday. The decorations were a combination of Hawaiian and American. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Monsarrat, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Shurtleff, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wores, all of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Knowles of Oakland and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Beckley and Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Campbell of Honolulu. The table was decorated with a huge bank of moss out of which seemed to grow thickly California baby roses interspersed with American Beauties and ferns. Peeping out from under the ferns were tiny electric lights of rainbow colors. A special dinner was served of ten courses, some of the more elaborate being Hawaiian dishes. A Hawaiian orchestra including Hawaiian singers, furnished the music for the entire evening to the delight of all the guests of the Hotel Plaza, as they played in the music balcony overlooking the lobby which was filled. Before the dinner was half over the dancing be-


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gan and included many semi-Hawaiian and Spanish steps of such grace as has not been seen on the modern dancing floor in years. The dancing kept up until after midnight. A large party went down to the steamer on Wednesday to wish Judge Robertson and Mrs. Robertson bon voyage, and filled their stateroom with California blossoms.

**Guests at the Somerton**

Mrs. Doorthy Gore of Los Angeles gave an informal luncheon Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel Somerton. Covers were laid for eight. Mrs. Gore will remain for two weeks. The Misses Genevieve, Emeline and Lucile Keys have given a number of informal parties at the Exposition. They are guests at the Somerton from their home in Suisun. Among the distinguished guests is Mrs. Alice Harrington of an aristocratic family of Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Harrington came west for the Exposition and will stay all summer. Mrs. F. B. Lockwood and her daughter Miss F. M. Lockwood of Chicago are enthusiastic over the Exposition. They occupy an attractive apartment at the Somerton. Maurice B. Lawler came up this week from his home in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Anderson of Lynn, Mass., are sojourning here. Monday evening they gave a dinner of twelve covers in the private dining room. Miss E. Lees of Philadelphia arrived this week and will stay during the month of May. Ensign Robert W. Cary of the U. S. navy is registered.

**The Tavern Cake Walks**

The Cake Walk contest at Techau Tavern last week was won by the Tavern favorites Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote, late of the Ruth St. Denis company, who were promptly challenged by another couple to a contest which has been running twice a day all this week and will be decided on Saturday night. The first Cake Walk takes place each evening at 7:30, the second after the theatre hour. The amount of applause received by each couple during the week will determine the winners. And certainly there has been no lack of applause. This old-time attraction has proved wonderfully popular and the managerment of the Tavern is to be congratulated on reviving so fascinating a form of entertainment. Meanwhile the Candy Dances go on as usual and each evening many art boxes of Foster and Orear's delicious candies are presented to the ladies. Wednesday, Carnival Night, still brings great throngs to the cafe and the enjoyment derived from the bags of fun-making souvenirs is as genuine as ever. The bags presented to ladies also contain miniature bottles of Colgate's famous perfumery (made in U. S. A.).

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# Gossip of the Theatre

### An Underworld Thriller

"The Man Who Dared" is the feature act at Pantages this week. It shows in few words and a short time how hard it is for a young girl to break away from the underworld. The name itself tells the story, for any man who marries a girl once an inmate of the Coast, knowing it and expecting to live a happy life, is certainly daring. Four people present the act, Will Raymond as Hunt, The Man Who Dared; C. L. Adams as Oliver Harding, a lawyer; Tom Loftus as Big Martin to whom Nan was giving her earnings; and Meta Marskey as Anna Sterling or Nan. Nan goes to Oliver whom she knew in the underworld, to get his advice as to whether she shall marry or not. His answer is yes. He does not know who the man is. Meanwhile Hunt, also a friend of Harding, appears in the office and tells him that he is the prospective bridegroom. Harding tries to get him to break off the engagement but in vain. Big Martin, missing the girl's earnings, goes to Harding's office and tries to force her back to the bad life. Harding, knowing the pull Big Martin has with the police, sends him after a detective and has Hunt hold the girl until the detective shall arrive. When Martin leaves Harding sends the couple out the side door and wishes them the best of luck. Such is "The Man Who Dared." Mr. and Mrs. Harold Grady make their latest dances pleasing with their grace and team work. Neal Abel, known in the theatrical world as The Man with the Mobile Face, was well liked for his coon jokes. The fun was in the way he got them off, not in the jokes. Nat Leffingwell and Marion Gale, appearing in "The Sleepwalker," show how scandal starts. Marion as the sleepwalker walks into a bachelor's apartments at three a. m. and wakes up. A chorus of eight pretty girls under the name of Eight Forget-Me-Nots do a good singing and dancing act. The Versatile Harmony Five in "A Cabaret Revue" with their ragtime music had the public humming all their songs. A Keystone comedy adds to the pleasure of the evening. —The Second Nighter.

### "Sari" at the Cort

With music that enchants, a cast that charms, headed by the delightful little comedienne Mizzi Hajos, comedy that keeps the audience laughing, futurist gowns that are the very latest word in feminine fashions and its own special orchestra, "Sari," Henry W. Savage's latest operetta triumph, comes to the Cort on Sunday night for fifteen nights and the usual matinees. Its music was composed by Emmerich Kalman, the most gifted of the younger Viennese composers, and contains all the fire and verve, lilt and comedy which won him his position. There are song hits galore. There is the hilarious, infectious Hungarian folk-dance, the Hazazaa which kept New York in laughing good humor all last season and half of this. It is the funniest dance ever sent to America. "Sari" was performed for two years in every capital and every large city of Europe before coming to New York. There it duplicated its European triumph. Some American critics joined with those of Europe in pronouncing "Sari" a better operetta than "The Merry Widow" which was also produced by Savage. The chorus is one of the largest and most brilliant ever sent out. The big special orchestra which is a feature of every Savage light opera, contains the little known Hungarian cymballum and is directed by Chevalier Spirescu. The comedy of the original book has been heightened and Americanized by C. C. S. Cushing and E. P. Heath. The story concerns the triumph of youth over age in both love and art.

### "This Way Out" at Alcazar

With a number of new features Kolb and Dill in "This Way Out," the brilliant musical comedy success written especially for them by Frank M. Stammers, will enter upon their sixth week at the Alcazar, with no sign of abatement of interest on the part of local theatregoers. The strangers in town are finding their way to the pretty O'Farrell street playhouse where nightly the two German comedians and their big company of merrymakers are playing to capacity audiences in what has been voted by press and public alike as one of the best shows that has ever been brought to this city. There seems to be no other reason for this latest success of Kolb and Dill except that they have discovered what the public wants and are giving it to them in goodly doses. Certainly they have lived up to their advance promises of offering a clean, bright, new and up-to-date show, with good principals, bewitching girls, merry comedians, melodious tunes, snappy dances and gorgeous costuming. The Thursday and Saturday matinees of "This Way Out" have become very popular.

### Pavlowa Ballet Season

Anna Pavlowa, the greatest of all great dancers, and her complete Imperial Russian Ballet and Grand Orchestra, will open a limited season of performances at the Cort on Monday night, May 24. As this will be the first time Pavlowa has been able to secure a downtown theatre a record-breaking season may be expected. Among the stars of the company are Alexander Volinine who was here as co-star with Adeline Genee; Ivan Clustine, for many years the chief producer with the St. Petersburg and Moscow Opera House Ballets and recently stage director of the "Saisons de Ballet Russe" at the Paris Grand Opera; Mlle. Plaskovietzka, the blonde beauty who created such a sensation two years ago as the leading figure in Schubert's "Moment Musicale;" Mlle. Kuhn, the character danseuse; and Mlle. Svirskai, a special feature dancer who is making her first tour with the organization. Theo. Stier will as usual conduct the splendid Pavlowa orchestra, this being his eighth season with the queen of dancers. Among the dance-

LEW DOCKSTADER

As "Teddy" in "My Policies" next week at the Orpheum

plays to be given are "Puppen-Free" (The Fairy Doll), music by Beyer and scenery and costumes designed by the Russian artist Dobounsky; "Raymonde," a two-act ballet with music by Glazounow; the complete "Walpurgis Night Scene" from Gounod's "Faust;" the ballet-drama "Amarylla" with music by Tschaikowsky and Drigo; "The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King," music by Spendiarow and scenery by Boris Anisfeld; and the mythological ballet "Fora's Awakening," music by Drigo and exquisite scenery and costumes by Rothenstein of London. At each performance there will be important groups of "Divertissements" including many numbers never before seen in this country, and of course no Pavlowa season would be complete without some performances of the "Bacchanale," "Valse Caprice," "The Swan," "Moment Musicale" and other exquisite creations identified with Pavlowa. Manager Will Greenbaum, special representative of the Pavlowa Company, assures us that the offerings will be more varied and beautiful than ever before. Full announcements regarding the scale of prices, etc., will be made next week.

**The Boston Symphony**

Next Friday evening will witness the first of a series of twelve concerts to be given at Festival Hall by the world-famous Boston Symphony Orchestra and it is safe to say that the magnificent and spacious auditorium (in which a balcony seating nearly 1000 people has just been completed) will house an audience worthy of the occasion when Dr. Muck raises his baton over the hundred artists of the organization. Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, won his title of doctor after three years' hard work in the Universities of Heidelberg and Leipsic. In his career in Europe he has been drawn into court circles and is a close friend of the German Emperor. As general music director of the Royal Theatres of Prussia he is a member of the Imperial Court. Felix Weingartner, the great German conductor, said in Boston last winter that Muck was absolutely the most conscientious man he had ever known. He leaves nothing to chance when it comes to musical performances, but everything is worked out elaborately in rehearsal. There will be four afternoon performances during the series, on Saturdays and Sundays, and seats for all concerts may be obtained at 343 Powell street, where mail orders, addressed to W. H. Leahy and accompanied by check, will receive prompt attention.

**Chauncey Olcott's Second Week**

Chauncey Olcott's second and final week at the Columbia begins Sunday night. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays. "The Heart of Paddy Whack," Olcott's present vehicle, has delighted his vast following in San Francisco and it has been said that not in the years he has been an annual visitor here has he had a more satisfactory comedy than the one he is now presenting. Rachel Crother's work in "Young Wisdom," "The Three of Us" and "A Man's World" attested her ability to write both humor and sentiment and in this romance of an Irish bachelor she has put much that is tender and many lines that brim over with fun. As "O'Malley," the middle-aged barrister of the small Irish town, Mr. Olcott has an entirely new sort of role and one which permits of him doing fine work as an actor. Torn between conflicting love and duty, "O'Malley" is an appealing figure and the quaint Celtic atmosphere which surrounds him makes the comedy of real interest. It is a love story with its scenes laid in an Irish town in 1830, with many of its characters the humorous types of Celtic rural life. Henry Miller has mounted and costumed "The Heart of Paddy Whack" handsomely and has given the play a cast of notable excellence. Chauncey Olcott's songs this season have pleased mightily and the quartet of new ones includes "A Little Bit of Heaven," "A Broth of a Boy," "Irish Eyes of Love" and an exquisite song poem with words by the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar and music by Ernest Ball.

**John Drew Coming**

That distinguished player John Drew is to come to the Columbia for a two weeks' engagement, beginning Monday night, May 17, in his greatest success "Rosemary," which has been revived this season by Charles Frohman. Nineteen years ago Mr. Drew produced "Rosemary" in New York City at the Empire Theater, and the play was used by him for two years. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson wrote "Rosemary," and as "Sir Jasper Thorndyke," playgoers have an opportunity to see Mr. Drew once again in a romantic part rather than the "drawing room" type with which he has been associated for the last few years.

**The Kohler and Chase Matinee**

The program for the regular weekly Matinee of Music under the auspices of Kohler and Chase this Saturday afternoon again presents a selection of exquisite gems of musical literature presented by first-class artists. The soloist of the occasion will be Mme. Winifred June de Grassi, wife of the eminent violin virtuoso Antonio de Grassi. Mme. de Grassi has devoted much of her time in recent years to the study of song and has attained new prominence in that phase of musical art. She possesses a beautiful lyric soprano and sings with an intelligence and poetic insight only to be found in one who has had a broad

ANNA PAVLOWA

Peerless dancer who will bring her big Imperial Russian Ballet to the Cort Theatre on May 24

musical education. Mme. de Grassi is also a most accomplished violinist, having received her education under Sevcik. There will also be a series of pianistic numbers rendered on the Knabe player piano by Mr. Vargas who is an expert on the instrument. He will play selections from the semi-classic and salon type of compositions and will also accompany Mme. de Grassi in her songs. Mr. Vargas has made a deep study of the possibilities of the player piano and has become so proficient on the instrument that his work is hardly different from that of a pianist.

**Lew Dockstader at Orpheum**

Lew Dockstader, the foremost minstrel comedian in the world, will head the Orpheum bill next week, appearing as "Teddy" in a monologue called "My Policies" which is a good-tempered satire both in make-up and speech of the most strenuous of our ex-Presidents. Tom Lewis, conspicuous among American comedians for having to his credit a remarkably long list of successes, will appear in a one-act comedy by Tom Barry called "Brother Fans." George Damerel of "Merry Widow" fame will appear in a musical, military, dramatic episode called "Ordered Home" written by Rudolph Berliner. He will be supported by an excellent company. Ideal, the world's champion lady swimmer and diver, the only person who has swam the rapids of Niagara Falls, will give an exhibition of fancy diving. Bryand Cheerbert's Marvelous Manchurians, five Chinamen, will introduce a number of unusual acrobatic and juggling feats. Stella Tracey, a dainty and clever comedienne, and Victor Stone, a most ingratiating humorist, will contribute a singing offering. Bryan Lee and Mary Cranston will present a charming little musical sketch called "Bits of Old Ireland." Lee is an Irish tenor with a sweet voice and Miss Cranston a few years ago won the thousand dollar prize offered by the New York American and San Francisco Examiner for being the most beautiful girl in this country. The only holdover will be Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in their successful sketch "Married."

MIZZI HAJOS

The charming prima donna of "Sari" at the Cort


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**Alma Tuchler at Pantages**

Friends of little Alma Grace, in private life Alma Tuchler who will be at Pantages next week, are preparing a welcome for the "girl from the Golden Gate" which will warm her heart. With Theresa Pape, Miss Grace has a dainty little singing and dancing offering which is called "The Two Dollies." Mayor Rolph has signified his intention of being present to deliver a few words of welcome to Miss Grace. Her friends are making up big theatre parties to welcome her, and there is no doubt that she will receive every friendly encouragement. She has scored all along the circuit, and her singing and dancing have been praised by all the critics. James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr, well known metropolitan stars, will present their delightful comedy playlet "High Toned Burglar's Christmas Tree." Gertrude Van Dyck and her brother will be seen in a pretty singing and piano specialty. The Reed brothers have a rollicking acrobatic number. Our old friend Tom Kelly with his big booming voice and winning personality is coming back as one of the big features. Tom holds the record on the circuit for having played that "time" consecutively more than any other performer in vaudeville. And the more the handsome baritone is seen and heard the greater is his welcome. For the incoming week Tom has arranged a brand new repertoire of ballads, a flock of fresh stories, and garbed in his always immaculate wardrobe and odd-shaped silk tile, he is bound to receive an ovation. Another attraction is Paul Perira and his six royal court musicians. Perira was master violinist to the dethroned King of Portugal.

It isn't every man who can keep his end up when he can see his finish.

Where a pretty girl is concerned it doesn't take an egotist to make eyes.


**COLUMBIA THEATRE**

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2ND AND LAST WEEK BEGINS SUNDAY, MAY 9TH
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

**CHAUNCEY OLCOTT**

In Rachel Crothers' New Comedy
"THE HEART OF PADDY WHACK"
(Henry Miller, Manager)
Seats at all performances, $1.50 to 50c
Monday, May 17—JOHN DREW in "ROSEMARY"


**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE**

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 10535; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of VINCENZO MATTEUCCI and EVELINA MATTEUCCI, Minors.

Oreste Matteucci, guardian of the person and estate of Evelina Matteucci, a minor, having this day presented to this Court and filed herein his petition duly verified praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to said minor for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and for the reinvestment of the proceeds thereof; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is expedient and would be beneficial to said minor if the said minor's interest in the real estate described in said petition be sold; now therefore,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin and all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court in the court-room thereof, department No. 10, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 1st day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 4th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Guardian,
Bank of Italy Building,
San Francisco, California. 5-8-4

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Unfortunately our family jars are never hermetically sealed.


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Commencing Monday Night, May 10th
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The change from depression and pessimism in stock market circles has been little short of marvellous, but it is worthy of note that interviews with leading men of affairs show that optimism has replaced the feeling of depression that existed in high quarters and pervades the business world as well as the speculative community. The change has been expressed in figures in Wall Street, and later on will be expressed in figures in the earnings of manufacturing and railway companies. It is evident that we are dealing with more than a matter of sentiment now, although it was the change in sentiment that brought the more substantial change in the volume of speculation and trade. It seems safe to assume now that conditions have turned the corner and that the thing that Wall Street has been counting on is now an established fact. The question for speculators to decide is whether the prices for stocks have fully discounted the change to better things and the progress back to prosperity. It is evident from a study of stock market prices that the average level of the market is hardly back to normal, without taking into consideration the abnormal that undoubtedly exists in some lines of industry and agriculture. The railway issues, for instance, have not only to discount prospects for big crops this year, but the great increase in buying power created by the receipt of abnormally high prices for last year's output of the soil. That the wheat-growing sections of the country must be prosperous goes without saying, and that another year of big crops and high prices would create prosperity there greater than ever known can be taken for granted. Yet railway issues are no higher than would be considered fair with the earnings on the basis of those during the past two years of depression, whereas the earnings will soon begin to reflect the period of prosperity into which we have entered. There were numerous predictions at the outbreak of war that capital would command high rates and therefore that investments such as railway stocks would be depressed, but the contrary has proved true of capital, so far, for the banks have an unprecedented volume of reserves and interest rates are below a normal level. It is true also that there have been some indications that public sentiment was more inclined to give the railways a fair chance and in some cases permission to increase freight rates has relieved the situation to a slight extent. It seems fair to assume that the price level of railway issues, as a rule, is not unduly high and while some of the industrials have advanced to record figures, it is know that enormous contracts with foreign Governments have been placed and that there is a large percentage of profit in them. In the case of the copper issues the demand for the metal has exhausted the supplies on hand and the producers are able to sell ahead at higher prices than have been known for years, while the outlook promises a continuance of the heavy consumption for war purposes, coincidentally with an increasing demand for domestic consumption. The future, apparently, contains the promise of so much better things for both the railway issues and the copper shares that there seems ample room for speculation even though, for the time being, the market may be comparatively quiet and perhaps experience some reaction.

**Wheat**—The wheat market has held to a steady level in the past week, there being neither great depression in the price nor excited advance. The wheat producers of this country have been sufficiently impressed with the overwhelming influences of the war upon prices, and belief is general that so long as the war continues, and until the supplies are restored to a normal basis after the war, a high price will prevail the world over. The only important supply of wheat for the importing countries is on this continent, or rather was, for the old crop is rapidly nearing extinction. The excellent prospect of the winter wheat outlook disposes the country to a belief that in the coming year there will be another large surplus for export, but until that surplus is developed, the market will be under the influence of the weather, as it affects the coming crop as well as the enormous demand for export. Europe, the coming season, will need more wheat than last, as the acreage is greatly curtailed in the war region, and in other sections of Europe farm help will not be available for handling a larger acreage. The indications are that every bushel of wheat which can be raised in this country over and above our domestic requirement will find a market abroad at a good price. Despite the war, the European countries this season will take upwards of 525,000,000 bushels, or within 50,000,000 as much as last year, and this after the curtailment of 130,000,000 bushels by reason of the war. For the coming season, Argentine cannot be counted upon until its new crop of the coming winter. India is limited to the export of 75,000,000. Should the Dardanelles be opened, at the best the Russian and Balkan shipments of wheat would not exceed 75,000,000 bushels during the next six months. Dependence is therefore upon the United States and Canada and any impairment of the present promise would bring the demand for wheat into an excited condition.

**Corn**—The corn market has maintained a steady price, as the large visible which developed with the big receipts of last winter has been running off as rapidly as it developed. The export trade for corn has been a constant factor and the weekly average for some time past has been close to 2,000,000 bushels, as against comparatively nothing last year. The domestic demand has been improved lately, and in the eastern section of the country the dry weather has seriously interfered with the pasture and hay lands, and forced continued feeding of corn. The receipts from the country have been a trifle larger the past week as oats seeding was completed in many sections, and farmers had time for deliveries. The crop last year was not a large one, and with the heavier hog crop and consequent big demand there is a strong probability that the scarcity of corn this summer will be more acute than last season.


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.


NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.—No. 18945; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, Deceased. No. 18804 N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5


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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, carrying on and transacting business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," is dissolved by mutual consent this 20th day of April, in the year A. D. 1915.

The undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, having sold and conveyed his interest in said co-partnership business to the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and the undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, retires from the business, and the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, will continue to carry on said business, to-wit: a French confectionery and patisserie business, at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, San Francisco, April 20, 1915.

JULES ALBRECHT,
ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Witness: A. COMTE, JR.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 17, 1915.

J. C. B. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, FELIX DEVLIN, administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of William A. Kelly, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

FELIX DEVLIN,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 1, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 18,690; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased, to all creditors of, and to all persons having claims against, said decedent, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months of the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administratrix at Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building, No. 465 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which place said Administratrix selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 24, 1915.

GLADYS STONE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Lillian Hollimon, deceased.

JOHN F. CASSELL,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, California. 4-24-5


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Theodore L. Breslauer, Room 909 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.

HENRY F. ROTHSCHILD,
Administrator of the estate of ROSE ROTHSCHILD, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 10, 1915.

THEODORE L. BRESLAUER,
909 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.—No. 18887; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Messrs. Ackerman and Oppenheim, Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER,
Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 1st, 1915.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Administrator,
402 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Landry C. Babin Company, No. 423 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of TRINIDAD BOULIN, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 10th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 4-10-5

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1600 and 1601, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that Friday, the 28th day of May, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four consecutive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: April 23, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-4

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### RESOURCES

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and Discounts | $14,384,879.87 |
| U. S. Bonds | 2,030,000.00 |
| Other Bonds and Securities | 1,198,266.77 |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Banks of San Francisco | 120,000.00 |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit | 381,840.30 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange | 9,789,784.71 |
| | $27,904,771.65 |

### LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital | $ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | 3,157,688.04 |
| Circulation | 2,000,000.00 |
| Letters of Credit | 401,548.40 |
| Deposits | 20,345,535.21 |
| | $27,904,771.65 |

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Chas. E. Green ..... Vice-President
Jas. J. Fagan ..... Vice-President
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J. B. McCargar ..... Assistant Cashier
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J. M. Masten ..... Assistant Cashier
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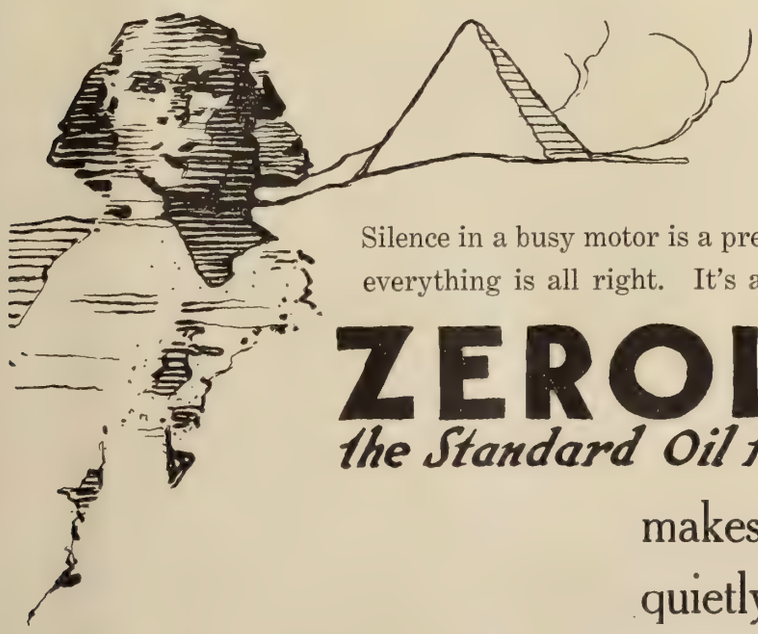
# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1186 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 15, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS





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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, May 15, 1915 | No. 1186

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Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

## The Lusitania Horror

According to the war code published by the German General Staff in 1902 "The claims of humanity, the sparing of human lives and of property may be considered only in so far as the nature of war permits;" also, "The spirit of chivalry and of Christian morality, the advance of culture, and last but not least the recognition of one's own advantage have led to a voluntary limitation in the means employed in time of war." We wonder whether it was to Germany's own advantage to sink the Lusitania. It may be justifiable from the viewpoint of the Admiralty, but will it inure to Germany's advantage if it be not justified before the world? Nations no more than individuals can afford to be indifferent to public opinion. Of this we know Germany is not unaware, for Germany has spent much time conciliating foreign opinion, and branding as false many of the accusations of her enemies. To be sure, by torpedoing the Lusitania Germany dealt England a severe blow, one that might be expected to impress neutrals, especially those whom the Kaiser aimed to impress when he wrote to his sister, the Queen of Greece, "Woe to those who still draw the sword against us!" But what was the actual effect of the blow? Judging from press comment, even the press comment of Sweden which hitherto has been pro-German, the world was filled with horror and indignation. Plausible arguments may be made in justification of the deed, but when sensibilities are shocked reason hardly suffices to soothe. Now the difficulty Germany has to overcome is that of reconciling public opinion to new methods of warfare which she defends on the principle that necessity is a sufficient motive. Meanwhile it seems hardly to her interest to give color to the boast of her enemies that they are fighting for civilization.

## A National Blessing

Of course we are all standing by our President, and we are not thinking of going to war, but we feel that if prompt action had been taken when the Falaba was torpedoed no lives would have been lost on the Lusitania. Some time ago President Wilson served notice on Germany that he would hold her to "a strict accountability" for the lives of any Americans that might be lost as a result of the submarine blockade. Precisely what the President meant nobody knows, but it is hardly likely that he wished to be understood as intimating that he might plunge his country into war. The world knows by this time that we are no longer impetuous. It knows too that if American lives were regarded as very precious in this country we should long ago have resented the slaughter of Americans in Mexico, where American women have been ravished and American citizens have found it expedient to deny their citizenship. We have been "too proud" to fight in Mexico, and we have deemed ourselves "so right" in our attitude toward Mexico, as to make it unnecessary to convince Mexicans that it was wrong to ravish American women and slay American citizens. Because of this amiable philosophy out of which has grown so great an antipathy to all the instruments of war that we have been drifting to a point where it might be found suicidal to go to war, some folk regard the sinking of the Lusitania not as a tragedy but as a national blessing.

## Club Ladies on War Babies

A contribution to the gaiety of the town is always welcome even though it be at the expense of the leading ladies of club circles. These leading ladies love publicity, so let them have it. And let there be no criticism of the editor with his tongue in his cheek who sends reporters to them on occasions that furnish plausible pretexts for inducing public exposure of the characteristic intellectuals of feminine clubland. We read in the Bulletin with much interest the other day interviews with several ladies eminent in club circles, and more or less active in public affairs, interviews about the war babies conceived in the shadows of the British camps where men were trained for Kitchener's expeditionary army. The subject is one that appeals to the taste of the Bulletin's editor. For the reader of imagination there is a dash of salacity in it that renders it almost as palatable as the biography of Alice Smith or the confessions of a physician. The subject was presented to the ladies interviewed as a sociological problem, thus making it one of sufficient dignity to be deserving of their solemn consideration. They were asked this euphemistic question: "Should children born as a result of extraordinary war conditions be handicapped by the stigma of illegitimacy or be denied the right to grow up into honorable, worthy citizenship?" The sublimated cant of this question was not perceptible to any of the very intelligent ladies interviewed. Of course there is no such sociological problem before the people of England. No such problem could arise; for whatever stigma of illegitimacy there may be it is not like a painted letter that may be washed off; nor is there any ban, sentimental or statutory, that hinders a child born out of wedlock from growing up "into honorable, worthy citizenship." The question in England is "How shall we take care of our fatherless children?" The people of England are concerned about the physical welfare of the babies to be born to Kitchener's army, not about the future social position of natural sons and daughters. But the leading ladies of clubland find in the situation matter for metaphysics, and they argue in the feminine manner. For instance: "If war is legitimate what is the reason for not making legitimate the children born under the stress of war?" There's a poser for the shrewdest of logicians. Again: "Marriage is merely a social condition, and in the case of war babies, if it has been found expedient to forego the marriage ceremony the child should be legally recognized." Found expedient indeed! When the drill master is teaching the young raw recruit the manual of arms there is little enough time for loving, none for ceremonies of any kind. But views differ. Here is another learned club lady who tells us that whatever Parliament may be able to do it cannot give a bastard a church. She informs us to our amazement that the offspring of bliss that is not of the consecrated connubial brand is barred forever from salvation through the church. This is strange doctrine, and surely it is not held by the club lady who wishes to have all war mothers pronounced heroes. Perhaps she would have Victoria crosses distributed to the girls of the training camps, and make the ribbon of the Legion of Honor acceptable to the grisettes who lightened the burdens of the brave zouaves on their way to the front.

## Race Perpetuation

This is not a time in Europe to be squeamish about the sex relation. The perpetuation of a race is a matter of more importance to the people of that race than the merely decorous virtues. And assuredly as a result of this titanic struggle with its prodigious slaughter there will be unprecedented looseness of manners in Europe for many years. The increase of the birth rate will be found to be the paramount desideratum in several nations. It will not be surprising if at least one of the customs of ancient Greece be revived. Already France is looking to the future, and a law has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies which provides that there shall

be no such thing as illegitimacy in the country during the war. The object of this law is not sentimental. The object is to stimulate the propagation of the species. It is notice to all the women of France that it is their patriotic duty to bear children. According to Jane Addams who has been gathering data on the subject the "foundlings' boxes" which were confiscated by the Government have been put back in the churches, and she asserts that this is deliberate "encouragement of the dissolution of the family ties." Miss Addams wishes to make the point that the war is reviving the tribal conception of patriotism and putting women back many centuries to the times when she had to bear children to increase the power of the tribe. She says that Germany has gone further than France; that she is making every effort to get hold of the children of her own soldiers, and to that end has sent midwives and nurses in the wake of her armies. As to England, she says that the Government has been conniving at the "excesses of English soldiers in the training camps." It is on account of these things that Miss Addams wishes to abolish war.

### The Reactionary Demagogue

It was a platitude of the ancients that the best government is that which most liberally lets its citizens alone. It was such a good platitude that more than one modern thief of thought served it up to his contemporaries as one of his impromptu epigrams. This aphorism was a truism in the philosophy of the Founders, and they builded accordingly. But along came the wise men of our day full of faith in democracy—simple democracy, unrestrained democracy. Unmindful of the fact that government is only a necessary evil, like other go-carts and crutches, as somebody has said, these wise men insisted on giving us a paternal government, one that would guide us in all our activities. And now some of them are crying for mitigation of the inevitable. It has dawned on them that overmuch government kills the energies of the governed. The most vociferous of them all is the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, who is experiencing retribution. The monster of his own creation has taken a big chunk out of his bank account, and sweet William has been limping in Wall Street with his hat in his hand. He has found that too much government has made too little advertising. Hence this shriek on the editorial page of the Examiner: "Let the Honest Business Man Run His Own Business!" Hearst perceives now that "the only kind of regulation to which business should be subjected is negative regulation." He thinks it wrong to subject business "to the whims and caprices of mere politicians," for "mere politicians are frequently unscrupulous, and still oftener contemptibly feeble intellectually." Isn't this heresy in a great journal which proudly affirms every day that it "advocates public ownership of public utilities," and the operation by the Government "of telegraph and telephone lines, of the railroads and of a merchant marine?" If Mr. Hearst well knows that politicians are "frequently unscrupulous and still oftener contemptibly feeble intellectually," is he an honest advocate of government ownership? Or, knowing the truth about politicians, is Mr. Hearst advocating government ownership because he is an unscrupulous, contemptible demagogue?

### Consequences of Regulation

Mr. Hearst thinks it an outrage that private citizens cannot build an electric railway without the permission of a commission. Are there any citizens hereabouts who want to build a railway? We have long been under the impression that private citizens had quit building railroads, the railroad business having been made unprofitable by politicians who had yielded to the demands of Mr. Hearst and other wild-eyed demagogues to regulate railroads. Did Mr. Hearst mean "negative regulation" of railroads? If so he neglected to make his meaning clear. We have no recollection of his ever having qualified the regulation that he wanted. The fact is that Mr. Hearst had no prejudice against any kind of regulation. What he wanted chiefly was to stir things up, to make a noise like the pee-pul's friend, and frighten the plutocracy by which he had never been taken seriously. It was his ambition to be the Cleon of his day. That was before the advertising columns in his multitudinous journals began to shrink, before he got involved in certain enterprises for the support of which he has had to do some borrowing of late, long before he was invited to put his feet under the Gary mahogany. He believed that all railroads should be regulated, and that the "common people" should have a share in all kinds of big business. And of course to gratify him and his disciples it became necessary to give more power to politicians who are "frequently unscrupulous and still oftener contemptibly feeble intellectually." The consequences were accurately described last February by President William Sproule of the Southern Pacific in his address at the annual dinner of the Traffic Club of Chicago. Mr. Sproule made no allusion to Hearst, but this is what he said among other things:

Following upon all this misrepresentation and play upon prejudice has come a considerable period of public distrust with consequent withdrawal of confidence in the greatest industry in this country. This lack of confidence is in turn followed by general business timidity, for all business is based upon credit and credit has its foundations in confidence. It is in consequence of these conditions that we are going through a period of unemployment and distress the like of which this nation has never known. And why this unemployment? It is the habit of the time to speak of unemployment as if it related only to those who work for a specific hourly or daily, weekly or monthly, wage. It is thought of chiefly as relating to those engaged in minor places or the humbler duties of life. The facts run quite to the contrary. It is the employer who is first out of employment. As a natural sequence he is followed by the employee who next finds himself out of work. Unemployment begins only when the employer himself begins to be unemployed. When the employer is prosperous and his energies are profitably employed, employees have abundant employment and they also prosper. But why is this period of unemployment? It is because all business is bewildered and uncertain. It does not know whither it may proceed in safety. It does not know with what snares its path may be laid. This condition began with transportation and now extends to all business. A long period of misrepresentation, misunderstandings and pettifogging has so misled the public mind that throughout this country every prosperous business, indeed every organization prosperous or not which is big enough to attract the public platform performer, finds that it exists in an atmosphere of attack. The greatest trouble with this country today is that every business which has been developed by the genius of the American people has become the object of unforeseen attack from some quarter or feels the threat or danger of attack. Our laws, which formerly were precise and definite, have blanketed business with loose generalities called crimes which the men who drew the laws and the men who interpret those laws cannot themselves define with any precision. Even when they endeavor to expound those laws they make them more obscure and more mystifying than before. The nation is filled with political economists. Business is filled to satiety with economic theories. When men ask for work they are handed an epigram. But the sad fact is that the more political theories are proposed the poorer become the people. The baiting of the transportation companies and the harrying of business have reached a point where all business is frightened so badly that the people who have savings to invest are confused and confounded, particularly inquiring whether it is safe to put their money into transportation, public utilities or into anything else that is subject to public regulation.

A melancholy picture this that Mr. Sproule has drawn. If it is not saddening at this time it is because there are multitudinous vagrant rumors of good times on the way. Besides the atmosphere of attack is lifting, and the enfant terrible of journalism is promising to be a good boy for a while.

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# Varied Types

## CCXXIX—JOSEPH PENNELL

By Edward F. O'Day

The biographer of Whistler was in the Whistler room. He stood with his hands under his coat tails, studying the portrait of Mrs. Walter Sickert.

"Somebody ought to buy it and keep it in this country. It would be too bad to let it go back to England." And he added sarcastically, "Here's a chance for Freer."

The great etcher and the great collector are not friends. When Freer told me how he sat to Whistler for his portrait, and how Whistler worked on it for three years, he added with a smile: "It is what Mr. Pennell calls 'unfinished,' thank fortune!"

Pennell is not suave; he is blunt and impolite in his remarks about Freer. I give a mild example.

"These," said Pennell, pointing to the four decorative Whistlers in which the Japanese influence is so apparent, "these are the best things Freer has, but he doesn't know it."

But despite the fact that most of the Whistlers in the Palace of Fine Arts are from the collection which Freer gave to the nation (they are incorrectly catalogued as the property of Freer), Pennell was emphatic in his praise of the Whistler room.

"It is a very interesting collection," he said. "It covers the whole of Whistler's career. Here are portraits, decorations, seas, landscape and exquisite water colors. The etchings and lithographs are extraordinarily complete. As an etcher Whistler knocks Rembrandt into a cocked hat. There's nothing better in the world than that," and he pointed to one called "Weary." "Of course a few of these are perfect rot. It's absurd to say that everything Whistler handled was great. Nowadays a lot of men admire Whistler just as they wear creases in their trousers, because it's considered the proper thing. But no true artist ever objected to him. It was the duffers and the critics who were against him. Then came a curious reaction, and the result is cubism and other horrible blunders. True artists hate all these fellows who are trying to be so infernally clever, all except Gaugain and Van Gogh. It's a movement of commercialism any way."

"I notice that Freer wants to know what Duveneck has done for American art," Pennell went on as we entered the Duveneck room. "Look at that 'Whistling Boy!' Why, some of this work has Rembrandt and Rubens quality. And his etchings are among the most distinguished of America."

"Some of these pictures would make the Impressionists turn green," he commented when we paused among the Renoirs, the Monets and the Pissarros. "The Monets are good, but these Renoirs are in his later manner. There should be some of the 1860 pictures. It isn't a complete show, but it's interesting."

We were hunting for the Sargent room, but Pennell was in no hurry, so we paused here and there, and I listened to his comments.

"These historical American pictures are not a good selection. Of course it's hard to get people to lend. The English historical stuff is poor. England has acted disgracefully. France has not only sent, but has paid for sending the Belgian pictures too. England refused to lift a hand, though it would have cost her nothing.

"It's all very well to sneer at the Hudson River school, but a lot of these are a darned sight better than some of the work ground out nowadays by so-called clever men.

"Tarbell—there are fifty men in Europe who can do as well.

"But Twachtman—he's extraordinary. There is nothing to approach this work. It ought to be made a great deal of.

"Look at this Daubigny! It's ridiculous, a picture for a tea chest. And the only Daubigny in the show! Think of having a man represented so poorly.

"These Mathews are extraordinarily fine. And these McComases, splendid. But he should have shown some of those wonderful desert pictures of his. There is nothing just like them.

"Keith? I refuse to be excited about Keith.

"It is too bad Eakins is not properly represented. This 'Crucifixion' is bosh.

"Redfield is perfectly American. He sees things for himself. But if a room for Rerfield, why not a room for Scofield too? Perhaps that would be too much snow!

"This portrait of Whistler by Chase is vile. It ought to be chucked out. If they could only show Whistler's portrait of Chase, but that would be amusing. But Whistler destroyed it.

"Theodore Robinson! He has done great things.

"Look at these pictures by Cecilia Beaux. She's the biggest woman artist living, perhaps with the exception of Madame Bosnanska.

"Winslow Homer wouldn't want some of these pictures shown. They don't do him justice."

We passed some horrible nudes by Arthur Carles and William J. Glackens and others, the woman with the apple, the woman with the parrot and other atrocities.

"Imitating the mistakes of Renoir," said Pennell. "A painter of this sort said to Whistler, 'I paint what I see.' And Whistler retorted, 'God knows, the day may come when you will see what you paint.'"

We came at last to the Sargent room, and here Pennell stayed some time, looking a great deal and saying little.

"Only a man who knows all that is to be known about painting could do that," he said, pointing to the marvelous 'Nude.' "The model was a girl Sargent found in Egypt. The 'John Hay' is splendid; so is the 'Henry James.' If you examine it closely you can see where the suffragette slashed it. This is a good room. There are just enough pictures in it.

"This whole show is too crowded. There are too many pictures. It is a job to find what you want. You give the wrong impression of an artist's work unless you select very carefully. It was said that the London exhibition of Whistler's work showed a great painter who occasionally made mistakes, while the Paris exhibition showed an impossible artist who occasionally painted well. The criticism can be applied to this whole exhibition.

"It is fairly representative. No doubt it would be more so if the difficulties had not been so great. You must remember that this Fair is to last twice as long as any other. People who sent their pictures here had to consent to part with them for two years. They had to be sent six months before, they will be here a year, and it will be six months after the Fair closes before they are back in the galleries or private collections from which they were borrowed.

"There are a few artists who are conspicuous by their absence. At the International Exhibition at Rome the four American artists who made the greatest impression were Winslow Homer, Ranger, George Bellowes and Arthur B. Davies. Ranger, Bellowes and Davies are not represented here, and Homer is badly represented. And Abbott Thayer is not here.

"At the same time it is nonsense for people to expect to have the greatest art brought to their front door. If they wish to see the best they must travel. There is no royal road to a knowledge of art."

"What do you think of the murals in the courts of the Exposition?" I asked as the great etcher prepared to leave.

"They're not worth a damn! There is one by Mathews which I haven't seen, and that no doubt is fine. But the rest are utter rot. William Morris whom one doesn't accept in all things, was right in this: a decoration should decorate. These don't. Brangwyn's are the most pretentious of all. Nobody in Europe would dream of giving him such a job. The idea of Brangwyn coloring old etchings and working up old things from his tuppenny-ha'penny sketch book, and palming them off as murals. I'd sooner have whitewash.

"William Van Ingen designed a series of beautiful decorations for the Administration Building at Balboa on the Canal. Your Fair might have had those, and they might have had my drawings and other Panama things owned by the Government. But your Fair people said these would interfere with the Panama Canal concession on the Zone, and they turned down the Government's offer.

"And Guerin's color! It is awful. Guerin is color blind. It's a vulgarity. It's beneath contempt. The idea of spoiling that beautiful travertine with color! The only good court is Mulgardt's which has no color.

"And the Tower of Jewels. It looks as though it were made of ice cream!"

That was the great etcher's parting shot. He left me in a daze, trying to reconstruct my shattered ideas.

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# Perspective Impressions

Who is crazy for disarmament now?

The Vice-President is still traveling, and still, presumably, using Bob Ingersoll without quotation marks.

Nobody was ever given a more excellent character than the one which T. R. gave himself under oath at Syracuse.

That was a wonderful torpedo that sent the Lusitania to the bottom. It woke up President Wilson and struck Chancellor Jordan dumb.

If Bryan's Dove of Peace loses any more tail feathers it will be in need of a pair of pants.

Newspaper headline that ought to be kept standing: "German aeroplanes shell French town."

How many legislators can honestly say that they did the State some service?

Is the British fleet bottled up or only watching and waiting?

Chautauqua suggestion to Bryan: Shelve that "Prince of Peace" lecture and talk on "The Advantages of Nepotism."

A General Staff, says Josephus Daniels, would be un-American for the navy. Besides it might fall out with Josephus.

"Theology," says the Rev. Robert Powers, "is most worth while, when it is understood as the science of spiritual dynamics." Which reminds us that Henry Ward Beecher thought that the best way to begin a Christian life was not to study theology.

By the way, how much grape juice are they selling at the Exposition?

Sister Susie is sewing shirts for babies who will never know their papas.

A French journalist who recently visited Secretary Bryan says that his "look reminds one strangely of a bird of prey." Scientists who deny the relationship between mental and facial beauty assert that the true connection is between character and expression.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Cumming Hall, professor of Christian Ethics in Union Theological Seminary, addressing the American Truth Society, denounced the Government of the United States for permitting the shipment of arms to belligerents. Without looking we'll bet he's a grapejuicer.

# The Music of War and Peace

**By A. Clutton-Brock**

When we say that march music stirs the blood, we do it and ourselves an injustice. It stirs something deeper than that in us; for soldiers on the march, singing as they go, are life itself become music, and it is as if a symphony of Beethoven had turned from art into fact. There we see men still men, but all made one in fellowship, with one impulse sounding in their tramp and in their voices. Yet, though they are men, they are no longer individuals, each thinking of his skin or his stomach, but rather notes of a great tune that are lost in its certainty and singleness of purpose.

So when we see and hear them we wish that all life were a march and all mankind an army with this concord and simplicity of duty; and that is the reason why nations so often seem to go wild with delight when war is declared. They feel then that their whole life is lifted and unified by a great common purpose. The nation becomes one, and the city mob, at other times so aimless, so frivolous, so much at odds with itself, lives as if it were marching to music, as if it were itself music. In a moment it escapes from the meaningless routine imposed upon it by the struggle for life, from all the separate little duties that make little conflicts between man and man. There is the enemy massing on the frontier, and here is the nation in one mass and one brotherhood moving against them. The petty strifes of no issue and no import change into one momentous struggle that must be lost or won. History is making itself before men's eyes, and they themselves are a part of it. No wonder, then, that they should give themselves up to a great holiday of the emotions; and though this may express itself basely, as is the way of mobs, in the wrecking of embassies and the pelting of foreigners, yet it is not all base, and even in Berlin it means something more than hatred or vanity or self-deceiving panic.

But this very rapture of escape from routine is a sign of failure in life, a proof that the routine is something to be escaped from at all costs. War is the one chance of collective happiness for an aimless society, as love is the one chance of private happiness for an aimless man. In both cases a bodily instinct supplies the impulse and makes both for the moment aware of their souls; and both sink back into their aimlessness as soon as the impulse is spent and the instinct satisfied. But a man who knows the adventures of the mind and the spirit does not find his soul and lose it again with this single adventure of love; nor does a society that knows how to live when at peace find its soul and lose it again with the single adventure of war. And here is a lesson for those eager pacifists who try to make us love peace by talking of the folly and the horrors of war. We shall only love peace when we have made it worthy of our love. Until then there will still be a narrow truth in the saying, Si vis pacem, para bellum. But that must give way to the greater truth that if you would have peace you must make it finer than war. And there is something to be learned from war, from its discipline and sacrifice and concord, of what peace ought to be.

For instance, there was that letter which a private soldier sent to the father of an officer who was killed in action at Landrecies. "He was a gentleman and a soldier. The last day he was alive we had got a cup of tea in the trenches, and we asked him if he would have a drink. He said, 'No, drink it yourselves; you are in want of it.' And then, with a smile, he added, 'We have to hold the trenches today.'" And the letter ends, "He died doing his duty and like the officer and gentleman he was." We have often heard the words "an officer and a gentleman" used in peace time, and perhaps they seemed to us only a pompous phrase. But in this letter written from the front they are full of meaning. To be a gentleman there is not a class distinction, not a matter of custom, or dialect, or dress, or money. It is to be a leader in whom the led have faith because he makes his duty harder than theirs and thinks of that, not of his superiority. So he can lead them with a smile, "like the officer and gentleman that he is."

But if peace is to make us forget the glory of war, it must be a peace in which the word "gentleman" will keep that fullness of meaning; so that, when it is used of a man, it may give him the joy which it must have given to that father when it was so used of his son. We know what is thought of an officer who is lazy and considers his own comfort in the field; but a gentleman in peace time can be lazy and consider nothing but his own comfort, and he will still be thought a gentleman and think himself one. No one expects such a man to be a leader because he is rich or has spent many years in learning; and few would have faith in him if he led. He is tested by nothing except his customs, his dialect, his dress, and his money. The most the poor expect of him is a civil tongue and a careless generosity in trifles; for these things they call him a gentleman, and often there is an indulgent contempt in their use of the word.

Well, war does us this good at least—that it makes us suddenly aware of the difference between a gentleman at his club and a gentleman in the trenches. Beautiful things happen between officers and men when the British army is at war, and it brings the tears to our eyes to hear of them. But it is not enough to feel these fine emotions and because of them to say that war is not all an evil. That is so only if war teaches us how to make a finer peace and one that will cure us of all desire for war—a peace in which gentlemen will prove themselves, as these officers proved themselves, and if they do not they will lose the name of gentlemen. In war, too, there is a chance of great adventures for all men, rich and poor, and the poorest can be a hero. But we must make a peace in which the poorest will have a chance of the adventures of the mind and spirit, and in which all men will know that these are worth more than riches or the respect now given to riches. We know how the French soldiers of the Revolution fought, because it was said that each of them

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had a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. In peace our poor ought to be like those armies of the Revolution, with the same sense of purpose in their lives and a great chance before them. Then peace would not be the negative thing it is now, but positive and filled with its own adventures, because of which no one would desire the adventures of war. Order to us now means a state in which the poor demand no more than is given to them and the rich can enjoy their riches without fear. It should mean an order like that of armies in the field, made by the tie between leaders and led, the tie of a common duty and a common opportunity. It should be the order, not of aimlessness and stagnation, but of purpose and advance. Then war would be merely a distraction from that purpose and a check to that advance, and men would be as impatient of it as if it were a noise breaking in upon music.

We spoke of the adventures of peace, adventures of the mind and spirit. Most men know so little of these that to them the artist, the philosopher, the saint, the man of science, are not adventurers at all. They cannot believe in the exultation of victory where there is no enemy, in the thrill of discovery where there are no material obstacles to overcome. To them, and we cannot wonder at it, work is all part of the struggle for life and of the routine imposed upon men by that struggle; and peace means that routine unbroken and uninspired. They may try to escape from it by gambling, by sport, by debauchery, by all the varieties of what we are pleased to call pleasure, and finally by war. But there is another escape, possible now to our civilization, with its new command of all the forces of nature, an escape into the freedom of the mind which art and thought and religion offer to us. But what have we done yet with all our power to make that freedom possible to all? The great mass of men, it is thought, should exercise their moral faculties, for by means of them order is preserved among us, but not their artistic or their intellectual. These are to be exercised only by the well-to-do. Yet how little even they exercise them in proportion to the opportunities given them by leisure and education! How constantly they refuse all the adventures of thought and emotion which the universe and its unfathomed harmonies offer to them! How can we have time for war among ourselves when there is infinity before us to be felt and probed in so short a span of life, when we have the power to create another world of art with all the hopes and desires of men shaping it and sounding through it? If we saw our opportunity, and if it were open to all of us, we should have no time for war, and there would be an end among us of all fictitious distinctions, as there is in war itself, where the common man is no more thought of as a vulgarian or a fool, but has his part in the music of the march and the glory of his country. So, then, he would have his part in the music of peace and in a glory of victory which meant no shame to any vanquished.

# A Letter From Lord Nelson

May, 1915.

To Sir Thomas Masterman Ready,
First Sea Lord, the Islands of the Blest.
The Admiralty, Whitehall.

God knows, my dear Hardy, that I still love our country, though I never had reason to be grateful to her Governors. The debt of gratitude, I think, has lain all on the other side. Did I not tell you and Scott time after time as I lay dying in the afflicting noise of battle that I left my dearest Emma and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to our country? Was not the care of my Emma among my latest thoughts? I entrusted her to the Governors of our people, and they let her die in misery, driven from pillar to post, a refugee from prison, hunted by blood-sucking creditors to her death in a garret upon our enemy's coast. One tithe of what they spent over sticking me on the top of a column and hanging it with laurels would have maintained her in honorable condition; and which memorial do they suppose I should have valued most? But there has always been something stiff and dull about our Governors, my dear Hardy. They often reminded me of a stopped-up hawse-pipe or a sail that won't shake free.

My word, they'll have to shake free now! You know my saying, "London lives by victories at sea." Well, it seems to me that London has been living on our second victory off the Spanish coast (and it was our last, Hardy!) pretty nearly ever since, and that is 110 years ago come next October. All that time my image has been standing here in the entrance hall of the Admiralty mansion where I once lay. It has turned yellow as a guinea, and the chequered pavement (reminding me of my new way of painting ships-of-the-line, called "Nelson's chequer" still, I believe)—the old pavement has worn so thin that the present First Lord almost stamps his foot through it as he comes plunging past me. But all that time my spirit has been waiting there—waiting for the hour of need. For it was ever in my nature to love my country and to hate the French.

Lord's mercy! I forgot. I mustn't say that now. My dear Hardy, see how mortality changes! You remember my three rules for a midshipman—to obey orders, honor the king, and hate a Frenchman like the devil. And now the French are our country's dearest allies, and first-rate fellows everybody thinks them. But who, do you think, is now the enemy on the seas? My dear Hardy, you would never guess. Who but the descendants of those kings of Prussia that in our day couldn't launch a cockle—hadn't a ship among them even to join the Armed Neutrality that made the devil's own fuss about neutral shipping and our right of search for contraband of war, and so took you and me (and poor old Parker too) to Copenhagen to settle that question; because a fleet of ships of war are the best negotiators in Europe. But Prussians will do just as well, provided they are the enemy. Not that I would maltreat even an enemy, beyond annihilating him so long as he resists our arms. As I wrote to the French Minister at Genoa, "Generous nations are above rendering any other damage to individuals than such as the known laws of war prescribe." And if we do not remain a generous nation, I wish I had never been born.

But talking of annihilation, you know how I said as we beat up to Trafalgar that "numbers only can annihilate" (I heard it misquoted last Sunday as "munitions only, etc."). Well, it seems that those so-called Germans have been piling up immense numbers of land forces—six or seven million men, they say, and some say more. To meet them, Russia and France have done the same. I assure you, Hardy, our Buonaparte's Europe was a sheepcote of peace compared with the present. The enemy's land forces were bad enough, but when he began piling up ships-of-the-line, as though to emulate our country upon that element which is has pleased Almight Providence to bestow upon us as our natural and everlasting prerogative, such conduct was no longer to be endured. Honor and self-preservation alike demanded their destruction, and by God's help we will destroy them. Only let us remember that numbers alone can annihilate. We want no "Lord Howe's victory."

Yet, as I stand here listening in the Admiralty entrance hall, I sometimes catch uneasy tidings. At the beginning of the present war, why was not the German admiral's fleet in the China seas devoured at once? It was devoured later off the Falkland Islands (the same islands that were the occasion of my entrance into the navy at twelve years old, when Spain threatened to possess them). But we have allowed the German first to destroy two good ships and a noble admiral with his crews near the Chilian coast. Other unhappy losses we have suffered—three "third rate" (as we should say) sent to the bottom simultaneously, and four or five of different sizes sunk in isolation by means you could never conceive. Once when an enemy's squadron was approaching as though to assault our holy shores, we chased them off, it is true, but annihilated only one, when we had counted on four, so that in the end it seemed an insufficient concern, "a Lord Howe's victory." And now, my dear Hardy, we have despatched first-rate ships in company with many others to beat up through the passage of the Dardanelles, since the Sultan of Turkey has allied himself with our foes, and Russia has requested our assistance in that direction—an enterprise difficult of accomplishment, but I hope not threatening to dissipate our high-sea fleet below its power of annihilation. No, God forbid!

At the present, the main situation reminds me of our long watch over Latouche-Tréville, and afterwards over Villeneuve, at Toulon. How many months were we hanging about there, just out of sight, and only longing for them to come out that we might eat them up like shrimps? On my word, I think it must have been twenty-one months. I know that for two years and a month I never set foot ashore. But that included our chase of them to the West Indies and back. It nearly broke my heart that we didn't catch them. It was as bad as when I missed them in the Mediterranean, and had to return to Syracuse in 1797. But we caught them both times at last, Hardy. We caught them at the Nile and at Trafalgar. After that Napoleon prated no more of invading our country with his precious flotilla from Boulogne. So now the main fleet stands on the watch as we stood at Toulon. It holds all the enemy's men-of-war shut up at the mouth of the Elbe, or in a new harbor beyond a big canal they have cut through Denmark into the Baltic. There the whole of his ships are penned, and if they venture out to conduct an invasion of our shores, by God's grace we will eat them up, as sure as eggs is eggs. All the other seas are now swept clean of the enemy, except a few Aus-

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trian ships which are held tight on the Dalmatian coast by our French allies. As to their commerce, they have no vessels now afloat, and we bar all access to their ports, just as in 1795 I stopped all corn-ships from entering France along the Mediterranean.

But as to tactics, my dear Hardy, I could tell you things that surpass all credit. I have heard it said that when you were First Sea Lord, long after I left you, your discernment foretold great changes owing to improvement in guns, and the development of those queer little boats that were said to move against the wind by the help of steam engines inside them. True prophet that you were, even you could not foresee a ship of 27,000 tons, made all of steel and iron, capable of twenty-five knots in the teeth of the wind, and armed with ten guns, each of which is constructed to discharge, either to port or starboard, a projectile chock full of explosives, and weighing within a quarter the full weight of the "Victory's" complete broadside. It is whispered that some of these guns will fling a ball (shell we call it now) for a distance of twenty-eight miles, passing over an elevation greater than the highest Alp. You need not believe that, but I know for a certainty that these ships begin to engage the enemy at a range of ten or twelve miles, and strike him, too, though both are traversing the main with this incredible celerity.

Such ships, as I said, are driven solely by heat, generated from coal or from a liquid oil drawn out of the bowels of the earth. Each costs pretty near £2,000,000 in building. Compare them with a "first-rate" such as our own "Victory." She had a copper sheath below water-line, in defense against the teredo worm; but otherwise was all of native oak. With fair wind, she could make five or six knots. Her tonnage was about 2,600. Her broadside weighed about 2,500 pounds. The 32-pounders, her biggest guns, would carry 2,900 yards at 10° elevation, but I liked to hold the fire till we were under 350 yards. And the ship cost £100,000 at the outside. When the difference in the instrument of warfare is so vast, it is not for us in our old age to pass judgment upon naval tactics.

Beside the power of sailing into the wind at great speed, and of destroying the enemy at vast distances without even a thought of boarding, there are three other incredible inventions which have completely transformed our methods of attack. By an adaptation of the lightning inherent in earth and air, signals and tidings can be conveyed through many hundred miles of space with inconceivable speed. Machines have been devised on which a human being may mount into the air and there remain, not the sport of winds like an unanchored Montgolfier balloon, but capable of directing his course hither and thither like a ship or bird, whether to obtain news of the enemy or to drop explosive balls upon his head. Most ominous of all, a vessel has been created to grope its way like a sea monster through the ocean depths, and at sight of a floating ship upon the surface to tear her side open with a shark-like weapon that plunges of its own motion through the waves, dealing sure destruction at four miles range. When I hear of these contrivances, I almost admit a sense of apprehension; for who can doubt that within another generation some unscrupulous foe will gain access to our coasts in ships-of-the-line and transports that move beneath the surface, perpetually invisible? Where then will be our jewelled isle, bereft of her silver setting?

But away with such seasick qualms! It is men, not machines, that guard our shores. And our enemies also are but men, and bad men, too! I swear to you, Hardy, the same spirit actuates our whole profession now as when we sailed together. Choose your officers where you will, you could not choose wrong. When I put to sea again, I shall again have the happiness to command a band of brothers. But as to the sailors before the mast, how astounding is the change. No more "Lord Mayor's men" or "quota-bounty men." No more scum of the gaols and gipsy camps. No more victims pressed from gin-shops, brothels, or the arms of wives left lamenting in their shops and wretched homes. No more gagging either, or flogging at the gangway, or flogging through the fleet till the poor creature died, with skeleton all exposed. Oh, if you could see our men today, you would love them as I loved you. If I were a living man today, I would not be elsewhere than on the fleet for thousands. How dear life is to all men! But good-bye now, and God bless you, Hardy, as I prayed before.

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# Nothing in Particular

**A Discourse for Tired Business Gentlemen to Read on Their Way Home to Dinner**

The Wiseacre and I resumed our study of the Exposition. We stopped before a kiosk, and the Wiseacre smiled, a little sadly I thought.

"How old Haroun al Jujube would shake his head if he saw this," the Wiseacre said gently. "You know he invented the kiosk. He was the fifth of the Jujube dynasty, and reigned in Bagdad during the second half of the umpty-umph century. It was he who said, by the way, on a visit to Constantinople: 'There is a great deal of lying on the subject of Turkish rugs.' As you will guess, he was a discerning man. Let us sit here and bask in the sun, and I shall tell you about Jujube and the first kiosk."

I could not but smile at the Wiseacre's absence of mind. Tenderly I pointed out to the Wiseacre that we could not bask in the sun, as there was no sun. It was raining quite hard.

"You are right," said the Wiseacre. "And if you notice, there is no bench here for us to bask on. Let us walk on then, while I tell you about benches. Those at this Exposition are exquisite. Architecturally they could not be better. When I first saw them I was struck with a certain quality which baffled me. I have thought the matter out, though. These benches have the same architectural quality as the benches in Golden Gate Park!"

I do not always agree with the Wiseacre in these matters. If I did he would do all the talking in these articles of mine, and the Editor might suspect that I lacked original ideas.

"Are you not wrong about these benches?" I asked.

"Have I ever been wrong about anything?" asked the Wiseacre sweetly. "I have made a special study of benches. I looked them up this morning in the encyclopedia. The first bench was a carpenter's bench. It was made in the steenth century before our era. It was not suitable to sit upon, so the bench began to evolve. Everything evolves in the course of ages. You may have noticed that. Or at least you have read the remark in Mr. Darwin. Shall we follow the evolution of the bench until we reach our days and the recall of judges?"

I pointed to the Tower of Jewels, for I felt that the Wiseacre had exhausted the subject of benches in that inimitable way of his. He smiled.

"I am thinking," he said, "that if there had been no Tower of Babel there would be no Tower of Jewels. You see the connection. This of course is motived in the Leaning Tower of Pisa. There is also a distinct relation to the Ferry Tower. Undoubtedly too Mr. Hastings studied the conning towers so popular in our navy. There is much to be said on this subject of towers, and not all of it is included in the encyclopedia article I looked up this morning. If I were asked to pass final judgment on this Tower of Jewels I should say: Magnificent, but inferior to the Tower of London."

I have thought about this remark of the Wiseacre's, and while I see its import I cannot say that in my opinion, the opinion of a layman though it be, the comparison is quite adequate. However at this point in our ramble we passed another kiosk, and the Wiseacre smiled, a little sadly I thought.

"How old Haroun al Jujube would shake his head if he saw this," the Wiseacre said gently. "You know he invented the kiosk. He was the fifth of the Jujube dynasty, and reigned in Bagdad during the second half of the umpty-umph century. It was he—"

(And so on till the daily space is filled.)

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCVI—THE ENDURING HOUSE

(This tribute in verse to the Exposition was published in the April issue of Sunset, a magazine which gives a cordial welcome to versifiers who show taste as well as sincerity in celebrating San Francisco.)

By Laura Bell Everett

I saw beneath the hastened workman's hand
  The walls lift skyward toward the harbor view.
  I wondered at the Jewel City, new
As morning, famed from land to farthest land.
"And is it, too, enduring? Will it stand
  In age-long beauty?" "Nay!" The shadow grew.
  "To build but for a day they forge and hew?
From sand it rises, and again—to sand?"

To me, the visionless, the Sage spoke: "Nay,
  The house is happy that protects a friend;
    Well were it built like festal arch or bower
To entertain him for a single day."
  Immortal grows the hall where nations spend
    In brotherhood and love, an age—an hour.

# The Spectator

### American Tact on Exhibition

Our daily papers are deserving of reproach for the brevity of their reports of the speeches made at the dedication of the Turkish Pavilion at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. "Coffee and repartee marked the dedication," says a Chronicle reporter. This is hardly accurate. Whereas there was but a trickling stream of coffee, the flow of stupidity was copious, overwhelming. It was on that occasion that William Bailey Lamar of the National Commission proved himself typical of the Administration at Washington, reminding us that as a nation we are now passing through the sign of the Jackass in the political zodiac. Mr. Lamar displayed some of that superfineness of taste which has distinguished some of our Ambassadors abroad since Bryan began rewarding his disciples. "In the course of his welcome to a friendly nation," says the Chronicle reporter, "Lamar alluded to the 'Terrible Turk,' the 'Unspeakable Turk' and the 'Sick Man of Europe.'" Evidently Mr. Vahan Cardashian, High Commissioner from Turkey, appreciated the delicacy of these genial allusions, for he arose, repeated the vulgarities of the representative of the United States, and took some clever swats at the Christian nations of Europe, referring especially to Christian morality and humanity. Thus was the Exposition officially drawn into the war zone. Fortunately there were present no representatives of the Triple Entente. But Germany and Austria were represented for the first time at a dedication ceremony. If it did not delight them to be reminded of the reputation of their ally, at least they enjoyed the veiled and mordant rebukes administered by the clever Mohammedan.

### Other Dainties and Delicacies

Following the representative of our worthy President came Mr. Arthur Arlett representing our equally worthy Governor. This gentleman like a good Christian made the very sweet and charming, not to say eloquent, observation that the Holy Sepulchre was "still under Turkish domination." This put Mr. Cardashian in reminiscent mood. He told of an occasion when the Turkish Governor finding the Christians at the Sepulchre quarreling over a candle, bought a sectless one, also an Armenian hammer, some Greek nails and a Latin stepladder and replaced the candle himself. Notwithstanding the alertness of the Turkish Commissioner and his willingness to infuse his exquisitely dry humor into the occasion by way of proving himself in touch with the spirit of it, up rose Mayor Rolph as flippant as the best of them. The occasion reminded him of nothing so much as Thanksgiving turkey and jokes about marriage customs in the Ottoman empire. Promptly at the close of the Mayor's sprightly contribution to the international ceremony the High Commissioner from Turkey assumed the role of amiable critic. "The Mayor made a very good speech," he said. "I had thought of asking for a copy to send to Constantinople, but on second thought it might result in his being made Mayor of Constantinople. And then Mrs. Rolph would suffer." This choice morceau of the wit that flourishes near the Dardanelles, I learn from the Chronicle, brought a blush to the Mayor's cheek. Seems to me honors were a little more than even, but it was not the Turk who sounded the keynote of the amenities of the occasion.

### The Clockwinder in Los Angeles

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock visited Los Angeles last week. He spent several days at a reunion of the Iowa Society, which is fifty thousand strong in the county. The first question he was asked on his return was how Sebastian managed to get such a big vote at the primary. The question was asked by a fashionable clergyman who takes much interest in sociological and political matters.

"I asked that question myself when I was down there," said the Clockwinder. "I asked an old fellow from Iowa. He said that he had asked an old lady suffragette, and he believed that she opined correctly. I asked him what she opined. 'She opined,' he said, 'that all the ladies voted for Sebastian.' He said he could understand the reason why, and he went on to explain that the ladies were quite sure that Sebastian was at least very much of a man with a whole lot of the old Adam in him."

"I think he's a very bad man," said the clergyman.

"Perhaps he is," said the clockwinder, "but Los Angeles has had an overdose of good men. There are too many of the Reverend Macsnuffle brand in Los Angeles—fair and odorous blossoms that sum up all spiritual sweetness. I think they are praying down there for a revival of the natural, or in other words, the redeeming, vices."

### The Connick Mystery

The clockwinder came to Town Talk office the other day to chat about nothing in particular, but he soon turned the conversation into a channel that led to the Exposition. And then he wondered whether I could tell him something that he had been trying to find out for three months. "What is it?" I asked.

"Connick's salary."

"Why do you want to know that?" I asked.

"Just curiosity, that's all. Once I was told without asking that he was getting ten thousand a year. And as I knew he built the reservoir with the holes in it at three thousand a year I wondered how he suddenly became so valuable. I was a bit incredulous, so I inquired. I was told he was getting twelve thousand a year. Then I asked another party who ought to know. The answer was fifteen thousand a year. Now it's up to twenty-five thousand. So my curiosity is keener now than it was at the beginning."

"It ought to be easy to ascertain the truth," I observed.

"That's what I thought at first," said the clockwinder, "but you try, and see whether you can find out. Connick's salary is the big mystery of the Exposition. But whatever it is, he's worth it—I guess. They hired him as an engineer, and he's engineering everything. Just now he's engineering the Streets of Cairo."

### In Quest of Information

From Town Talk office the clockwinder went to the Exposition in a jitney, and the first man he met was Chester Rowell, the erudite Editor of Fresno.

"Say, Chesty," said the bilge water philosopher, "how much is Connick getting?"

"How should I know?"

"Is he worth twenty-five thousand a year?"

"Ask Bill Sesnon."

The clockwinder immediately got hold of a guard who was telling a gentleman from Kansas where he could get a glass of grape juice.

"Where is there a banquet going on?" the clockwinder asked.

"A banquet?"

"Yes, a banquet. I'm looking for Mr. Sesnon, the Fair director. If he hasn't the gout yet, he's ornamenting a table somewhere. There is no director more devoted to his paramount duty than Bill—none more ornamental whether in Prince Albert or clawhammer."

When the clockwinder met Mr. Sesnon the latter was on a diet in preparation for his evening obligations. Asked whether Connick was worth twenty-five thousand a year Mr. Sesnon replied, "I never saw him eat, but he's a fine musician."

**Los Angeles Reaches Out**

We of San Francisco were so interested in the Sebastian case and the primary in which the Los Angeles chief of police came out on top that we overlooked the annexation election by means of which Los Angeles enlarged the boundaries of chemical purity. By that election the city of Los Angeles reached out and took into the city limits 107,000 acres in the San Fernando Valley. Within the city limits of Los Angeles there are now no less than 279 square miles, and a map of the city as it now stands is one of the strangest looking things imaginable. As somebody has said: "Los Angeles had a shoe string (referring to the strip which reaches down to and includes San Pedro); now it has a crazy quilt." The addition surrounds but does not include the towns of San Fernando and Owensmouth, and it adds about fifteen thousand people to the population. The Los Angeles Times and Tribune both favored the annexation. As General Otis and E. T. Earl are not friends this requires explanation. It is explained that both have large holdings in the San Fernando Valley, and wished them brought into the corporate limits so that they might get water from the Owens River supply.

**Porter Garnett's Inscriptions**

When it was decided by the Fair people that inscriptions were needed for the walls of the courts of the Exposition, George Sterling was asked to undertake the labor of selecting them. Sterling told the Fair people that he was not equal to the task, and he added that the man equal to it was Porter Garnett. So Garnett was requested to select the inscriptions, and he did. The result is a series of inscriptions that are significant, inspiring and representative of universal culture. Porter Garnett is the only man in the West I can think of as sitting down to talk inscriptions with Augustus Boeckh who raised epigraphy to a science, and holding his own. There are three groups of Exposition inscriptions: the Tower of Jewels group of eight panels; the Court of the Universe group with twelve panels; and the Court of the Four Seasons group with six panels. The first is a group of historical inscriptions. The other two are literary, but a number of them have inspiring historical associations. Here we find Shakespeare, Whitman, Cervantes, Dante, Goethe, Pascal, Confucius, Kalidasa, Hitomaro, Zuhayr, Firdausi, Phra Ruang, George Sterling and Spenser. It is a list worth pondering. The inscriptions themselves must be digested before the visitor may hope to possess himself of the higher significance of the Fair. Those who have read them as they passed through the Courts and want to study them more fully will welcome the little book which Porter Garnett has issued. It contains all the inscriptions; it explains them; it sets forth the pertinent facts about the authors they were drawn from; and to the mind of the thoughtful reader it completely justifies them, if justification is needed. It is a dignified little manual, and it will give pleasure alike to the tourist and the epigraphist.

**Meeting Whistler**

There has been more talk of Whistler since the Palace of Fine Arts opened than of any other great painter represented there. Charles Rollo Peters was telling some friends the other day of his only meeting with the great genius. It was years ago when Whistler had a studio in Paris. Peters went to his friend Alexander Harrison and asked Harrison to help him meet the lion. Harrison refused, saying that every artist who came to Paris wanted to meet Whistler and the attempt would only lead to a rebuff. Nothing daunted Peters set out to accomplish the meeting on his own account. He climbed the stairs to Whistler's studio and knocked. After some time Whistler opened the door a little and looked out.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Master," said Peters, "I have come to see you with a letter from Theodore Wores."

"Well, well," said Whistler impatiently, "where is the letter?"

Peters began fumbling among a lot of papers for the letter which did not exist.

"Where is Theodore now?" said Whistler, while Peters still sought for the non-existent letter.

"In California," answered Peters.

"How careless of him!" exclaimed Whistler, and slammed the door.

**The Bulletin's Serial**

It would be interesting to know what the young ladies of the Bulletin's "Tuck-Em-in-Corner" think of the "Confessions of a Physician." It would be enlightening to know what some of the experienced newspaparmen on the Bulletin, men of the type usually called "hardened reporters," think of it. "Alice Smith" with her brothel revelations was bad enough in all conscience, but this latest Bulletin serial is in some respects a more glaring affront to decency. It is a palpable appeal to pruriency. It stimulates and partly satisfies an unhealthy curiosity. Sometimes it is nasty, often it is downright vicious, all the time it is vulgar. David Starr Jordan is a great admirer of the Bulletin. What does he think of this story?

**Whistler's "Gold Scab"**

Charles L. Freer, the famous art connoisseur and collector, paid a visit to the home of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels last week, and spent a good part of the time renewing his acquaintance with Whistler's world-renowned caricature of Leyland, "The Gold Scab," which hangs in Mrs. Spreckels' drawing room. Freer was a friend of Whistler for thirty years, recognized the great painter's genius long before it was acclaimed even among discerning artists and bought his pictures wherever he could find them, with a view to assembling a Whistler collection to be presented to the United States. Many years ago this "Gold Scab" belonged to Jacob Hood who lived across the street from Whistler's "White House" in Chelsea. Hood was willing to part with it for two hundred pounds, but Whistler dissuaded Freer from buying it, saying, "That can wait; there are other pictures of mine I should prefer to see you acquire." The picture changed hands several times in

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London, and was finally bought by Gump of this city about a year ago. He sold it to Mrs. Spreckels for twenty-five thousand dollars. Freer says it is worth fifty thousand today, and will be worth much more in the years to come.

### A Dealer's "Courage"

Freer told Mrs. Spreckels an interesting story about his re-discovery of the picture in this city after he had lost track of it for many years. It seems that about a year ago Freer arrived in this city from the Orient.

"I cannot explain how it happened," he says, "but I found myself one day in Mr. Gump's shop. I had never heard of Gump; did not know that he had a shop. I just happened to walk into it. I was attracted, perhaps, by the display of Chinese objects of art. I examined the Chinese display, and spoke to one of the salesmen.

"Have you any good Chinese things?" Freer asked the salesman.

"What do you call these?" answered the salesman.

"These are not good," said Freer who is the greatest authority on Chinese art in the world.

Just then a man who overheard this colloquy addressed Freer.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"In reply to that question," said Freer, "let me ask who you are."

"I'm Gump," was the reply.

"I congratulate you, sir," said Freer. "My name is Freer."

"Are you Freer the collector?" asked Gump.

"Well, I'm Freer," answered the collector.

"Come upstairs, Mr. Freer," said Gump, "I have something to show you."

And to Freer's great astonishment Gump took him to where the celebrated Whistler painting was hung.

"I am amazed," was Freer's comment, "that you should have the courage to buy so important a work! Where did you get it?"

"That is another story," said Gump, but the story was not told.

"Since my arrival in San Francisco this time," concluded Freer, "I have had a note from Mr. Gump asking me to call. I have been all through his shop since then, but," and Freer smiled, "Mr. Gump was not aware of my presence."

### Carruthers at the Palace

Roy Carruthers has moved down town. This is the most important and the most interesting bit of hotel news we have had for some time. Roy is not only one of the best looking and best dressed men in San Francisco, he is also one of the most popular. So the news that he has left the Cliff House for the Palace Hotel is of particular significance. As Mine Host of the Cliff House Roy made the house of entertainment by the salt-white Seal Rocks one of the big places of the country. A list of the celebrities who have partaken of Cliff House cheer and fox-trotted to the music of the Cliff House orchestra during Roy Carruthers' regime would come very close to being a list of all the celebrities who have visited San Francisco during that time. And the high esteem in which the Cliff House is held by local people is closely linked with their esteem for Roy's attractive personality. The Palace Hotel is to be felicitated on its latest acquisition. Manager Obadiah Rich is to be congratulated on his choice of a first lieutenant. And to Roy Carruthers a big circle of friends in society and club circles is wishing all sorts of luck.

### Echoes of the Wilde Case

Even the war has not brought to an end the offensive bickerings of the men who claimed Oscar Wilde as a friend. Some time ago Robert Ross, the literary executor of Wilde and the man who gave "De Profundis" to the world, brought an action against Lord Alfred Douglas and T. W. H. Crosland, charging that they had conspired to ruin his reputation. Alfred Douglas is the unhappy son of the late Marquis of Queensberry, and has been called Wilde's evil genius. Crosland is the author of a number of books including "The Unspeakable Scot" which had a success of notoriety. Ross' action against Douglas and Crosland failed, principally owing to the odious character of the witnesses on both sides. It did Robert Ross' reputation no good. And now Crosland has countered by suing Ross for malicious persecution, only to have judgment go against him. This outcome looks like a triumph for Ross, but the words uttered by the judge at the end of the trial will bring him little consolation. It looks as though the world will not be allowed to forget Oscar Wilde's abnormalities until every man who was ever associated with him is mouldering in the grave. No wonder Hugh Chisholm said in the Britannica that it is still impossible to take a detached view of Wilde's career. The Douglases, the Rosses, the Sherards and the rest won't let us.

### A Pair of Gloves

Dennis Duffy and Tom O'Connor, "Arcades ambo," were strolling down Post street after lunching at the Olympic Club. Duffy's attention was attracted to a shop window in which a pair of gauntlets were displayed in a velvet case. The inscription stated that the gloves had been worn by the great Lord Nelson. Duffy and O'Connor inspected the relic with becoming reverence.

"I suppose," said Duffy, "that the hand of Lady Hamilton often touched those gloves."

"I doubt it," answered O'Connor. "I have always understood that Nelson handled Lady Hamilton without gloves."

### A Plea from the Heart

Hugo Hertz, the popular house manager of the Orpheum, was initiated into the Mystic Shrine last week. The officers of the Shrine were about to begin their "work," and the members were watching the candidate in silence when suddenly a voice broke the solemn hush.

"Give it to him good," a Shriner cried. "He always gives me the twenty-third row!"

And they did!

### The Fountain of El Dorado

While Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is far away with the armies of the Allies, at the head of her flying hospital, her Fountain of El Dorado under the Tower of Jewels is winning encomiums and exciting curiosity. When one understands this work of art one is struck by the singular coincidence, in view of the latest mission of the brilliant sculptor, that her conception of the world-old legend of El Dorado should be that which describes it as a tragic denial to the world to continue in its march toward the idealistic. The origin of Mrs. Whitney's conception came from California. It was Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait Colburn who furnished the sculptress with original material concerning the origin of the El Dorado legend. Mrs. Colburn is the author of "Yermah, the Dorado," a highly poetic and dramatic story of the Lost Race that has for its main theme the prehistoric El Dorado legend that deals with the vanished savior that Indians came to believe dwelt in the sun. "El Dorado," according to the ancient Aztec legend, was the divinity who lived in the sun, the goal of all human aspiration, the end of all human striving, and Mrs. Whitney's fountain represents the figures of those divinely appointed custodians who guard the gates to this Elysuim against the onrush of humanity who are depicted as struggling in vain toward their dreamed-of goal.

### Ornamental

A little boy applied to a society woman for a place in her garage.

"What is your father?" asked the woman.

"He's me fadder," was the reply.

"Yes, I know that," said the woman, "but what is he?"

"Oh! Why, he's me stepfadder, mum."

"Yes, yes," said the woman impatiently, "but what does he do? Does he drive motor cars, or work in a factory, or what?"

"Oh, I see, mum," said the small applicant eagerly, with a dawning light of comprehension. "No, he ain't done nothin' since we've had him."

The trouble with many a self-made man is that he is not quite finished.

# Harmon Bell

### An Oakland Lawyer of the Old School

By R. M. Anderson

"There goes a lawyer of the old school."

My friend pointed out to me Harmon Bell of Oakland. He started a train of reflection. "This is the day of the new school in everything," I mused. The old school is the school of the minority. The new school is the school of the grand multitude that has been doing things. It is the school of ideals, experiments and innovations, and it has been very busy for several years making the world over to suit the taste of every individual who found it impossible to adapt himself to the conditions to which he was born. The new school is the school of short-cuts. The old school is the school of beaten paths that have been proved safe and sure. The old school is still flourishing. There is still a demand for the Bell type of lawyer, the man who is worldly wise as well as learned in his profession. The lawyers of this type are perhaps a little weary; that is to say, weary of taking notice of the young revolutionists who started out some time ago to reform the legal profession and to make legal justice and moral justice coincide in all cases. The new school men, throbbing with ideals, were resolved that matters should be so ordered that in every transaction among men involving mutual rights, in every dispute determined upon the abstract moral relations of each case as it arises, the perfection of justice should be realized. Meanwhile lawyers of the old school have been attending strictly to the affairs of their clients, and getting along very well. Now of this old school all are not old lawyers. A man need not be old to be of the old school. He need only have in addition to a knowledge of the elements of the science of law a goodly supply of common sense. Take Mr. Bell for example. He has been of the old school all his life, and he is not yet sixty years young. Born in Oakland he studied law in Ohio in the office of a distinguished firm of lawyers, and there he acquired not only a knowledge of the law but a just appreciation of the dignity of one of the noblest of the secular professions, one that has been well characterized as being "as honorable as justice, as ancient as the forms of law," a profession in which he was destined to achieve high success. For Mr. Bell has long been at the head of his profession in this State. For some years he practiced law in Kansas City, and during that period he was elected to the Legislature. But he was very young then, and since then he has had little time for politics and little taste for political honors. Coming to Oakland in the early nineties he has been practicing law there ever since, and there he built up a large and lucrative practice which he still enjoys. Of lawyers of his type it has been said they wear well and to the end because they "learned the law as the perfection of reason and the science of justice."

---

The man who boasts that his will is law loses sight of the fact that lots of laws are not enforced.

Some people impress us as having so much good in them that it's too bad they can't let a little of it out.

PAVLOWA

The world's greatest dancer, who will appear with the Imperial Russian Ballet at the Cort Theatre beginning Monday, May 24

Broker—The market is extremely sensitive just now.

Bunker—It seems so. Every touch I've tried to make in the Street today seems to have given pain.

---

Midas found that all he touched turned to gold.

"But they aren't friendly any more after I have borrowed," he complained.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### A Toast to Jackling

Dan Jackling and his bride had a great time in Salt Lake on their way back to San Francisco after the honeymoon. Salt Lake used to be "Jack's" home (they call him "Jack" there), and all his old friends turned out to welcome him and his bride. A party of these friends chartered a special car, met the train bringing the Jacklings to Salt Lake, detached the Cyprus (Jackling's private car) and brought the bride and groom into the city in triumph. Then followed a whirlwind of entertaining, including a luncheon at the Alta Club. The hit of the luncheon was made by a wag who when called upon for a toast, raised his bubbling glass and said:

"Here's to the Copper King and the King of Coppers."

### A Quiet Wedding

The visit of Raymond Hitchcock and his wife Flora Zabelle Hitchcock to this city was suddenly planned. Pat Casey, the well known vaudeville booker of New York, met Hitchcock on Broadway and mentioned that he was leaving for San Francisco.

"By Jove," said Hitchcock, "I'll run out there for a few days myself if I can get accommodations."

And so he and Flora came. But there was a definite reason for the trip, just the same. Flora Zabelle's sister was married in this vity a week ago Tuesday. On Monday, May 3, a marriage license was issued to Earl Benham, aged 29, and Christine Margasarian, aged 22. Christine Margasarian is the sister of Flora Zabelle. The young couple were staying at the King George Hotel, but after the marriage they took an apartment in Bush street, and they are enjoying a quiet honeymoon in the Exposition City. Miss Margasarian slipped away from New York to meet her groom-to-be in this city. Flora followed with her husband to extend a sisterly blessing. I have heard Earl Benham referred to as the son of a millionaire.

### "The Benedict Tower"

If you hear the Tower of Jewels referred to as the "Benedict Tower" you will probably be puzzled. But any architect will explain. The Tower of Jewels was designed by Thomas Hastings of New York. Thomas Hastings is married to Miss Benedict, of the well known New York family. And Mrs. Hastings is famous for her collection of jewels. You see, the quip is a bit far fetched; but architects will have their little joke.

### The Death of Wilding

Word has been received that Anthony Wilding, former lawn tennis champion of Great Britain, met his death in the fighting at the Dardanelles. Wilding was held in high esteem as a tennis player and as a man by the Americans who met him in international matches. His

MISS DOROTHY DEAN

One of the young ladies who is taking an active interest in the Cinema Dansant for the benefit of the Humane Bureau Auxiliary

career was of some special interest to San Franciscans, because there were persistent rumors for a long time that he was to win the heart and hand of Maxine Elliott. The beautiful Maxine seemed to find great delight in his company, and it looked as if he was infatuated with her. Indeed, he stayed out of one important tennis tournament about two years ago in order that he might follow her to the Riviera. Maxine Elliott is serving as a Red Cross nurse in France. Doubtless we shall never learn with what emotion she received the news of Anthony Wilding's death.

### In Pavo Real

Being a member of the Sunday dancing club and therefore privileged, I dropped into Pavo Real Sunday night and found a large crowd having a very merry time. I noticed that Mine Host John Tait himself essayed the latest steps a few times, and there is nothing in his dancing to cavil at. Fred Lawrence and Ned Hamilton were interested spectators of the scene. Unlike their big chief Mr. Hearst they do not go in for the down-to-the-minute gyrations. One of the best dancers on the floor was Joe Mora the sculptor. I heard several ladies remark what a handsome young man he was. Jack Spreckels was entertaining a party which included the beautiful Miss Sidi Wirt who is to be Mrs. Jack Spreckels within a few months. She is a most accomplished dancer. Raymond Hitchcock dropped in with his charming wife Flora Zabelle, and they were the center of interest. The tall comedian with the golden hair renewed old acquaintances while his wife danced. By the way, those special dinners in Pavo Real are proving a great attraction.

### The Freer Luncheon

Charles L. Freer of Detroit, the famous connoisseur and savant who left San Francisco on Monday, entertained a few of his friends at a delightful luncheon at Tait's on Sunday. Mr. Freer who went from here to Santa Barbara and Arrowhead Springs, stated that he intended to return before the end of the year for a leisurely motor tour of California. His guests on Sunday were Charles Rollo Peters, Earl Cummings, Joseph Mora, Takuma Kuroda, director of the Council of Connoisseurs in Tokyo, Thomas Gerrity of Knoedler's, New York, H. Taylor Curtis and Edward F. O'Day.

### The Cinema Dansant

Society is now looking forward to the next big social event of the season—the Cinema Dansant of the Humane Bureau Auxiliary—which will take place at the St. Francis Monday night, May 17th. With the proceeds of this affair shoes will be bought for the nine hundred kiddies who are under the tender care of the ladies of the Auxiliary. There are few charitable organizations in San Francisco so well managed as this one. Hundreds of little ones all taken from broken homes are put into homes where none but the finest influences prevail, and where the religion of their parents is professed whatever be the denomination. The kind women of the Auxiliary do more than find homes for the little ones. They supply them with clothes and shoes, and see to it that they receive proper medical attention, and to that end they have a staff of physicians—Dr. C. C. Mohun, Dr. William Hopper, Dr. Francis J. S. Conlan and Dr. Walter F. Baldwin—all of whom give their services without pay, while hospital accommodations are supplied gratuitously by St. Mary's Hospital. Mrs. Andrew Welch who is president of the Auxiliary is giving all her time to the coming benefit. The patronesses are: Mesdames Eleanor Martin, Edward Eyre, M. H. de Young, Garret W. McEnerney, C. Frederick Kohl, John J. Barrett, Edward Tobin, Marshall Dill, Guido Musto, Harry Sullivan, W. Babcock, T. Edward Bailly, B. P. Oliver and Frank Griffin. The box holders are: J. A. Folger, Charles Fay, U. S. Senator


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James D. Phelan, Garret W. McEnerney, T. Edward Bailly, Andrew Welch Jr. and C. Frederick Kohl.

**Two Charming Visitors**

The greatest favorites among the guests entertained recently at ever-popular Paso Robles were the Misses Amy and Gladys O'Connor of London. They have been making a motor tour of the Pacific Coast with their uncle, Allen Gray of New York. They stopped at the springs for several days, and their charm of manner added to their striking beauty made them immediately popular with all they met. There has been much merriment over their first attempts to master our typical western expressions which they consider much more picturesque and expressive than the colloquialisms of England.

**At the Hotel Oakland**

Jules Pages is giving an exhibition of paintings in the Tapestry Room of Hotel Oakland. A wide range of subjects is shown, including notable scenes in San Francisco and Oakland and several continental landscapes. The Chinese Commissioners were guests of the Oakland Commercial Club at a luncheon in the Grill Room. Mr. James S. Travers, general sales manager of the Shredded Wheat Company of Niagara Falls, is registered with his family. The Tag Day Committee of the West Oakland Home were hostesses at a luncheon in the Blue Room on Friday. The guests were prominent business and newspaper men of the city. Mrs. Herbert Duncan Jr. of Los Gatos, with her son and daughter, is a guest. Mrs. Neil Harris was a hostess at a tea for thirty guests on Friday, May 9. The tables were laid in the Tan and Gold Dining Room.

**Social Activities at Tavern**

Challenges are flying thick and fast at Techau Tavern. Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote were victorious in the first two Cake Walk contests against two clever couples. This week these two losing couples are competing in a fast and furious contest, the winners of which will undoubtedly challenge the Tavern favorites to a final contest in defense of their championship honors. Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote have also been challenged to a Fox Trot contest which will take place in the near future, and their many friends are confident that their versatile skill will again bring them in triumphant. The popular Candy Dances, every evening in the week, are still prime favorites with the dancing public. Foster and Orear's delectable confections in art souvenir boxes are a delight to every lady guest. Wednesday is always the big night, and is well named Carnival Night. It is one of the sights of the city and strangers in town flock to the Tavern to see on Carnival Night San Francisco cafe life at its delightful best.

**At the Hotel Cecil**

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gibb have taken apartments at the Cecil. The former is one of the leading attorneys in Manila. He and his charming wife came in on the last steamer, and will be guests during May. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Heney who have been stopping at the Cecil left the first of the week for Southern California. Prior to their departure they were hosts at a dinner given in the private dining room. Covers were laid for ten. Mr. and Mrs. B. Griggs Holt and the latter's mother Mrs. E. A. Hadley of Vancouver have taken apartments for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Holt have been occupying the Tubbs home down the peninsula. They are very popular in local society and are receiving a cordial welcome. Mrs. W. F. Cobb of Pittsfield, Mass., is domiciled for the summer. Mrs. S. H. Pope, wife of Captain Pope, has arrived from her home in Walla Walla, and during the coming fortnight will be a guest at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Frost of Richmond, Virginia, and Mrs. W. C. Reed of Keswick, Va., have come to San Francisco to visit the Exposition.

**At the Somerton**

Mrs. H. B. Buffington, Mrs. E. T. Goff and Mrs. L. Peyton of Los Angeles came up this week and are stopping at the Hotel Somerton. Mrs. C. A. Dougherty and Miss H. Dougherty of South Bend, Ind., are staying at the Somerton. They are planning to remain in San Francisco for a month. Mrs. S. W. Jaycox of Denver gave an informal dinner Wednesday evening. Mrs. Jaycox will reside at the Somerton during the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Forbes of St. Paul are guests. They have come to enjoy the Exposition. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Evans of San Jose are being extensively entertained by their friends.

**His Pursuit**

A clerical-looking man, bearing an armful of tracts, recently visited an office with a view to seeking out unregenerate ones.

To one clerk he put this question: "What is your pursuit in life?"

"That," said the clerk, "depends upon whether I am coming or going. It's the 6:30 in the morning and the 5:30 train in the evening."

Some men who have had no advantages of their own take advantage of everyone else.

**AN EPITAPH FOR JOHN BUNNY**

**By Vachel Lindsay**

Yorick is dead. Boy Hamlet walks forlorn
Beneath the battlements of Elsinore.
Where are those quiddities and capers now
That used to set the table in a roar?

And do his bauble-bells beyond the clouds
Ring out, and shake with mirth the planets bright?
No doubt he brings the blessed dead good cheer,
But silence broods on Elsinore tonight.

That little elf, Ophelia, eight years old,
Upon her battered doll's stanch bosom weeps.
(Oh, best of men, that wove glad fairy tales!)
With tear-burned face at last the darling sleeps.

Hamlet himself could not give cheer or help,
Though firm and brave, with his boy face controlled;
For every game they started out to play,
Yorick invented, in the days of old.

The times are out of joint! Oh, cursed spite!
The noble jester, Yorick, comes no more.
And Hamlet hides his tears in boyish pride
By some lone turret-stair in Elsinore.

* * * * * * *

Not so, but here in Springfield's crowded street
The grocer's children miss their heart's delight.
The proud young newsboy bears a heart of lead;
The children of the wise and soundly bred,
And children of the ragman, mourn their dead.
John Bunny acts upon the films of night.

Jonah raged.

"Yet the brute advertised as a summer resort with an ocean view," he cried.

Many a woman boasts that she can marry any man she pleases who doesn't seem to please any of them.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways in our favor.

Some people tell the truth out of pure cussedness.

Happiness is merely the art of making what we get fit our desires.

Many a fellow cultivates his faults in the hope that some girl will marry him to reform him.

It's a well trained conscience that can be made to speak only when it is spoken to.

Riches have wings, generally to enable them to fly in the wrong direction.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

**Teddy Caricatured**

Lew Dockstader has been too long making a living off acute nonsense. Any man with sufficient comic genius to make us laugh at the popular pretenders of the day ought to be earning the profound gratitude of his countrymen in the practice of his great and admirable art. With joy and enthusiasm I hail Mr. Dockstader as a public benefactor, but at the same time I deplore his tardiness. There has been need of him these many years, and now that he has abandoned negro minstrelsy and come among us as a vaudeville Aristophanes I would urge him to compensate for lost time by dealing with contemporary idols of the people rather than with those who are no longer able to conceal their feet of clay. The former minstrel is now at the Orpheum where he is delineating a character that too long held the imagination of the people thrall. He is giving us an acute illustration of the egoisms of the greatest megalomaniac of all time. With counterfeit speech and mimical look and gesture, with lusty hyperbole and the farce and mummery of heroics, he achieves a close imitation of a great man and his manners. All the grotesqueries of that comical and romantic figure labeled T. R. are reproduced by Mr. Lew Dockstader, and while it is caricature that he gives us it is also a portrait, and the whole satisfies the test of true comedy, which is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter. Now if Mr. Dockstader can do so well with Teddy as the object of his wit tipped with sarcasm, it is to be supposed that he can do equally well with others whom the public is now taking too seriously and who have not yet lost the power of doing us much harm. . . . . The Orpheum has a very fine bill this week. Among the good things on it is the one-act farce "Married," which has a little of the savor of the plays that the Princess players made us familiar with at the Columbia. It is very well played by Marguerite Keeler and Homer Mason, one of the best farceurs I have seen in a long time.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

**Cute Little Mizzi**

She is the same Mizzi, only more so. When she came to us in "The Spring Maid" we surrendered unconditionally to her battery of winks, grimaces, nudges, kicks, chuckles, cackles and other funny gestures and noises. She brings them all back with her in "Sari," and on the theory that the public cannot have too much of a good thing she keeps them on exhibition continuously from eight-twenty to eleven-fifteen. Mizzi is a cutup, and she does little else but cut up. Her voice is inconsiderable, but nobody seems to mind that. Her dancing is excellent when she wishes it to be so, but nearly always she prefers that it should be grotesque. Is it possible that we have spoiled Mizzi by laughing so much at her cuteness? It struck me that she was accentuating horseplay a little too emphatically; that she was detracting from her charming daintiness by being overly hoydenish. It looks as if her cuteness has become the cuteness of a self-conscious child. Mizzi is so charming that I don't like to see her overdo her pretty mannerisms. By allowing herself to run wild she faces the danger of running down hill. And that would never do. So, Mizzi, if you please, just a little curb! Don't be too exuberant. Don't try to express all the joy of life in one performance. People may applaud and laugh and say "How cute!" but they are apt to get tired. And that would be too bad. . . . . "Sari" has a waltz with which we have been familiar for some time, an intelligible plot with a touch of pathos in it, plenty of pretty girls and a comedian who works very hard and wins a number of laughs.

—Edward F. O'Day.

**Alma Tuchler Scores at Pantages**

Two local favorites appear at Pantages this week. The more interesting of the two is Alma Tuchler, known on the stage as Alma Grace, daughter of Ike Tuchler, the well known cafeman. Although this is her first professional appearance on any stage in this city, the audience took so completely to her cunning ways that her success on the entire Pantages circuit is a foregone conclusion. Alma has a fine voice and is a good dancer. She has Theresa Pape to assist her in her act, and the pair could not find a more truthful name for their offering than "Two Dainty Dollies." Ike's friends have it around town that if Alma keeps to the stage he is going to quit the cafe business and start a florist store. Like many other great actresses she had her start in San Francisco, and may rise to fame like Louise Tetrazzini. Who knows? Our own Tom Kelly is still playing the Pantages, and it seems that the public never get tired of seeing him. On this tour he has all new songs and jokes, and to hear him sing "I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay" brings you back in spirit to dear old Ireland. This being his home town he always receives a welcome here. James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr in "A High-Toned Burglar's Christmas Tree" are billed as a special feature. The acting is good, but the sketch is not appropriate. The only time for this play to be a feature is at Christmas time. Gertrude Van Dyck and Brother present something new with their singing pianologue. She has a double voice and sings a man's and girl's part in opera. Paul Pereira and six court musicians have just arrived from the war zone and play high-class music as it should be played. The Reed Brothers in "The Eccentric Waiter" prove to the satisfaction of the public that one of them has very few bones in his body. As usual a good Keystone ends the show.

—The Second Nighter.

MME. MARISKA ALDRICH

Famous dramatic soprano and present member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, next week at the Orpheum

**John Drew in "Rosemary"**

Of the many plays John Drew has produced since he became a star, not one has been more successful or has given him a role that fitted him better than "Rosemary" which he brings to the Columbia for two weeks, beginning Monday. Seats are now on sale at the box office. The older generation remembers with pleasure this distinguished actor's delightful characterization of Sir Jasper Thorndyke, the English country squire of forty who falls in love with a miss in her teens. It is a role which offers him the greatest possible latitude, for he not only portrays a full-blooded man in the prime of his life, but also a man of ninety, his friends all gone and all that is left of his love story a yellowed sheet of paper and a sprig of rosemary. The supporting company is said to be exceptional. The leading woman is Miss Alexandra Carlisle who is playing the role originally created by Miss Maude Adams. Miss Carlisle is an English woman exceedingly well thought of in her own country, besides being a noted beauty. Harry Harwood is playing his original part of Captain Cruickshank and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, the "grand old woman of the American stage," has the role of Mrs. Cruickshank. Others in the cast are players of ability and reputation. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**Pavlowa at the Cort**

Anna Pavlowa, the Russian dancer, will bring for her engagement beginning at the Cort Monday, May 24, the entire Russian ballet and symphony orchestra, a series of new ballets and many new divertissements, a few old ones having been retained because of their exceptional popularity. Because of the war Mlle. Pavlowa has been able to gather for the present American tour what is considered to be the most brilliant organization she has ever brought to this country. Among her supporting principals are Ivan Clustine, directeur de ballet for the Imperial Russian Ballet and also consulting director of the Paris Opera House; Alexandre Volinine, the leading romantic male dancer of Europe; Mlle. Stephanie Plaskovietzka, principal classic dancer; Mlle. Svirskaia, special feature danseuse; Mlle. Kuhn, principal character dancer; and Theodore Stier, conductor of the London Classical Orchestra, the most famous organization of England, to direct the big Pavlowa orchestra. The joyous new ballet, "Puppen-Fee" (The Fairy Doll), and the hitherto unheard "Walpurgis Night" with the Gounod score from "Faust" will be presented on Monday, Wednesday matinee and Thursday night, with a brilliant program of divertissements. On Tuesday evening and Saturday matinee "Flora's Awakening" and "Dances of Today" with divertissements will be offered. "Amarilla," a fervid gypsy love drama, and "Chopiniana" will be given on Wednesday evening, and also on Friday and Saturday evenings. Mail orders for the engagement are now being received, and the regular theatre seat sale will open at the Cort on Thursday, May 20.

**Extra Performance of "Sari"**

At the Cort "Sari" is being seen by large audiences. The engagement was to have ended this coming Saturday night, but "Sari" has made so big a hit that an extra performance has been added. Therefore "Sari" will remain at the Cort next Sunday night, when there will be an extra and special performance of the operetta. This added performance was arranged to meet the demands of the public to see the piece. There are Wednesday and Saturday matinees, both at popular prices.

**Abraham Levin to Sing**

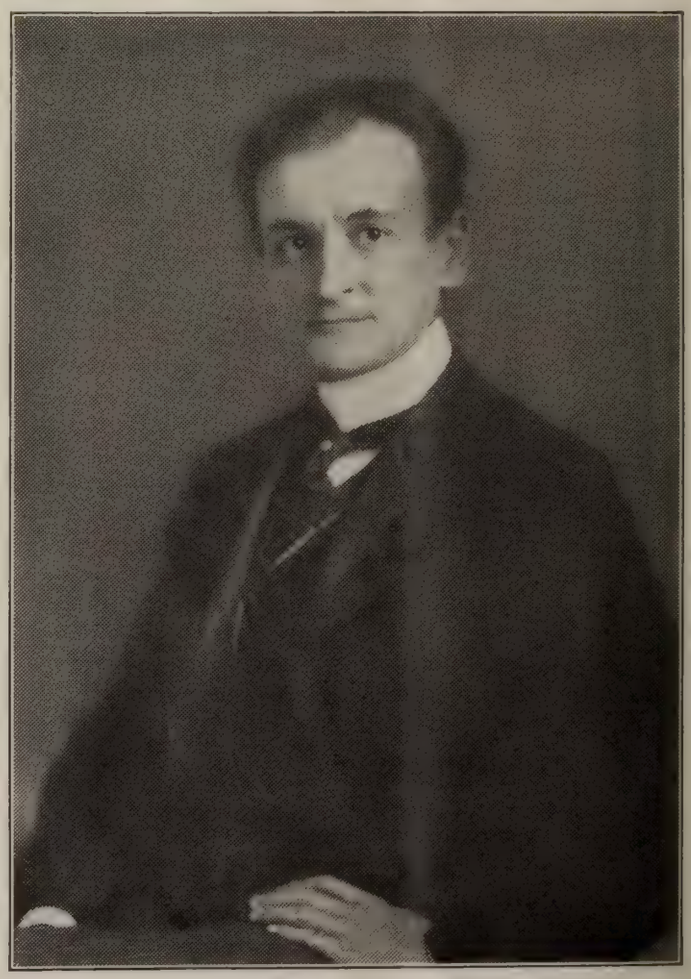
The particular attraction at this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall under the auspices of Kohler and Chase will be Abraham Levin, tenor. Mr. Levin is a young vocalist of enviable reputation among the fraternal societies of this city. He has a lyric tenor of excellent quality. He is proficient in the interpretation of ballads and classic songs, and also sings operatic arias with much temperament. For this occasion he has chosen works particularly suited to his voice and temperament. The accompaniments will be played by Mr. Vargas on the Knabe player piano. The instrumental portion of the program will include a number of solos.

**Mme. Aldrich at Orpheum**

Madame Mariska Aldrich, the famous dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. Madame Aldrich is the possessor of a glorious soprano of wonderful volume and great sweetness and culture, the value of which is delightfully illustrated in numbers that strongly appeal to the public. Bert Leslie supported by Miss Elvia Bates and a competent company, will appear in the latest of the Hogan series, "Hogan in London" which is another conclusive demonstration on Mr. Leslie's part that it is possible to say everything in slang. Bankoff and Girlie, two of the most popular exponents of dancing, are remarkable for originality as well as skill and grace. They introduce ideas of their own into the tango, hesitation

MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

The noted English actress who appears with John Drew in his greatest success "Rosemary" at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday night, May 17



DR. KARL MUCK

Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra now playing at Festival Hall

waltz and the maxixe. Bankoff was formerly understudy for Mordkin. Louise Galloway assisted by John Butler and her company of players, will appear in a home life comedy by Edgar Allan Woolf entitled "Little Mother" which affords Miss Galloway a splendid opportunity. Emma Carus who during her recent short engagement of one week made an immense hit with her songs and dances will return for next week only, in compliance with requests. A very interesting feature of the bill will be those two old cronies Norcross and Holdsworth. Colonel Samuel Holdsworth is eighty-four years of age and the oldest minstrel. James M. Norcross admits to seventy-six years and is the oldest singer. With this program Bryand Cheerbert's Marvelous Manchurians, Ideal the champion lady swimmer, and Lew Dockstader in his impersonation of "Teddy" will close their engagements.

### The Great Boston Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, the best organization of the kind in existence, which San Francisco has been waiting to hear for years, is at last with us and until the twenty-fifth of the month will be heard in a succession of concerts at Festival Hall in the Exposition grounds. It has been said that the greatest single factor in the advancement of the art of music in this country has been the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is not that its travels have been so extensive that it could by itself spread the gospel of good music, but its success has been the inspiration of other cities to establish similar orchestras with the result that where thirty-four years ago when it gave its first concert there were only two orchestras in this country, both of them in New York, today there are nearer two dozen of symphonic size. Matinee concerts will be given this and next Saturday and Sunday, with performances every evening except Saturdays and Sundays. Tuesday evening, May 25, will mark the last concert at Festival Hall. Seats are on sale at 343 Powell street, where mail orders accompanied by check addressed to W. H. Leahy receive prompt attention.

### Maude Leone at Pantages

Maude Leone, one of the best known stock actresses on the American stage, will top the new eight-act show at the Pantages on Sunday with the newest of Willard Mack's twenty minute thrillers which he titles "Inside Stuff." Miss Leone will be remembered for her wonderful acting in Mack's great success "Kick In," which he has since dramatized into a Broadway production now playing to turn-away business in the big city. The prolific author of tabloid dramas wrote "Inside Stuff" expressly for Miss Leone and she has a role in the playlet which is said to equal her part of the crook's confederate in "Kick In." The sketch deals with police methods of a metropolitan city and several of the situations hold an audience spell bound. Ed Reynard whose ventriloquail offering has been seen here before, will return with a revised edition of his screamingly funny pantomime "A Morning in Hickville." His two ludicrous "dummy" characters "Seth Dewberry" and "Jawn Jawnson" still remain the central figures in the production. Patrons of the Pantages will recall those two sagacious animals, Little Hip, the tiny elephant, and his pal Napoleon, the frisky chimpanzee who delighted children with their antics. Little Hip died in Australia two months ago and Napoleon is now performing alone. The animal now rides a "bike," walks on stilts, skates, dresses himself and does all sorts of quaint stunts. As a special extra feature Mr. Pantages has booked the motion picture taken of the Lusitania before it left on its last voyage. Close-up views of prominent personages are shown in the pictures which come direct from New York. Other acts to be shown are McIntyre and Harty, "The Sugar Plum Girlie and the Boy;" Rose Garden, the eccentric pianist; Delton, Mareena and Delton, surprise athletes; and a couple of reels of comedy films.

### Fiftieth Performance at Alcazar

The fiftieth performance of Kolb and Dill and their big company of singers, dancers and funsters in Frank Stammers' musical revue "This Way Out" will be given at the Alcazar tomorrow night. It will be a gala occasion, as it establishes a record in O'Farrell street. Never before have the two German comedians had such a success. From start to finish there is not a dull moment in the show. Matinees are given every Thursday and Saturday.

### The Cure

A man of much learning, way up in degrees,
Pronounces divorce not to be a disease.
We fancied bacilli destroying our bliss,
Or germs to the system conveyed by a kiss.
When the anguish no more could be calmly endured,
We hastened to Reno and there we got cured
(Though we were not immune from the malady long).
Now the whole diagnosis is said to be wrong.
Divorce is a symptom, the wiseacres say,
That may not develop if dosed right away;
But they fail to prescribe what the treatment should be—
Whether present or limited, absent or free—
So let me suggest that the medicine best
For persons afflicted at all with the pest
Is a mixture of music and moonlight; and this is
To be taken with roses and candy and kisses.


## COLUMBIA THEATRE

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Seats at all performances, $1.50 to 50c
Monday, May 17 JOHN DREW in "ROSEMARY"


**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE**

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 10535; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of VINCENZO MATTEUCCI and EVELINA MATTEUCCI, Minors.

Oreste Matteucci, guardian of the person and estate of Evelina Matteucci, a minor, having this day presented to this Court and filed herein his petition duly verified praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to said minor for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and for the reinvestment of the proceeds thereof; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is expedient and would be beneficial to said minor if the said minor's interest in the real estate described in said petition be sold; now therefore,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin and all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court in the court-room thereof, department No. 10, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 1st day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 4th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Guardian,
Bank of Italy Building,
San Francisco, California. 5-8-4


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# The Financial Outlook

**By R. E. Mulcahy**

**Stocks**—Profit taking early in the week took the edge off the market and brought about a reaction which had just about spent its force when the report of the sinking of the Lusitania upset all calculations and turned what could have been considered a strong market into a decidedly weak affair. Stocks were sold right and left and the market took on a panicky appearance which was not checked at the close of the week with prices at the lowest since the recent advance. Everybody seemed to be afraid of complications arising between this country and Germany and with reports of German victories against the Russians the market seemed to have lost all its friends. Underlying conditions as far as this country is concerned have not changed any. The Government crop report showed an excellent condition for the growing winter wheat crop and showed very little abandonment of acreage with a condition above normal. Europe is in the market for all kinds of supplies and several large orders were booked by the big companies engaged in the manufacture of war supplies. Copper metal sold up to 19 cents for the Electrolytic kind and there was a good demand with predictions being made that it would soon cross the 20 cent level. Business conditions throughout the country are on the mend according to Bradstreet and with the high prices obtained for all kinds of cereals there is no reason to become alarmed over political complications arising from the destruction of the Lusitania until Washington takes some action. After the big decline and drastic liquidation of last week market conditions are much safer. There has been no extended position in railroad stocks, consequently we cannot expect heavy liquidation there. Bank clearings show that business is improving and net railroad earnings are showing up much better. There is a marked improvement in the anthracite trade and heavy exports of bituminous coal from tidewater give a firmness to that branch. The London market for the first time in many weeks shows signs of firmness. We believe stocks bought around the present levels and especially the copper shares will show handsome profits in the near future.

The cotton market was all upset by the action of the stock market and prices declined over a cent a pound from the recent high level. The market was heavily overbought and when the crash came in stocks the cotton market could not hold up and at the end of the week prices were at the lowest levels. Crop conditions were mixed but generally unfavorable. Texas is getting altogether too much rain and the eastern belt is in want of rain. The plant is late and has had a poor start with the acreage showing a reduction of 10 to 25 per cent throughout the belt.

The market will be influenced a good deal by the action of the stock market but with the underlying conditions so strong and with cotton below the 10 cent level we believe cotton purchased around present figures will prove profitable a little later on.

**Wheat**—The Government report showing a prospect yield at this season of the year of nearly 700,000,000 bushels winter wheat, and the weakness in the stock market were the principal factors in the wheat market the past week, and prices of all grains sold off rapidly to new low levels. There was some recovery from the lowest prices, but on the whole, the market did not respond to any bullish news. With the visible supply reduced to 26,439,000 bushels and all but 2,000,000 bushels of the Duluth stocks ready to be moved out, the trade must begin to realize that this country is pretty well denuded of wheat. This fact becomes more important when it is remembered that our harvest is still sixty or more days away and a continuous demand exists for our surplus. If, as has been intimated any number of times, the crop is late and the new wheat will not be available until the middle or the end of July, the scarcity will be more keenly appreciated. May is still open, and it is thought by some of the best judges of the situation that it will develop an acute shortage and sell at the highest prices of this year. A note of warning is sent from Minneapolis to the same effect. The domestic news is favorable as to soil condition and general development, although our own advices from the Southwest still adhere to the possibilities of hessian fly in western Kansas and Oklahoma should June be hot and dry. The foreign news continues bullish, a broad continental demand being still in evidence. India offers are reported free, but strongly held. An Argentine cable reported rain and interference with shipments. It is well to remember that the extravagant perspective is still purely problematical while the scarcity of supplies is already in evidence, and will prove the ruling influence for two months to come.

**Corn**—This grain is naturally feeling the weakness in surrounding markets, but still is acting stubbornly, and is very far from showing demoralization. The reports of a change to clearing weather in Argentine yesterday and the rapid headway made in planting had perhaps something to do with the easier feeling, notwithstanding the fact that the rains here were not well distributed or abundant. It is quite noticeable that commission houses have plenty of resting orders on all the breaks, showing a large public interest, which in all probability will offset the bearishiness of the professional element.


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

EDGAR A. MIZNER,
Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 15, 1915.

KEOGH & OLDS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524 Foxcroft Building,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-15

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5


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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

### DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, carrying on and transacting business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," is dissolved by mutual consent this 20th day of April, in the year A. D. 1915.

The undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, having sold and conveyed his interest in said co-partnership business to the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and the undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, retires from the business, and the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, will continue to carry on said business, to-wit: a French confectionery and patisserie business, at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, San Francisco, April 20, 1915.

JULES ALBRECHT,
ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Witness: A. COMTE, JR.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 4 months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrators at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN,
NELLIE LEONARD,
Administrators of the estate of MARY MUHL, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 17, 1915.

J. C. B. HEBBARD and
J. J. LERMEN,
Attorneys for Administrators,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-17-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, FELIX DEVLIN, administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of William A. Kelly, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

FELIX DEVLIN,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 18,690; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased, to all creditors of, and to all persons having claims against, said decedent, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months of the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administratrix at Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building, No. 465 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which place said Administratrix selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 24, 1915.

GLADYS STONE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Lillian Hollimon, deceased.

JOHN F. CASSELL,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, California. 4-24-5


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.—No. 18945; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.—No. 18887; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Messrs. Ackerman and Oppenheim, Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER,
Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1st, 1915.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Administrator,
402 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 62727; Dept. No. 16.

BESSIE LEET, Plaintiff, vs. GRAY LEET, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: GRAY LEET, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN BROSEK & A. B. LAWSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, Deceased.—No. 18804 N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1600 and 1601, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that Friday, the 28th day of May, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four consecutive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: April 23, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-4

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1187 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 22, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS


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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

### The World-Stirring Drama

In the days of old in Athens whenever the people were in danger of being debauched by idealists somebody wrote a drama with a punch in it to give a shock to their emotions and bring them back to their senses. This is precisely what has been done for us by the author of the Lusitania Horror, a drama made in Germany that startled the world and roused the effeminate star-gazers of the Carnegie-Jordan school to a sense of realities. There will be no more talk of disarmament for the present. The propaganda of planetary patriotism will shut up shop. Its subtle and ethereal virtues will be shelved. Vituperation of the wicked captains of the Armament Trust will cease. Secretary Bryan may come to the conclusion that it is safer to build guns than to make treaties. Many people will lose faith in the pacifist creed that unpreparedness for war is a guaranty of peace.

### The Propaganda of Spinelessness

Let us be grateful to the author of the thrilling marine drama and to the martyrs who vindicated their faith in the power and dignity of their country. We were going at a very rapid pace in the direction of the destiny marked out for us by our planetary patriots of press and platform. In the very week of the horror the principal of a Brooklyn public school was pointing with pride to an exhibition of anti-war pictures in the main hall of the school. The pupils of this school were made to sing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," and other ditties in the same strain of sentiment. The principal said that many school superintendents had praised his work. The propaganda of national spinelessness was making great headway in the public schools of the country, and it was provoking resentment. Major Grant of the Thirteenth Coast Artillery who inspected the art gallery of the Brooklyn school said that it contained "grossly unjust pictorial reflections upon soldiers, and misrepresented the service which a soldier gives to the State and the Nation." In some newspapers there was whole-hearted denunciation of this scheme for forcing upon youth hostility to what may become the imperative duty of patriotism. It was pointed out that while a mother may pray that war be averted or that war may cease, she knows that some day her boy may be summoned to the defense of his country or to the attack of another. The New York Sun asked: "What will our schoolhouse sages be doing next? Will they teach the sacredness of mutiny and desertion? Will they offer medals for the greatest cowards?" In view of the sentiments that some propagandists were preaching before the Lusitania was sunk speculation along the lines suggested by the Sun was by no means extravagant.

### Our Great Idealist

Alas for these days of derision! as Emerson exclaimed in the course of his somewhat equivocal lecture on The Transcendentalist. For now as then idealists are very "liable to that slight taint of burlesque which in our strange world attaches to the zealot," and in these days as in Emerson's day there is talk of cant and moonshine. So when President Wilson told the newly naturalized American citizens at Philadelphia that there was such a thing as a nation being "too proud to fight" and "so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right," the reception that his sentiments received made it clear to him that the days of derision had not passed, and he hastened to assure the people that he had not intended to give them a prelibation of his message to Berlin. The speech was of course a "feeler;" and it found the people with no appetite for angel's food. It was the characteristic utterance of the Apostle of the New Freedom, the Prince of Planetary Patriots, and it will serve the historian born in the next generation as a means of appreciating the urgent need of a tremendous shock to the nation. In that speech President Wilson talked planetary patriotism, getting down to the elementary principles of it when he said, "a family gets centered on itself if it is not careful, and is less interested in the neighbors than it is in its own members." Doubtless our President's family is not guilty of such self-centred selfishness, but "Love thy neighbor as thy self," is a beatitude to which few of us have been able to attain. And even the President appears to be more concerned about American lives than the lives of foreigners. At any rate it is the killing of Americans that he chiefly resents. But though his rectitude is not yet grace, he is a very excellent man, one of those rare and gifted men whom it is not without advantage to meet occasionally that we may compare the points of our spiritual compass and verify our bearings from superior chronometers.

### Right, But—

It would be a delightful state of affairs if a nation could get along satisfactorily by being "so right" as to be without need of force to induce universal acknowledgment. But like many sweet principles of transcendental philosophy the one enunciated by our amiable Chief Magistrate when put to the test of experience gives the impression that those who hold it are like phantoms walking and working among phantoms. See how the principle works in the matter of our protest against the conduct of Great Britain with reference to American vessels bound for neutral ports. Germany is not the only nation that has amended international law to further its own interests. Great Britain has prescribed a course arbitrary, invalid and without precedent. This is what our President maintains. He has protested. So have a number of neutral nations. There is no doubt that we are right. Great Britain does not deny that we are right. Great Britain merely says that her extremity calls for sympathy, and for co-operation by submission. True we are "so right" that we do not have to convince Great Britain, but she has shattered the principles of free ships, free goods and other principles dear to neutrals. Fortunately for her her extremity does not make it expedient to shatter or sink any ships loaded with American citizens. Now if in addition to being "so right" that we have convinced Great Britain of our rightness, suppose we had a navy able to reinforce moral suasion—what then?

### More White Slavery

"Woman dupe bares vice plot of rich." So runs one of the headlines of a thrilling first page story given to the press by Special Agent Don C. Rathbun of the federal Department of Justice. It is the story of the abduction of a lady of considerable worldly experience who filled her skin with wine on a joy-ride in Minneapolis, and came to her senses in San Francisco after she had been deserted by a man who had promised to marry her, but who didn't go quite that far. Now she is sure she was drugged, which is the proper thing for a lady to be sure of after drinking too much wine. She is also sure that she is qualified by the Mann Act to make a lot of trouble for somebody. The story is of some interest on account of the light it throws on some of the handiwork of our doctrinaire reformers who have been legislating virtue into erring mortals. It appears that Minneapolis has a redlight abatement law which

has produced the usual results. Brothels have been closed, and instead of men going to a redlight district women are going to rooms in the heart of the business district and to flats in the heart of the residence district. The lady who was drugged was formerly housekeeper for a man who violated the redlight abatement law by harboring prostitutes. He hired a man to lure her away from town, and she was lured, but of course she was also drugged. In the circumstances, with the Mann law among our statutes, she may if so inclined employ some court as a collection agency and fill the bad man of Minneapolis with remorse. All of which will be in the interest of public morals according to the gospel preached in our fashionable churches.

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### O Changeable One!

The one inalienable right of the female of the species which we are always pleased to see her exercise is the right to change her mind. It is woman's paramount right, recognized through all the ages by that insufferable tyrant man. It was not to safeguard this right that women cried for the ballot. They believed that this most precious right was safe. They wanted the ballot thinking it was at once an amulet and a sceptre. And now some of them are for changing their mind. They have had their surfeit of suffrage and the myriad delights of ballotry. Consciousness of equality, they find, is not all that it was promised to be in the gospel according to Saint Aked and the epistles and flubdub of the darling apostles of innovation for the sake of innovation. But, alas! In the feminine circles that have been saturated with the new wine it has come to pass that the woman who would change her mind incurs the danger of odium. For there are women who like politics and hate shirkers. They are so constituted that in politics they find a most congenial outlet for their surplus vitality. These women have no sympathy with the "home-bodies," as they call them, or with those inferior persons who keep in touch with the looking-glass and who are fond of the frivolities of life and inclined to yield their emotions to the sugary esthetic appeal. And therefore when on the eve of the fourteenth annual convention of the California Federation of Women's Clubs a movement was started to have the by-laws amended to bar from office all women active in politics great was the indignation of the balloteers. They raged somewhat. Transparent to them was the movement. Through it they glimpsed a scheme to discredit political activity among women. The women behind it they accused of conspiring to brand those "who have accepted the responsibility of citizenship and leadership as undesirable citizens." And they affected great concern for the cause of suffrage in the East. One lady, who has made such progress in politics that she has achieved membership on the California Industrial Welfare Commission, protested on the ground that the amendment would be "a blow to our Eastern sisters who are seeking the ballot." She characterized it as "cowardly and contemptible," terms that are not at all in violation of the amenities of polite debate among women who have been thrilled by the ringing tones and stern periods of our trousered patriots in job-chasing convention assembled. And anyway in these backsliding days there is call for powerful as well as convincing language. Doubtless our lady politicians perceive that among the weaklings of the species has occurred something in the nature of a revulsion of feeling, and they are more or less fearful that before many years woman will be on her knees at the feet of the traditional tyrant begging him to make equal suffrage a burning question once more in poor old torn and battered California.

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### Our Fair Critics

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," said St. Paul with a satiric humor which is seldom found in Holy Writ because we do not look for it there. Doubtless St. Paul had in mind those facile learners who are to be recognized by their vanity and their habit of expressing their opinions, and who have yet to know what they do not know. There are lots of them in this country. We refer to those minor critics who hunt for blemishes, and who are so sure of their ground that when criticuling they are more like the Supreme Court exercising the last function of our government than ventursome mortals on a self-imposed didactic mission of no consequence. At present the Panama-Pacific Exposition is attracting them. In the white light of it they are like moths singeing their wings at a flame. Some of them are artists who think that a little technical experience endows them with an unimpeachable authority. Their private opinions they express as though they were uttering judgments vindicated by a universal standard. Yet all the while we are getting in impersonal terms only personal opinions. And occasionally above the buzz is heard the strident voice of a high priest of prejudice, a self-constituted Pope in a vatican of vanity. As for instance the voice of Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor who with all his learning has yet to learn that his knowledge is not unlimited. Mr. Edison with all his wonderful brain has the characteristic weakness of the imperfectly educated, successful American, a weakness that President William Murray Butler of Columbia finds very common among college professors, a weakness that may be described as inability to perceive the unmorality and folly of posing as an authority on matters which one is not qualified to discuss. What does Thomas A. Edison know about art? Nothing at all. A great mechanic is Edison, a great captain of industry, who loves to talk of the profits to be made out of dynamos and things. He has done much for American industries, and in a sense he is a public benefactor, but when he takes up a photograph of our Fair and pronounces judgment to the effect that the Fair is not lighted to advantage and is architecturally inferior to the Chicago Fair we deferentially refuse to do anything but lament the self-exposure of him. He reminds us of that brief abstract of learning, the college professor, whose sea-like expansion of knowledge covers a multitude of shallows and few depths. More respectable than Edison's opinion, but hardly less laughable, is the opinion of the connoisseur or of the artist who is impatient of defects here and there. Such a person may have a certain valuable knowledge, but indubitably he lacks taste. Voltaire knew literature, but when in hypercritical mood he denounced Shakespeare and Milton as barbarians on account of certain improprieties of technique it was evident that he had overlooked much beauty, it was obvious that they were in error who had attributed to him beaucoup de gout. For to have taste is to have sensibility not to blemishes but to different degrees and kinds of excellence in a work of art or of nature. The kind of criticism we like is the criticism made by Royal Cortissoz, one of the world's great art critics. He has seen the Fair, and he has written about it at length. He says he regards it as "one of the most subtly artistic works of art this country has ever produced," and he gives abundant reasons for the judgment he has formed. "The most interesting work of art at the Fair," he says, "is the Fair itself, the great architectural fabric," which he pronounces "a dream come true." Here is a man of imagination whose emotions have been stirred by the beauty of the whole, who has perceived that this beauty is in a totality of effects which we owe to the designers' sensibility to environment. It is a composition, he says, "a perfectly unified scheme," and he tells us that "nowhere else in the world save possibly at Naples could an ensemble quite like this one have been produced." Cortissoz likes our Fair better than the Chicago Fair, thus showing that his sense of beauty is not Edison's. And when he looks through the vista of it back to Paris the Paris Fair seems "an intolerable nightmare." Cortissoz has given only his personal impressions, and he is not at all didactic or dogmatic. If he discovered any blemishes he doesn't think it worth while to talk about them.


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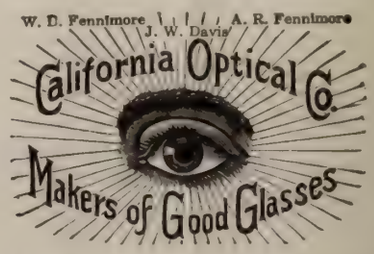


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# Varied Types

## CCXXX—J. W. FOLEY

By Edward F. O'Day

We had been talking, Earl Cummings and I, of the essential modesty of creative genius. And Earl had just told me a charming story.

The Marquis de la Rochette had the hereditary hunting right in the forest of Fontainebleau. In the heat of the chase, one day, he came upon a painter busy with palette, brush and easel on the edge of a glade. The Marquis was a connoisseur as well as a sportsman. He dismounted and examined the half-finished canvas.

"You paint like the Master Corot," he said with surprise.

"I am Corot," was the answer made by the painter, "but I am not a master; I am a student."

This story of genius adorned with modesty delighted me, and I was about to say so to Earl Cummings when I found myself spoken to by a third person.

"I want you to meet Mr. Foley, the poet," were the words addressed to me.

I turned, and was tete-a-tete with a young man who reminded me of Queed, he looked at me so solemnly through his large round spectacles.

"Are you J. W. Foley who used to write verses for the New York Times?" I asked.

"I am," answered the serious young man.

"Then you are a man," I said quite sincerely, "whose work I have admired greatly for years. One of your poems I am particularly fond of. It is in my scrap book—'An Elegy in a Country Print-Shop.'"

"Ah, that is a classic," said its author.

"I beg your pardon?" I said, for I was not quite sure I understood.

"Its place in poetry is assured," the serious young man explained. And he quoted:

"He's taken thirty off the hook; it's quitting time for Slim;
We've closed the shop this afternoon to read the proof on him,
And find it pretty middling clean, a pi line here and there,
But only such a one as apt to slip in anywhere;
His ticket's on the Foreman's desk, all figured up, I s'pose.
He had some fat takes and some lean, but that's the way it goes;
I don't know what's his overtime or what his check will be;
I guess he'll strike the average, along with you and me—

"That's the poem you mean, isn't it?"

"The very one!" I agreed.

"A New York newspaper editor told me it was so forceful," said its author, "that despite the technical terms in it he wanted it for his paper. He knew his readers would appreciate it. And they did. It has had a great success. There is no doubt that it will live."

"How wonderful, to know that about one's own work," I cried. "Would you object to telling me about your poetry for publication?"

Mr. Foley indicated that he had no objection.

"Have you written any other classics?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Mr. Foley. "There is my 'Tale of the Trail,' a little western philosophical sketch based on the religion of real humanity. It is a great favorite in penitentiaries and in societies for the aid of derelicts. And there is my book of poems, 'Boys and Girls.' Do you know 'Boys and Girls'?"

I had to confess the incompleteness of my classical education.

"It is the best book of children's verse ever written," said its author. "The Boston Transcript devoted two columns to a review of it and declared that it was superior to anything ever written from the human point of view. All the eastern papers expressed the same opinion. I have read some of the most appealing poems in 'Boys and Girls' to a quarter of a million school children, and I know that they all feel the same way."

The hand of Mr. Foley went into his breast pocket.

"I have here a letter from the principal of a school where I read some of these poems," he said. "Perhaps you would like to glance your eye over it."

It was a letter from the headmaster of the Shattuck School of Faribault, Minnesota. The headmaster and his pupils had been quite overcome by Mr. Foley's recitations. Among other nice things the headmaster wrote that Mr. Foley possessed a wisdom beyond his years, adding:

"You must be a contemporary of the Wandering Jew."

It pleased Mr. Foley; there could be no doubt of that. But to my mind it was rather a peculiar compliment.

"This feeling that one's work has become classic," I said to Mr. Foley as I returned the headmaster's letter, "it must be a very satisfying feeling."

"All poets have not experienced it," he replied. "And true poets do not need it. Take the case of Burns and Stevenson. They found their reward within themselves. They did not expect the world to appreciate them at their full value. I myself do not find my best reward in this recognition by the world at large. To know that something of mine will last is not everything. It is the knowledge that my poems help people which gives me the highest satisfaction. When a man is in trouble he goes to a little piece of poetry for consolation, he goes to the poet who has suffered. The real genius, the really big man does not expect homage. He finds his happiness in this knowledge that he is bringing comfort to the man who has suffered like himself."

"Have you suffered?" I asked.

"Every sensitive man has suffered," was the reply, "and out of his suffering the poet centralizes, focalizes the effects that help other sufferers. Take Burns' 'Highland Mary.' The truth of that poem is perceived by every man who has suffered because of a woman."

"Have you had that kind of suffering?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh yes," Mr. Foley answered. "All poets must run the whole gamut of suffering, or they couldn't run the whole gamut of poetical expression. First lose a sweetheart; then you can talk to the man who has lost a sweetheart."

"You have had a sad life?"

"Not particularly sad, but the lives of all thinking men are rather sad. If it were otherwise they could not show sympathy. I have read my poems in many penitentiaries, and many convicts have told me that I must have passed through almost as much as they have passed through. The same thing has happened when I have read to men's and women's clubs."

"What sort of poems do you read to these convicts and club people?"

"Poems with the elements of humor, inspiration, pathos and sympathy. Poems like 'Chums.' Perhaps you remember it. It was published in Collier's in 1905."

I was compelled to admit that it had slipped either my memory or my notice.

"It is a poem that shows how democratic all youngsters are at heart. When I sent it to Collier's the editor wrote and asked me if I couldn't do something like it once a week. I told him that if I could I'd soon be famous. 'Chums' always makes the little chaps cry when I read it. That is the test of a poem, not only in the reading but also in the writing. If a poem makes you cry when you write it you may be sure it will make others of the same temperament cry when you read it."

"Do you cry when you are writing your poems?"

"Very often," Mr. Foley replied. "And when that happens I have an instinctive feeling that the poem will be a success. Experience has shown that this instinctive feeling is correct."

"What school of poetry do you belong to?" I asked.

"To the school of Burns, Riley, Field and Stevenson," replied the author of "Chums." "To the school of those who reach the heart. I am not in sympathy with the poets who appeal to the head."

"Whom do you consider the greatest American poet?"

"Riley is the most effective American poet," Mr. Foley answered modestly. "He makes people cry. Stevenson was the most polished."

"Would you call him an American poet?" I ventured.

"His best work was done in America," answered Mr. Foley.

It is plain therefore that Mr. Foley does not regard "A Child's Garden of Verses" as Stevenson's best work.

At this point the interview was interrupted, so I had an opportunity to seek out Earl Cummings and thank him for telling me that pretty story about the modesty of the great Corot.

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# Perspective Impressions

It is rumored that the Portuguese revolutionists will put Manoel back on the throne. But does Manoel want to be put back?

"Willy" and "Georgie" and "Nicky" are taking back the decorations they gave one another in friendlier days. As the baubles were given for no particular reason there is no particular reason why they should not be taken back.

"If Flaubert spent half a day in hunting for one word he was slow," says Robert W. Chambers. Chambers, unlike Flaubert, is fast. His novels read as if written at the rate of half a day apiece.

Villagers complain that Sing Sing convicts are flirting with their daughters. Why should they complain? Sing Sing is conducted nowadays as an institution of the higher education, and its matriculates must be denied no collegiate privilege.

The hotel reporters note that the Rev. Dr. Fake is visiting in this city. Knowing nothing of this clergyman we take it for granted that he is an estimable gentleman and a credit to his cloth. Still we cannot help thinking that there are an awful lot of preachers on whom that surname would not be wasted.

The ancestors of all Americans, according to President Wilson, came to this country "to better the ideals of men." Notwithstanding our great pride of family we don't mind confessing that our ancestors were utterly indifferent to the ideals of men, save in so far as those ideals affected themselves. They were materialists, and they came hither to better their lot, nothing else.

Democracy, which, the prophets tell us will redeem the world, is having a high old time in Portugal as well as in Mexico.

Says the Rev. J. S. Cartain of Durango, Mexico, electrifying his hearers at Houston, Texas: "The cause of the present revolution in Mexico was the preaching of the Gospel by missionaries of the Protestant churches." We suspected it all along, but we didn't have the courage to say so.

According to our President our navy stands for American ideals. Then the Admiral's ship, it is to be conjectured, is the Piffle.

The despatches tell us that the women of Italy are shouting for war. The gentlemen behind our Feminist movement should send them a vote of censure.

It's easy to understand the debates of the club ladies when you see their pictures in the papers.

Says President Poincare to the soldiers of France: "You elevate and purify the soul of your country." This is the kind of heresy that shocks our Jordans and Akeds. And the worst of it is Poincare isn't a Czar or a King; just a plain product of Democracy.

The muffled organ in Dr. Aked's church is probably a symbol meaning the soft pedal on religion.

A poll shows that 63,000 students in thirty-seven colleges are opposed to the practice of military drill. In all probability these young men have been taught by our wise educators to prefer knitting and the making of baby clothes, and the drinking of grape juice.

Our President is proud of the navy and loves Daniels, but the Navy League of which Horace M. Porter is president, and which includes among its members Dr. Lyman Abbott, Cardinal Gibbons, Elihu Root, J. P. Morgan and Theodore Roosevelt, has petitioned him to call an extra session of Congress to appropriate $500,000,000 to provide the country with adequate naval defense.

# Sunday Before The War

**By A. Clutton-Brock**

On Sunday, in a remote valley in the west of England, where the people are few and scattered and placid, there was no more sign among them than among the quiet hills of the anxiety that holds the world. They had no news and seemed to want none. The postmaster had been ordered to stay all day in his little postoffice, and that was something unusual that interested them, but only because it affected the postmaster.

It rained in the morning, but the afternoon was clear and glorious and shining, with all the distances revealed far into the heart of Wales and to the high ridges of the Welsh mountains. The cottages of that valley are not gathered into villages, but two or three together or lonely among their fruit trees on the hillside; and the cottagers, who are always courteous and friendly, said a word or two as one went by, but just what they would have said on any other day and without any question about the war. Indeed, they seemed to know, or to wish to know, as little about that as the earth itself, which, beautiful there at any time, seemed that afternoon to wear an extreme and pathetic beauty. That country, more than any other in England, has the secret of peace. It is not wild, though it looks into the wildness of Wales; but all its cultivation, its orchards and hopyards and fields of golden wheat, seem to have the beauty of time upon them, as if men there had long lived happily on the earth with no desire for change or fear of decay. It is not the sad beauty of a past cut off from the present, but a mellowness that the present inherits from the past; and in this mellowness all the hillside seems a garden to the spacious farmhouses and the little cottages, each led up to by its own narrow, flowery lane. There the meadows are all lawns with the lustrous green of spring even in August, and often over-shadowed by old fruit trees—cherry, or apple, or pear; and on Sunday after the rain there was an April glory and freshness added to the quiet of the later summer.

Nowhere and never in the world can there have been a deeper peace; and the bells from the little red church down by the river seemed to be the music of it, as the song of birds is the music of spring. There one saw how beautiful the life of man can be, and how men by the innocent labors of many generations can give to the earth a beauty it has never known in its wildness. And all this peace, one knew, was threatened: and the threat came into one's mind as if it were a soundless message from over the great eastward plain; and with it the beauty seemed unsubstantial and strange, as if it were sinking away into the past, as if it were only a memory of childhood.

So it is always when the mind is troubled among happy things, and then one almost wishes they could share one's troubles and become more real with it. It seemed on that Sunday that a golden age had lasted till yesterday, and that the earth had still to learn the news of its ending. And this change had come, not by the will of God, not even by the will of man, but because some few men far away were afraid to be open and generous with each other. There was a power in their hands so great that it frightened them. There was a spring that they knew they must not touch, and, like mischievous and nervous children, they had touched it at last, and now all the world was to suffer for their mischief.

So the next morning one saw a reservist in his uniform saying good-bye to his wife and children at his cottage gate and then walking up the hill that leads out of the valley with a cheerful smile still on his face. There was the first open sign of trouble, a very little one, and he made the least of it; and, after all, this valley is very far from any possible war, and its harvests and its vintage of cider and perry will surely be gathered in peace.

But what happiness can there be in that peace, or what security in the mind of man, when the madness of war is let loose in so many other valleys? Here there is a beauty inherited from the past, and added to the earth by man's will; but the men here are of the same nature and subject to the same madness as those who are gathering to fight on the frontiers. We are all men with the same power of making and destroying, with the same divine foresight mocked by the same animal blindness. We ourselves may not be in fault today, but it is human beings in no way different from us who are doing what we abhor and what they abhor even while they do it. There is a fate, coming from the beast in our own past, that the present man in us has not yet mastered; and for the moment that fate seems a malignity in the nature of the universe that mocks us even in the beauty of these lonely hills. But it is not so, for we are not separate and indifferent like the beasts; and if one nation for the moment forgets our common humanity and its future, then another must take over that sacred charge and guard it without hatred or fear until the madness is passed. May that be our task now, so that we may wage war only for the future peace of the world and with the lasting courage that needs no stimulant of hate.

# Notes on The War

By Robert McTavish

We have grown so used to every kind of prodigy in this war that its great feats are only dimly outlined against the vast background of the immeasurable and the bewildering. Our school books used to invite our wonder for the passage of the Alps by Hannibal and Napoleon, and their exploits became classical, though they were a triumph only over Nature. The crossing of the Carpathians by the Russians was only a little less remarkable as a material achievement, but despite the terrible reverses that followed, it was more remarkable as a military achievement, for they had to face a powerful army. In a month of fighting the Russians won the summit of the main range over a reach of eighty miles, and at some points advanced well within the massive and complicated secondary range lying beyond it.

* * * * * * *

When King George of England was at the front in France recently he conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath—the highest military distinction in the form of an order within the gift of the British Crown—on two Frenchmen. Joffre was one. The other was Foch. In this country and in England the question was asked, "Who is Foch?" "Why the Grand Cross?" Britishers asked. The answer is Foch is the hero of the Marne, the man who perceived on September 9 that there must be a gap between the Prussian Guard and the Saxon army, and who gathered enough artillery to crush the guard in the St. Gond marshes and forced both the Prussians and the Saxons, now separated, to retreat. Foch is the man of Ypres, the commander who was in general control of the first successful fight made by the French and the British, aided by the Belgians, to prevent the Germans from breaking through to Calais. Foch, in short, is one of the military geniuses of the war, so record observers at the front. He is a general who has something of the Napoleonic in his composition; the dramatic in war is for him—secrecy and suddenness, gigantic and daring movements; fiery, yet coldly calculated attacks; vast strategic conceptions carried out by swift, unfaltering tactics. Foch has a tendency to the impetuous, but he is impetuous scientifically. He has, however, taken all in all, much more of the dash and nervousness and warmth of the Southern Latin than has Joffre—cool, cautious, taciturn Joffre. Yet both men are from the south of France. They were born within a few miles of one another, within three months of one another, Foch being born on October 2, 1851, and Joffre on January 12, 1852.

Most writers who have dealt with Foch agree on this as one of his paramount characteristics—the Napoleonic mode of military thought. When Foch was director of the Ecole de Guerre, where he had much to do with shaping the military views of many of the men who are now commanding units of the French armies, he was considered to be possessed of almost an obsession on the subject of Napoleon. He studied Napoleon's campaigns, and restudied them.

At the time that Foch was appointed director of the Ecole de Guerre, Clemenceau was Premier, and upon the latter fell the task of choosing an officer for the important directorship. There was keen competition for the position, many influential generals desiring the appointment, and in consequence much wire-pulling went on. The story goes that Clemenceau, a man of action, became impatient of the intrigues for the post, and determined to make his own choice unhampered.

According to the story, Clemenceau, after a conference one day upon routine business with Foch, asked the latter to dine. The Ecole de Guerre was not mentioned during the meal, the men chatting upon general topics. But as the coffee was being brought on, the Premier turned suddenly to the general and said, brusquely:

"By the way, I've a good bit of news for you. You're nominated director of the Ecole de Guerre."

"Director of the Ecole de Guerre! But I'm not a candidate for the post."

"That is possible. But you're appointed all the same, and I know you will do excellent work in the position."

Foch thanked the Premier, but he still had some doubts, and added:

"I fear you don't know all my family connections. I have a brother who is a Jesuit."

"Jesuit be d—!" the Premier is reported to have roared in reply. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Director! You are the director of the Ecole de Guerre. All the Jesuits in creation won't alter that—it is a fait accompli."

* * * * * * *

Frequently we hear of the winning of the Victoria Cross and the Iron Cross, but the brave deeds that entitle a French soldier to the Medaille Militaire are not of common occurrence. This token of valor is the highest rank of distinction a French soldier can receive. So that Jacques Goujon is some soldier we may readily believe, for Jacques, a boy of seventeen, was decorated with a Medaille Militaire the other day in the presence of all his regiment. This young hero was ordered with some of his comrades to locate some German machine guns that were very troublesome. The little party discovered the hiding place of the guns but only after two German sentries were shot down. Before the quick-firers could be seized the French were attacked by a superior force and all but Goujon were killed. The lad disappeared in a hollow made by a shell, and there he remained for three hours until the coast seemed to be clear. Emerging from his hole in the earth Jacques did not immediately return to his own lines, but decided to execute the orders given him. An inexperienced soldier Jacques spent no time in speculating about the reason why the machine guns, of which there were three, had not been removed by the Germans. Two of the guns he at once destroyed with bombs, and in the very act the boy was taken prisoner. But Private Goujon was not yet done. With ready wit and a pair of nimble legs he made his escape while being conducted to the rear. Later Jacques, pulling the remaining quick-firer, appeared in the French camp. No details are given in the meagre despatch of how the boy achieved this coup. Probably darkness favored him. We know only that the Medaille Militaire was bestowed upon him, that he was mentioned in an order of the day by the adjutant of his regiment, and that he was promoted to corporal. Since then Jacques had an arm blown off by a shell, but he is in good trim, and as he has a marshal's baton in his knapsack he will some day be a second picturesque Pau.


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# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCVII—PEACEFULNESS

(Here are some more verses from Howard V. Sutherland's "Songs of a City." Sutherland's is a modest muse with no pretense to the grand manner. Still there is much of the atmosphere of San Francisco in his lines.)

By Howard V. Sutherland

A golden glory lights the west—
The sun's farewell;
One chime sounds clearer than the rest—
The daytime's knell.

The eastern skies are crimsoned now
And edged with grey;
The beams from Tamalpais' brow
Have passed away.

On Alcatraz the light is lit,
The Bay is still;
And soon the truant mists will flit
O'er dell and hill.

So still the town this Sabbath night,
So calm the air,
One almost sees the angels light
Those stars up there!

# The Spectator

### Anti-Germans on the Lusitania

Some of the deaths that occurred in the tragedy of the Lusitania have a peculiarly dramatic interest owing to circumstances in the lives that were lost that established a connection with the present struggle in Europe. Elbert Hubbard excited the indignation of Germans some months ago by publishing an article entitled "Who Took the Lid Off Hell?" In that article he denounced the Kaiser in most offensive terms, and described him as the "man with the withered arm." Justus Miles Forman, the short story writer, was among the passengers who were drowned. Months ago he felt so much incensed against the Germans of this country who were active in the German propaganda that he decided to put them into a novel. Then it appeared to him that there would be no time to publish such a work before it might be stale. So he decided to make his first effort as a playwright in utilizing the material for the stage. He outlined the play, known as "The Hyphen," and read it to his friend Edward Sheldon, who sent it to Charles Frohman. Mr. Frohman read the play one Friday, accepted it the next day and on the day after he was engaging the actors for the performance. Never before had any unknown playwright found such a ready market for his work.

### Ridder Objected

Herman Ridder of the Staats-Zeitung of New York whose writings have exasperated thousands of Americans of late heard about the Forman play and sent to Mr. Frohman a violent protest against its production. He demanded a copy of the scenario, which was sent to him. Then he desired a more detailed account of the contents of the work. After learning its character he protested against the performance, said that the German-American societies were united to a man in opposition to the use of the activities of Germans in this country in fiction or on the stage, and declared that he would not in any way be responsible if the first night performance was interrupted by the expression of their disapproval. A few plain clothes men were in the theatre when the piece was acted. There were some signs of displeasure, but there was no need of police interference. The play proved a finely written but altogether undramatic work. After a few performances it was taken to Boston, but was acted there for only one week. It was the failure of this play which decided Mr. Forman to go to Europe. He at first intended to be a war correspondent, but his arrangements to that effect were not carried out. But he had already made his plans to sail and when he learned that Mr. Frohman was going on the Lusitania he took passage and thus it came about that he was lost through the activity of the country which he had shown in such an unflattering light in his play. Mr. Frohman could not swim, and it is probable that he was drowned at once, as nobody remembers to have seen him after the torpedo hit the ship.

### Ridder's Loyalty

Immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania the New York Mail asked Herman Ridder whether he was with the President or with the Kaiser, and he made this unqualified declaration of loyalty:

"I speak for myself and, I believe, for the great majority of German-Americans when I say that we are with the President of the United States to the finish in all matters affecting national honor or national prestige."

### Klein's Fateful Words

As the late Charles Klein, the playwright, stepped aboard the Lusitania he turned and, making a hasty survey of the water front, remarked:

"Good-by, I hope I shall never see New York again."

The state of mind that had induced Mr. Klein to make this bitter remark was the result, it is said, of an unpleasant experience with the Shuberts during the last few days of his visit. In a controversy with Lee Shubert, representing his firm, Mr. Klein, who was the most amiable, kindly of men, was unsuccessful, and the transaction had soured him on all New York. He added that morning that he looked forward only to peace and contentment during the remainder of his life, and that upon his arrival in London he and his wife would devote themselves exclusively to promoting their mutual happiness.

### The Reason for His Bitterness

Klein's disagreement with the Shuberts arose out of his making the dramatization of "Potash

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and Perlmutter." When A. H. Woods went to him two years ago with a proposition to make the Montague Glass stories into a play, Mr. Klein was under a five-year contract with the Authors' Producing Company to write for that concern exclusively and to deliver at least one play each year. The Authors' Producing Company was made up of the Shuberts, John Cort and Selwyn and Company. Consequently before accepting Woods' proposition Mr. Klein sought the consent of Arch Selwyn, the most active member of the Authors' Producing Company. The latter granted it readily. The Shuberts also signified their acquiescence and afterward, it is said, Lee Shubert gave his formal consent in a written note. As is now well known, Mr. Klein completed the dramatization and reaped from it a harvest of royalties. Until Mr. Klein came to New York on his recent visit no member of the Authors' Producing Company, so far as is known, had entered any protest against his work in behalf of "Potash and Perlmutter." One of the matters that had brought Mr. Klein to America was the lawsuit waged by Anne Caldwell and based upon the alleged plagiarism of her dramatization of "Potash." Reports of the progress of the lawsuit appeared in the newspapers while Mr. Klein was here, and evidently recalled to the Shuberts or their associates the Klein contract with the Authors' Producing Company.

**An Insistent Partner**

At any rate, a few days before the date of Mr. Klein's sailing on the Lusitania Lee Shubert sent for him and, it is alleged, told him that while he himself made no claim, Joseph L. Rhinock, one of his business associates and a partner in the Authors' Producing Company, thought that Klein should turn over a part of his revenues from "Potash" to that concern. Shubert added that Rhinock would accept $5000 in full for his share. Klein pointed out that the Shuberts, as well as Selwyn and Co., had given their consent, and Shubert did not deny this, but he said that Rhinock had not been consulted at that time, and since Rhinock had invested money in the Authors' Producing Company he felt he should be reimbursed. Even under these circumstances Selwyn did not back up Shubert's contention, and when John Cort, another partner of the Authors' Producing Company, was consulted, he expressed his willingness to waive all claims, explaining that he did not feel entitled to anything. Shubert, however, persisted in his contention, always maintaining that he represented Rhinock, and at length threatened suit. Mr. Klein, who was tired of the whole business and eager to return to London, finally in desperation and against the advice of his friends, settled the dispute by paying Shubert $5000.

**The Clockwinder for Heney**

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock has switched his allegiance from Governor Johnson to the Hon. Francis J. Heney. He is for Heney for Senator. He told Heney so when they met a few days ago, and the news filled the heart of the snappy little agitator with gladness.

"It's this way," said the clockwinder, "I can't stand for the non-partisan bill. I followed Johnson into the Progressive party, but I'm not going to follow him into the wilderness. I wonder why he's trying to destroy party government."

"I'll tell you," said Heney. "Johnson's head has been swelled. I made Johnson, and I know. When I finished the job the head was of normal size, but since the Neylans and the Olders and the Rowells and the Ryans and Sullivans began spraying it with gush it has grown enormously. His sycophants have been telling him that he's bigger than all parties, and he has dreams of himself standing on the ruins of all of them. Besides he's afraid to run against me for a party nomination."

"Are you going to be a candidate for Senator again?" the clockwinder asked.

"You bet I am and I'll beat that big mutt to a frazzle."

"Then I'm for you," said the clockwinder. "I'm sick of that bunch at Sacramento anyway. I can't stand for a Peeping Tom, Paul Pry administration. It's too much like Los Angeles."

"Don't say that," said Heney, "I'm a citizen of Los Angeles now. Of course they're not my kind down there, but they're strong for me, and I need them."

"Well, I'll say this for them. They are spreading their complexion. Up in the office of the Board of Control the head guy has a dictagraph. Can you beat it?"

"Well," said Heney stroking his chin and musing, "I'm pretty handy with one of those things myself. What are they using one for in a State office?"

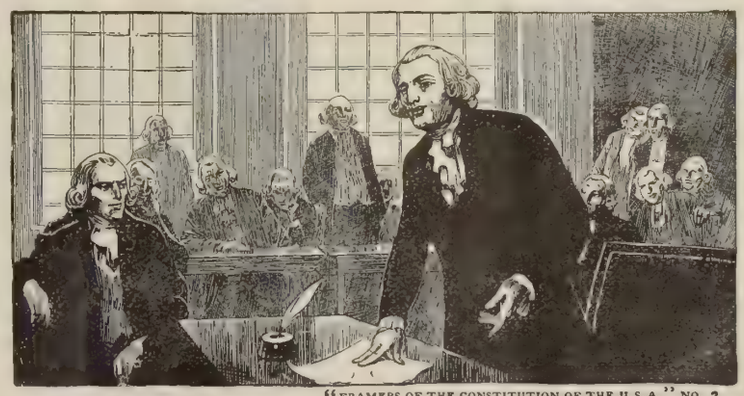
"Making a record on everybody that goes into it. We have reached the perfection of spy government."

"Horrible!" Heney exclaimed.

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "it's tough enough to appal even you."

**Spoofing Charles Rollo**

Charles Rollo Peters, eminent painter of the witchery of night, has no love for John Trask, chief of the department of Fine Arts at the World's Fair. Peters did not send his pictures to the World's Fair jury, so his dislike for Trask is not of a personal nature. It is an artistic quarrel. Bush Finnell, the licensed jester of the Bohemian Club, knows how Peters feels about the chief of Fine Arts, so when the name of Trask came up in a conversation to which Peters was a party and Peters had expressed himself rather forcibly, Bush Finnell said to him:

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"Has Trask paid me a compliment?" asked Peters.

"Indeed he has," said Finnell.

"What did he say about me?" inquired Peters.

"He said," answered Finnell, "that you were the greatest moonlight cartoonist on the Pacific Coast!"

### Charlie Clark, Cataloguer

Most people think of Charles W. Clark of San Mateo as the son of the multimillionaire who used to represent Montana in the United States Senate. Horsemen know him as the owner of one of the best racing stables in the country. Let me present him in a new light. Charlie Clark is a bibliophile, and his beautiful home down the peninsula contains one of the very choicest collections of rare books in the West. Henry E. Huntington of Los Angeles has a more showy collection of rare books, but his treasures do not possess the literary interest which attaches to Clark's. There is no item in the Clark collection, perhaps, to compare with Huntington's world-famous prize the Gutenberg Bible. But the difference between the two collections is this: Huntington's is the collection of a collector, while Clark's is the collection of a bookworm. It is the difference which exists between the pictures gathered by a savant like Charles L. Freer and those gathered by a collector like Frick. In other words, Clark is a connoisseur of books. He not only buys books, he also knows them. If any proof of this is needed it is forthcoming in the catalogue of the Clark library which was recently completed by Clark himself. For Charlie Clark is that rare person, a wealthy book buyer who possesses sufficient erudition to make a catalogue of his collection which commands the respect of other bibliophiles.

### The Catalogue De Luxe

Some time ago Charlie Clark decided that he would add a work of his own composition to his library. He determined that this work should be worthy of a position on the shelves which hold his editions de luxe. So he set about making a catalogue of his library. Now a library catalogue may seem a simple thing to prepare. Sometimes it is, but not the sort of catalogue which meets the requirements of bookworms. To catalogue the title, the authorship, the date of publication, the edition, the size, etc., of a book is not difficult. But to catalogue a library in such fashion that the bibliophile may estimate the value of the books by reading the catalogue is a labor of erudition. And that is the labor which Charlie Clark has brought to a successful close. His catalogue has been published, and it is a work of art. It is a folio volume of vellum printed in beautiful hand-set type, the sort of volume which gives the bookworm the same kind of pleasure which the expert in gems derives from handling flawless precious stones. Turning over its pages one realizes how thorough is Charlie Clark's acquaintance with his books. It abounds in those obiter dicta so dear to the heart of the bookworm. Lowndes who wrote a work which has come to be the bookworm's Bible is copiously quoted. In brief, Charlie Clark's catalogue is in itself an entrancing volume. The bookworm's mouth waters as he reads item after item of incunabula, Elzevirs, Aldines and Delphines. Of English first editions, of the poets particularly, the catalogue has an imposing number. I take it that Clark is exceedingly proud of this work. He ought to be. In its preparation he refused all help, and the result justifies his self-confidence.

### Bispham Not Coming

There is mourning in the Bohemian Club, for David Bispham is not coming to California to sing and act the leading role in this year's Bohemian grove play, the work of Frank Pixley. Pixley's leading man must be a singer, and Bispham had promised to take the role. Now he finds it impossible to come. So Pixley is looking for a substitute among his club fellows. The thing of immediate interest in Bohemia just now is the coming of Saint Saens to San Francisco. The club plans a jinks in honor of the great composer.

### One on McCormick

While E. O. McCormick, the genial vice-president of the Southern Pacific, was at Paso Robles recently, taking a course of mud baths, his equally genial pal Colonel George Pippy, the lawyer-milkman, ran down for the week-end. As usual the barbal similarity of the two men led to an amusing incident. The two Don Whiskerandos were sauntering through the hotel when they met a young lady from Chicago with whom McCormick was acquainted. He presented Colonel Pippy.

"Miss Wilson," he said, "this is my carbon copy, Colonel Pippy of San Francisco. Please look us over and tell me which is the handsomer."

The Chicago girl gave them the "once over" and walked on, saying as she went:

"J. Ham Lewis."

### Just Persiflage

Willard Batchelder, the vocal teacher, arose at a jinks of the San Francisco Commercial Club.

"Is Larry Harris in the house?" he demanded.

"No!" came the chorus.

"Is Willis Polk in the house?"

"No!" once more.

"All right," said Batchelder; "then I'll read my paper."

Polk heard of this and when he met Harris, told him about it.

"Batch evidently thinks he's the third best humorist in town," said Willis to Larry. "I admit I'm the second best, Larry, and that you come first. But the funniest thing about you is that you always look serious."

"And the most serious thing about you, Willis," responded Harris, "is that you always look funny."

### Robbing Joe Leggett

The ever delightful Beau Broadway of the New York Telegraph is responsible for this:

A lady recently from California tells of the earnestness of the boosters of Los Angeles. She attended a funeral in Los Angeles, and after the preacher had had his say he remarked: "The deceased had many friends, and I have been notified that several of them would be here and address you. Will one of them please come forward?" There was a long pause and no one went to the front—the friends, it was evident, who were billed to speak had not attended the funeral. "Stillness reigned," and just then a solemn-looking man arose and said: "As none of the men who were to speak seem to be present, while we are waiting for them to come I would like to make a few remarks about Los Angeles, her greatness, her superb climate, and the wonderful inducements she has to offer to outsiders."

A good story, but of plagiary origin. The incident happened in San Francisco. The man

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who arose to address the mourners was the only Joe Leggett. The subject with which he desired to improve the occasion was Single Tax.

### Loew's Western Circuit

Marcus Loew's vaudeville theatre in Portland has been ordered closed. The darkening of the Loew house in Seattle is expected to follow. Hard times have hit Loew's western circuit very hard, and Marcus will breathe a sigh of relief when the Pacific Coast playhouses are detached from his chain. And they are going to be detached. They are about to revert to John W. Considine of Seattle. They have been part of the "Marcus Loew Enterprises" since March of last year, but they have not brought Marcus any money. Probably the Empress of this city was the only one of the chain which made a decent financial showing. Considine opened negotiations for the sale of the "Essancee" circuit to Marcus Loew of New York after the tragic death of his partner "Dry Dollar" Tim Sullivan. When the deal was put through it was announced that the circuit had changed hands for three million dollars. Theatrical managers usually like to have their press agents multiply their figures by two, so perhaps a million and a half would be a reasonable sum for this transaction. Just how much actual money changed hands it is impossible to say, but I don't think it can have been very much. Loew induced some of his friends to go into the deal. Most important of these was David Warfield, and it has been rialto gossip for some time that Warfield lost a small fortune as a result of Loew's siren proposals. The circuit failed to pay its way under the Loew management, and the deal was never consummated. So the theatres are now reverting to Considine, and it is generally believed that he will have a hard time putting them on their feet again. Henceforth Loew will confine his activities to the East, charging up his western losses, whatever they were, to experience. The closing of the theatre in Portland marks the beginning of a policy of retrenchment whereby Considine will endeavor to rehabilitate the holdings he has resumed.

### Will He Win?

Down in Chemical-Purityville the word is getting round that if Sebastian is elected mayor the lid will be pried off the town. This may be a political rumor circulated by Sebastian's enemies; and then again it may come from those who are supporting the chief of police in his campaign. Sebastian is running on a closed-town platform, like his opponent. If Los Angeles takes kindly to the whisper that the vigilance of the saints is to be relaxed under Sebastian, that worthy will stand a pretty good chance of election. The vote should be a test of the strength of the holier-than-thou element. It is not considered that the primary vote was such a test. Those shots fired at Sebastian had a great deal to do with his amazing run; they won him many votes he would not have obtained otherwise. Neither was his acquittal a sign of his political strength. The witnesses against him were of such a class that no self-respecting jury could do otherwise than as it did. The trial showed that the chief is no Saint Sebastian; it also indicated that his accusers were not entitled to absolute credence. The trial is out of the way now, however; and that rumor about taking the lid off Los Angeles will be one of the important factors in determining the result.

### "Dopie Bennie's" Work

Students of the labor problem would do well to investigate the confession which "Dopie Bennie" recently made to the police authorities of New York City. "Dopie Bennie" was a wholesale dealer in assaults and drove quite a brisk trade with labor leaders who had grudges against New York employers. "Dopie Bennie" took contracts to beat up workers in obnoxious factories, and carried them out with expert thoroughness. No job of this sort was distasteful to him, provided the pay was right; and he might be continuing his activities today had he not been double-crossed by his associates, the labor leaders. At least that is the reason he gives for peaching on them. That distinguished labor leader Anton Johannsen stated before the Federal Industrial Commission the other day that "the criminals of one generation become the saints of

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the next." On this basis "Dopie Bennie" might have hoped for canonization had he not turned informer.

### A Sample Job

One extract from "Dopie Bennie's" lengthy and circumstantial confession will illustrate the services which he rendered to the cause of labor.

"There was one job about a forelady who was employed in an underwear establishment. My employer said to me, 'The forelady in that place goes out with the boss. She is like the boss' wife; everything he tells her she does and she is running the place. She has got to get a good licking, and the best thing for you to do is to get somebody and throw her down the cellar. I am going to give you a girl to point her out to you.' He spoke to me about a half dozen times about this job and I didn't want to do it because I didn't like to throw a woman down into a cellar, as I pictured my own sister in that position, but he said: 'You will never get any more work if you don't do it,' and kept pestering me and finally I agreed to do it, and he had a girl meet me and this girl took me to the shop and pointed out the forelady. I and another fellow followed them around and we got another man and a friend of his and they waited until there was a good chance. She started to go by a saloon and there was a cellar right under it and they pushed her down in the areaway and she started to scream and a lot of people took her into a store. I told my employer about it afterward and he said that was the very best job I had ever done, and he gave me $50 for it."

### The Death of "Bubbles"

Of course you know that picture of a blond, curly-haired boy blowing soap bubbles which has been used for years the world over to advertise a famous soap. It was painted by Sir John Millais, and when it was shown at the Royal Academy art critics compared it favorably to Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Age of Innocence." Well, "Bubbles" is dead. "Bubbles" died at "Wipers" (as Sir John French pronounces Ypres), shot through the head by a German sniper. "Bubbles" was Major William James of the Buffs. He was four years old, the pet grandson of Sir John Millais, when the famous picture was painted. From that time on his nickname was "Bubbles."

### The Cake Walk at Techau's

Surely there is no more fascinating spectacle than the Cake Walk contest by three couples which is taking place every evening at Techau Tavern. This old time favorite has again come into its own and it is surprising to note its steadily growing popularity in the face of the supposed supremacy of the modern ballroom dance. Every evening this week, at 7:30 and 11:30, the contest goes merrily on amid a storm of applause which is to be the deciding factor in the contest, each of the three couples having scores of admirers who are bent upon contributing to the success of their favorites. The Candy Dances every evening, with souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's candies for the ladies, draw bigger and bigger crowds, while Carnival Night —Wednesday—taxes the capacity of the cafe.

MR. AND MRS. CARTER DE HAVEN
Who will appear next week at the Orpheum

### THE ANGLO-SAXON

**By Maurice Morris**

The Angles and the Saxons
  Were proper men and bold.
They came from western Europe
  (At least so we are told),
And they started many wrangles,
Did the Saxons and the Angles.

The Angles and the Saxons
  Did many doughty things;
They rambled over Britain
  And conquered all the kings;
But the Normans grabbed the spangles
From the Saxons and the Angles.

The Normans seized the country
  And laid a heavy tax on,
But they didn't seize an Angle
  Nor yet a single Saxon.
The reason why you must have guessed:
The two had fully coalesced.

And from that coalescence
  The Anglo-Saxon sprang,
Who has become the subject
  Of more or less harangue.
He is the fons et origo
Of everything we are or know.

Our literature he gave us,
  Our quite uncommon law,
Our history, traditions,
  Our—speak it with due awe—
Our—oh, most mystic magic gauge!
Our—yes, "our common heritage!"

And what a scroll stupendous
  Of names does he produce,
From Brian, called Borumha,
  And Robert, surnamed Bruce,
To when in this new day and age
Lloyd George and K. of K. hold stage.

There's Burns, and J. M. Barrie,
  And Stevenson and Scott,
And Swift and Nollie Goldsmith,
  And poets, oh, a lot,
And George B. Shaw, now out at grass,
And George M. Cohan, who has class.

And when you come to fighters,
  Triumphant grows the chant,
With Wellington and Roberts,
  And Sheridan and Grant,
And in a somewhat different clan,
Heenan and John L. Sullivan.

But why continue further
  A subject none is lax on?
The whole truth may be summed thus:
  To get the Anglo-Saxon
You have to take the alphabet in
From T. R. down to George (Fifth) Wettin!

### Just So

"I gave you a dime yesterday and you immediately went into a saloon," expostulated the benevolent old gentleman. "Don't you know it is very wasteful to spend your money for liquor?"

"I have often thought of that, sir," replied the weary wayfarer; "but I have never yet found a place where I could get it for nothing."

# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Prince of Commissioners

On the twenty-fifth of May the Argentine Republic celebrates Independence Day. A celebration will be held on that day at the Exposition, and as it will be under the personal direction of Commissioner-General Horatio Anasagasti one has reason to feel assured that it will be worth while. For Anasagasti is the "live wire" of the foreign commissions. He has kept us mindful of the Argentine Republic ever since his arrival. He has not only improved our knowledge of his country, he has stirred our imagination, and made lots of people feel that it will give them great pleasure to join in the celebration of Argentine's national holiday. Anasagasti is a man who takes great pleasure in giving pleasure, and he has done a lot of entertaining here. Also he has been entertained himself, and he has become quite a social pet. And no wonder, for he is a very fine figure of a man, a citizen of the world as well as of Argentine, and, pst! he is a bachelor. But this need not be whispered in Askalon, for it is stale news on Pacific Heights and down the peninsula. All the belles are cognizant of the Anasagasti status. And they will be at the Argentine ball on the night of the twenty-fifth which will be a function with a thrill in it. But Commissioner Anasagasti thinks of other things besides social functions. He has found time to think of the orphans of San Francisco, and all of them will be his guests at the Exposition on Independence Day.

### Easy Book Learning

Mrs. George W. Hamilton is chairman of the literature department of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, so she speaks with authority on literature. When therefore she told the club women in convention assembled that "our knowledge of the past is gained more from literature than history," we are forced to render her opinion the respect which it deserves. Mrs. Hamilton explained what she meant.

"I believe," she said, "that most of us have gained the greater part of what knowledge we have of Scotland from Burns and Scott, our knowledge of Denmark from 'Hamlet,' and of Rome from 'Julius Caesar.' In a lesser degree the same applies to our knowledge of every day affairs."


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War is one of our every day affairs just now, so it is well that we enforce Mrs. Hamtilton's valuable words by pointing out some literary sources for the history of the belligerent countries. If you would be posted on Vienna you will turn naturally to "Measure for Measure," the scenes of which are laid in that war capital. Incidentally you may study in that play the operation of a sort of "redlight abatement law." For conditions in Bohemia (with special reference to its well known sea coast) you will of course consult "A Winter's Tale." In case Greece joins the Allies you will find all you need about Athens in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Timon of Athens," though the insatiable reader may also study Byron's "Maid of Athens." For Warsaw one naturally goes to "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and for Paris and London to "A Tale of Two Cities." Scott's "Count Robert of Paris" has a deceptive title; it concerns Constantinople, another war capital. Having read these works one will be quite as competent to discuss the places named as to talk about Denmark after reading "Hamlet" or Rome after reading "Julius Caesar"—quite as competent but not a bit more competent.

MISS BINA M. WEST

Supreme Commander of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World.

### Will "Billy" Rewed?

Now that "Billy" de Boalt has resumed her freedom by way of the courts the question is, Does she intend to try matrimony again? The vivacious daughter of Major Rowan only received her interlocutory decree Tuesday, so the question may seem premature; but events move rapidly nowadays. "Billy" is devoted to Paris—would much rather be there than at the quiet Rowan place in Mill Valley. 'Tis said she will return to the French capital with all speed. 'Tis said too that her inteerst is not in Paris altogether, but more particularly in a dashing French army officer who runs over to Paris when he can be spared from the front.

### On the Venetia

Guests aboard John D. Spreckels' steam yacht Venetia were treated to an unusual entertainment lately at Coronado Beach. This was nothing less than a scene from a moving picture in the making. The scenario was the work of that dainty little star of the cinema Mary Pickford, and she enacted the principal role. All the guests were delighted with this novelty in diversion. The only people aboard who did not give it undivided attention were Grace Gibson of this city and Raymond Morris of San Diego whose engagement has just been announced. They were too much interested in each other to bestow much notice on pretty Mary. And you can't blame them, can you?

### A Dinner to Schwab

There was a delightful informality about the dinner given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwab in Pavo Real Wednesday evening, May 12. The host was Mr. Hudson, one of the party which the steel magnate brought out from the East, and there were several New York millionaires among the twenty-seven men and women who shared his hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Schwab Sr. were among those present. The table was set in the front dining room of Pavo Real, and during dinner the guests were amused with singing and dancing. Afterwards the members of the party joined the other dancers in Pavo Real. The dinner dance given on Sundays for the members of the Pavo Real Sunday Night Club is proving one of the most successful strokes of Mine Host Tait's social originality. The table de'hote is excellent, and the innovation has already taken a firm hold on members of the club. Among those present last Sunday I noted Dr. and Mrs. Karl Muck. It was plain that the leader of the Boston Symphony enjoyed himself thoroughly. Another I noticed was Impresario Ellis. He took such a keen interest in the clever Chinese dancers that I could only wonder with some misgiving whether he had professional designs on them. This was a disquieting thought, so I banished it by recalling the time Ellis brought Melba to the California Theatre. During one of her concerts a fire broke out in the theatre, and San Francisco came nearer to having a theatre panic than any other time I know of. Melba saved the occasion by going calmly to the piano and playing the "Star Spangled Banner." Bill Lange was another I noticed Sunday night. "Merrylegs" is as enthusiastic as ever about dancing.

### The Commander of the Maccabees

What promises to be an important convention is that of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the world, the largest woman's organization in the world, which meets in New York City on May 24. Over 100 delegates will attend, representing every State in the Union, including prominent women from the West. This is the quadrennial convention, and Miss Bina M. West, the supreme

commander, will present a report covering her four-year term. Miss West was the founder of this fraternal benefit order in 1892 and since then the association has grown to a membership of 187,000. Miss West has personally signed away over $12,000,000 in death and disability benefits, and has a reserve fund protecting present contracts of nearly $9,000,500, which earns $350,000 interest annually. Miss West is a woman of superior intellect and advanced thought. She believes that women are the best friends women can have, as the extensive philanthropic work of her association is daily proving, and to this end there is an organized effort in the 2872 subordinate associations towards concentrated work for the betterment of homes. Miss West is justly proud of the result of her work. It has reached a point now where her executive ability has led her to gather to her assistance the best thought in every State, and as a result every State has its own leader who is an expert also in her line of work. The home office in Port Huron, Michigan, is a picture of industry. There are eighty efficient clerks employed as compared with but one twenty-three years ago, when Miss West was her own secretary and statistician. The latest appliances for short-cuts in the clerical work are used, also the newest efficiency methods in every department. It is so arranged that the maximum of work is accomplished at the minimum of effort. At this office fine opportunities are given to the employees to advance, and from their ranks the present supreme record keeper, Miss Frances D. Partridge, advanced, she being today an actuarial expert of high standing in her profession. Miss West was a United States delegate to the Internationl Council of Women which met in Switzerland in 1908, and is interested in the welfare of the women of her country. Her time is now fully taken up, however, advancing the cause of her own association The Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, whose business has assumed such proportions that it requires her constant attention. As a result, nearly 26,000 members have been added to the association during her four-year term which has just closed.

**Mme. Patterson's Success**

Mrs. Lois Patterson Wessitsh, a former vocal student of Madame Joseph Beringer and a member of the Beringer Musical Club, who has been studying for the last two years in Florence, Italy, and made her debut since under the name Loisa Patterson in "La Favorita," sang at a grand concert recently in the Pergola Theatre, in which the celebrated tenor Bassi, Girlandoni the baritone, and Cesare Thompson, the famous violinist, participated. She also sang at the Lyceum Club last month. Press comments speak in the highest terms of her work. Mme. Patterson's opera repertoire includes: Mignon, Lohengrin, Un Ballo in Maschera, Tannhauser, Aida, La Gioconda, Norma, Faust, Mephistopheles, La Favorita, Cavalleria Rusticana, Don Carlo and Mme. Sans Gene.

**At the Somerton**

Mrs. Edward Nash is among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Somerton. Mrs. E. E. Wilhelm and Miss Georgia Zelleven of Lincoln, Neb., gave a dinner Monday evening. The circular table was ornamented with spring flowers and lace ferns. Mrs. L. E. Prudden and the Misses L. E. and Elizabeth Prudden are sojourning. They are busy sightseeing at the Exposition. Mr. B. B. Meek of Oroville was host at a dinner Wednesday evening. Mr. Meek has beena guest for the past fortnight.

**At the Cecil**

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Schmidt of York, Penn., and their two attractive daughter Misses Catherine and Mary Schmidt are sojourning at the Cecil Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald White and Mrs. F. C. Cady of Chicago are guests. Mr. and Mrs. White were hosts at a dinner Tuesday evening. It was given in the private dining room. A few friends enjoyed the hospitality of Miss Alma Thane Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Dennison of Mason City, Iowa, arrived in San Francisco Monday. They are enthusiastic over the Exposition. Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp, U. S. R. C., gave an elaborate dinner recently. Covers were arranged for ten and the decorations were red roses. Mrs. James Hough of Stockton gave an elaborate dinner in the private dining room Tuesday. The center piece was of yellow iris veiled in tulle in the same shade as the flowers. The dinner favors were gold baskets filled with bon-bons.


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# Rosemary For Remembrance

By Edward F. O'Day

Rosemary! 'Tis a fragrant herb
That lovers dearly cherish
In hope that while its sweetness lasts
Fond memories shall not perish.

It fades, it dries, as seasons wane
Old Time doth crop its flower;
But still it breathes the faint perfume
Of some immortal hour.

Of happy love, of love-in-tears,
Of love that was not spoken,
In after years it oft remains
The solitary token.

For lovers sometimes fickle are,
They weary soon of sighing—
And so they need this scented sprig
To keep the past from dying.

Poor human nature lives today,
Postponing thought till morrow;
So, while our happiness abides,
Oblivion dulls our sorrow.

Time soothes the hurt; there comes with age
A healing almost magic;
And only chance brings back to mind
The loss that was so tragic.

'Twas so with John Drew Thorndyke, knight,
Who loved and wooed sweet Dolly;
Sir John Drew loved and wooed in vain,
And wedded melancholy.

The years rolled on; he did not die—
One does not die of weeping;
The girl was treasured in his soul,
But ah! his soul was sleeping.

Be slow to blame; the blood congeals,
The pulse unlearns its thrilling;
What flame can burn through fifty years
Unfed, however willing?

Rosemary! Came a wondrous day
When through thy sweet assistance
The past came back, a poignant past
Made tender by its distance.

Oh happy we, if flowers plucked
In gardens of today
Shall live to keep our memory green
When we have passed away!

# The Boston Symphony

By Helen M. Bonnet

The music lovers of San Francisco have sat at the feet of Dr. Karl Muck and found no fault. They heard the much belauded Boston Symphony Orchestra, and with one voice pronounced it good. Our nerves have been touched and thrilled by the music of passion and romance that responds to Dr. Muck's little wand of enchantment, and in our enthusiasm we have made free use of superlatives to express our appreciation. Yes, here at our Exposition the Boston Symphony has lived up to its advance notices. Nothing more precise, or so nearly impeccable ever came out of New England. For the culture of Boston we of the provinces have not the respect that it deserves. But for this we are not entirely to blame. Boston has the same good opinion of her culture that we have of our "atmosphere," and the restless spirit of pride has invited ridicule. There has been much sarcasm at the expense of Boston culture. And therefore the Boston Symphony is in a way instructive. It teaches us to respect the spirit and good sense of a community out of which has come this fine organization. The Boston Symphony has been an influence for good throughout the country. Not only has it set it a high standard, it has inspired ambition, with the result that permanent orchestras have sprung up in several cities, our own among others, and for that we should be grateful, for the San Francisco Orchestra has given us much pleasure and has helped in the cultivation of taste. The Boston Symphany is an orchestra that gives us something more than performances and readings; it gives us interpretations. This was apparent the first night when the Eroica symphony was given. We heard the mighty Beethoven at his best, in what is perhaps his greatest symphony, a conception as titanic at least as his Fifth. Here was pure interpretation—the first theme, simple, childlike, followed by the passionate yearning and desire which few have thought was ever characteristic of the great conqueror. Throughout this composition we were made to feel Beethoven's multitudinous energy. Every note lived, down to the final variations that could hardly be surpassed. Whatever the music had to say was said quite articulately. Listening to the Boston Symphony one perceives that an orchestra is an instrument on which a conductor plays. As it is formed and ripened, so will it respond to his touch. The Boston Symphony is an admirable instrument, infinitely flexible. It has a leader who has magnetism for his men if not for his audience, who is especially qualified for the interpretation of the music of the intellect. That beloved Funeral March of the Eroica he reads with profound gravity. The utmost extremity of woe is there, and the hero is mourned with all the honors of war. To Brahms that opening night Dr. Muck imparted a new vigor of life, and Richard Strauss he gave us blazing and crackling like the fires of the inferno. It was at once brilliant and boisterous music in fine contrast with the broad flowing rhythms that had been delicately pulsating just before. One comes away from the Boston Symphony with a sense of perfect delight, with a soul full of delicious harmonies.

# Gossip of the Theatre

### Maude Adams Coming to Columbia

Following John Drew at the Columbia will appear Maude Adams who is without doubt the most popular actress of this country. Her engagement is limited to six nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, and Barrie's comedy "Quality Street" will be presented throughout this week. This play was originally given immediately after "The Little Minister," and duplicated the success of that play. It has always been referred to as one of the actress' biggest successes and many people who did not have an opportunity of viewing it when first given, have been hopeful that Miss Adams would revive it. This season the work is enjoying even greater popularity than when it was first presented. The role enacted by Miss Adams in the comedy is that of Phoebe Throssell, one of the most charming of all the Barrie heroines. Mail orders are now being received. John Drew in "Rosemary" continues throughout next week. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. On Tuesday evening, May 25, out of respect to Charles Frohman whose funeral occurs in New York City on that day, there will be no performance.

### Kolb and Dill Still Popular

Seven weeks has been insufficient for Kolb and Dill's engagement at the Alcazar, and on next Monday night the two popular comedians will enter on the eighth week of their season in Frank M. Stammers' musical comedy success "This Way Out." It looks as though the two favorites and their big company of singers, dancers and comedians will remain in O'Farrell street all summer. They are giving us a clean, bright, snappy and up-to-date revue, with pretty girls, bright lines, captivating dances, delightful melodies, fresh costumes and many novelties. New songs and dances are being added, and new specialties have replaced those of the first few weeks. The Thursday and Saturday matinees have become very popular.

### A Norwegian Concert

A great concert of peculiar interest to the Norwegian colony will be given in the Civic Auditorium on Friday evening, June 4, when the building will resound with the melodies of the old country, as well as those of other lands. The chorus will include over 800 voices made up of members of eighteen singing societies of the West. The instrumental portion of the program

will be furnisher by the Luther College Concert Band of Decorah, Iowa, the oldest Norwegian school outside of the fatherland. Last year this organization attended Norway's centennial, where it played before the king, under the leadership of Professor Carl Sperati who is also in charge of the Forbund choruses. The Choral Union and Luther College Band will have the assistance of a brilliant mezzo-soprano, Mme. Henrikke Ohlson-Solem who has sung with very great success in Europe and America. The singer is an American of Norwegian parentage and in every particular has the striking characteristics of a Norwegian artist, in addition to a strong love for the music of her country. Mme. Ohlson-Solem has a voice of great dramatic power and breadth of style. Prices for the concert will be popular and seats will be on sale at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

**The De Havens at the Orpheum**

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven who have been styled "The King and Queen of Youth" will present at the Orpheum next week a flirtation in four scenes entitled "The Masher" in which they chat, sing, dance and display a variety of unusual wearing apparel. H. Rey will present the most wonderful chimpanzee whose brain, it is claimed, weighs more than many human brains. He is the only educated monkey who gives his performance alone, his trainer being absent from the stage. The Four Amaranths are attractive girls of agility, grace and skill. Although they term themselves novelty dancers they are in reality acrobatic dancers. Walter Shannon and Marie Annis will apepar in their comedy singing act "A Shine Flirtation." Val Harris and Jack Manion will present a singing absurdity entitled "Uncle Jerry at the Opera." It is replete with bright comedy and song. Gertrude Long will return for next week only to present her singing surprise. With this performance Bert Leslie, "The King of Slang;" Louise Galloway and company; and the Metropolitan prima donna Madame Mariska Aldrich conclude their engagements. Madame Mariska will be heard in an entirely new repertoire.

**Pavlowa at the Cort**

Great interest attaches to the engagement of Anna Pavlowa, the world's greatest dancer, which begins Monday at the Cort. The mail order and advance sale were the largest in the history of that playhouse. Pavlowa will appear with the most important organization she has been able thus far to bring to America, made possible by the war in Europe. The principal dancers would be considered stars in any other company. These noted dancers include: Ivan Clustine, known as the greatest male figure in the ballet world; Alexandre Volinine, the foremost romantic male dancer of Europe; Mlle. Plaskovietzka, Mlle. Kuhn, Mlle. Svirskaia and many others whose fame is known wherever true art is recognized. There is also the great Russian Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Theodore Stier, formerly director of the London Classical Orchestra, the leading musical organization of England. Novelty will be the keynote of the Pavlowa programs, for the principal ballets and many of the solo and group dances have never been seen before in San Francisco and have been chosen because of their exceptional beauty and romantic and spectacular qualities. On Monday evening, Wednesday matinee and Thursday evening, "Puppen-Fee" (The Fairy Doll), most joyous of all modern ballets, will be seen with the musicianly "Walpurgis Night," taken from the Gounod opera "Faust," together with many divertissements. Thursday evening and Saturday matinee will be given over to the mythological ballet, "Flora's Awakening;" the ultra-modern development of ballroom dances called "The Dances of Today," and other divertissements. On Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings are to be seen the dramatic gypsy love story "Amarilla," the dainty "Chopiniana" and still other divertissements. "Sari" with Mizzi Hajos will be seen for the last time Sunday night.

**Radiant Beauties at Pantages**

"The Garden of the Rajah," the second musical comedy production from the pen of Salt Lake writers for a tour of the Pantages theatres, heads the new show on Sunday. "The Wrong Bird" from the same city was noted for its wealth of feminine beauty, but from all accounts the flock of girls with "The Garden of the Rajah" is stronger on pulchritude than its predecessor. David Reese is the tenor of the company and incidentally plays the leading role. Mr. Reese is the man who made famous "On the Banks of the Wabash" when Primrose and Dockstader had their troupe of minstrels on the road. Then there is Charles Kent who is also a tenor of reputation. But the ten beauties who appear in oriental gowns and change to stunning evening wardrobe are the real hit of the show. Estelle McNeal sings several song hits in the production including her own phenomenal success "It's a Long Way from Home." A Burt Wesner, just returned from a trip over the Pantages circuit, opens again without a week's rest in a powerful tale of the briny deep entitled "Salvage" which was written expressly for this sterling character actor by Malcolm Strong. "Salvage" tells of the wiles of a parsimonious ship owner endeavoring to bribe his captain into swearing falsely to his embargo papers. Joe Jackson and Jane Barber, a duo of the best liked funmakers on the American stage, will present their offering of mirth and melody which is the laughing hit of the bill. Florence Modena and

JOHN DREW

Now appearing in "Rosemary" at the Columbia Theatre

ANNA PAVLOWA

The world's incomparable dancer, who will present her newest ballets at the Cort Theatre

company will show a jolly little travesty on department stores called "Bargain Mad." The three Shentons have a novelty dancing act with a world of gorgeous costuming; Aiken, Figg and Duffy, those jolly songsters; Rio and Norman, herculean athletes; and comedy pictures round out the show.

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**The Last of the Boston Concerts**

The visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is drawing to a close. The last concerts of the series will be given at Festival Hall this Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 2:30 and on Monday and Tuesday evenings at 8:30. A special farewell concert has been arranged for Wednesday evening at half past eight, at Festival Hall, with a second program devoted entirely to the works of Richard Wagner. Dr. Muck is admittedly a final authority on Wagner's music and he is the last of that group of conductors who drew their inspiration from Bayreuth when it was at the highest point of its artistic heyday. The program he has arranged is one of thrilling beauty and contains one number which he will play in concert for the first time, "The Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal." He has steadfastly refused to play any excerpts from "Parsifal" in concert, except the Prelude, but he has decided that it was due to San Francisco to hear this exquisite bit which depicts the meadows and fields flowering under the radiance of a Good Friday morn. The program begins with the great "Faust Overture," which is very characteristic and shows many traces of the "Tristan" period in which it was revised. The second number will be the charming "Siegfried Idyl," played a few days ago. This will give a very stunning arangement of parts of "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods" and the wonderful pictorial music which accompanies Siegfried's adventure through the magic fire to find the sleeping Brunhilde from the last act of "Siegfried," the coming of dawn from the prologue of the "Dusk of the Gods," the parting of Siegfried and Brunhilde and finally Siegfried's Rhine journey from the same work. In the second part of the program will be heard an admirably arranged selection from the last act of "Die Meistersinger," which includes "The Dance of the Apprentices," "The Entrance of the Guilds of the Ancient City of Nuremberg" and the homage to Hans Sachs. The final number will be the "Tannhauser" overture. Seats will be ready Monday morning at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street. The members of the orchestra will leave at midnight after the Wednesday concert, on their special train, returning direct to Boston.

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The only time many a fellow uses his head is when he wants to butt in.

Every fellow tells a girl he isn't worthy of her, but he doesn't expect her to believe him.


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**Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.**

**Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.**

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The trade reviews report further improvement in business, but note a decidedly conservative attitude. The war orders are still the basis for any great activity found at industrial centers and they have reached a total that cannot but force a degree of prosperity throughout the country. The estimate of a total of one billion dollars is considered conservative, and, obviously, this amount cannot be infused into the situation without having a material effect on the purchasing power of labor. The high prices received for last year's crops have also increased the purchasing power of the nation tremendously, and under the circumstances, a decidedly larger percentage of the total than usual will be spent in the United States. The investigation of the Gulflight incident is still under way and the sinking of the Lusitania will become the subject of a diplomatic communication. There will be the usual interval between the incident and the diplomatic exchanges and that always affords time for reflection and a weighing of consequences. In considering the probable effects of the incident, the sentimental effect on the stock market cannot be ignored, but may easily be overestimated in importance. The more important consideration is whether or not the incident will interfere with our foreign trade and particularly with the manufacture and delivery of the munitions of war under contract for foreign governments. There can be no doubt on this score for the foreign governments have ordered nothing here that is not necessary to a prosecution of the war and that being so, they will be got into Europe at any cost and buyer takes the risk. The course of the war during the week has seemed to favor the German cause and make the Allies all the more determined to put forth their best effort. As the Allies are our customers, their necessities are more apt to increase than decrease, and for a long time our factories and labor will be pushed to supply their wants. The steel industry is getting some benefit from the war orders and seems also likely to experience a revival of buying by our own railway companies; the latter would be the best possible development.

**Wheat**—With the annual crop scare on in winter wheat and the uncertainties regarding the war, the grain traders are naturally nervous. Conservative traders advise caution in buying on bulges and selling on sharp declines, especially when the pit element becomes excessively bearish. A year ago the grain markets were being influenced by reports of hessian fly damage, as they are at present. In commenting on hessian fly damage, B. W. Snow, the crop expert, said it must be borne in mind that it is the bad spots that are being advertised and that extravagant claims of damage on limited areas must be taken in connection with the unusual promise. While the final crop may not reach the extreme possibilities recently suggested, there is nothing in the insect menace up to this time to warrant crop pessimism. "Northern Oklahoma badly spotted," was a wire received from Ingliss, the crop expert, "some fields showing good growth and only slightly affected by hessian fly. But there is a large acreage very recently damaged and may be plowed up. Apart from fly damage, the crop is less promising than ten days ago." Present crop conditions indicate a winter wheat crop of 700,000,000 bushels, the largest on record, according to one of the best-posted journals here. Abandoned acreage is small; hessian fly and chinch bug damage is likely to be confined to a relatively small area. The Government weekly weather and crop report said winter wheat conditions were generally favorable, except in Oklahoma and Eastern Kansas, where there are some complaints of fly and too much moisture. Spring wheat conditions generally are satisfactory.

**Corn**—Corn followed wheat to some extent, but the big deliveries on May contracts kept the bulls from being too enthusiastic. The Eastern demand is very small, and while receipts at primary markets are also small, they seem to be large enough to take off the present demand. The weather over the entire belt has been favorable for farm work, and the bulk of the crop has planted. Receipts from now on should show some increase, and with the present large stocks on hand, corn should work lower.

**Cotton**—The cotton market seems to have lost a great many of its friends, and prices were allowed to drag until the October option reached the 950 level . At this price, the demand seemed to turn the market upward and frequent rallies resulted, which were met by short sales from the local New York element, who have experienced a change of heart and are now against the price. Liverpool prices were generally lower from day to day and they reported a poor business being done in actual cotton. This indifference caused quite a little hedge selling from the South. The weather map was more favorable, as it showed general showers throughout the Eastern belt and clear, dry weather in the Western belt. This was just the kind of weather that was needed, as the crop is said to be two weeks late, due to the climatic conditions, and the plant is now in shape to make rapid progress.


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DECEMBER 31, 1914

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| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

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NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600 and 1601 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 23rd day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: May 17, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 17, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-22-5


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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

### DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, carrying on and transacting business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," is dissolved by mutual consent this 20th day of April, in the year A. D. 1915.

The undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, having sold and conveyed his interest in said co-partnership business to the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and the undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, retires from the business, and the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, will continue to carry on said business, to-wit: a French confectionery and patisserie business, at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, San Francisco, April 20, 1915.

JULES ALBRECHT,
ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Witness: A. COMTE, JR.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, Deceased.—No. 18804 N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, FELIX DEVLIN, administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of William A. Kelly, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

FELIX DEVLIN,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 18,690; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased, to all creditors of, and to all persons having claims against, said decedent, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months of the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administratrix at Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building, No. 465 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which place said Administratrix selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of LILLIAN HOLLIMON, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, April 24, 1915.

GLADYS STONE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Lillian Hollimon, deceased.

JOHN F. CASSELL,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 1107 Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, California. 4-24-5


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.—No. 18945; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.—No. 18887; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Messrs. Ackerman and Oppenheim, Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER,
Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1st, 1915.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Administrator,
402 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 10535; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of VINCENZO MATTEUCCI and EVELINA MATTEUCCI, Minors.

Oreste Matteucci, guardian of the person and estate of Evelina Matteucci, a minor, having this day presented to this Court and filed herein his petition duly verified praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to said minor for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and for the reinvestment of the proceeds thereof; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is expedient and would be beneficial to said minor if the said minor's interest in the real estate described in said petition be sold; now therefore,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin and all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court in the court-room thereof, department No. 10, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 1st day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 4th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Guardian,
Bank of Italy Building,
San Francisco, California. 5-8-4


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

EDGAR A. MIZNER,
Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 15, 1915.

KEOGH & OLDS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524 Foxcroft Building,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-15

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN B. DOYLE as executor of the estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

JOHN B. DOYLE,
As Executor of the Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 22nd, 1915.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,
Attorneys for said Executor,
504 Grant Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5

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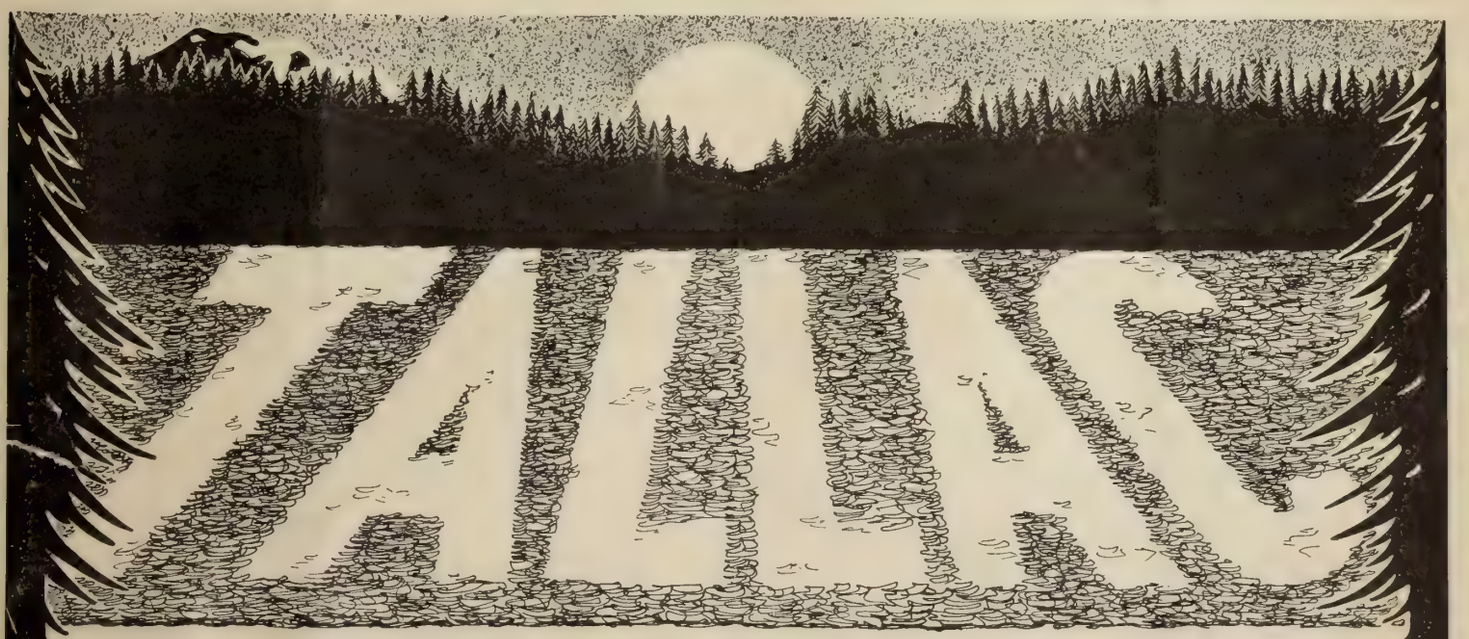


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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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LOIE FULLER

And her company appearing before the Sphinx, Egypt. Miss Fuller will make her first appearance at Festival Hall next Tuesday evening.

# TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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## England's Paramount Problem

Not politics but the problem of production for war caused the disruption of the Liberal Cabinet in England. This problem has caused more alarm in England than Zeppelin or submarine attacks. This is a problem that requires the taking into account of the human element, and this is a factor that few statesmen are able to deal with satisfactorily. Hence the importance that Lloyd George has assumed in the public eye; for this shrewd Welshman is in close touch with the plain people. A successful demagogue of the first rank, in the hour of his country's distress he has risen above all considerations of personal advantage, and he has proved himself a true patriot, ready to serve in whatever capacity seemed most suitable to his talents and energies. And now that it is the hearty co-operation of the workers of England that the nation needs more than all else Lloyd George who is beloved in shipyards and factories has been assigned to the task of dealing with the men who are turning out the materials needed at the front. In this connection it should be stated that while there has been much dissatisfaction among the workers of England, and while there has been much talk of incompetency and disorganization and a shortage of munitions, the fact is that the Government has shown a great deal of ability in the midst of an unprecedented crisis and on the whole has done remarkably well.

## What England Has Done

How remarkably well the Government of England has met the greatest crisis in the history of the country we are but slowly perceiving. For only slowly have we been able to appreciate the high state of efficiency to which militarism had been developed in Germany. The German standard is the standard by which military efficiency is now judged, and as we now see it England was about as well prepared for war in July, 1914, as the United States is now prepared to invade and conquer Japan. Long ago the Pacifists of England had administered knock-out drops to the Government. The people had been led to believe that to be cultured was to recognize the impossibility of war, and that only munition manufacturers thought of the possibility of the discontinuance of peace. England had a navy, but she gave very little thought to the problems that might arise in the event of war. Consequently when the military experts of England were roused from their lethargy and domestic problems were cast aside by her statesmen a good deal of quick thinking had to be done, and there were urgent and extraordinary demands on her resources. She was but little less unprepared than was our federal Government when the first shot was fired in the Civil War. But in a few months England presented to the world the spectacle of a commercial and insular people raising vast armies with celerity, employing no force stronger than that of patriotic appeal and contagious enthusiasm, and using the same method to co-ordinate the supporting industries. England has given a great example of national energy. In eight months the forces at the front had grown from six to thirty-six divisions, a total of between 600,000 and 700,000. These forces were not all concentrated in France. Some are serving in Egypt, some in the Dardanelles. Now the capacity to supply these forces had to be greatly enlarged. The nation started with between twenty and thirty armament firms. The supplying agencies has reached 3,000, while the output of artillery ammunition has increased nineteen-fold. An enormous strain was put on the producing power of the country. Emergencies have been met that are like nothing that has ever arisen since wars began. The expenditure of ammunition has been abnormal beyond what were thought to be the most extravagant estimates. It has been a matter of astonishment to all the combatants, with the exception of Germans perhaps, whose ability to meet all emergencies while almost shut off from the rest of the world is beyond all question the most astonishing phenomena of the war.

## What England's Workmen Have Done

Thus far no operation of the war has been impeded for lack of ammunition. But Lord Kitchener gave the nation a shock a few weeks ago when he publicly declared that as equipment and supply was running short he must view the situation with anxiety during the next few months. It was then that inquiries began which led to the distrust that was intensified by the failure of the Admiralty to protect the Lusitania. At first it was thought that the trouble lay with the workingmen of England, and there was some dissatisfaction among them when, owing to the agitation of the British brood of Prohibitionists one or two statesmen suggested the advisability of prohibition and pointed to the falling off in the supply of ammunition as proof of too much drunkenness. The agitation filled the mechanics of England with indignation, for they felt they were more deserving of sympathy than abuse. And they certainly were; for according to a statement of the Prime Minister in a speech at Newcastle several weeks ago the time-keepers of the leading armament firms had recorded an average figure of 67 to 69 hours of work per week per man. "No one," he said, "will undervalue this contribution to the maintenance of the war when he realizes that this means an average of over eleven hours a day for a six-days' week, often maintained under physical conditions of the utmost severity." The London Nation remarked: "Such men are not slackers; they are heroes." Nor are they drunkards either; but the endurance they have shown during nine months of war makes it reasonably certain that they found nourishment and stimulation in the beer glass. If these men have not been able to keep up the supply of munitions it is not because of drink but because of the terrible strain to which they have been subjected. Further, the quality of the workmanship is not all of the best, not because of drink but because of the drain of recruiting, many industries having been suddenly shorn of their best workmen. Another difficulty was due to the new character which the war assumed. It became in Flanders and France a siege such as the world had never before known. After months of almost negative fighting the fact was revealed that mastery could only be obtained or hoped for by the use of artillery on a scale out of proportion to any previous employment of it. All the contending forces were driven to it, and it threw all their preparations and plans out of gear. Some measure of the change is to be inferred from the fact that nearly as much ammunition was expended in a few days at Neuve Chapelle as in the whole course of the Boer War. It was impossible for human invention and adaptation to keep pace with this frightful expansion of the evil genius of war. The still undecided issue was seen to depend on a material struggle of a gigantic kind, and the great industrial nations, called on to transfer their energy from the best and most fruitful forms of production to the worst and most barren, have been forced, in the full heat and confusion of the struggle, to create a new organization for the purpose. Here was the secret of the call on the worker, and of the need of a coalition of Unionists and Liberals in London. For several months the "muddied oaf at the goal" was serene in the Englishman's faith in the British tradition that England will always "muddle through somehow," but a change has come o'er the spirit of his dream. There is no longer a "flanneled fool at the wicket." Lord Kitchener's anxiety is shared by his countrymen.

## The Great Saint-Saëns

The world is preoccupied with matters of tremendous interest, else it might be sitting up and taking notice of Charles Camille Saint-Saëns. Eighty years young, this foremost of French composers has never allowed his creative instinct to languish. He is here with a new-born child of his Muse to celebrate the wedding of the oceans. And this man was writing program music when Verdi was composing Aida to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal! If genius, as some one has

said, is the capacity not for taking pains but for feeling young, what a prodigious genius is this young man from Paris! In the works of Camille Saint-Saëns there is much to thrill the emotions and quicken the imagination, but what about the man himself who brings to us visions of a shadowy past abounding in romantic memories? Is he not himself a stimulus to the imagination? Poet and artist, with the snow of time on his head, he has survived two generations of the sons of men, and in him we see one who mingled with personages whom long we have loved, and never have seen. When the Romantic movement of France was in its infancy Saint-Saëns was born. As a child he was mastering the piano when Balzac was writing the Comedie Humaine. At sixteen he won first prize at the Conservatory. Beranger was then singing the songs of France, and Scribe was still writing the dramas from which Sardou learned his technique. Prosper Merimee had not yet written his immortal story of the cigarette girl. Dumas fils had yet to learn that his father's revenues were not inexhaustible, and that to live he must take to literature. Long years ago the men who made prolific the literature of France in the first half of the nineteenth century passed away, but not before they met Saint-Saëns. This octogenarian walked with Gautier, with Flaubert and with the author of Les Miserables. He was on earth before Schumann wrote his first symphony. Before Brahms had written a symphony Saint-Saëns had written an opera. When Wagner, the great giant of polyphonic harmony was conquering the music world and creating his vast realm of medieval and romantic mysteries Saint-Saëns was becoming the great temperamental classicist of France. Vanished are his great contemporaries—all but Anatole France, his junior, but Saint-Saëns has done more than live; he has resisted the frigidity of age, he has retained those powerful and perennial emotions that mark the fullest mental maturity. A man of facile and energetic mind is this great Frenchman; not only a great musician and composer, but a writer of fine French prose and the author of elegant philosophic criticism.

### The Feminist Movement

In the news from Sacramento during the recent session of the Legislature there was nothing to remind us of the political activities of the female of the species. Has her enthusiasm for the regulation of Man subsided? Has the Feminist movement petered out? Let us hope not. At its height it was diverting, and it afforded many a good woman in the drab background a pretext to emerge, meet the intellectual world half way and vindicate her sex patriotism. Just before the ballot was made the symbol of the emancipation of womanhood in this State all sorts of burning questions were flaring up for solution, and we were warned that tremendous things would happen as soon as sex disability was removed. We were given the impression that the State abounded in women restive under the social imperatives, and intent on equalizing sex standards. The Feminist movement threatened to give us a new code of manners and put an end to many venerable customs. But immediately after emancipation many women returned to the simple life. A few made a little noise at Sacramento, where they had the age of consent raised, after which they returned home and had themselves celebrated in the magazines as pioneers and pathmakers. Since then they have not been doing much. The glamour of the unconventional has been wearing off, and no insurgents are to be found pursuing the firebrand joys of their pre-emancipation dreams. Girls are still receiving the minimum wage that only serves to induce temptation, and the practice of the oldest profession on earth flourishes as of yore. At present the Feminist movement is almost exclusively in the hands of tender-hearted men who were in sympathy with the gentle sex in its struggle for freedom, and who were sure that sweetness and light would come with emancipation.

### The One Just Man

If the King can do no wrong is he any better off than the idol of the plain people? For many years millions of the plain people have been steadfast in their love for the Colonel. There was a time when it was believed in Washington by men who have never been regarded as alarmists that the Colonel might successfully play the Man on Horseback, and they questioned nothing but his courage. Well, the Colonel may still do a good deal of damage with a blast of his mouth, though at Syracuse there were many disagreeable revelations touching the great Tribune. All that the dear people care to know is that Boss Barnes lost the case. Defeat for Barnes is interpreted as victory for the Colonel. Few people read the mass of testimony as published in the New York newspapers, and anyway it may be doubted whether the reading of it would have done them any good. Yet from that testimony there is much to be learned of the man whom formerly we compared with Washington and Lincoln, the man with whom the dear people sympathized in his impatience of constitutional barriers. He used to enjoy cordial, jovial and intimate relations with some pretty bad bosses. He always maintained an amiable attitude toward violators of the Sherman law who made very large contributions to his campaign fund. There is much in the court records of Syracuse that reflect on the good faith, sincerity and credibility of the former thunderer of the White House. In the white light thrown on him at Syracuse he does not loom up as the high-minded exponent of the square deal and pure politics that he has professed to be. At present he is intolerant of Barnes, but long after he became President he expressed his pleasure at having Mr. and Mrs. Barnes as White House guests. In nineteen letters he thanked Barnes extravagantly and expressed confidence in his sense of propriety. Down to August, 1910, there was no break in his relations with Boss Barnes. In that month he invited Barnes to a conference in the Outlook office. Not at that time had he discovered the Hyde element in the Albany printing contractor. It was not till Barnes opposed him in the national convention that he had any criticism to make of that wicked individual. The Colonel proved himself a very adroit witness, especially when questioned about his place of residence. But if he did not try to avoid payment of taxes in 1897 by making an affidavit that he was a resident of Washington, D. C., thereby disqualifying himself to be the Governor of New York, at any rate the evidence to the contrary is stronger than much that he often accepted as conclusive of the depravity of men whom he disliked. And there is evidence not disputed that with all his zeal for the public weal he recommended one man for public office whose record was so tough that even Boss Platt was shocked. There is also indisputable evidence that this most self-righteous statesman was opposed to Governor Hughes because of that gentleman's independence and of the danger of his wrecking the party organization, the same organization which now the Colonel tells us was in very wicked hands. But it will take much more than evidence of this kind to relax the Colonel's hold on the imagination of his idolators. For the Colonel's idolators are the kind of men who idolize the kind of man the Colonel is.

### A Professor's Discovery

Professor Henry G. Walter, head of the plant research institute of Langhorne, Pa., has got himself into the press despatches by declaring that roses fall in love and that their passion is wholly sensuous. This is interesting, but not at all new; that is to say, Professor Walter is not the first scientist to affirm that there is such a thing as love among flowers. Centuries ago there were philosophers who identified cosmic attraction with love, and since then scientists have passed from the inorganic world to the vegetable kingdom in quest of sexual phenomena. Scientists have been very busy discovering love dramas, tragic and comic, in the world of flowers and insects, and they tell us of a plant that resorts to a stratagem to secure a messenger of love for carrying its pollen to a distant female flower. We are told of male flowers that go a-courting like any amorous swain. Sir John Lubbock has written on this subject, and also Henry T. Finck in his work Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. So Professor Walter of the Langhorne institute has contributed nothing to the sum of human knowledge. But he isn't the first college professor to win publicity by thrilling the press with a little book-lore.

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# Varied Types

## CCXXXI—VAHAN CARDASHIAN

By Edward F. O'Day

The private office of Commissioner Vahan Cardashian in the Turkish Pavilion on the Fair Grounds is a sanctum of engaging hospitality. When I had seated myself in a comfortable rug-draped arm chair, I learned that Mr. Cardashian had not yet returned from a meeting of the Foreign Commissioners. But what of that? Before me was an oil painting of "A Turkish Lady Telling the Judge Her Reasons for Seeking Divorce," and it amused me to speculate on the domestic secrets which the attractive matron was pouring out and which the venerable official was gravely noting in his tablets. Perhaps I should have extracted considerable romance from the picture had I not been interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Cardashian's hospitable secretary. He came with the inimitable coffee of Arabia, the toothsome baklawa of Armenia, and the conversation of a man of the world. The coffee was delicious; the spiced pastry of almond, walnut and pistache was very easy to like; the conversation was enthralling. For Mr. Cardashian's secretary is an Armenian of Iconium, that wonderful city of the Phrygians where St. Paul met Thecla, of which the Seljukian conquerors were wont to boast, "See all the world, but see Konia." The glory of Iconium has departed, but its site remains the garden spot of Asia Minor, and Mr. Cardashian's secretary who has helped the great Sir William Ramsay dig in its treasury of ruins, is very eloquent when he discourses on its scented milk, its ice-cold wells and its balmy nights of stars. He talked also of the missionaries who go to Asia Minor to convert the infidels, and who, finding that the infidels will not exchange the Koran for the Bible, are content to pretend that they are converting the Armenians, despite the fact that the Armenians are already Christians. Mr. Cardashian's secretary told me with considerable gusto of the surprise with which the most prominent Congregational pastor in New York learned that he and all his people were in no need of conversion. "I thought all Armenians were Mohammedans," the prominent pastor exclaimed. I was listening to an explanation of the motives which prompt the missionaries to encourage this misapprehension when Commissioner Cardashian appeared.

This dark, good-looking man gripped my hand firmly, sank into his chair and looked at me out of his keen eyes with polite inquiry.

"What do you think," I asked him, "of our western humor?"

Mr. Cardashian smiled and was silent a little while. No doubt he was recalling the incident to which my question pointed. Readers of Town Talk are already familiar with that incident. It enlivened the ceremonies in dedication of the Turkish Pavilion at the beginning of this month. It was an incident of verbal fencing, with all the points scored by Mr. Cardashian. It started when William Bailey Lamar, President Wilson's representative at the Fair, in the course of his welcome to a friendly nation, alluded to the "Terrible Turk," the "Unspeakable Turk" and the "Sick Man of Europe." It took on added zest when Arthur Arlett, Governor Johnson's representative, deplored the fact that the Holy Sepulchre was "still under Turkish domination." It was crowned with the flowers of provincial wit when Mayor Rolph uttered some ancient wheezes about turkey and Thanksgiving Day and touched quippishly on polygamy and harem life. To each of these humorists Commissioner Cardashian made appropriate acknowledgment. Following Lamar's speech he said a few pertinent things about the hypocrisy of the Christian nations of Europe which had not scrupled to take advantage of the malady from which the "Sick Man of Europe" was suffering. Following Arlett's speech he told of an unseemly Christian quarrel he had witnessed at the Holy Sepulchre and of the manner in which the Mohammedan Governor had settled it. Following Mayor Rolph's jocose words on the harem he said: "The Mayor made a very good speech. I had thought of asking for a copy to send to Constantinople, but on second thought it might result in his being made Mayor of Constantinople. And then Mrs. Rolph would suffer." Is it any wonder Commissioner Cardashian smiled as his mind reviewed that incident?

"Humor," said Commissioner Cardashian, "is very pleasant when it is displayed at the proper time and deals with the proper subjects. Good taste tells us when humor is appropriate, and warns us when it is out of place. For myself, I enjoy humor when it is appropriate, especially when it has originality.

"Perhaps when one is welcoming a stranger to one's home is not the best time to make jokes at his expense. The stranger may not enjoy the jokes on himself. And so I think that perhaps the humor to which your question refers was not in the best taste.

"There was a time, when I was younger, when it might have made me angry, that experience at the dedication. But what is the use of growing angry? I have learned not to be surprised at such things. And so I was merely amused at the remarks of those three gentlemen.

"It is not unknown at a ceremony of that sort for one speaker to commit a breach of etiquette. When that happens one forgets it as soon as possible, knowing that all men do not possess tact. But on this occasion the faux pas of Lamar was followed by the false steps of the other two speakers, and that made the incident unusual. As the speakers represented the Government, the State and the City, one might almost suspect that there was a conspiracy among them.

"I do not think that. I think perhaps they had not prepared their remarks, that they did not know what they were going to say. And yet the mistake of the first speaker did not act as a warning to the others to be more careful.

"I do not think they meant to be offensive, and yet I did not see any reason why their remarks should be passed over. Lamar and Mayor Rolph intended to be witty. Arlett who referred to the Holy Sepulchre did not say, I believe, what he intended to say. I think that the construction of his sentences was at fault. The speakers were careless and without tact; that is all. It may be said in their defense that they have not traveled, that they are provincial; and yet, does one have to travel to acquire tact? I do not believe it is absolutely necessary. When a guest comes into your home to enjoy your hospitality, you do not welcome him by telling him of his past misdeeds, do you? You know, even if you have not seen the world, that such a thing would be impolite.

"In what Lamar said there was some truth. I have written a little history of the Ottoman Empire which was published in New York. If Lamar should read it, he would find that I have arraigned the Turks more severely than he did. But after all the participation of Turkey in this Exposition is not a political act or an act of social significance; it is a friendly act. So this was not the time to refer to the 'Terrible Turk' and the 'Unspeakable Turk.' I do not wish to suggest that Lamar and the others should buy my book, but certainly it would do them no harm to read a history of the Ottoman Empire."

Commissioner Cardashian then touched briefly on Turkish history during the past two score years. He pointed out the connection between the hypocrisy of European statesmanship on the one hand and the Armenian massacres, the Anatolian troubles, the war between Turkey and Greece and the Balkan war on the other. He made it clear that the "Unspeakable Turk" was not too unspeakable to be spoken to when British or Russian interests suggested a little private conversation with him. He did not excuse Turkish misrule; neither did he excuse the guilt of those Christian powers which have encouraged it for their own selfish ends. He could speak impartially, for he is not a Turk but an Armenian. And he could speak intimately, for although he studied at Yale for three years and has spent a good deal of time in this country, he has been in close contact with the statesmen of Constantinople.

"Really," he said when I arose to go, "I have forgotten that whole incident. Why should one keep it in mind? If it is to be regretted, it is not for me to regret. Perhaps those gentlemen learned something from it. No doubt they will not commit a breach of etiquette the next time San Francisco has a World's Fair. And yet," with a smile, "it is hard, is it not? to teach an old dog new tricks?"

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# Perspective Impressions

The woman who rails at matrimony either deserves her husband or never had any.

Is society hospitality always "lavish," or are the bavardes ladies of one adjective?

There are things in Author D'Annunzio's past that sully his reputation, but Patriot D'Annunzio is working hard to have them forgotten.

One James Hall charges in a divorce action that his wife had four affinities. Obviously a grave aspersion on the sanctity of the Hall bedroom.

"It saves Roosevelt from the payment of damages," was Bryan's comment on the Barnes libel verdict. The mercenary of Chautauqua is always thinking of the root of evil.

The son of former Lieutenant-Governor Wallace of Los Angeles appears in the role of a claim jumper. But that's nothing. Didn't papa Wallace once plead the statute of limitations?

Now to learn a lot of Italian geography.

That debutante who is engaged to an aviator won't be the first society girl to marry a high-flier.

Ralph Bias has sued Catherine Bias for divorce. We shall not prejudice the case by cracking obvious jokes.

"This is certainly a typical American verdict," said T. R. Meaning of course a verdict in favor of the typical American.

Pastor Russell is coming to Oakland. If Oakland will keep him in Oakland and out of San Francisco, we'll try to forget that bond issue.

"Every one was in high spirits, con amore, as the Italians would say."—Cholly Francisco.

Cholly is a source of innocent merriment, allegro moderato, as the Italians might also say if they talked Cholly's kind of Italian.

The charge against young Rockefeller seems to be that he contributed to the delinquency of miners.

It would be better for the country if our statesmen had less on their tongues and more in their brains.

Once more Business lifted his bruised head, and once more an Ideal from Washington hit him on the jaw, and when last heard from the old man was again taking the count.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. is not one of our heroes, but we prefer him to Chairman Walsh of the Industrial Relations Commission who has won a little cheap notoriety by baiting him.

Having for the first time perused the automobile section in the Sunday paper, we find it more difficult than ever to achieve a motor car. They are all so superlatively excellent—each is so unmistakably the only one worth having—that we've decided not to be invidious.

# The Balkan Situation

**Politics of the Near East During the Progress of the War—Frustration of The Plan to Force the Dardanelles—Too Much Optimism**

**By Robert McTavish**

With Italy in the war what about the Balkan States? This is the paramount question in Europe these days. But of course Roumania is the principal object of interest. As early as January the London newspapers were saying that Roumania had resolved to intervene, and that she would probably join the Entente before the end of February. It was then believed that she would be of great help; and British experts recalled that during the Balkan war she threw half-a-million men into Bulgaria, and that their rapid mobilization, their orderly movement and their good equipment were generally admired. Experts said that the entry of Roumania into the Eastern theatre of war with reserves of from two to four millions behind her standing army might well be decisive. Later we were told that Roumania was waiting for Italy. The fact is there has been a great deal of disappointment over politics in the Near East. The difficulties are in a measure dynastic. A German prince rules in Roumania, an Austrian prince controls Bulgaria, and the Kaiser's sister is Queen of the Hellenes. On the other hand, no Balkan throne is secure and no Balkan king could, in the long run, withstand the will of his subjects. These have hesitated largely because they were not sure what plans the Allies cherished for the settlement of the Near East. Besides Roumania and Bulgaria are both of them opposed to the establishment of any Great Power at Constantinople. And there is another obstacle to a Balkan League under Allied auspices—the Allies themselves hold territory to which the Balkan States legitimately aspire. England holds the Greek island of Cyprus, as Russia holds the Roumanian province of Bessarabia. All these difficulties and obstacles have been the subject of conferences during the past few months. Strenuous efforts have been made by the diplomats of France, England and Russia to come to an agreement with all the Balkan States, and the Teutonic diplomats have been busy putting obstructions in the way of the happy consummation. More than once the plans of the Entente have been upset by the Kaiser. He has watched every move on the chessboard of the Near East and he has done a good deal of checkmating, keeping his opponents on the anxious seat. There was a time when they thought they could induce Bulgaria to help put an end to what they called the "Turkish annoyance." Bulgaria alone could strike at the centre of Turkish power, but Bulgaria would move only on one well-understood condition—that she be given Macedonia. But Macedonia belongs to Serbia. There was talk of giving Bulgaria Thrace if she could take it, but Thrace means nothing for her sentimentally, and for mere conquest her peasants will not gladly spill their blood; they care only to liberate their own kinsman in Macedonia.

The Greeks too have contributed to the disappointment of the Allies. The Greeks were expected to help in the land operations at the Dardanelles. Assurance to this effect was received from M. Venizelos, the Greek Minister, who believed that the future of Hellenism was at stake. He saw what he believed was a chance for Greece to realize her ambition on the coast of Asia Minor—the recovery of Smyrna which has a large Greek population. According to the Allied plan to force the Dardanelles, land forces were to co-operate with the navy. The Greeks were to provide 15,000 men. The plan was frustrated by King Constantine whose family ties bind him closely to the Hohonzollerns. Somewhat brusquely he vetoed the military aid promised by Venezelos. Then the Allies thought they would be able to force the Narrows of the Dardanelles by naval action alone. That was a month ago. The Allies failed, and then they transported an expeditionary army of 150,000 men to the Gallipoli peninsula. It appears that in this matter of the forcing of the Dardanelles the authors of the plan of attack erred by optimism. The plan was drafted under the impression that the real work could be done by the ships; a very small land force might not come amiss, but it could at need be dispensed with. Somebody was guilty of a terrible blunder, for it is the accepted canon of all modern naval theory and practice that ships cannot cope with fortifications where there is anything like an equality in gun-power. The Turks, as the event has shown, had plenty of big guns in and about the inner forts, including 13-inch guns. The ships, with the exception of the Queen Elizabeth, have 12-inch guns, and they have had to face, not merely German skill, but exceptional natural conditions which immensely enhance the general presumption in favor of the land defenses. It would be easier to understand why the accepted canon was disregarded if there had been other signs that the Allied naval command had lost faith in it. But there have been no such signs.

Meanwhile there has been much criticism of this adventure in England, and it has led to bitter crimination and recrimination among Government leaders. In the press there is a tone of great discouragement. In a discussion of the subject a few weeks ago the Nation of London said:

"If the peninsula of Gallipoli can be defended with Turkish material as the German command will scheme to defend it, the task of taking its limited surface will be comparable in extent to

(Continued on Page 12.)

# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCVIII—THE IMPERISHABLE

(The following sonnet from the pen of one who seems to be a newcomer in the realms of local verse appeared recently in the Sunset Magazine.)

By Frere Champney

Like Xanadu, whose sacred river ran
By pleasure-domes cerulean to the sea,
Now looms through mists of modern sorcery
A vision born of Nights Arabian
To blossom here in beauty for a span,
Then, like the moon-flower frail, to sudden flee
Back to the realm of dream and revery.
Vague as the opal mosques of Ispahan,
The phantom fades, but still remains the feat
Whose mission 'twas to fitly celebrate!
For we have rent the mountains, yoked the seas,
And made a pathway for the argosies
Of ceaseless Peace, that nations now may meet
Wedded forever by our Golden Gate.

# The Spectator

### The Profusion of Music

The music lover who wishes to enjoy all the good things provided for his delectation at the Fair is a very busy person these days. What with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Sousa, Conway and Cassassa bands, to say nothing of the Filipino band and the orchestra in Old Faithful Inn, there is so much good music breathing on the air that a human being hasn't ears enough to take it all in. The Exposition is spending a great deal of money on music these days; so much that one infers the Exposition must have almost enough money to throw at the birds, and if it be so, the Exposition must be a fine financial success. Therefore let us enjoy as much of the music as we can in that ideal state for listening to music, a mind untroubled by harassing financial cares. It cost a great deal of money to bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra to this city. Impresario Ellis received $65,000, and there were additional expenses. That the Boston Symphony achieved a splendid success not only artistically but also financially must be a source of great gratification to George W. Stewart of Boston but especially to our own "Doc" Leahy, who was the real man behind the gun in the management of the performances. Stewart is official musical director of the Fair; and although he has been, perhaps, a little more partial to eastern musicians than was entirely necessary, we owe him thanks for the opportunity to hear this superb organization. Mr. Stewart believes in musical profusion. That is, no doubt, the reason he brought Sousa here to play in the showery open air while Karl Muck's musicians were playing in Festival Hall. So little has been made of Sousa's presence at the Exposition that it is evident that the Fair people did not deem it necessary to herald his coming. They have not used him as a special box office attraction, an indication of the wave of prosperity on which the Fair is being carried along. It is to be hoped that the profusion of music will continue. It is all good music, as even those local musicians who yearned in vain for places in the Exposition Orchestra will admit. Not a little of the success of affairs musical so far has been due to the care with which the union aspect of the matter has been handled. The Boston Symphony is a non-union organization, and not even Wallace Sabin was allowed to play with it. So careful has Stewart been that he did not risk his standing with the Musicians' Union by signing the contract with Impresario Ellis.

### Closed on Sunday

As I started down the Zone from the Fillmore street entrance last Sunday I noticed that the building which houses the grape juice made famous by Bryan was closed as tight as a drum. I wondered why, and learned that the godly Mr. Welch does not believe in dispensing his beverage on the Sabbath. I mentioned this to Waldemar Young whom I discovered in quest of "bits o' color," and he remarked:

"Why shouldn't it be closed on the Sabbath? It's a vicious influence, isn't it?"

That seemed to cover the subject, so we adjourned to the Family Club's cosy quarters next to the Infant Incubators and wetted our palates with good old Scotch.

### Steel Nets for Submarines

The daily newspapers of San Francisco are not spending much money these days for news of the war. Of special correspondence there is very little, and news of big events, such for instance, as the news of the big battle of Neuve Chapelle is skimmed even of salient details. Notwithstanding all the interest that has been taken in the achievements of German submarines we have been told hardly anything of the measures that have been taken to guard British shipping. To learn what these measures are one must read the New York newspapers. The British naval authorities it appears have been fishing for submarines in the English Channel with steel nets. This news was brought over by F. H. Claret of the Atlantic Transport liner Minnehaha, which was piloted through the open spaces between the nets. These open spaces are known only to English naval officers, and it is absolutely necessary that a vessel should be piloted by a naval man to go through safely. This is the first time that any open water, like the English Channel, has been thus guarded, but many of the more important harbors are protected by nets and traps, particularly naval bases. A few weeks ago a submarine was found in one of these nets on the Firth of Forth. All on board were dead and among the bodies were those of two Scotch fishermen, who presumably were taken by the Germans to pilot the submarine through the nets, but who had sacrificed themselves in order to destroy a vessel of the enemy. The nets in the English Channel protect the many transports that are crossing [illegible] ing soldiers and supplies to the British base at Havre. The nets are made of links of steel. These links are about six or eight inches in diameter and made of one-half inch steel. The nets are similar to those formerly used to guard battleships and large cruisers, but which have now been discarded because a torpedo will puncture the net and the second torpedo which is fired only a second or two after the first, will go through the hole made by the first and reach the hull of the vessel. These chain nets are moored very securely and have buoys at the upper edges to hold them in position. Often they are set just as a fisherman sets his nets. When the submarine, like a fish, gets in the pound it cannot get out, and those in the vessel must either die there or take chances on reaching the surface and swimming to shore. It takes very little to disable a submarine. The hull is of comparatively thin steel which is easily punctured and the propeller when caught is absolutely useless. Even an ordinary fisherman's net will disable a submarine, and should one get foul of such a net the chances of getting clear are very slim. A submarine when submerged is handled mechanically. Those in charge cannot see where the vessel is going. The officer in charge steers

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according to the bearings he has taken when on the surface, and it is absolutely impossible to see obstructions that may be ahead. It is impossible to see another submarine unless the two are floating near the surface and in bright daylight. For this reason it is impossible for one submarine to fight another when submerged.

### On The Hights

The anniversary of the scattering of Joaquin Miller's ashes was observed by his widow, his daughter, Edwin Markham and a number of others who made pilgrimage to The Hights where the poet used to live, last Saturday. Standing in the midst of the pilgrims Markham paid tribute to the memory of his brother bard, celebrating Joaquin's memory with verse and anecdote. He told of the first poem he had ever committed to memory, and at the conclusion of the detailed reminiscence he said:

"It was a poem by Joaquin Miller."

"Which," interrupted Mrs. Miller, "I shall read to you later, unless Mr. Markham intends to read it now."

The interruption diminished the effect of Markham's story, but he did not lose his benignant expression as he replied:

"I should not think of depriving you of that honor."

In the course of the ceremonies a voice called out from the crowd:

"Won't Juanita sing for us?"

"Juanita begs to be excused," came the answer, presumably from the dead poet's daughter.

Whereupon Mrs. Miller ejaculated:

"Modest, shrinking flower!"

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### The Undraped Bard

This was not Edwin Markham's only opportunity of recent date to indulge in reminiscence. He was a guest of honor, with "Dick" Tully, at an elaborate dinner given a few nights ago at the Bohemian Club by Senator Phelan. There was a distinguished company, and Senator Phelan's hospitality was flawless. When Markham was called upon to speak he was moved to relate the circumstances in which "The Man with the Hoe" was written. He told how he wrote the first few lines only to find that the inspiration had flown. Despite every effort known to the poet he could proceed no farther. But one night he suddenly waked from sleep with the lines he had sought for singing in his brain.

"Naked as I was," he said, "I jumped from bed and committed the lines to paper."

Then once more the divine afflatus blew the other way, and there was no continuing until a few nights later when the muse aroused him from sleep again. Once more he put blank verses on paper "in puris naturalibus." The phenomenon was repeated till the poem was completed.

"And so it happened," concluded Markham, "that I was naked when I wrote 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

The story afforded Senator Phelan and his guests a good deal of amusement, and one who shall be nameless was with some difficulty saved from asking the poet:

"What about your pajamas?"

After the dinner somebody speculated in Markham's hearing as to the garb in which Doctor Edward Robeson Taylor composes his verses.

"He probably writes them in a dress suit," said Markham.

### The Judge and the Clockwinder

"The names of our current great men in politics remind me that in time they all peter out." The speaker was the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was talking to his friend Justice William P. Lawlor who was visiting him in the little room high up in the ferry tower where the wheels go round. "You're one of the exceptions, judge," said the clockwinder. "You haven't been petering out, you have been petering up."

The little jurist smiled benignantly.

"Yes, you are an exception. There was a time when my job seemed about your size, but see where you have climbed to! And without ever looking into a book, I'm told! I remember you back in the old silver campaign. Come to think of it your old friend Bryan has climbed too. But he's petering. That's what he gets for taking a job beyond his capacity. When he was merely in the public eye there was no telling about his true dimensions. But now—well, why mention him now? The necessity of being serious about him in these war complication times is for us the worst hardship of the war. People now see him as he is. My advice, judge, is keep his fate in mind."

"What do you mean?" the distinguished jurist asked.

"Oh, nothing, judge; only I was thinking that maybe you are above your normal altitude. You've been keeping pretty quiet up there, but the other day you dissented from the whole court in the case of a lawyer punished for contempt for not betraying his client."

"His client was a crook."

"Yes, I know, and I suppose when you dissented you served notice as usual that you couldn't stand for crooks. That was great stuff down below, but look out, judge, mind your step when playing down to the gallery."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Be clam, judge, as they say in the classics. You're treading on dangerous ground. You know I have a lot of leisure up here in the tower, and I've been doing a lot of reading. I've learned that for things that are held sacred there are many good reasons. Men long before us went through very bitter struggles to establish certain things that must not be knocked into a cocked hat offhand. One of these things is the inviolability—I know that's a big word, but I found it in the dictionary—the inviolability of certain confidences. Being a Catholic you know one of them. Being a lawyer after a fashion, you ought to know another one. Now, judge, I'm your friend, so I'm advising you not to write that dissenting opinion. Let it go as it stands. If you give your reasons you may pick up a nail."

### A Question Evaded

The little jnrist's rubicund countenance grew dark, and he arose to go.

"Hold on, judge," said the clockwinder, "don't get sore, I'm your friend."

Peevishly, the little jurist retorted:

"I'm not going to sit here listening to you discussing a point of law. When did you ever study law?"

"I'm like you, judge, I never studied it, but unlike you I've done a lot of reading up here in the tower. Now sit down, I haven't seen you in a long time, and I wanted to talk over old times and things. What I'm saying to you is between ourselves—man to man. I'm your friend, and I know that you need a little friendly advice. Don't write an opinion. It will pro-

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voke discussion. Besides you know you can't write an opinion that will really look like one."

The judge reached for the knob of the door. He was trembling with indignation.

"Don't go, judge," the clockwinder pleaded. "I've got something else to talk about. I want to ask you about the Governor?"

"What about him?" the judge grunted.

"In your opinion is he the greatest man in the country?"

Once more the little judge's solemn features relaxed. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard that Senator Eddie Wolf said so. Do you think Eddie knows?"

"I wonder what's up?" said the judge musing aloud. "So that's what Eddie says?" he asked.

"Yes," said the clockwinder. "He's saying it up and down the line. And so I too have been wondering what's up. That's what I was doing when you came in, and it occurred to me that the low down would be worth while. By the way, do you dissent from Eddie's judgment?"

The little jurist switched the conversation by asking the clockwinder if Rolph was going to run for Mayor again.

"I'll tell you," he said, "when I see Matt Sullivan. Between ourselves I'm going to urge Matt to keep him in the race because my money is on McCarthy."

### The Wit of Frohman

Numberless instances of the late Charles Frohman's ready wit are being recalled by his friends. "He was quicker than a flash of lightning," said Louis Nethersole. "Everybody knows his telegram to Charles Dillingham on one occasion. Mr. Dillingham had been summoned to New York to consult his chief. A delay on his train caused him to wire to the Frohman offices: 'Washout on line; will report as soon as possible.' Speeding along the wires flashed Mr. Frohman's prompt response: 'Never mind your wash; buy a new shirt and come at once.'" A pleasantry much attributed to Oliver Herford was really Mr. Frohman's mild rebuke to a pushing person. It was some years ago and C. F. and Arthur Wing Pinero were lunching at the Princess Restaurant when a man unknown to both bustled across the room, clapped the manager on the shoulder and with a cheerful greeting to both his victims: "Hello, C. F.! Hello, Pin! Don't you remember me? I'm Hopkins."

"Ah, Mr. Hopkins," said Mr. Frohman, "can't say I remember your name, and I don't recall your face, but your manner is deliciously familiar, you know."

"Your American spelling always bothers me," said Haddon Chambers once when writing a note at Mr. Frohman's desk. "Do you spell highball with a hyphen?" "No, with a syphon," said C. F. smoothly.

Lunching at the famous old Red Lion at Henley-upon-Thames one Sunday James Barrie, Alf Hayman and Haddon Chambers were discussing possible phases of the drama. "One of us two Scotch covenanters ought to dramatize the sacred epistles," suggested Mr. Chambers.

"What are the sacred epistles?" asked Mr. Hayman.

"Why, the epistles are the wives of the apostles, of course," explained Mr. Frohman.

### Another Bulletin Serial

The Bulletin these days is as full of serials as an egg is full of meat. In primis there is the "Confessions of a Physician," a sweet morsel for the lickerish, full of the thrills that belong to topics usually forbidden in family journals. I wonder if it is supposed to appeal to the people who buy at Magnin's? Or does it come to the Hale's level? Then there is the story of Art Smith, full of motor-throbs and melodrama. There are also the Adventures of D. Algernon Cupid of obscure meaning; and the adventures of a Sensitive Plant on the Exposition grounds. The sporting serials contributed by James W. Coffroth and Bob Edgren are of another type, for they are written by experts who have something worth while to say and know how to say it. But the most thrilling of all is that in which the Bulletin unfolds from night to night the crimson thuggeries and the black-and-blue sluggings which, if we are to believe the Bulletin's intensely serious serialist, are making the downtown section a Roman gladiatorial arena. This is a serial with a punch. It tells of combats not regulated by Marquis of Queensberry rules. It is the day-by-day chronicle of a conspiracy (alleged) by which the Call would drive the Bulletin off the streets. Somebody has put old Tartuffe Crothers in great pain.

### A Circulation Fight

Newsboys have been known to be quarrelsome in the past, and no doubt they have not hearkened sufficiently to David Starr Jordan and the Bulletin editorials to change their nature. But that the streets are being enlivened by the knock-down and drag-out exhibitions which the Bulletin serialist shouts to us every night at the top of his voice seems open to doubt. What is behind this latest Bulletin serial? What is the reason for the Bulletin's loud alarms? It is that old, old source of newspaper acrimony, a circulation fight. Some time ago the Call made the claim that it sold fifteen thousand more papers in San Francisco every day than the Bulletin. The Bulletin pooh-poohed the claim at first. Then it pointed out that the Bulletin went into the homes while the Call was sold in the streets. Of course most of the papers sold in the streets find their way into homes, so this explanation was not satisfactory, even to the Bulletin. The fact seems to be that the Call has perfected a superior organization for street sales, and the Bulletin appeared to take cognizance of this when it started to reorganize its street-selling department. The impartial outsider gathers the impression from the Bulletin's cries of Hearst thuggery that the Call continues to maintain an appreciable lead over the Bulletin.

### At His Old Tricks

The Yankee captain of industry who grew rich manufacturing wooden nutmegs is apparently still doing business at the old stand. I have got news of him from Paris where "several important American contracts have been cancelled," because the goods delivered were not according to sample. For instance, 200,000 pairs of socks which were to be 70 per cent wool and 30 per cent cotton were found to be 70 per cent cotton and 30 per cent wool. Of twenty-five of the largest American houses with which the French Government is doing business only one has a record of never falling below sample. In all probability we should find on investigation that among these descendants of the Yankee nutmeg manufacturer are to be found some of the leading citizens of the country, the men who are for reform in government, and whose intellectuals are touched by the preachers of ideals and of the love of humankind. The Yankee nutmeg manufacturer was a great Puritan who intoned the psalms of David nasalwise. He had no "bad habits," and he was intolerant of them in others. It's dollars to red apples that the men who are keeping alive the fine traditions of our industrial centres are just

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### The Lantern

The third number of The Lantern is now speeding from the press. This little magazine has made some stir hereabouts and far away, and there is such a demand for it that there is only one way to be sure to get it—subscribe for it. Two editions of the first number were printed, and as the demand for it keeps up and the second is now about exhausted it will probably be put on the press for the third time. The second number will also be out of print shortly, and now comes the third with a little broader appeal than its predecessors, but not lacking in the concentrated essence of its original character. The leading essay in this number is entitled "Our Vicious Morality." It is a discussion by Theodore Bonnet of the sins that really matter and are neglected —the sins of the mind—peculiar to reformers who are great sticklers for the minor virtues that mean abstinence from the lusts of the flesh. Edward F. O'Day has contributed an appreciation of Alice Meynell, whom he regards as the rarest woman poet of all times. The essay is entitled "The Lady of My Delight." Mr. O'Day has also contributed a poem entitled "A Song of Bad Books." The most brilliant of living realists, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, is represented in this number by a characteristic short story, and there is a translation of one of Charles Beaudelaire's exquisite prose poems entitled "Intoxication;" also a pastel from the gifted pen of Allan Upward, and some pungent, as well as some frothy, epigrams.

### Archibald at Cort

The war correspondent James F. J. Archibald is announced for a special engagement at the Cort beginning Sunday night, June 6, immediately following the engagement of Pavlowa. Mr. Archibald has just returned from the front where he spent the past five months with the Austrian and German armies as correspondent for Scribner's and a syndicate of newspapers. His exceptional credentials have enabled him to make observations from the actual fighting front where he has been in the trenches both on the French and Russian frontiers. Archibald's talk is alive with dramatic incidents of the war, and with his motion pictures it is sure to prove very interesting.

Gossip will generally get there without the aid of a special delivery stamp.

The great trouble about taking a chance is that you can't always put it back where you found it.

A fellow sometimes doesn't know whether he is really engaged, or whether he merely has an option on the girl.

### The Fly

Here he comes!
Silent and insidious;
Gentle, yet perfidious,
No sound of drums
Hails his appearance.
Grimly gay,
Graceful yet pestiferous,
Joyously germiferous;
Nothing can stay
His interference.

In his course ethereal,
Cleverly aerial,
Strange feats he does,
Sprite inauspicious!
By and by,
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All the town he'll devastate.
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Blandly pernicious!

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14914, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. PICKARD, Deceased.

CLARA E. PICKARD, administratrix of the estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. Pickard, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real property of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Wednesday, the 30th day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administratrix to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, San Francisco, this 22nd day of May, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administratrix,

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18887; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER, as Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of real property of said estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said JOHN W. SLATER, Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased ELIZABETH LOONEY as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 21st, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Estate,
Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600 and 1601 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

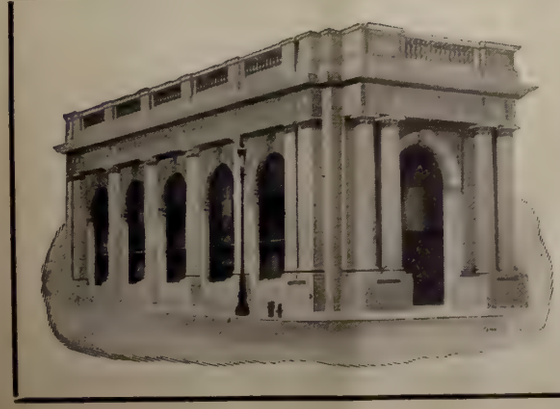
It is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 23rd day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: May 17, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 17, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5



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# War: A Sonnet Sequence

By George Sterling

### TO THE KINGS OF THIS WORLD

I.

Be yours the doom Isaiah's voice foretold,
  Lifted on Babylon, O ye whose hands
  Cast the sword's shadow upon weaker lands,
And for whose pride a million hearths grow cold!
Ye reap but with the cannon, and do hold
  Your plowing to the murder-god's commands;
  And at your altars Desolation stands,
And in your hearts is conquest, as of old.

The legions perish and the warships drown;
  The fish and vulture batten on the slain;
And it is ye whose word hath shaken down
  The dykes that hold the chartless sea of pain.
Your prayers deceive not men, nor shall a crown
  Hide on the brow the murder-mark of Cain.

II.

Now glut yourselves with conflict, nor refrain,
  But let your famished provinces be fed
  From bursting granaries of steel and lead!
Decree the sowing of that bitter grain
Where the great war-horse, maddened with his pain,
  Stamps on the mangled living and the dead,
  And from the entreated heavens overhead
Falls from a brother's hand a fiery rain.

Lift not your voices to the gentle Christ:
  Your god is of the shambles! Let the moan
    Of nations be your psalter, and their youth
To Moloch and to Bel be sacrificed!
  A world to which ye proffered lies alone
    Learns now from Death the horror of your truth.

III.

How have ye fed your people upon lies,
  And cried "Peace! peace!" and knew it would not be!
  For now the iron dragons take the sea,
And in the new-found fortress of the skies,
Alert and fierce a deadly eagle flies.
  Ten thousand cannon echo your decree
  To whose profound refrain ye bend the knee
And lift unto the Lord of Love your eyes.

This is Hell's work: why raise your hands to Him,
  And those hands mailed, and holding up the sword?
    There stands another altar, stained with red,
At whose basalt the infernal seraphim
  Uplift to Satan, your conspirant lord,
    The blood of nations, at your mandate shed.

### "AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING"

The royal word goes forth, and armies do
  The work of devils. Agony and waste
  Are on the world, and the grim legions haste
On the old war-roads that the Caesars knew.
Still gleams the dreadful stain of Waterloo,
  On Time's accusing record unerased;
  Gone are the ramparts that the Romans faced,
But these the heavens where their eagles flew.

Beneath the bleak and slowly shifting stars,
  Man turns him in his madness, to reveal
    His ancient folly and his ancient crime,
And on the tragic breast austere with scars
  Re-girds the mail, and draws the hilted steel,
    Cold from the twilight battlefields of Time.

### THE DEATH-CHORDS

What antiphon is this, with Earth to Hell
  Rendering moan for moan? Alas the cries
  That from red mouths of many wounds arise
Above the bass of cannon and the knell
Of tolling mortal and infernal shell!
  Far upon Europe's overshadowed skies
  The deep vibration of that anthem dies,
When falls the night with Death for sentinel.

This is the music of thy traitor kings,
  O world betrayed, and this the cruel song
    Thou singest in the heavens of love and light!
Fold, fold across the lands thy mighty wings
  Of dawn and sunset: thou hast sung too long!
    Draw round thy breast the everlasting Night!

### THE HOUSE OF WAR

Whose heart is fed on vision, and whose mind
  With portent of a Golden Age to be?
  Let him look forth on Europe and the sea,
As eagles of destruction ride the wind;
But higher must his soul ascend to find
  What star of peace the future may decree:
  Her ray is deep in night's infinity,
And men deny her, and the heavens are blind.

Seek not her pathway where the airship flies
And Death hath station on the nearer skies,
  Smiling on empires that his feet have trod,
    Where shone the sword and now the cannon shines,
As the slow Fates, from gulfs without a God,
  Swing up the sun of murder on the Signs.

### BOMBARDMENT

The womb of steel, with thunder and a moan,
  Released its burden, and the screaming shell
  Swung up in flame above the heavens' Hell.
Remote, on sounding skies till then unknown,
Where once the vulture circled, high and lone,
  Or Alpine eagles had their citadel,
  That iron offspring took the dark, then fell
As falls, unheralded, the meteor-stone.

In that domain of majesty and night
  There stood no haven for its evil flight:
    Its goal was horror, and the goal afar.
      Ere long, where huddling babes and women wept,
      And wounded men were couched, and no man slept,
    Deep in the midnight city sank that star.

### THE NIGHT OF MAN

Europe, how have kings dealt with thee, and sown
  Thine every acre from a human breast!
  Red was the seed and red the harrow prest
To bitter fields whose harvest was a moan;
And the long years pass on to the unknown,
  And cannon utter now thy lords' unrest,
  Where still their armies gather for the test,
And heavy darkness holds about the throne.

And shall they sow forever in this wise
  To reap that corn whose roots take hold on Hell?
    Better a desert and the sunlight there,
In which the lions gaze with stony eyes
  From nameless ruins where the lizards dwell,
    And the small hawk floats lonely on the air.

### AFTERMATH

Slowly among the wounded and the slain
  The gleamers take the harvest of the kings.
  But harvest-song no joyous maiden sings,
And crimson fingers lift a crimson grain.
Where darkness and the powers of darkness reign,
  They bend above unutterable things,
  As far away the restless searchlight swings
Its ghastly ray along the burdened plain.

Well seems it that they wear a cross of red,
  But better seems it that this earth should bear
    That blazon in the concourse of the stars,
(Ere the Night conquer and the sun fall dead)
  And 'mid dark Signs and warring heavens glare,
    Disastrous, with the bloody light of Mars.

## The Balkan Situation

(Continued from Page 7.)

something like a combination of all the recent efforts at Neuve Chapelle, at Eparges, and in Champagne, added together. We know by experience at what cost in life and munitions a given number of miles or yards of trenches and entanglements can be carried in the West. The chief factor on our side may prove to be the failure in the Turkish ammunition. The land attack is, in effect, a speculation on the chance or probability that the best Turkish troops, led by Germans, with unlimited reserves, are very far from being equal to limited numbers of the mixed German formations which hold the lines in France."

If need be doubtless Italy will join forces with the Allies in the peninsula, for the Allies are determined that they must open Odessa for the importation of munitions. They estimate that the opening of Odessa would be worth a dozen army corps on the Eastern front, for Russia's endless resources of men can be utilized only when the West is able to equip them.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### Honeymooners in Paradise

"This is Paradise," said young Angier Duke and his bride, the former Cordelia Biddle, when they arrived in this city on Monday. It was a compliment of which the California Development Board and our Chamber of Commerce will no doubt take cognizance. To have such important honeymooners praise our great and glorious land of sunshine, fruit, flowers et cetera is indeed overwhelming. But my satisfaction is tempered by reflection. Honeymooners carry their own Paradise with them. May not young Duke and his bride have been referring to the heavenly beatitude of their matrimonial felicity which is still in the first flush of its rapture? I am not sure. Certainly they have every appearance of being an exceedingly happy couple. And with reason. They are young; the bride is lovely; the groom will be heir to some fifty or so millions of tobacco money; and they are destined to that sacrosanct circle of Philadelphia society where everybody has an imposing family crest on the gold plate from which he partakes of his breakfast scrapple. Whatever they mean, I don't blame them for saying that they are in Paradise.

### They Are Very Important

When the engagement of the daughter of Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle to the son of the Tobacco King was announced at the beginning of February, Philadelphia was stirred from its traditional sleepiness. If Philadelphia were a king's capital instead of a Quaker metropolis, the Biddles would be royalties. There is no other way of indicating their tremendous importance. It was Cordelia's very first season, and many a proud Philadelphia family (families are proud in that city) dreamed of annexing her. And when it began to be rumored that Angier Duke's attentions to her had a serious purpose, there was indignation among these proud ones, for they looked on Angier as an outsider. When the engagement was announced, jealousy (which is not unknown in the City of Brotherly Love) tried to have its say, but was drowned in the chorus of excited babble about the wedding.

### It Was "Some" Wedding

Tony Biddle, the bride's father, is inclined to be a little eccentric. He is known as an exponent of "muscular Christianity," does not drink or keep liquor in his home, chums with prizefighters and Billy Sunday, and sometimes teaches a Bible class. His hobbies make him rather tiresome, but he is not a bad fellow. Philadelphia was somewhat shocked when the news got out that Billy Sunday had been invited to the wedding. He did not attend, but others not of the caste of Vere de Vere, or Biddle rather (for the Biddles consider themselves just as good as any Vere de Vere) were conspicuous by their presence. Among the guests who secured good seats in the church by force of superior muscular strength were Lew Bailey who runs a boxing school; Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, erstwhile runner-up in the heavyweight championship matches; Mike Doriaz, a Greek athlete; Warden McKenty of the Eastern Penitentiary; the superintendent of the Inasmuch Mission; and the Philadelphia Chief of Police. It is recorded that all these notables sent handsome gifts.

### An Awful Crush

The fact that the Chief of Police occupied one of the front pews at the wedding instead of staying outside the church to handle the crush caused some criticism. It was the worst crush Philadelphia has had since the Revolutionary War. Everybody set his alarm clock an hour ahead in order to be on hand early; it is even said that some Philadelphians sleep-walked to the church, but that may be a joke. The fact is, Philadelphia forgot its somnolence that day. The crowd was so great that the motor cars and carriages (many Philadelphians have not yet discovered that carriages are passé) had to be halted before they reached the church. The occupants were forced into the street by the police and had to stand in line, the queue extending for a block for all the world like a David Warfield line at the box office. One prominent Philadelphian surgeon had to duck to save his tall hat from a policeman's club. Some women guests reached the canopied entrance out of their turn; they were shoved back by the police who jabbed clubs in their satin ribs. Meanwhile the newspaper photographers went up and down the line snapping Philadelphia society and "rubbing it in" by asking angry matrons to "look pleasant."

### Inside the Church

It was just as bad inside the church. People climbed up on the pews and had to be ordered down by the police. This was downstairs. In the balcony they stood on the benches looking through opera glasses, and even climbed over the backs of the pews into those in front of them when the occupants thereof stood up. Others sat on the floor at the railing and refused to budge when the perspiring ushers told them to. In the midst of the excitement an usher started to take Mrs. Ollie Harriman up a side aisle, and she almost fainted. Some of the guests were so amazed at the diamonds worn by Lew Bailey, the boxing instructor, that they missed the ceremony. One of Philadelphia's haughtiest dowagers found herself in a pew with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and nearly died of suppressed rage when he edged up close to her. When bride and groom left the church the mob outside surged against the supports of the awning, and the awning fell, nearly squashing the newlyweds. The police were worn out from fighting the guests, but they now managed to put up some sort of a battle against the uninvited; but in the melee Cordelia's bouquet was torn to shreds. When she reached her limousine all that remained of it was the chiffon bow.

### Some Sidelights

There were many other interesting things about this wedding. The bride's father wore a bunch of lilies of the valley that looked like a corsage bouquet. The bride's mother wore a dress of flaming red cut to her shoetops. The photographic rights at church and home were sold to a New York firm. The photographer was allowed to take pictures in the church. The fact that champagne was served at the breakfast caused some guests to whisper that Biddle was going back on his friend Billy Sunday. And when Tony Biddle announced that he had given Cordelia an income sufficient to make her independent for life people said: "How can he do that? His money is in trust." So it will be seen that the honeymooners who have come into our midst have passed through a most exciting experience.

### Another Wedding Coming

No doubt the scenes witnessed at the Biddle-Duke nuptials will be repeated soon, for Mary Duke, the sister of Angier Duke, is to marry Tony Biddle Jr., the brother of Cordelia Biddle. This engagement was announced just after the


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wedding I have described. It caused as much gnashing of teeth among the managing mommers of Philadelphia as the first engagement. Incredible as it may seem, these two weddings have kept Philadelphia awake for nights long beyond the usual hour for sleep. If this sort of thing continues—the town's most eligible sons and daughters marrying outside the blue-blooded ranks—the leaders of society may even come to suffer from insomnia. But a truce to this joking. Mary Duke is to be congratulated, for the Biddles are the right sort. They do not claim public attention; it is forced on them by reason of their position, which is an honorable position and not disfigured by any of the irregularities too common among the so-called "best" families. The curious spend a lot of time thinking about them, and their doings are chronicled minutely in the press. It was from the eastern press that I derived the details which I have just set forth. They would mislead if they gave the impression that the Biddles are not a family of high ideals, virtues and engaging qualities. They are all of that. Small wonder that Philadelphia is fond of them. Young Biddle is very fond of his fiancee. At the races at Belmont Park the other day he knelt on the grass at her feet and made love to her, quite unconscious of giggling onlookers.

### The Real Matchmaker

The gossip of the tabbies in the country club set on the all-absorbing topic of the Jackling-Jolliffe romance is reflected in the columns of a New York paper which gives Mrs. Mountford Wilson the credit for engineering the match between Miss Joliffe and the copper magnate, although, the paper adds, "sister Marguerite (meaning Mrs. Herbert Moffitt) claims honor for having clinched it for Virginia." The tabbies of the country club set are misleading guides for a paper to follow. The real matchmaker in the Jackling-Jolliffe romance was Colonel Dan Jackling himself.

### He Must Go to Work

When Esther Moreland left San Francisco for Newport and lost her heart to Harry Oelrichs, people wondered whether Mr. and Mrs. Moreland would be content to support a young gentleman of leisure out of pride in possessing so distinguished a son-in-law. Harry Oelrichs is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs who are not rich. Still he always managed to live without working. But no more! Esther's father has let Esther's hubby know that he must hunt a job. It is an awful blow to Harry, but what can he do? He can't starve, naturally. So perhaps he will go to work. Esther was always a girl of sense, so she probably realizes that her father is taking the right course.

### At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. B. Griggs Holt who are stopping at the Hotel Cecil gave a diner Tuesday evening in the private dining room. A gold basket filled with yellow iris ornamented the center of the table. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mitchell of Chicago, Mrs. George Churchill of New York and Mrs. E. A. Hadley of Vancouver. Mrs. David B. Mixell of Easton, Penn., who is visiting her cousins General and Mrs. Edward J. McClernand at the Cecil was the complimented guest at a bridge tea given recently by Mrs. McClernand. The decorations were spring flowers and arparagus ferns. Madam R. Cleghorn came up from Honolulu Tuesday to visit her son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Percy Cleghorn at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Andrews of New York gave a theatre party Monday evening at the Columbia. After the performance they gave a supper dance in the Palm Room at the Cecil. Among the guests were Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Defendorf, Mrs. W. F. Morris and Mr. C. F. Nance. Mr. C. F. Marvin, chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, D. C., is a guest. Miss Alma Thane entertained with eight covers at dinner Tuesday evening. After dinner the party attended the Boston Symphony. A number of the guests of the Hotel Cecil gave theatre parties at the Cort Theatre on the opening night of Pavlowa. Among those who entertained were General and Mrs. Edward McClernand, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Ahearn and Mrs. E. C. Pratt.

### At the Somerton

Mr. E. Smith of Toledo, Ohio, is registered at the Hotel Somerton. Mr. Smith entertained a coterie of friends at luncheon Tuesday at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown and Miss Anna L. Brown of Media are among the recent arrivals. H. Stevens of New York gave an elaborate dinner Tuesday evening. The table decorations were pink roses. Mr. L. J. Cork of Los Gatos came to San Francisco this week to enjoy the Exposition.

### Mrs. Hows Praises Northern Pacific Liner

Mrs. Lavelle C. Hows, widow of the late Captain Hows, of Portland, Ore., who recently returned home from this city has been paying tribute to the beauties of the Exposition. She is enthusiastic not only about the Exposition but also about the new liner "Northern Pacific" on which she returned to Portland. Mr. C. E. Stone, general traffic manager of the Great Northern Pacific Steamship Company, has received the following letter from Mrs. Hows:

"I have just returned from San Francisco on the steamer 'Northern Pacific.' A more delightful trip I never had and I want you to know about it. We left San Francisco Sunday morning, May 9th, at 10:30 and arrived at Flavel the following day, Monday 10th, at noon. The weather was beautiful, the boat magnificent, the service perfect, the beds could not be surpassed, meals were equal to any first class hotel; we were served with abundance, with the very finest the market afforded, cooked most appetizingly. I have only one regret—the trip was too short. Everyone on board were most enthusiastic in their praise.

"Wishing the steamship company every success, I am, etc."

Mrs. Hows' husband for many years navigated large liners on the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, and she has been quite an extensive traveler on the sea. Her letetr was entirely unsolicited, and is but one of many in similar strain that are received in San Francisco every day. Surely a long-felt want has been filled.

### New Dances at Techau's

The appreciation of the Cake Walk contests at Techau Tavern has been so keen that the management has yielded to popular demand and is continuing these attractive features, with the novel interpolation of character dances by Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote. Last week the Apache Dance was received with enthusiasm and last Wednesday night an entirely new creation portraying Trilby and Svengali made a tremendous hit. Never were the Candy Dances so well attended as at present, and every evening sees scores of dancers enjoying the perfect floor and music. Souvenir art boxes of Foster and Orear's choice confectionery are presented to each lady. The superiority of the candies produced by this well known Grant avenue firm is so well known that these gifts are highly appreciated.

### Disappointment

I said I had a friend,
A worthy friend;
I gauged him by his daily word,
I plumed myself on strength inferred
As lent by him; somehow he heard
My need was great. Did aught he ever lend?
Not he;
I lost my friend!

I said I had a friend,
A kindly friend;
I proved him seemingly to ring
Like purest gold, and friendship's seasoning
Seemed evidenced; I bade him hear me sing
My burdened song. Think you he did attend?
Not he;
I lost my friend!

I said I had no friend,
No sincere friend;
I knew not friendship's sweetest bliss
Was near to me—my sweetheart's kiss
Redeemed false loves; not now I miss
My erstwhile friends. Think you she could pretend?
Not she;
I have a friend!

Ambition is the yeast that causes a man to rise to the occasion.

Many a man sings his own praise whose musical education has been sadly neglected.


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# "Walpurgis Night"

By Edward F. O'Day

Of Pavlowa in the ballet "Puppen-Fee" it is enough to put down that her dancing explains why rational people once believed in fairies. Somewhere, some time they saw such dancing as Pavlowa's and invented the fairy to account for the performance. Of her "Dragon Fly" dance I shall not speak, because the writers in the daily papers have inconsiderately used up all the adjectives. They might have left me one or two! It remains for me to speak of the "Walpurgis Night" ballet in which Pavlowa is an entrancing Helen of Troy casting an amorous spell over Faust while Mephistopheles looks on with an unenvying indifference which is perfectly diabolical. The writers who monopolized all my adjectives touched lightly on this ballet, doubtless because they had no time to solve its difficulties. I might pretend that it was an open book to me, but that would be useless falsehood, and one avoids useless falsehood. As a matter of fact I have refreshed my mind out of Marlowe, Goethe, Gounod and that royal road to the appearance of learning, the Britannica.

What is Walpurgis Night? It is the night before May Day, dedicated in the old calendar to St. Walpurga, a nun of eighth-century England who was the granddaughter of a king and (more important) the niece of St. Boniface. She carried the Gospel to Germany, and her feast supplanted the ancient heathen festival that marked the beginning of summer. Still, Christianity did not wipe out all the old heathenry, and it was long believed that on the lofty granite peak of the Brocken in the fastnesses of the Hartz Mountains devils, witches and warlocks held their obscene orgies on Walpurgis Night.

Readers of Goethe's Faust—the first and popular part—will recall the wonderful Walpurgis Night scene peopled with horrid hags who are first cousins to the weird sisters of "Macbeth." Those who have not read it in the original (I am one) may know it in Shelley's spirited translation. There are many fantastic shapes besides the witches in that amazing scene. There is, for instance, Lilith, the first wife of Adam of whom Mephisto warns Faust:

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks:
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

There is also that shape that interfered while Faust was dancing with a gay young witch. Will the critics pardon me for quoting Faust's comment?

He never dances—but he guides
Opinion—disapproves—decides—
On carriage and the true division
Of time gives laws with calm precision.
While others dance he criticizes,
And all is perfect that he prizes.

There is more of it, going to show that a critic is not welcome even at the Witches' Sabbath!

But this is not the Walpurgis Night from which Gounod drew the material for his "Faust" ballet, a fact which would need no emphasizing if the "Faust" ballet and the second part of Goethe's "Faust" were better known. I have never seen a production of the opera elaborate enough to include the ballet. As for the second part of Goethe's "Faust"—well, people can truthfully enough say that they have read Goethe's masterpiece without reading the second part, and it isn't all of it easy reading. Only they don't know what they have missed!

This second part contains the beautiful "Classical Walpurgis Night" with the scene laid, not in the Brocken but in the mysterious valley of Pharsalia. Instead of witches, warlocks and devils we meet here sphinxes, sirens, arimaspians, griffins and nymphs. And here we find Faust sighing for the love of Helen.

Helen of Troy has always been part of the Faust story. To the medieval mind she was the ideal of physical beauty, so it was natural that the man who had sold his soul to the devil should have her for his paramour. Faust was allowed the highest perquisite of his hard bargain! That scene in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" (a play to which Goethe was not a little indebted), where Mephisto conjures up Helen for the delectation of his victim is unforgettable:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumed crest.
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

This is the vision which Faust pursues through the phantasmagory of the "Classical Walpurgis Night."

Where is she? why ask where?
If it be not the sod on which her feet
Trod, and the wave that beat
To welcome her, it is the air
That spoke her language. Here! and I am here—
In her own Greece, miraculously here!

Of course Faust finds Helen, and of course he finds her complaisant. Even though we be puritans we may enjoy their raptures without compunction, remembering that they are both damned souls!

Faust: I scarce can breathe. I tremble, words are none.
It is a dream, and Time and Place are gone.
Helen: What dream comes o'er me of a former day?
Methinks I lived and died and passed away.
And now I live anew, wound up with thee!
Him, whom I know not, love confidingly!

This, then, was the principal source from which Gounod derived his ballet of "Walpurgis Night." He represents Mephisto as giving Faust "a place at the feast of queens and courtesans," and Faust quaffs the cup of amorous intoxication to "queens of antique realms, Cleopatra of the tender eyes, Lais of charming mien." In the ballet for which we are indebted to Pavlowa, Clustine has elaborated on Gounod. He has restored Helen to her place of pre-eminence over Cleopatra, Phryne, Lais and Aspasia. And he has left out the sinister vision of Marguerite with "a single blood-red line, not broader than the sharp edge of a knife, about her lovely neck." That vision belongs to the Brocken scene. There is no Marguerite in the "Classical Walpurgis Night."

So! Pavlowa has led us into strange paths! Perhaps she will not mind. Why should not her dancing encourage a little intellectual excursion?

## Gossip of the Theatre

### Maude Adams in "Quality Street"

The announcement comes from the Columbia that Maude Adams is to be seen there next week. The play in which this most popular of actresses is to be seen is "Quality Street" which was the second of the J. M. Barrie comedies to be presented by the actress in this country, the first having been "The Little Minister." While the comedy is new throughout the Far West it is not a novelty here, but it will be none the less welcome. During a lengthy engagement that Miss Adams played at the Van Ness Theatre the season following the fire she made a revival of the comedy and it is so pleasantly recalled that all who previously witnessed it will be anxious to see it again. In the supporting company are Angela Ogden, Sarah Converse, Elise Converse, Leonore Chippendale, Byrd Rodgers, Charles Hammond, Morton Selten, R. P. Carter, Fred Tyler, Willard Barton and Stafford Windsor.

### Billie Burke in "Jerry"

The best thing that can be said of any play nowadays is that it is so good that it makes the audience forget for the time that there is a terrible war raging in Euorpe. And that is exactly what they say about "Jerry," the comedy in which Billie Burke will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday night, June 7. Catherine Chisholm Cushing wrote "Jerry" for laughing purposes only, and Miss Burke and her company play it with the same object in view. The story is of how a lively Chicago girl—impersonated by Miss Burke, of course—captures a husband in a staid Philadelphia suburb.

### Nat Wills at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as joint headliners Adelaide and Hughes, America's representative dancers, and the comedian and monologist Nat M. Wills. Petite and fascinating Adelaide and her clever partner J. J. Hughes are international dancing celebrities. Nat M. Wills, "the Happy Tramp," is always clever and diverting. Elizabeth Murray will be a special feature. She is a dialect comedienne of the first water and her songs and stories (all new) are given in a manner essentially her own. Hoey and Lee, favorite character parodists, will satirize current conditions. The Musical Byrons, five musicians, play on a variety of instruments and have melodious and well-cultivated voices. They introduce an invention of theirs called "The Byrondolin." Madame Besson, an excellent actress, will ap-

pear in Channing Pollock's one-act sketch "It Doesn't Happen" originally produced at the Friar's Frolic, New York. She will be supported by her own company. The Four Romanos, a quartet of handsome girls, are making their first appearance in this country. In addition to classic dances they will also perform a variety of whirlwind movements. Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven in their flirtation sketch "The Masher" will be the only holdover.

**"A Peck o' Pickles" at Alcazar**

Many requests have been received for a revival of the Kolb and Dill success "A Peck o' Pickles," so the popular German comedians will give it at the Alcazar beginning Monday night. This is the big musical show written for them by Frank M. Stammers who is responsible for their present triumph "This Way Out." It is the show in which the Shuberts presented Kolb and Dill in Chicago last year. It is bright, snappy and scintillating. During the run matinees will be given on Saturdays and Sundays.

**Norwegian Saengerfest**

One of the great musical festivals of the Pacific Coast will take place at the Civic Auditorium next Friday evening, June 4, when a concert will be given by the Norwegian Choral Union of eight hundred voices and the Luther College Concert Band, made up of sixty-six excellent instrumentalists from Luther College, Decorah, Iowa. This will be the fourth "Saengerfest" of these combined organizations. Carlo Sperati, the conductor of the Luther College Concert Band, is the musical director. Last summer the band had the distinction of appearing in Norway by invitation of King Haakon. A feature will be the first appearance here of Mme. Henrikke Ohlson-Solem, the distinguished Norwegian mezzo-soprano who has been the success of Berlin for the past few seasons. She is an American of Norwegian parentage. Society has given its endorsement to the concert and the patronesses include Mrs. William H. Crocker, chairman, the Mesdames William B. Bourn, Joseph D. Grant, F. Herman Gade, Horace Pillsbury, Wickham Havens, George Pope, James Rolph Jr., Henry W. Taylor, Eben Swift, F. G. Sanborn, Arthur Murray, John F. Merrill, E. D. Knight and Miss Genevieve King. Seats and boxes may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, and everything points to a very large attendance.

**La Loie Fuller at the Fair**

Festival Hall, next Tuesday evening, will be the scene of La Loie Fuller's first appearance during her special engagement in this country. Much credit is due the officials of the Exposition for bringing her here as she is recognized the world over as the originator of light and color effects. The color scheme of this Fair is a great feature, and it is but natural that with her marvelous success abroad she should be wanted here to lend even more brilliancy to the occasion. Miss Fuller's first performance will be given in Festival Hall, but she may be induced to appear in some of her open air productions, such as she recently gave at the Stadium at Athens before one hundred thousand people, including the King and Queen. The compositions of the great masters will be rendered by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty pieces, and the stage has been reconstructed so as to accommodate her large scenic productions. Seats are in great demand at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

**Pavlowa's Second Week**

There is little doubt, considering the plans made by Anna Pavlowa for the years to come, that when the final curtain falls upon her and her Russian Ballet and Symphony Orchestra at the Cort next Saturday night, we shall not see her again for a long time. It is promised that she is to give her best for these last performances. Tonight, Saturday, will be the last opportunity to see "Amarilla" and "Chopiniana" in conjunction. Sunday night what is thought to be the most popular program will be given, "Puppen-Fee" (The Fairy Doll) and "Walpurgis Night." On Monday night "Raymonda," a two-act ballet which the Imperial Russian Opera considers its greatest chorographic drama, will be given with special divertissements. On Tuesday night will come "The Magic Flute" and the mythological "Seven Daughters of the Ghost King." For Wednesday matinee "The Magic Flute" and "Invitation to the Dance." On Wednesday evening "Coppelia," the beautiful ballet, long considered as a standard of excellence, and "Chopiniana" are to be given. On Thursday evening another view of "Puppen-Fee" and "Walpurgis Night." Friday, a second view of "Raymonda." For the Saturday matinee "Coppelia" and "Invitation to the Dance." For the final performance on Saturday night a special program has been arranged in the nature of a farewell entertainment. This will include "The Magic Flute," another novelty

MME. HENRIKKE OHLSON-SOLEM

Who will sing at the Norwegian Choral Festival at the Civic Auditorium next Friday night

ADELAIDE AND HUGHES

Talented entertainers who make their appearance at the Orpheum next week

in the world-known "Les Preludes" and a long list of divertissements chosen from the most famous of all the Pavlowa repertory. Among these are to be "The Autumnal Bacchanale," Saint-Saens' "Swan," Rubenstein's "La Nuit," "The Valse Caprice" and "Gavotte Pavlowa."

### Miss Golcher in Music Matinee

The principal attraction at the Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon will be Miss Catherine Golcher, soprano. Miss Golcher is a pupil of Miss Marie Withrow and has sung professionally for some time. Her voice is a sonorous soprano and her interpretative faculties have been finely developed. G. Vargas will play the accompaniments and a number of instrumental solos on the Knabe player piano, and will display his remarkable artistry in classic as well as lighter compositions. The program will be one of the most enjoyable of the season.

### Harry Tate at Pantages

"Summer Policy," seven big vaudeville acts and first run six reel feature films, will start at Pantages Sunday afternoon. This innovation is being used in all the large eastern vaudeville houses during the hot spell, and will doubtless prove as popular here. The show will start in the afternoon at 1:30, beginning with feature films, the regular vaudeville show starting at the usual time. There will be no increase in prices. Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady" starring S. Miller Kent, will be the initial offering of the first run feature films under the new policy. It is in six parts and shows the picturesque scenery of the California redwoods. Of the regular vaudeville show, Harry Tate's "Motoring," without question one of the most laughable acts staged, is the big feature. Tate has not been to the coast in several years. Johnson, Howard and Lizette are sensational acrobats. Ethel Arnold is back again with Earl Taylor. This dainty little lady created a tremendous furor last year with her songs. Bert Von Klein and Grace Gibson in "Odd Bits of Vaudeville;" Grace Hebard and Flora Curtis, "Those Personality Girls;" Nolan and Nolan in a new juggling act; and Keystone comedy pictures will round out an exceptionally strong program.


**CORT** Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
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FAREWELL WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 30

**PAVLOWA**

Tonight (Sat.) "Amarilla," "Chopiniana. Sunday, May 30, "Fairy Doll," "Walpurgis Night." Monday, "Raymonda." Tuesday, "Magic Flute," "Seven Daughters of Ghost King." Wednesday Matinee, "Magic Flute," "Invitation to the Dance." Wednesday Night, "Coppelia," "Chopiniana." Thursday, "Fairy Doll," "Walpurgis Night." Friday, "Raymonda." Saturday Matinee, "Coppelia," "Invitation to the Dance." Saturday Night, "Magic Flute," "Les Preludes."

Prices, $2.50 to 50c.

NEXT—Week Commencing Sunday Night, June 6—JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD'S Uncensored War Talk.

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One Week Beginning Monday, May 31st
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Charles Frohman Presents

**MAUD ADAMS**
In the Comedy in Four Acts
"QUALITY STREET"
By J. M. Barrie
PRICES—50c to $2.00
Monday, June 7th—MISS BILLIE BURKE IN "JERRY"

ANNA PAVLOWA

The "Divinity of the Dance," with the Imperial Russian Ballet at the Cort Theatre


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Reserved Seats $2.00 to 50c, on Sale at Exposition Box Office, 343 Powell Street. Phone Sutter 6646.

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GRAND CONCERT
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The international developments during the week have overshadowed all other news, but it does not appear that the situation with Germany has affected trade to any extent. There is rather an improving tendency to report, due largely to the tremendous orders placed by foreign Governments for munitions of war. It is possible to report that the railway demand for steel products shows some improvement and that the railway managements seem more disposed to go ahead with a policy of betterments. The fact seems to be that, aside from the international developments, the trade conditions in the United States are experiencing a slow but nevertheless persistent growth and it is difficult to see how the foreign affairs of the nation would interfere with this tendency, even if the worst possible outcome should materialize. The demand for munitions of war from foreign nations would certainly not decrease and it seems inevitable that, no matter what the outcome of the immediate situation may be, the Government of the United States will be led to adopt measures providing for a larger army and navy. Whatever is spent by the United States in pursuance of this policy would remain at home and, added to the business with foreign Governments, would make the effect of the war business all the stronger. We have been steadily emerging from the distressing conditions of last summer, as there has been a very rapid decrease in the unemployed and the buying power of the nation has been immensely increased through this development, and anything that adds to the business for foreign Governments or our own will add further to the buying power. It is evident that an increased buying power means more business for all and that prosperity in one industry, for this reason, radiates an influence nation wide. The high prices received for last year's crops have added greatly to the wealth of the nation and it is more than encouraging to note that the promise of the 1915 yield is for another bumper output of wheat. The season is young and there is a long period ahead of us, when damage is possible, but a good start usually means a bountiful harvest and only an average season is needed to assure one. It is evident that the crops this year will average better prices than for the 1914 crops. It is almost impossible to believe that such a condition can exist without causing industrial activity.

**Wheat**—Some irregularity is apparent in the course of prices, the new crop futures showing relatively more strength and being at some advance over those prevailing a week ago. The market in the earlier part of the week made a rapid and notable recovery from an extremely weak condition as the result of the receipt of reports of damage by Hessian fly and chinch bugs over a wide territory; these came with such unanimity and reliability that more than ordinary attention was given to them. An oversold condition existed at the time, which, with the improved demand that developed, caused a sustained rise. Some part of this gain has been lost as the result of selling for profits and the tendency toward caution which proceeds from the present political situation. Primary receipts show a considerable reduction from last week's, while the clearances are probably equal to or somewhat in excess of those of a week ago. Argentine shipments are much lighter. Crop conditions in Europe are regarded as fair considering the unsettled condition. The movement of prices at present seems to hinge on the seriousness of the crop situation and immediate political developments.

**Corn** has borne more or less of a heavy tone, although prices showed a degree of strength, but only temporarily, and apparently in sympathy with the action of wheat. Short covering seemed to be responsible for the rise to a considerable extent and since this sort of buying was concluded, prices have shown a sagging tendency. While country offerings are not free, the demand, both domestic and from abroad, is quiet, besides which Argentine conditions have undergone a favorable change, recent prices there being reported at a decline. Conditions in this country as relating to planting have been reported as favorable. The market gives evidence of a disposition to work to a lower level, factors calculated to stimulate values being absent.

**Cotton**—There was very little doing in the cotton market the past week and prices held steady around the 10 cent level for the new crop months. The political situation abroad and the uncertainties regarding the attitude of the German Government toward President Wilson's note kept trade in check. Crop conditions throughout the entire belt show a general improvement and while the crop is still late in Texas, it is offset somewhat by the good start in the Eastern belt. Spinners' takings for the week were not as large as expected, while receipts were moderate. Stocks of cotton in New York showed a further increase for the week and are quite large. It looks now as if it will take something in the way of a crop scare to take the market out of its present rut.


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**CERTIFICATE OF USE OF FICTITIOUS NAME**

No. 2202.
(Cancelled, 10 cent Revenue Stamp.)

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under a fictitious name, to-wit, under the name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX."

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, San Francisco, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1915.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

Witness:
A. COMTE, JR.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 20th day of May in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, FLORA HALL, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed May 21, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29


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| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

### DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, carrying on and transacting business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," is dissolved by mutual consent this 20th day of April, in the year A. D. 1915.

The undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, having sold and conveyed his interest in said co-partnership business to the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and the undersigned, JULES ALBRECHT, retires from the business, and the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, will continue to carry on said business, to-wit: a French confectionery and patisserie business, at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, San Francisco, April 20, 1915.

JULES ALBRECHT,
ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Witness: A. COMTE, JR.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, Deceased.—No. [illegible] Dept. [illegible]

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, FELIX DEVLIN, administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of William A. Kelly, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

FELIX DEVLIN,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES S. DEVLIN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1, 1915.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.—No. 18887; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Messrs. Ackerman and Oppenheim, Room 402 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER,
Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 1st, 1915.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Administrator,
402 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-1-5


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.—No. 18945; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 10535; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of VINCENZO MATTEUCCI and EVELINA MATTEUCCI, Minors.

Oreste Matteucci, guardian of the person and estate of Evelina Matteucci, a minor, having this day presented to this Court and filed herein his petition duly verified praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to said minor for the causes and reasons therein set forth, and for the reinvestment of the proceeds thereof; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is expedient and would be beneficial to said minor if the said minor's interest in the real estate described in said petition be sold; now therefore,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin and all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court in the court-room thereof, department No. 10, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 1st day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 4th, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Guardian,
Bank of Italy Building,
San Francisco, California. 5-8-4

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

PHILIPPINE REYMOND,
Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 29th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

EDGAR A. MIZNER,
Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 15, 1915.

KEOGH & OLDS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524 Foxcroft Building,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-15

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN B. DOYLE as executor of the estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

JOHN B. DOYLE,
As Executor of the Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 22nd, 1915.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,
Attorneys for said Executor,
504 Grant Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1189 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 5, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXV | San Francisco, June 5, 1915 | No. 1189

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PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
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Phone Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

### The Notorious Sunday

So Billy Sunday has been officially invited to the Fair! We wonder if the gentlemen who have the last word in Fair matters know what sort of person Billy Sunday is; whether they are familiar with the brutish gabble of this blackguard of the bema. Billy Sunday is an illiterate faker who has made a great deal of money in the role of an evangelist. Under the pretense of preaching religion he goes about uttering travesties of the teaching of Christ, defiling a sacred book by paraphrasing saintly speech in the slang of the slums. Billy Sunday is a clown whose slapstick antics are amusing to the groundlings, but whose success is due chiefly to the boldness of his blamphemies. His notoriety he is exploiting at great profit to himself, and doubtless he will make money for the Fair, but is it desirable that the Fair should make money in this way? It may be urged that Billy Sunday would be tolerable as a Zone attraction. Assuredly he would not add dignity to the Zone. If we are tolerant of the Zone we realize that it is an unpleasant commentary on our civilization that a low order of entertainment is essential to the success of a great exposition. And we regard the frank salacity of such a performance, let us say, as the Streets of Cairo, as far less objectionable than so nauseating a fraud as Billy Sunday.

### Some Sundayisms

Let us see what sort of person Billy Sunday is, that we may know whether his performances are consistent with the purposes for which the beautiful Exposition City was created. Some time ago Dr. Andrew F. West, dean of the Graduate School of Princeton, wrote a letter to the press of Philadelphia explaining why Billy Sunday was not deemed fit to be invited to preach at the University. In his letter Dr. West quotes excerpts from Sunday's speeches to show that his extravagances are too coarse and indecent to be tolerated in respectable society. Here is a specimen of Sunday's style of characterization taken from his description of one of the most sacred scenes in the New Testament:

"Mary was one of these sort of uneeda biscuit, peanut butter, gelatin and pimento sort of women. Martha was a beefsteak, baked potato, apple sauce with lemon and nutmeg, coffee and whipped cream, apple pie and cheese sort of women.

"Then Jesus said:

"'Tut, tut, Martha. Thou carest for too many little things.'"

Here is a specimen of the Sunday verbiage of abuse:

"If a minister believes and teaches evolution he is a stinking skunk, a hypocrite and a liar."

There are some passages that we prefer not to print. There is much of what Dr. West describes as "swaggering impiety" and blasphemy; there is much that "no decent person," he says, "can read without shame." But we shall quote a little more, for we are more than half inclined to believe that among our Fair directors are gentlemen uninformed as to the character of the person who has been invited to contribute to the edification of Fair visitors. Further we entertain the hope that on being informed they may think it advisable to cancel the invitation. Doubtless there are many people of the opinion that Billy Sunday is only a freak preacher with a passion for soul-saving, playing the mountebank to catch the mob before terrorizing the sinner. But Billy Sunday's studied indecencies are not intended for the weak minded who become susceptible through hysteria. Billy Sunday likes to titillate the prurient, thus:

"And you stand there and watch your wife folded in his long, voluptuous, sensual embrace, their bodies swaying one against the other, their limbs twining and entwining, her head resting on his breast; they breathe the vitiated air beneath the glittering candelabra, and the spell of the music, and you stand there and tell me there is no harm in it!"

There is no need of analyzing the character of the preacher who presented that picture; especially is there no need when we read on and find the following excerpt from his sermon:

"Why a man with red blood in his veins can't look at half the women on the streets now and not have impure thoughts.

"Little girl, you look so small.
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no chemise shirt?
Don't you wear no petty-skirt?
Don't you wear no underclothes?
But your corset and your hose?"

Enough of Billy Sunday. We submit him to the reconsideration of the gentlemen who understand the purposes of the Exposition and who are trying to make it a success in all respects.

### An Opening Wedge

Our great benefactor Mr. Hearst, always alert to coddle cranks for the nickels he can shake out of them, is now ingratiating himself with the vivisection cult. And so the Examiner is telling us that it is a misnomer to call the bill regulating vivisection an anti-vivisection law. "One might as well call the laws regulating railroads anti-railroad laws," he says. Which reminds us that that is precisely what Mr. Hearst does call them now that he perceives that they hurt business, reflecting as they do on business generally, not excepting the advertising business. It was only the other day the Examiner emitted a shriek against regulation of business. There has been too much of it. It has put a crimp in the Hearst bank roll, and so Wasteful Willie is now for what he calls "negative regulation," which is an equivocal term invented for present exigencies and meaning in the New Hearst philosophy no regulation at all. But the scientists in their laboratories searching for new means of staying the ravages of disease, what do they contribute to the advertising columns of a great daily? However they may be regulated it will not matter much to Willie. And anyway they are not to be affirmatively regulated. They are only to be scrutinized. Well, so it was with the railroads at first. The whole process of regulation had its inception in an apparently harmless law establishing a Paul Pry bureau authorized to see that somebody does not transgress the punctiloes. The bill regulating vivisection is an anti-vivisection law, and it is downright dishonesty to pretend that it is anything else. It is the dishonesty characteristic of all the busybody cults that are redeeming the world from its errors according to the light that is within them and nowhere else. They alone are versed in the arcana of nature. All the rest of us are outsiders, the profanum vulgus, and the scientist is a person to be snubbed. It is their privilege to deceive, for we are benighted and savage, and progress is not to be made by candor. And so they drive their opening wedges with deceit. What the anti-vivisectionist wants is the privilege to invade laboratories that he may torment the vivisectionist and go abroad with sensational yarns about the horrors that he witnessed and thus propagate prejudices for the greater glory of the cause.

### Tartuffe and the Leg

Some weeks ago, commenting on an editorial in the Bulletin which imputed sordid motives to several distinguished Americans who were advocating preparedness for war, we asked what it was that animated the pacifist policy of Tartuffe Crothers, and we suggested the probability

of his being in touch with the golden exudations of the Carnegie leg. An unpleasant suggestion of course, but it gave us no twinge of conscience; we knew that we might err without risk of wronging the man behind the Bulletin. Nevertheless it is somewhat refreshing to find something that gives color to a pallid and wholly gratuitous surmise. Thanks to Representative Gardner of Massachusetts we learn that money is to be made by advocating national spinelessness. We learn also that it is the preposterous Laird of Skibo, the patron of David Starr Jordan, who is putting up the money. Mr. Carnegie is president of the New York Peace Society, an offshoot of which is the Niagara Peace Society from which has emanated a letter addressed to susceptible editors and publishers containing the following interesting passages:

"Between now and the termination of the European war an enormous sum of money will be expended for publicity work. A generous proportion will go for newspaper advertising to bring home to Congress the attitude of the American people on the question of the interdependence of nations.

We ask that you request your advertising manager to forward immediately a copy of the advertising schedule showing rates, etc."

The foregoing is not all. It appears that a newspaper must qualify for a slice of that "enormous sum," for the letter contains this inquiry: "Is your editorial policy in favor of the American proposal for a League of Nations?" Has our friend Tartuffe of the prehensile fist qualified? Ask of the Big Wind that blows from Palo Alto.

### A Preacher's Appeal

Hands from all sections of the country are stretching for that "enormous sum" which is to be distributed in furtherance of peace propaganda. That "enormous sum" threatens to absorb attention even to the neglect of movements of the first importance. Already it is in competition with the "big sum" behind the prohibition propaganda of Westerville, and all over the country there are clergymen letting up on Demon Rum and burning the nocturnal lamp over perfervid lucubrations on the sweetness of peace and the iniquity of rearing sons to be soldiers. For them the slogan of the campaign has been pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Frederick Lynch, secretary of the Carnegie Church Peace Union, who has written a book for circulation among ministers. "The Last War" is the slogan. "I should like to see those words," he says, "printed on the front page of every magazine and daily newspaper in big type every month, week and day of 1915. I should like to see them on every billboard and every street car. I should like to see every man and woman in the world wearing a 'The Last War' button. I should like to see it over the door of every church or school, and to have every minister and teacher refer to it in every sermon and lesson. I wish every editor would make it the theme of editorials." There is a whole lot more that this Carnegie divine wishes, all to the end of exorcising the demon of war. If we knew how many dollars were comprised in the "enormous sum" we might be able to make a pretty fair estimate of the number of wishes the Rev. Lynch may see realized.

### A Chicago Champion

According to a despatch from Chicago to the New York Sun there is "a great outcry of women visitors at the Panama-Pacific Exposition against the display of nude figures in statuary, which greet the visitor at every turn," and this outcry "has brought forth a woman champion of man's admiration for the female figure in Miss Susanne Cocroft, author and health advocate." Miss Cocroft is a well-meaning person to whom, perhaps, men who indulge an admiration for the female figure should be grateful even though they may not perceive the need of a champion. The world is full of women who heartily approve men's admiration of the female figure. They feel that this admiration needs no defense, and if they did they would assign other reasons than Miss Cocroft's. This lady has some interesting views of art and the proprieties, views that are not uncommon among culturines who flatter themselves that they have been redeemed from ignorance, and so they may be worth considering as a pretext for comment. Miss Cocroft holds that the admiration which is aroused in men by "a woman's beautiful figure" is justifiable because "a woman's beautiful figure" is "a virtue in that it is an expression of good health." The virtue of it is not the reason why "a woman's beautiful figure" is admired by men. Miss Cocroft is a champion with a complete misunderstanding of her subject. She is a Philistine who thinks that the artist desires that his picture or his statue should give the same kind of emotion that the thing represented would actually give in life. This is the Philistine view of art. Miss Cocroft also thinks that it is man's artistic sense that is aroused by a beautiful woman or by an artist's idealization of the human figure. She is an unconscious Puritan with the notion that it is sign of a broad, clean mind to take one and the same view of a nude on canvas and a naked woman. How does she know whether it is a man's artistic sense or some other sense that is aroused by a beautiful nude? Certainly it is not his artistic sense that is aroused by flesh and blood. Most of us are agreed that beauty—all beauty—is something which it is good to contemplate. But the feeling which it arouses is so peculiar and intense that men have delved into mystical lore in search of explanation. Now a nude does not arouse the same feeling in all men. A nude may arouse as many different kinds of feeling as a landscape. Much depends on the temperament and intellect of the men who look at the nude. Some men take an interest only in the subject of a picture. Hence the popularity of the picture that tells a story. To some men the lines and colors and masses of a picture give a subtle delight. The Post-Impressionist concerned only about form and color might take delight in the lady and the parrot. Or that picture might please the speculative mind that likes distortion of the body because it may motive an idea. The main question to be asked about any picture is, Has it an arresting quality, does it give delight to persons of intelligence? Some critics insist that the emotion produced by beauty in art should be morally ennobling. This is nonsense. It is Puritanical nonsense. It is the delusion of the Puritan for whom sex is evil, or, at best, a disagreeable necessity, to be covered up and shunned. Love and passion are good things not to be forsworn and it is the right of the artist to stimulate those passions which give pleasure, from which all art springs. Passion is the exuberance of life, and it is through the senses that man feels and lives; without them he is but a mole creeping in darkness. And at any rate an artist in a healthy state of mind ought not to be held responsible for all the emotions that he arouses.

### The Wise Parish

Henry Parish, we are told, is something of a crank. Henry Parish reached his eighty-fifth year a few weeks ago, and quit his job to take a rest. He was president of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company for forty-four years, and during that time he resisted many of the inventions of modern progress, some of which have come to be regarded as indispensable to man living in civilized society. He never allowed a telephone in the office of the company whose destinies he directed. He permitted the use of typewriters only beyond earshot. Correspondence with many of the old time customers of the company is still written with a pen. Mr. Parish was old-fashioned in other respects. He never permitted the company to deal in securities or to join a syndicate or to accept corporation or railroad trusts. Yet its deposits grew during his career as president from $6,000,000 to $36,000,000. Compared with other bankers or with the average man Henry Parish may be truly pronounced eccentric, but it is hardly just to call him a crank. He is a man deserving of our admiration and imitation. He is enjoying a long life, which is something worth while, and in all probability his endurance is due in a great measure to what other men regard as eccentricities. It is eccentric to get along without a telephone, but a telephone is a deadly instrument that shortens lives every day. With most of us the telephone is a habit that exhausts our nervous energy. For emergency purposes the telephone is of great value. There is good use for it when a doctor is needed or a house is on fire, but some men and many women take it to excess. Of late there are men taking it with their meals. The typewriter is another instrument that has added to the miseries of civilization. It is on our nerves. It has multiplied the problems of existence by the very facilities that it affords. Henry Parish was sensible of all these things, and wisely he eschewed so-called improvements that he recognized as non-essentials. Henry Parish knows something of the art of life.

# Varied Types

## CCXXXII—ROY CARRUTHERS

By Edward F. O'Day

For many years before the fire San Francisco bore the reputation of possessing the most hospitable hotels in the world. Our hotel traditions were of the same birth and upbringing as our traditions of social life. The ways of the old California "before the gringo came" had their influence on those traditions; so had the inrush of pioneers, men with a capacity for great physical enjoyment and not too much addicted to the careful saving of money. A mellower influence, perhaps, was the domination of polite circles by Southerners who brought the suavity and leisure of plantation life to the rough new city. And so, the warm-hearted and open-handed hospitality which characterized that early society was the distinguishing mark of our hostelries. Mine Host was your friend rather than your landlord, and when disputes arose they were generally resolved in your favor. The old Palace Hotel, the most famous of those old hotels, represented this cordiality of intercourse between boniface and traveler at its most engaging and at its best.

The fire burned away many landmarks. It destroyed the old hotels, and it made ashes of some of the traditions which clung about their fine old lobbies. When the work of rehabilitation began, a new spirit came to preside over many walks of San Francisco life, and our hostelries illustrated the new ways of what was in all essentials a new city.

The splendid new hotels which arose in San Francisco were not very different from the big hotels of other large cities. Perfection of organization was the aim in all departments. There was close attention to accounting. Service became more mechanical. One was the customer of a corporation rather than the guest of a hotel keeper. That heartiness of greeting which warmed the heart of the stranger who stood before the register was replaced by a polite—shall I say indifference? Perhaps not quite that, but by a polite, though entirely efficient impersonality.

Hotel men cognizant of San Francisco ways were saved from carrying this eastern style of service too far. It was modified by some of the old cordiality. The clock-work was not allowed to be too much in evidence. A James Woods or a Colonel Kirkpatrick was not likely to let mere system interfere too much with what the genius of our people demanded.

However, the impersonal method began to take a pretty strong hold on the Palace Hotel. An air of rather oppressive exclusiveness could be breathed there now and then. Perhaps this was cultivated in deference to the taste of some important patrons; but it was not the way of the old Palace. Happily it did not go very far. And it looks as though it is soon to disappear entirely, now that Roy Carruthers has left the Cliff House to join the executive staff of the Palace.

It may seem paradoxical that one of the first things done to restore the old spirit of the hotel was to sweep away the last vestige of one of its ancient traditions. In the old days of the Palace bar a drink cost twenty-five cents. In the very old days that was not remarkable; a drink cost that much in every first-class bar. But as the city grew older and the purchasing power of money increased, the Palace bar was left as the only "two-bit" bar in the downtown district. It was considered a great concession when the price was cut to twenty cents. Now Roy Carruthers has reduced it to fifteen. And why? Because the old distinction had ceased to possess any but a sentimental value, and sentiment is too great a luxury in business when it is divorced from efficiency. In the good old days of not so long ago men went to the Palace bar because drinks cost twenty-five cents; more recently they have been staying away from the Palace bar for the same reason. The Palace picks up the broken thread of its old popularity by adapting itself to present conditions. That is Roy Carruthers' theory; that hotel traditions are useless unless there are hotel patrons to relish them.

Roy Carruthers, to put it succinctly, is trying to coordinate the old traditions of San Franciscan hotel hospitality with the best business methods of modern hotel-keeping. To this end his assumption of an executive position at the Palace has been marked by a readjustment of rates and by extensive changes in the restaurant prices. Roy Carruthers does not think that a San Francisco menu card should contain New York or Chicago prices, and yet New York and Chicago hotels have fixed the prices of food in this western region of more favorable market conditions.

"One of the things which we are trying to impress upon the employes of the hotel," says Carruthers, "is that the guest of the hotel must always be assumed to be correct when he makes a complaint. We don't want anybody to leave this hotel in a dissatisfied frame of mind, for we know that if he does, he will never come back. The hotel keeper who adopts an air of superiority to his guests might just as well retire from business."

Another innovation at the Palace is a university room just off the lobby. This, I believe, is a new idea in the hotel business. It will provide a meeting place for college men. College men who come to this city will be encouraged to use this room, no matter at what hotel they may put up. There will be registers where they may record their names, their colleges, their classes, the hotels they are stopping at and their plans during their stay. There will be certain days on which this room will be reserved during the luncheon hour for various colleges. There will be special arrangements for bulletin service during football matches, boat races and other big athletic events in the universities throughout the country. Fred Sharon and Will Crocker, the one a Harvard and the other a Princeton man, are taking a special interest in this novel scheme.

More revolutionary is the introduction of a so-called "club breakfast" at the hotel; that is to say, a breakfast served at special prices within the reach of all. It is Roy Carruthers' idea to encourage guests of the Palace to take their meals there, so he is making special efforts to convince them that doing so will not be too much of a strain on their purses.

In other words, Roy Carruthers is going to make the Palace a popular hotel, just as James Woods has made the St. Francis a popular hotel. There is no doubt about Roy Carruthers' ability; that was demonstrated during the three years he spent as the manager of the Cliff House. And incidentally, those three years will stand him in good stead downtown. He made a very large number of acquaintances among the traveling public, for every traveler of any note visited the Cliff House and met its genial manager. And his is a personality one does not forget. He has the ability—there is no doubt of that; and he has something more. Stand with him in the lobby for a few moments' chat. You will be interrupted time and again by friends who grasp his hand and cordially wish him good luck. Ability and the good wishes of sincere friends are mighty helps on the road to achievement.

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# Perspective Impressions

Resolved: That we shall not once during this month quote Lowell's bromide about the rarity of a day in June.

And be it further resolved: That if it is quoted to us, we shall not allow the quoter to preen himself on his literary erudition.

For after all, what is so rare as a day in June on which some culturine does not spin those threadbare lines?

And besides, there are ever so many days much rarer than a day in June. There is, for instance, the day on which one doesn't swear at a jitney chauffeur. Then there is the day on which the Russians do not lose an army corps. Not to mention that almost incredible rarity, the day on which one does not worry about money matters.

Obviously, the quoter of Lowell is hopelessly out of date.

Rudolph Spreckels has not improved his reputation as a civic patriot by his plan for juggling the Hetch-Hetchy bonds. The plan would doubtless be satisfactory to local bankers, but taxpayers can hardly be expected to enthuse over it.

Chicago school children are singing hymns "to keep the war madness out of the country." But is this sort of thing a lesser evil than war?

It was Jefferson who pronounced eternal vigilance the price of liberty. Maybe he was right, but President Wilson is coming to the conclusion that there should be a limit to "watchful waiting."

Through the years we have approved Dame Fashion's decrees, even those of her most eccentric moods, but these white shoes that make feminine feet look big and ugly have put an end to our loyalty.

Hint to Exposition visitors from Knight's Landing: No matter what you may hear from chance acquaintances with pleasant manners, the Tower of Jewels, the Fine Arts Palace and the Horticultural Building are not for sale.

Henry Ford confesses through a megaphone that he is a man of fine instincts, and he points with pride to his big heart. According to his own testimony he has as many fine parts as his car. The slushmushgush that Henry likes to have written about himself reminds us that God appears to show his contempt for wealth by the men He bestows it on.

Here's hoping that not too many June brides will make the acquaintance of the divorce court.

Rodin's statue "The Thinker" ought to be veiled when Billy Sunday is trotted out as a Fair attraction.

Israel Zangwill having indicted Italy for joining the Allies will probably be suspected in London of hating Russia more than he loves England.

A typical professorial utterance has brought a great deal of publicity to Professor Yandell Henderson of Yale. The sinking of the Lusitania, says he, is chiefly important because it was "dramatic." The loss of life was nothing in comparison with the lives saved by the destruction of ammunition. Prexy Wheeler ought to send for Yan. right away to keep Tommy Reed company.

Says the New York Sun: "There is no apparent security of employment for a proved ass except in a college or university chair." It has been thus since the days of Rabelais, but it's more apparent now because there are so many newspapers that give space to academic thought.

# A Story of The War

(From the French)

We were in the Woevre, in the heart of a forest. The enemy had decided to make a bold dash for our mitrailleuses, which had made such havoc in their ranks during their attacks on our trenches. At eleven o'clock—the night was pitch dark—the Germans, thinking to surprise us, had sent forward two companies with fixed bayonets; but, although they moved almost noiselessly, the keen ears of my Colonials had detected them, and they were on the alert trying to pierce the darkness, when suddenly the Germans appeared marching elbow to elbow in fine battle trim, as if on the parade ground, and as visible as the sun at noon! They had intended to light us up with magnesium while they remained in darkness. Unfortunately for them, they had bungled, and the light fell vertically on their ranks, making them a target on the dark background of the forest. It did not last long; in two or three minutes my guns had sent them such a deluge of bullets that they faded away like a dream. At dawn we counted two hundred and eighty corpses on the high ground.

A lieutenant lay on his back, his wide-open eyes staring at the sky, with a small hole in his forehead; beside him a magnificent sheep-dog was painfully balancing himself on three legs and whining softly; he seemed to have forgotten the pain of his own broken leg, for from time to time he licked the wound which had killed his master. It was strange, but the sight of all these dead bodies plunged in their eternal sleep made less impression on me than this poor dumb brute who had been wounded in his faithful, loving dog's heart. They had only met the soldier's fate; with him it was different, and all my sympathy went out to him in his grief. I expressed my pity in his own language, thus respecting an enemy who was worthy of my esteem, for although innocent he was an enemy, being in German service! In vain did I repeat the most amiable things in German; he looked at me sideways, and I seemed to hear a most discouraging deep growl. So I gave it up, and ordered my men to bury the body. This, however, was not so easy, for the dog threatened them when they attempted to touch his master. So I had to use other means, like a common "dog-catcher." I threw a lasso, and a moment later, well muzzled, he witnessed his master's burial. Of course such proceedings were hardly chivalrous, but I had no other choice, and my intentions were pure.

After the sad task was over I picked up the officer's helmet and sword, making my prisoner smell them, and politely asking him to accompany me to my forest home. He consented! No doubt because these things had belonged to his beloved master, he was not entirely cut off from him, and as he no longer could be with him, well—here goes! and he limped along, allowing me to lead him. My bedroom is relatively comfortable, for it has two beds—two wooden boxes filled with straw!—one for me, the other for a friend. With a hospitable wave of my hand I pointed to the vacant bed. Had the emotions of this tragic night weakened his powerful resistance, or did he begin to realize that I meant well? Whichever it was, he got into the bed without delay. I laid the helmet and sword beside him, and murmuring the most tender German words, I passed my hand gently over his head and back. Behold! he gratefully wagged his tail! It is impossible to make a mistake. A dog has a hundred ways of holding and wagging his tail. This time there was no doubt that my prisoner wished to make peace. He raised his eyes towards me; all their former hate and fury had died away, and now they said: "You are good. You have given me these precious relics of him who is no more. Do not be afraid. Take off my muzzle. I no longer hate you!" So I undid it and gave him some water. He took it; probably his wound had made him feverish, and I was almost remorseful for having waited so long. The veterinary who looked after our mules saw to his leg and put it up in splints, which did not prevent the patient from jumping out of his bed and inspecting his new home. A little later I brought him a large bowl of soup, which he took with rapture. I added some delicacies which had just come from the station—there are none so good at Frankfurt. And now to bed! He obediently went back to his straw and fell asleep under my caresses.

Since that day we are one for life and death. We are as inseparable as the Siamese twins; he never leaves me for a moment, following me like my shadow, when I go out at meals, even on to the battlefield. What a sweet companion! My days are divided between him and Zoe—Zoe is my pipe. They make the long night watches in the silent forest less lonely. I am going to teach him French, and some day I mean to ask him to be naturalized. You will see that he will say "Yes."

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# Alsace-Lorraine

**A Correspondent in France Tells of a Great Change of Sentiment in the Lost Provinces**

Paris, May 2nd.

During the last week of July, when the question of peace or war hung in the balance, I never once heard anyone mention Alsace-Lorraine. "N'en parlez jamais, pensez-y toujours," said Gambetta; the first part of his advice had not always been strictly observed, the second part had almost ceased to be observed at all. Before the war the question of Alsace-Lorraine sometimes came up in the newspapers and occasionally on the stage, but my belief is that very few people ever thought about it. Had Prussia had the sense to give Alsace-Lorraine autonomy within the empire, the question would have been settled forever. Certainly there was no sign in the last week of July of any popular desire to seize the opportunity of "La Revanche;" the only desire was to avoid war.

After the war had begun, it was assumed as a matter of course that a victory of the Allies would mean the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France; but even now there is no sign of any great popular enthusiasm about the matter. There is a good sale, I daresay, for the postcards on which one sees an extremely pretty Alsatian girl with a strong resemblance to a Parisian actress embracing or otherwise welcoming a "piou-piou." But the Parisian people seem on the whole disposed to regard Alsatians rather doubtfully, and this disposition has been encouraged by wounded soldiers who have been in Alsace-Lorraine and have reported their experiences to their families. They expected to be welcomed in Alsace-Lorraine with open arms, and they found to their surprise that they were not. On the contrary, they were frequently fired upon by civilians, led into ambushes and otherwise betrayed, and they found that the annexed provinces swarmed with spies. Even when their reception was not actually hostile, it was cold and suspicious. It is, of course, probable that most of the acts of hostility were the work of German "immigrés," not of "indigènes," but the soldiers are not able to distinguish between the two. All that they know is that even the "indigènes" talk of the French army as the "enemy," that in Alsace they cannot speak French, that some of them are German officials, and that, in general, Alsace-Lorraine bears very little resemblance to the picture of it that has been given in patriotic plays and in the books of M. Maurice Barrès. The disillusionment is severe and the reaction proportionately strong.

In what are called well-informed circles the advice of Gambetta to think about Alsace-Lorraine is being followed at present, whatever may have been the case before the war. Persons in responsible positions are obliged to think about it, and it is beginning to be generally recognized that the problem is not so simple as it seemed to be before it became a question of practical politics; and it is possible that the French Government, if the truth were known, would be very thankful if it could be saved from the necessity of solving it. It is certain that the original inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine—the "indigènes"—chafed under the petty persecution of the Prussian Government and were and are intensely Francophile in sentiment. It is by no means so certain that they would like their provinces to be simply annexed to France and merged in the French Departments; indeed it is more than probable that they would not like it at all. Such a change would mean now as great an economic and political upheaval as the annexation of 1871; the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine shrink from a repetition of that experience. This is not surprising. Every man under fifty in Alsace-Lorraine has been educated in a German school and has served in the German army. His economic and business interests are bound up with those of the German Empire and he has lived all his life under German law and has been brought up in German habits and customs. All the male inhabitants of military age, with rare exceptions, such as M. Weil, the Socialist member of the Reichstag, are fighting against the Allies. The great majority of them are doing so most unwillingly, but they made no attempt to resist or revolt, recognizing, no doubt, that any such attempt would be futile and would merely expose them to the risk—almost a certainty—of being shot.

It was very difficult before the war to discover what was the real opinion of the "indigènes" on the question of re-annexation to France. In his book "Thirty Years" Sir Thomas Barclay says that he put to an Alsatian business man, who had served in one of Gambetta's improvised armies and was still a Frenchman, the question: "If there were a referendum, would Alsace vote for re-annexation to France?" "Monsieur," he answered, "vous me posez une question bien cruelle." My experience is the same as Sir Thomas Barclay's; I have never been able to get a direct answer to that question from an inhabitant of Alsace-Lorraine. In 1911 I spent ten days in a country house in France with several representatives of Alsace-Lorraine; we were assembled for the purpose of discussing the question of oppressed nationalities. They were all extremely Francophile; they all wanted autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine; they were all strongly opposed to a war between France and Germany (Sir Thomas Barclay also found these sentiments among the Alsatians whom he met); but when I asked whether they would like to be re-annexed to France, if they could be, I could never get a definite reply. They always said that it was not a practical question, that re-annexation could be brought about only by a war, which they did not want, and that the only practical policy was autonomy within the German Empire. The impression that they left on my mind, rightly or wrongly, was that what they really wanted in any circumstances was autonomy, and that they would object to any settlement which merged the identity of Alsace-Lorraine in another nation. That, I am almost certain, is the prevalent sentiment in the younger generation. The Alsatians are neither French nor German; they are simply Alsatians. The inhabitants of Lorraine are more French, but they too have become accustomed to a separate existence, and I greatly doubt whether they will willingly accept any other.

An erroneous impression has been given both in France and England by the fact that persons who represent only a minority in Alsace-Lorraine have been accepted as representative of the opinion of their fellow countrymen. Two such persons are the Abbe Wetterlé and M. Blumenthal, who founded what is called the "national party" in Alsace-Lorraine, a party which was to sink all other questions and devote itself entirely to securing a change in the political situation of the provinces. All my friends of 1911 were opposed to that party and prophesied its failure. They proved to be true prophets; the "national party" did very badly at the subsequent general election and M. Blumenthal was rejected by his native town of Colmar, of which he had long been mayor. The Abbe Wetterlé and M. Blumenthal are now in France, where they are generally accepted as typical "indigènes," though in reality their views are shared by only a small minority. It is therefore all the more significant that the Abbe Wetterlé has recently been suggesting in a series of articles that some special régime for Alsace-Lorraine will be necessary after re-annexation; at any rate, for the "period of transition." The fact has to be faced that the mentality, the education, the language, the customs of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine are quite different from those of the French. Had Alsace-Lorraine remained French, it would no doubt have undergone the same evolution as the rest of France, which has changed so much since 1871 that what was typically French then is so

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[illegible] But Alsace-Lorraine has not even [illegible] when it was in 1871, it has developed in exactly an opposite direction; and to merge it now in the French Departments would, in my opinion, be worse than a crime—it would be a [illegible]

It is possible, of course, that I am mistaken, but there is a simple method of testing the matter—namely, that of consulting the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine. A London weekly has recently pointed out the objections to the plebiscite as a method of ascertaining the wishes of nationalities, but those objections do not apply to Alsace-Lorraine. There is no question about the limits of the territory to be consulted. The only valid objection to a plebiscite in this case was stated the other day by a Frenchman who is favorable to the method on other grounds. He said that the population of Alsace-Lorraine was now largely composed of German "immigrés," and that to admit their right to a voice in the matter would be an encouragement to any country that conquered another to drive out the original inhabitants and replace them by its own subjects. This objection, however, is easily met. The right to vote could be limited to persons who have been born in Alsace-Lorraine or have lived there a certain number of years; or if it is desired to go still further, only persons who were living there in 1870 or have since been born there might be eligible (although in my opinion this would be excessive). If with this restriction any Frenchman were still to object to a plebiscite, one would be justified in concluding that he was doubtful about the result, a doubt which would be only another reason for a plebiscite.

French Socialists and most French Radicals who are Radicals in more than name have always declared that what they were concerned about was the freedom of Alsace-Lorraine, not the national amour-propre of France, and have maintained that the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine should decide their own destinies. I do not believe that they will desert that view, no matter how decisive may be the victory of the Allies. I believe that the generous French people will be true to the principle of the Revolution and allow the Alsatians to say what their own future shall be.

—R. E. D.

# To Tallac and Back

By Robert McTavish

Every lover of Mark Twain knows something of Lake Tahoe. Mark Twain was an inveterate globe trotter. All his life he was an Innocent abroad somewhere. He roughed it through the seven seas, and to all the corners of the earth, and nothing escaped his alert eye or his sense of humor. Generally it was what appealed to his sense of humor that chiefly interested this congenital wanderer. But there was one place on earth about which he was always serious. Far away on the shores of Lake Como he thought of this one place. On the Lake of Galilee when memories of the golden spot flitted across his mind, a witticism was hushed on his lips, and he sat down and wrote. He always sat down and wrote when the most sacred of the memories that he cherished thrilled his soul. He sat down and wrote of Lake Tahoe, the most beautiful body of water in the world. It was Lake Tahoe that was an obsession with Mark Twain. Follow him in his travels, and you will find him constantly reverting to the beautiful lake high up among the Sierras whereon he camped for two [illegible] in the early seventies of the last century when Tahoe was known only to the miners of Nevada.

Whenever I go to Tahoe I think of Mark Twain, and meeting but few San Franciscans there I wonder if the beloved humorist has been forgotten in this city. For to read Mark Twain is to become curious about the most charming piece of Nature's handiwork in all the West.

Lake Tahoe has enthralled many a man. Quite as enthusiastic as Mark Twain was the late "Lucky" Baldwin who was the first of the "men with the price" to choose a site for a home on the shores of the lake. True, the Bliss family were ahead of him, but they were interested only in the timber—not the beauty of it, but the value of the timber, and they have been reaping God's harvest ever since. "Lucky" Baldwin, through possession of a lively sense of the value of things, was not devoid of the esthetic impulse. Nature in her most alluring moods appealed to "Lucky" Baldwin, and nothing so emphatically attests the love that was in him as the tract of land along the south of Lake Tahoe and extending back into the mountains, which is now the property of the Baldwin estate, and which Anita Baldwin has resolved to preserve intact out of love for the memory of her father. This tract of land rises from the ridges of old Mount Tallac that [illegible] a region of perpetual snow.

After Baldwin came Lloyd Tevis. He too resolved to have a home at Tahoe. He saw that Baldwin had picked the choicest parcel, and he bought land adjoining the Baldwin property. [illegible] Bowman who bought a big tract on the other side. All the home sites are now in private hands. How fortunate then that the most beautiful is accessible to the public. What is known as Tallac is the Baldwin property. Near the shore of the lake "Lucky" Baldwin built a hotel and many cottages. This garden spot set in thousands of acres of forest land bordered by the waters of the lake is Tallac. There is not another resort comparable with it in all the world.

Years ago Tallac appeared to be managed in the interest of Los Angeles. It was visited chiefly by people from Los Angeles, but last season it was discovered by San Francisco. It was probably our own Jack Tait who helped along the discovery, for Tait took over the management of the hotel, and Anita Baldwin spent about forty thousand dollars in improvements. Tait became as enthusiastic as Mark Twain about Tahoe, and he has retained his hold on Tallac. He was not slow in perceiving that he could add to the attractiveness of the trip to Tahoe by making it a daylight journey from San Francisco. This he has done by putting some fine touring cars on the State Highway between Sacramento and Tallac. And now if you don't like a night trip in a sleeper by Southern Pacific to Truckee thence up the Truckee river, you may go by way of the Oakland-Antioch and Eastern Railway to Sacramento, starting from this side of the bay at 7:20 in the morning and arriving at Sacramento at 10:30. There you will be met by a fine seven-passenger touring car, and off you will speed along the State Highway to Placerville where lunch is served. Then comes the most beautiful part of the trip, into the heart of the Sierras and over an acclivity seven thousand feet high. All the way you are on a smooth asphalt pavement. By 5 o'clock (the hour you reach Tallac) you have experienced a series of semi-flights and you find yourself in the right kind of mood for dinner. I've taken many trips, but never one like this—except the return trip, which takes you along the shores of the lake to the headwaters of the Truckee river, and then once again into the Sierras, over the route that was taken by the Donner party. Tallac and back is the joy-ride par excellence of all California.

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CXCIX—THE MAGIC CITY

(The poems inspired by the Exposition are many in number. Most of them are too ambitious and fall short of their lofty aim. The following has simplicity and feeling. It was published some time ago in the Chronicle, and is republished because it seems to deserve a place in this series.)

By Edna Rosenshine

From out the depths of azure blue,
A wondrous fairy city grew;
A myriad of sparkling stars,
Auroras with the glow of Mars,
Arabian Nights from Golden Jars.

You enter through wide gates of gold,
Past ranks in stone of warriors old.
Aloft, a tower of radiance glints
In the sun's rays with fiery tints,
Bright flashes struck from fairy flints.

Rise palaces of rainbow hue,
From sunset rose to sky's clear blue.
No mortal here of flesh and bone;
'Tis Art who sits upon the throne
And rules her subjects, nymphs of stone.

Is it Utopia I see,
Or can it a strange mirage be?
O, fairies torture not this clay!
Aladdin, pray thy hand to stay—
Rub not thy lamp; 'twill fade away!

# The Spectator

### The Success of "Zone Day"

"Zone Day" was the best day the concessionaires have had since the Fair opened. The Zone was crowded all day and all night with people who spent money, instead of merely listening to the "barkers." As the Zone had not been doing well, especially during the bad weather, it was not surprising that the concessionaires were in a good humor on "Zone Day." For the success of the day they thank two individuals and the weather. The two men are Harry F. McGarvie and "Dick" Prosser. Harry F. McGarvie is an Exposition doctor. He prescribes for sick fairs. His Exposition experience began with the Midwinter Fair in this city and has embraced every fair of importance in America or Europe since that time. When the St. Louis Fair was in a bad way McGarvie proposed to put it on its feet for $10,000. The directors thought his price was excessive, so he was not hired. Later on, just to show the Missourians, he managed "Pike Day" for nothing. It proved the Fair's biggest day up to that time, so McGarvie was hired. Not long ago the concessionaires on the Zone saw the need for co-operation, so they organized and put McGarvie at the head of their organization. "Zone Day" was his first prescription for the patient he was treating. As his publicity man McGarvie retained genial "Dick" Prosser, a newspaperman who is equally at home securing publicity for a "Billy" Ralston running for Governor or an Al Jennings running movies of "Beating Back." McGarvie and Prosser worked on the plans for "Zone Day" for three weeks. They secured more publicity in that time than the Zone had had in the three months preceding. The official figures show that more than 104,000 people visited the Fair on "Zone Day." The figure first published was 98,000; it was increased by some six thousand the following day. This was the only time the Fair people revised their turn stile readings. Yet I have heard a newspaperman who has been at the Fair every day declare that it looked to him as if 200,000 people were there on "Zone Day." Be that as it may, "Zone Day" was one of the Fair's biggest days.

### The Lesson of "Zone Day"

It is significant that this success was achieved by two men who had no official connection with the Fair. A man selected by the concessionaires did more for the Zone than Frank Burt, the director of concessions, or Hollis Cooley, the director of special events, had done. It is only just to point out that McGarvie worked with money appropriated from the Fair treasury, for the Exposition gave $7,500 as a fund to make "Zone Day" a success. It must be mentioned too that the department of special events was directed to co-operate with McGarvie. The department contributed to the "Zone Day" program an exhibition of police dogs which took place on the Exposition race track at the same time that the battleship was being blown up in the bay. It is needless to say that not many people went to see the dogs perform! I do not know whether there is the relation of cause and effect between the success of "Zone Day" and the changes which were announced shortly afterwards. At any rate the department of concessions has been reorganized, and the Exposition's staff of publicity men has been curtailed. Certain high-priced men who had no newspaper experience and whose Exposition essays never reached the newspaper copy desks (finding asylum instead in the waste paper baskets of the city editors) were dismissed. It looks as though McGarvie and Prosser have pointed out the way of efficiency to the Fair people. There is always hope for men who can learn a lesson, so we may expect that better results will be obtained henceforward for those who have invested their money in the Fair. A policy of economy and efficiency is being put in force; but there are still men on the Fair pay roll who are not earning their salaries.

### There Were No Guests

Harris D. H. Connick, Director of Works, invited the newspapermen who are "covering" the Fair, to a luncheon at Old Faithful Inn on Friday, the twenty-first of May. Not a single newspaperman accepted the invitation. Frank Burt, Director of Concesions, invited the newspapermen to a "Zone Good Fellowship" supper at one of the restaurants on the Zone. The handsomely engraved invitation specified Tuesday, June 1, at eleven-thirty. Again not a single newspaperman accepted the invitation. Why was this? Well, one of the newspaper boys gave me an explanation. "We have all decided," he said, "not to accept any hospitality from any official of the Fair when he offers it in his official capacity." Behind that is a lingering resentment at the manner in which newspapermen were treated in the earlier days of the Exposition. If there is one thing newspapermen insist on it is that those who seek their society out of business hours shall be what they call "regular fellows." If Connick had thought to inquire where the newspapermen lunched the day they declined his invitation he would have discovered that they all went to the 101 Ranch to drink beer and eat chile con carne with the genial Colonel Brooks. And the chances are that at the hour of the Burt supper some of the reporters might have been found in the company of Colonel Margerum of New Jersey, the most popular man on the Fair grounds.

### The Removal of Margerum

Which reminds me that the action of Governor Fielder in removing Colonel Margerum from his position is widely deplored here as a piece of pretty cold-blooded politics. Colonel Margerum has made the quaint New Jersey building one of the most attractive places of hospitality on the Fair grounds. He is a big-hearted man who is never so happy as when he is contributing to the happiness of somebody else. In contrast to the action of Governor Fielder in removing Col-

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onel Margerum from the New Jersey commission, is the action of Governor Whitman of New York who lost no time on his arrival here to state publicly that he had no intention of interfering with Norman Mack. They do these things better in New York.

### The Greatest of First Nighters

At this writing a luxurious suite of rooms at the St. Francis Hotel awaits the occupancy of the famous James Buchanan Brady, known up and down Broadway as "Diamond Jim." He is bringing a party here to enjoy the Fair. Doubtless he will spend his Monday evenings at the theatre, for in New York no first night for many years has been complete without the presence of "Diamond Jim." He is without doubt the greatest first nighter America boasts. The following story told recently in New York indicates how Brady spends most of the time not allotted to the theatre. While Mr. Brady was entering his automobile he felt himself seized stoutly by the arm from behind. He turned and faced a promoter.

"Mr. Brady, your poor state of health brought the Johns Hopkins University to your notice," began the promoter suavely. "What you did for Johns Hopkins you will do more readily in the interest of certain mineral springs which I have discovered in the interior of Kentucky."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Brady, who was caught by the allusion to Johns Hopkins.

This made matters look easier to the promoter, who became smiling and reposeful at once, although he still clung to the captured arm.

"My springs contain the principles of physical life and energy," he said. "This being the case I am confident that Diamond Jim will be interested. For I know that Diamond Jim is a man who is famous for liking the good things of life. I know that Diamond Jim will not care to remain an invalid after I have shown that two dancing masters whose combined age is 150 years ascribe their continued youthfulness to the virtues of my mineral springs. Now let me ask whether Diamond Jim has any liking for the tango?"

"He has," answered Mr. Brady.

"These waters will impart agility and endurance for the tango," pursued the promoter.

"That lets me out," snorted Diamond Jim. "My tango engagements already consume all my afternoons from 2 o'clock until the theatre hour—and I can't spare any more from my steel business. What I need is something to diminish my health—I am too competent."

So saying Diamond Jim dived into his automobile and was whisked away in the general direction of the tango zone at Columbus Circle.

### "Broadway" Rouse

"Diamond Jim" is not the only big spender whose money will soon be circulating. Rooms were reserved at the Palace the other day for "Mr. Rouse and party." Mr. Rouse is one of the big spenders of New York. He is a quiet man, making no splurge, seeking no notoriety, but he spends thousands where more spectacular men of wealth spend hundreds. He interests me because he is the son and heir of "Broadway" Rouse. "Broadway" Rouse was one of the characters of New York. Years ago he had an immense wholesale establishment on lower Broadway. He specialized in the buying and selling of bankrupt stocks of goods. When a mercantile establishment went out of business "Broadway" Rouse would buy the whole stock, no matter how large or expensive it might be. He never accepted credit, but always paid spot cash for everything. All his employes were paid by the day, receiving their wages at the end of the day's business. The result was that "Broadway" Rouse never owed a cent to anybody. He made millions. As a result, I believe, of smallpox he was stricken with blindness, and his doctors could do nothing for him. So he announced that he would pay a million dollars to the person who succeeded in restoring his sight. Of course he was flooded with suggestions for treatment. These were all studied carefully by his doctors who finally announced that just one suggestion seemed to possess merit. The treatment, however, would require a year, and "Broadway" Rouse did not think that he should give up his business for that length of time to undergo a treatment which might after all prove a failure. So he advertised for a blind young man who was willing to undergo this treatment, the consideration being five hundred thousand dollars. The young man was found, the money was settled on him, and the treatment was tried. At the end of the year the young man was still blind, so Rouse resigned himself to his affliction.

### Mayor Mitchell Was "Peeved"

John Purroy Mitchell, the kid-glove Mayor of New York famous as a society boxer, a society fencer and what not, felt himself deeply aggrieved the other day. Since his arrival in this city the papers have devoted a great deal of space to him, especially in the society columns. But there was one item which gave the Mayor of New York great offense. It was a little item, seemingly innocuous. That Mayor Mitchell should have discovered it, tucked away in a corner of the society page of a morning paper, is proof that he reads our newspapers very carefully indeed. It announced that Mayor Mitchell would attend a tea dance at the St. Francis Hotel, nothing more. Now it happened that Mayor Mitchell was not going to attend that particular tea dance. He has attended others and there was no reason why he should not attend this one if he wanted to—it was quite a smart affair. But it was not in Mayor Mitchell's list of engagements. The society editor had made a mistake. Mayor Mitchell rang up the newspaperman in charge of the staff of that particular paper on the Fair grounds and registered a complaint about this mistake. He was told that the proper person to communicate with was the society editor. So Mayor Mitchell rang up the downtown office and complained to the society editor and the city editor. He complained so lengthily and so emphatically that the two editors wondered whether it was a criminal offense to make a mistake about a guest at a tea dance.

### Hearst and Whitman

From the Examiner I learned the other day that Governor Whitman of New York was not kow-towing to Mr. Hearst. The news came to me in the form of an editorial blast, according to which the Governor had virtually put an end to his political career by dismissing certain charges against the Public Service Commissioners who owe allegiance to Tammany. At once I perceived that Whitman was a pretty good fellow. It was enough for me to know that he was not taking orders from his Majesty of the Examiner. And now I learn that I had sized up the situation accurately, for according to New York papers whose editors have no political ambition Governor Whitman made the hit of his life when he dismissed the charges instead of the Commissioners. Here is what one unbiased editor says:

"Governor Charles S. Whitman incorporates in his anatomy a backbone of admirable perpendicularity and excellent resistant quality. Were he not the possessor of such a spinal column he would not have dismissed the charges against the four Public Service Commissioners of this district. It required a highly commendable courage and a stubbornness of will not too frequently associated with public office and political ambition to deny the demands of Republican hunger which clamored for these sustaining offices. Mr. Whitman was urged by the situation of his party, the aspirations of its leaders, the animosities of influential interests to extrude Mr. McCall and his associates from their jobs. His authority in the premises was unlimited. Had he found them

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guilty of inefficiency, neglect and misconduct in office, his decision would not have been subject to review, and he could have counted on enhusiastic approval of his course by the great majority of his fellow partisans and by a not negligible body of men who nurse a personal enmity against those who would have been his victims. The temptation to deviate from a judicial attitude was strong; the Governor's creditable resistance to it has earned for him the right to commendation."

From other newspaper sources I learn that a bitterly antagonistic legislative committee was unable to produce evidence sufficient to justify the charges made against the four victims of its inquisitorial processes. Their answers completely exonerated them of the wrongdoing alleged. In not a few specifications the testimony recorded by the investigators denied the allegations. But the dependence of the persecutors was on the assumed political bias of the tribunal to which they appealed, and had their judgment of Governor Whitman's ultimate disposition been accurate their scheme for revenge and spoils would have been successful. Thus we learn from day to day how much reliance is to be placed in the political news supplied by our charming Native Son.

### Heney in the Tower

The Hon. Francis J. Heney came to town the other day, and spent some time high up in the ferry tower with his friend who winds the clock. Ostensibly Mr. Heney's ascension was merely for the purpose of paying his respects to the bilge water sage, but hardly had he seated himself when he asked how his fight appeared to be getting along.

"Which fight?" the clockwinder asked.

An expression of sadness spread over the Heney countenance. "Don't you know about my fight for Senator?" he asked.

"Of course I do," said the clockwinder, "but you've always got a number of fights on hand. I saw in the papers the other day that Mayor Davies was thinking of appointing you his personal counsel. Does that mean that you are going to take on that fight—the cleaning up of Oakland?"

"Well, I don't know yet. I'm waiting for some public benefactor over there to volunteer."

Oh. Another Rudolph?"

"Exactly. You see, it takes a lot of money to clean up a town like Oakland. By the way, what's my friend Rudie doing nowadays?"

"Going along the same old way—attending to other people's business. But I hear that he's been holding conferences with Andy Gallagher lately. I think he's going to run Andy for Mayor."

### News That Shocked

By this time Mr. Heney was all ears, and he asked to be told all about political matters in San Francisco. "I've got to keep in touch with affairs on this side of the bay," he explained. "This is where the Governor's strength is, and if I'm not in right here, he'll job me sure. Tell me about this mayoralty fight. Is Rolph going to run?"

"Of course he is, but his friends are saying he doesn't want to. Some of them are saying that he's going to resign, and that George Newhall will be appointed in his place with the understanding that the Rolph-Bulletin machine will get behind Mr. Newhall at the election."

"Phew!" Mr. Heney was mopping his forehead. The news staggered him. Ever since he became a resident of Los Angeles he has been subject to shock. His friends say he has Governor Johnson on the brain, and is troubled with hallucinations about the Governor. Thinks the Governor has some sort of devil device to work him ill. Presently recovering his composure in a measure, he exclaimed: "I can see the Governor's clumsy fist in that deal. I'll get him yet!"

"The Governor?"

"Yes."

"What will you do to him?"

"I'll have him indicted—in Oakland."

### The Cliff House Lease

According to an important decision rendered by Judge Thomas F. Graham the other day our famous Cliff House will remain in the hands of the present lessees until September of the year 1919. Mrs. Merritt, daughter of Adolph Sutro and executrix of the Sutro estate, hoped to have the famous resort revert to the estate two years earlier, but disappointment was brought to her by William F. Humphrey, attorney for the lessees. According to the terms of a five-year lease made in September, 1907, the lessees agreed to pay $1,050 a month, and they were given the option to renew for five years at $1,300 a month for the first half of the term and at $1,550 during the second half. It was provided that in case of fire the cost of rebuilding should come out of the insurance money. Before the lessees took possession a fire destroyed the building, and it took the estate two years to rebuild, though as was shown on the trial the building might have been finished in four or five months. The lessees took possession in July, 1909; and in July, 1912, Mrs. Merritt demanded the rent at the rate of $1,300 a month, thus assuming that the first term of five years had expired. Hence the suit. Judge Graham decided that as it had been agreed that the lessees should have five years enjoyment of the premises before having their rent raised the equities were on their side, especially as the Sutro estate had not exercised due diligence in reconstructing the building that had been destroyed by fire. In the cold law of the case there may be something in support of the position of the lessor, but it was an equitable proceeding, and therefore for the present there will be no change of chef for the seals that have been waxing fat under the present management. And Mine Host Julius Rosenfield will continue to greet visitors from the corners of the earth of whom it is said that they come first to see the Cliff House and the Fair afterward.

### Boronda Replies

Lester Boronda was one of the Californian artists who submitted his work for exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts, only to be turned down. He has had gratifying success as an exhibitor in the art centres of the East, so he was naturally chagrined by his failure to pass the Exposition juries. Boronda has a pride in his accomplishment, and does not want the Californians who have helped him with their patronage to think that their encouragement has been wasted. So he is giving an exhibition of his latest work in the St. Francis Hotel. This exhibition is Boronda's reply to the action of the Exposition juries which rejected his pictures. It seems to me to be a forceful reply. This young artist has been studying early California history, customs, architecture and costumes. He has saturated himself with the romance of the old days, and has transferred this romance to canvas with a great deal of success. "I hear the tales of the old California," he says rather naively in a foreword to his printed list, "and I walk about in the mellow sunlight of a magic day. From fact and fancy I now tell of a sun that is set." It is remarkable that no painter has thought of this field before, for it has rich possibilities. There


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should be the same welcome for such pictures as there was for "Ramona" and the books which followed it. Examining these pictures, especially "The Fandango," "Return from the Fandango," "Adobe Interior" and "In an Old Spanish Garden," I confess that I should like to hear from some members of the jury just why Boronda was not deemed worthy of wall space in the Palace of Fine Arts.

### Ways and Means at the "Old Friends"

The "Old Friends," one of the oldest societies in San Francisco (I believe it was organized in the fifties), is going to have a barbecue at the Forty-Nine Camp on the Zone on the Fourth of July. The society has been meeting once a week for the past month in its Market street rooms to make arrangements for this festivity. Ways and means was the principal subject of discussion at the last three meetings. One of the members, an elderly and rather feeble gentleman named Mr. Sloss, gave President Slinkey of the Old Friends a good deal of trouble. He sought time and time again to get the floor, but invariably some more active member would jump up and catch the president's eye while he was still halfway out of his seat. Poor Mr. Sloss continued his efforts meeting after meeting without success.

"Mr. Soandso has the floor," President Slinkey would say; "so you'll have to wait a little while, Mr. Sloss."

Whereupon Mr. Sloss would sink back in his seat to watch for the next opportunity, always with the same result. At the last meeting of the "Old Friends" Sam Davis of Nevada was present as the representative of the Forty-Nine Camp. Ways and means still occupied the attention of the society. Sam Davis was recognized by the president just as Mr. Sloss made one of his slow attempts to claim the floor.

"I am sorry, Mr. Sloss," said President Slinkey, "but Mr. Davis is a stranger here, and we must hear him first. You can speak later."

"I shall be glad to yield the floor to Sloss," said Sam Davis.

Mr. Sloss thanked him, and addressed the chairman:

"How much is this barbecue going to cost?"

"Great heavens, Mr. Sloss!" exclaimed President Slinkey, "we've been discussing that subject for three meetings. You ought to know by this time that it will cost about four hundred dollars. The question before the house is how to raise the money."

"Well," said Mr. Sloss, "I've been trying for three weeks to get the floor to state that I'm willing to pay that damned bill. Here," and he opened his pocket book and stripped off some bills, "just have the treasurer give me a receipt for four hundred dollars and let's adjourn!"

### A Symposium on Baldness

One of the first announcements made by William Hale Thompson, the new mayor of Chicago, was that he intended to choose a bald lawyer for the important position of corporation counsel. Mayor Thompson gave it as his opinion that baldness was the sign of intellectuality, legal acumen and ripe experience. The Chicago Herald promptly instructed its correspondents in all the big cities of the country to secure three interviews on this pronouncement, one from the mayor, one from a prominent lawyer with a heavy head of hair, and one from a bald lawyer. The result was a very amusing symposium. The correspondent of the Herald in this city contributed the views of Mayor Rolph, Samuel M. Shortridge and Tom O'Connor. Shortridge, of course, represented the bald attorneys, while O'Connor spoke for those who bear a capillary resemblance to Garret McEnerney, the leader of our bar.

### Mayor Rolph's Opinion

Mayor Rolph expressed himself as follows:

Despite the fact that my own cranium has attained a no uncertain degree of baldness, I hardly know whether to take sides with Mayor-Elect Thompson of Chicago as regards his promised selection of a bald-headed corporation counsel. Baldness to me presents a most interesting psychic problem. I have noticed many brilliant minds beneath pates of shining brilliancy. On the other hand, I have met several bald heads utterly devoid of brains. From my own observations I would say that baldness, in its relation to intelligence, runs just about fifty-fifty. The same rule, I believe, applies to men having great shocks of hair. There is just this advantage in baldness, however. It gives the observing student an opportunity to note the difference between pure bone and solid ivory.

### Shortridge's Dictum

The Cicero of our bar uttered himself thus:

Chicagoans seem to have chosen more wisely than ever in selecting a mayor who has a proper appreciation of baldness. I most heartily concur with Mayor-Elect Thompson when he says that baldness is a mark of dignity, ability and efficiency. If he selects a bald-headed man for his corporation counsel, I have no doubt that his faith in the shiny pate will be more than ever deep-rooted. In all modesty, however, I make no claim to baldness. I sometimes wish I might.

### O'Connor's Dissenting Opinion

Tom O'Connor refused to approve the mayor's announcement:

The mayor-elect of Chicago, in deciding to choose a bald-headed man for his corporation counsel, is assuming a fact not in evidence, if he does this upon the theory that baldness is an indication of legal astuteness. Observation has led me to believe that baldness, as it prevails in the legal fraternity, especially in San Francisco, is due more to the worry of unfortunte gentlemen over the cases they have lost than to any other cause even remotely connected with the law. While I have no sympathy, and am not in accord with those gentlemen in or out of our profession known as long-hairs, still, as safe advisers, even of the mayor of Chicago, they are far more desirable than the gentlemen whose evenings are spent front-rowing at musical comedies instead of in the seclusion of their libraries. It has been my idea that an abundance of hair gives an impression of youth and a well-spent life, while an absence of hair indicates, to some extent, approaching age. In all things youth must be served. The bald-headed Cicero was all very well in his way, but Samson was a pretty strong fellow.

### The Raucous Newsboys

"I am in favor of this agitation to stop the hurlyburly of the hotel runners and the taxi men at the railroad depots," a man about town remarked to me the other day; "but while the newspapers are about it I wish they would use their influence to abate another noisy nuisance." I asked him to what he referred. "To the newsboys who rush into theatre lobbies as the shows are letting out," he replied. "Their raucous crying of the eleven o'clock edition of the morning papers is bad enough on the street corners, but when they invade the theatre lobbies and assail the ears of the departing audience they become quite intolerable. Can't something be done about it?" I suppose something could be done about it, but I doubt whether the papers will attempt to do it.

"How do you know that Blinks has had a raise in salary?"

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Queen of the Smart Set

For a quarter of a century Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish who died last week of hemorrhage of the brain was the leader of that clique of the American plutocracy which became known throughout the country as the smart set. It was the set that went in for bizarre effects in social functions. This set was the source of many scandals, and at times the looseness of its manners provoked criticism in the pulpit and the press. As the jester of this set Harry Lehr kept himself in the limelight many years. He spent most of his time designing new forms of entertainment for the lady who spent a fortune stimulating the jaded appetite of rich folk of leisure. Mrs. Fish was Miss Marian Graves Anthon, a daughter of the late William H. Anthon, a lawyer, and one of her uncles was the famous Professor Anthon of Columbia University. She was married on June 1, 1876, to Stuyvesant Fish, a son of Hamilton Fish, who was Secretary of State under President Grant. Coming as she did from a distinguished line and marrying into a historical family of New York her position in the world of society was assured from the start.

### Her First Big Party

Early in their married life Mr. and Mrs. Fish went to Newport, where they occupied for many seasons Bushy Park, at Bath road and Cliff avenue. This house was built by the father of the late Colonel De Lancey Astor Kane, and it was for many years the home of the Kane family. After living there for several years Mr. and Mrs. Fish decided to become permanent residents of the summer colony at Newport and they built The Crossways, a house of Colonial architecture, which occupies a commanding site on the Ocean drive, beyond the famous Bailey's Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Fish went to this house in 1898 and it was there that her career as one of the leaders in the exclusive social colony of Newport began. Just after the close of the Spanish-American war Mrs. Fish gave at The Crossways her first notable party. It was called a harvest festival and the decorations were all in keeping with the harvest season. From summer to summer she gave at The Crossways some of the most brilliant fetes known in the history of Newport. She always had a house full of visitors and her dinners, usually given on a Friday or Saturday evening, and her luncheons on Sundays were all on an extensive scale, there being often more than a hundred guests for dinner or luncheon. Each summer Mrs. Fish had something original to give to her friends in the way of costume parties. One summer it was a flower ball, at which her guests were dressed to represent some sort of flower. Two years ago she gave a "Mother Goose" party which was the most sensational of the many sensational entertainments that Newport had known. Last summer Mrs. Fish gave in advance of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's Chinese fete a notable dinner at which all of her guests wore elaborate Chinese costumes. For each of these entertainments Mrs. Fish always secured the services of professional artists, the most talented to be had. It was the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Fish to spend the months of July and August at The Crossways, and they always left in the early part of September for their country place at Garrison, opposite West Point.

### The War Halted Her

The Fish family had been identified for generations with Garrison and it was always their custom to entertain lavishly at this place, which has been the scene of gatherings quite as notable as those at The Crossways. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Fish opened their Garrison home about the middle of May, remaining there until their departure for Newport, and returning there after the Newport season. Mrs. Fish had been preparing a brilliant celebration for Sunday, June 6. It was to be in honor of her birthday and she was to give a luncheon for nearly two hundred persons, to be followed by a garden party with elaborate features. Invitations had also been issued for a large dinner party on the night of June 5 and a good many of the dinner guests had been invited to remain over Sunday.

Almost immediately after the Chinese dinner of last summer the European war began and Mrs. Fish was among the first to decide that lavish entertaining in Newport would not be in place at such a time. A new ballroom had been added to The Crossways during the winter of 1913-14 and the house was in condition for a large entertainment. It had been Mrs. Fish's object to give there early last August an old fashioned country party, when her guests were to appear dressed as milkmaids and farmers. With her customary activity Mrs. Fish was one of the first to organize a fete for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund, and this was held on the grounds of The Breakers, Mrs. Vanderbilt's villa in Newport, and much of the success of the fete was due to the efforts of Mrs. Fish.

### An "Illuminated Fete"

Guests of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels were treated to something new in entertainment last Saturday night when the young girls trained by La Loie Fuller gave a program of dancing on the lawn in the rear of Mrs. Spreckels' studio on Vallejo street. It was a fine night, so the guests felt no discomfort during the hour or so they sat in the open air watching the Allegory of Age, Youth and Beauty, the Ballet of the Sylphs and the marvelous Opal Dance which Miss Fuller was inspired to prepare when Mr. Percy Marks, the Australian art collector, contributed a rare black opal to the charity for the orphans of artists killed in the war. The canvased lawn was surrounded by colored electric lights, a spotlight played all the hues of the rainbow upon the dancers; and the beauty of the girls themselves, the kaleidoscopic tints of their flowing draperies and the soft accompaniment of the "Peer Gynt" music of Grieg transported the enraptured onlookers to fairyland. In the midst of the Opal Dance Art Smith appeared just beyond the garden and tied a series of fleecy bow knots in the dark blue sky as he performed loop after loop. Such a spectacle is seen once in a lifetime.

### A Salon?

We have heard many times about the possibility of a salon in San Francisco. Is it possible that Mrs. Spreckels has such a project in mind? The thought was inevitable, considering the character of entertainment provided for her guests Saturday night ,and considering also the personnel of the guests themselves. The studio was thronged with people who took a lively delight in the statuary, the paintings and drawings, the medals, the books, the Chinese rarities and the charming collection of dolls. The room devoted to the work of Californian painters received special attention, for this room had just been thrown open. It contains a fine collection of paintings which are being sold for the benefit of Mrs. Spreckels' favorite charity. Supper was served not only in the studio building but also


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in the house next door; and in the latter there was an orchestra for dancing, so that the entertainment took on the character of a cabaret. The salon idea came to mind as one surveyed the guests. Painting was represented by Charles Rollo Peters and his wife Constance Peters, by Cadenasso, Boronda, Del Mue, Hinckle, Miss Betty de Jong, Jouillin, Piazzoni and M. Gaillaume of the French Commission; sculpture by Putnam, Mora, Cummings, Stackpole, Edgar Walter and Eberhardt; poety by George Sterling and Harry Lafler; aviation by modest little Art Smith; the stage by Maude Lilian Berri and Clarence Kolb; the dance by La Loie Fuller; singing by Miss Coleman, Miss Mundell and others. These and other artists were part of a very large assemblage, so there was no danger of the party becoming too "high-browish," a peril to be avoided even in a salon.

### The Joffre Portrait

One of the works of art which is attracting a great deal of attention from those who visit Mrs. Spreckels' studio is a splendid portrait of General Joffre painted by the French artist Henry Jacquier. From an article in the Figaro of Paris I have been able to judge the impression made in the French metropolis by this work of art. The writer of the article, Charles Dauzats, speaks in very complimentary terms of the work which Mrs. Spreckels is doing for the relief of war sufferers, referring to her as "une grande amie de la France, Mme. Adolphe Spreckels, cette Americaine dont le nom est attaché á toutes les belles oeuvres." He tells how General Joffre who hates to pose, was induced to sit for Jacquier when he learned that the picture (the original and engraved copies) was to be sold for charity. After describing the portrait as a splendid work of art the writer tells of the desire expressed in Paris for a public exhibition of it.

### The Return of Willard

Willard Barton returns to us a professional actor. We used to see him a good deal in amateur theatricals, the last time being in the cast of one of Felton Elkins' dramaturgic experiments. Now he comes in the company of Miss Maude Adams. Willard appears in the delightful third act of "Quality Street." He impersonates Lieutenant Spicer, one of the deeply-smitten adorers of the so-called "Livy" Throssel. It goes without saying that Willard makes a handsome soldier. He acquits himself well, and is no doubt on the way to bigger parts. Meanwhile it is no small privilege to make stage-love to bewitching Maude Adams. Willard's friends gave him a nice ovation when he made his appearance Monday night.

### The Saint-Saens Lecture

Camille Saint-Saens entertained and edified several hundred people, guests of the French Commission to the Exposition, last Tuesday. The great composer delivered a most interesting lecture in the library of the French pavilion on music and its development, illustrating his remarks at the blackboard and at the piano. The talk was more or less technical, but the magnetic speaker received the closest attention. A most vivacious lecturer is Saint-Saens, and when he is at the piano, one marvels, even in his little cadenzas, at his vim and dexterity.

### The Top-Notch Ball

The red letter function of the Exposition down to date was the Argentine ball. This is the verdict of the tireless ones who boast that they haven't "missed a thing." Commissioner General Anasagasti did some splurging to hit the high note and he attained it. He has been receiving felicitations ever since. By the way, one of the most attractive girls at the ball was Miss Ethyl Graham, daughter of Judge Graham. She wore a charming pink frock, very becoming to her tall willowy figure and refined type of beauty. One of our best dancers is Miss Graham.

### Society at the Plaza

The Hotel Plaza appears to have become a sort of social centre for Easterners visiting the Exposition. There is much social gaiety at this hotel, and every evening the American Beauty dining room is full of dinner parties. The other night Mme. Angette Foret who recently returned from Honolulu on her way to New York, and who is stopping at the Plaza entertained the guests with her delightful song recital in costume, the same that she gave at the Hacienda to four hundred of Mrs. Hearst's friends.

Among other gifted folks of note at the Plaza is Miss Frances Tucker of South Bend, Ind., a writer of very charming stories.

There is a large party from Eureka at the Plaza, among them being the George Colemans, Miss Carrie Chope, Miss Josephine Christie, Mrs. David Evans, Mrs. Everding and Mrs. Jessie May Bull.

### At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader who have been visiting their son and daughter-in-law Captain and Mrs. Alleyne von Schrader at Fort Sheridan arrived in this city Tuesday and will make their home at the Hotel Cecil. Miss P. K. Parker was hostess at a delightful dinner party Tuesday evening. The private dining room of the Hotel Cecil, where the dinner was given, was abloom with roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Parker left the following day on the steamer Wilhelmina for Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Smith and their two daughters Misses Catherine and Mary Smith who have been visiting their cousins Major and Mrs. F. C. Fountleroy at the Hotel Cecil, left Tuesday evening for their home in York, Pa. During their two weeks' sojourn in San Francisco they were extensively entertained by the service set. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Carnahan of Pittsburg and their son Walter Carnahan arrived in San Francisco Tuesday and are guests at the Hotel Cecil.

### At the Somerton

Among the prominent Easterners registered at the Hotel Somerton are Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dickinson of Springfield, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lowe of Greeley, Colo., who are stopping at the Hotel Somerton gave a luncheon of eight covers Wednesday afternoon. The table was decorated with coral sweetpeas and asparagus fern. Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Meeker of Hubbard, Ore., will spend a portion of the summer at the Hotel Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. Meeker were hosts at an impromptu dinner given at the hotel Tuesday evening. Miss N. H. Iverson of Chicago is receiving a cordial welcome from her San Francisco friends. Miss Iverson will spend the month of June at the Hotel Somerton. Mrs. W. McCann and Mrs. M. Boardman of Minneapolis are among the recent arrivals. Miss Gladys Ramer of St. Paul and a party of friends are stopping at the hotel. Mrs. Grace Slessor of San Diego is having a delightful visit in San Francisco and is being entertained by her friends. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hickin of Dubuque will pass the month of June and a portion of July at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Duncan of Atlanta are enjoying their first trip to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bleukner of Columbus are enthusiastic over the Exposition. They will be guests at the Somerton during their month's sojourn in this city. Mrs. J. E. Merrill of Lowell, Mass., has come West to see the Exposition. During Mrs. Merrill's sojourn in San Francisco she will be a guest at the Somerton Hotel.

Mrs. Owens—Mercy, John, there isn't a thing in the house fit to eat.

Owens—I know it, Kate; that's why I brought him home to dinner. I want him to see how frugally we live. He's my principal creditor.


**CHANCELLOR HOTEL**

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The management announces a series of Tea Dansants on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, from four until seven o'clock, commencing with a dinner dansant on June 10, 1915.

SHERMA DANA BALDWIN
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Will give their latest dances

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# Gossip of the Theatre

### Maude Adams Returns

There are many stage tears in the role of Phoebe Throssel, but it looked for a while Monday night as if Maude Adams might shed some real tears too. The audience was so glad to see her and so eager to make her understand in what high esteem she is held in this city that she was almost overcome by the ovation she received. At the end of the second act she was brought out several times, and at the end of the fine third act the curtain was raised so often that one lost count. It was evident that Miss Adams was deeply moved by these testimonials of affection. You could see that the welcome wrought strongly upon her emotions. "Quality Street" is a play with a charm that lasts, as indeed are all the rest of Barrie's plays. Barrie said, after the death of his dear friend Charles Frohman, that Frohman made him a playwright when he wanted to be a novelist. Perhaps then we should thank Mr. Frohman for "Quality Street." But we must also thank Maude Adams for it. She has made it her own; so much so that some of us would not now care to see another actress as Phoebe, just as we would not care to see any Peter Pan but Miss Adams'. If memory serves, the excellent actor Ernest Lawford played the part of Valentine Brown when we first saw Miss Adams in "Quality Street." He is succeeded in the role by Charles P. Hammond, a very capable performer. The company is a good one throughout. But after all, that is a minor consideration. It is Maude Adams we go to see, and in "Quality Street" she is off the stage but for brief periods.

—Edward F. O'Day.

### The Loie Fuller Dances

La Loie Fuller and her dancers made their first appearance at the Exposition Tuesday night before a very large audience in Festival Hall. It was a big program of music and dance that Miss Fuller presented. There were six dancing numbers staged with wonderful elaboration of scenery, costumes and lights. And in addition to providing the music for these numbers, the Exposition orchestra rendered four important works by French and Russian composers. The program began with Debussy's Prelude to "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" which was rendered with rare delicacy. Then followed a Debussy Nocturne in three movements, the third movement interpreted by dancers. After Borodine's "Dance of Prince Igor" had been given by the orchestra, "A Thousand and One Nights" by Armande de Polignac, one of the most beautiful dances in Miss Fuller's repertoire, was presented. The scene is a desert oasis. There are merchants displaying their rich stuffs, girls going to the well and children playing. Miss Fuller knows how to take advantage of such a setting. The play of color on the silks unrolled by the dark-skinned slaves of the caravan excited the audience to great enthusiasm. As the pageant proceeds dusk falls; night settles upon the desert; day breaks again. The activities peculiar to the oasis are renewed. The beautiful music, the spectroscopic lights and the swaying steps of the dancers attach to this spectacle a significance not merely visual. It is poetry which affects the emotions through the eye and the ear. The other numbers were presented with the same opulence of color. The only drawback to this entertainment was beyond Miss Fuller's power to remove. The stage could not be seen from all parts of Festival Hall, as the seats are not set on an inclined plane as in a theatre. This interfered a good deal with the enjoyment of those who had not reserved seats in the balcony.

E. F. O'D.

### Harry Tate Scores

The first week of the "summer policy" at Pantages starts off with a fair show. This plan was first adopted in the East and was so popular that Mr. Pantages decided to try it on his circuit. It seems as if it will become a success. Harry Tate's company of all English players in "Motoring" is the best act on the bill. The first run motion pictures are the best that have been seen at Pantages outside of "Tilly's Romance." This week's picture was taken in northern California and is very interesting from start to finish. Three singing and dancing acts are presented this week, the best being Curtis and Hebard in "The Personality Girls" who are very appealing. The other two acts were a comedy juggling act and acrobats.

—The Second Nighter.

### The Saint-Saens Concerts

The most important announcement coming from the Department of Music at the Exposition is that of the three concerts to be given at Festival Hall by Camille Saint-Saens, the distinguished French composer and savant, the dates being June 19, 24 and 27. Concerts of such magnitude, musical worth and novelty have never been given before in San Francisco and, it might be said, in America, and society and musical circles are eagerly awaiting the dates. Saint-Saens, the greatest living figure in the world of music, will be assisted by Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, the eminent pianist; Miss Ada Sassoli, harp virtuosa; Mr. Horace Britt, 'cellist; and Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, the Exposition official organist, and the other instrumental music will be furnished by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians and Sousa and his band of sixty instrumentalists. The Exposition Chorus of three hundred picked voices will be heard in several of the vocal works of Saint-Saens whose compositions alone will be represented on the programs. "Hail, California," a symphonic episode, written for and dedicated to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, will be presented by the composer for the first time anywhere and the programs in their entirety will be of the highest possible interest. The sale of reserved seats will begin Monday morning next at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street, where mail orders, enclosing checks payable to the P. P. I. E. Company, will receive prompt attention.

### War Lecture at Cort

Arrangements have just been made whereby James F. J. Archibald, the war correspondent, will give a series of his excellent war talks at the Cort for the week commencing Sunday evening, June 6. He was the first war correspondent to follow exclusively the German and Austrian forces since the first month of the war. He joined these forces, not because he had any preference for their cause, but because Scribner's, by whom he was sent to the front, had Richard Harding Davis with the Allies. His graphic description of the enormous fighting machine now in action is doubly interesting because it is supplemented by wonderful photographs taken by himself. There is probably no man living who has used a war camera more than Mr. Archibald, with the possible exception of the famous Jimmie Hare of Leslie's and Collier's Weekly.

### Kolb and Dill in Their Tenth Week

Kolb and Dill will enter upon their tenth week at the Alcazar on next Monday night which will usher in the second successful week of their success "A Peck o' Pickles." They have had many congenial roles during their long seasons of success, but it was Frank M. Stammers who supplied them with their best parts in the current show. As the village shoemaker and the

MARIE NORDSTROM (MRS. HENRY E. DIXEY)
Next week at the Orpheum

keeper of the delicatessen store they are surpassing all their former efforts as funmakers. Saturday and Sunday matinees are proving extremely popular, and the popular prices have an appeal. Like all Kolb and Dill shows new novelties are being constantly added to "A Peck o' Pickles."

### Marie Nordstrom at Orpheum

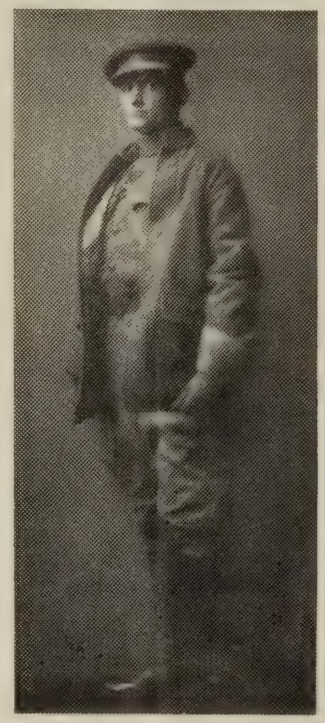
The Orpheum announces another splendid program for next week in which Marie Nordstrom and Mr. Hymack, the "chameleon comedian," will divide the headline honors. Miss Nordstrom who in private life is Mrs. Henry E. Dixey, is an exceedingly attractive and clever actress whose most recent hit was scored as Fanny in "Bought and Paid For." For her vaudeville engagement she has selected a divertissement arranged by her sister Frances called "Bits of Acting" which gives her a splendid opportunity of exhibiting her versatility, as the "bits" range from farce to tragedy. There have been many quick change artists, but all contrived to get off the stage for a few minutes to effect their transformations. Hymack makes his changes in fulll view of the audience. He really must be seen to be appreciated. Richard Havemann has taken lions, tigers and half-breeds into captivity and trained them for one of the finest acts of its kind in the country. The Jordan Girls, a comedy trio, will perform many difficult feats on the wire, all accomplished with perfect ease and delightful grace. Elizabeth Murray, and Hoey and Lee will close their engagements with this bill. It will also be the last week of Adelaide and Hughes, America's representative dancers, and that delightful monologist Nat M. Wills.

### Chancellor Dinner Dansants

The popular dinner dansants which are all the rage in New York and other Eastern cities, are coming into their own again in San Francisco. The first dinner dansant of the season at the attractive Chancellor Hotel will be given on the evening of June 10. As a result of frequent requests from many of the younger set, the management of the Chancellor has decided to inaugurate a series of tea and dinner dansants, commencing with this dance on June 10. Tea dansants will be held every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon, and dinner dansants every Thursday evening during the summer. As an added attraction, Sherma Dana Baldwin and Raphael Polk Venturi will give interpretations of their latest dances which have proved popular among the society people of San Francisco. The dansants will be managed along the lines of those given at the celebrated Castle House in New York. Reservations for tables and cards of admission can be obtained at the office of the manager. An early request for tables for June 10 will be greatly appreciated. During the season the best exhibition dancers in San Francisco will give renditions of the latest dances. Sherma Dana Baldwin who is a cousin of the well known artist Charles Dana Gibson, has given exhibitions in the most exclusive circles all over the United States, and is pronounced by critics to be on a par with Mrs. Vernon Castle. Both she and her partner have created a number of new dances in the past few weeks, which will be given for the first time on the evening of June 10.

### Golden Gate Girls at Pantages

Cora Youngblood Corson and her twelve "Girls from the Golden Gate" will top the new bill which opens at Pantages on Sunday afternoon. The girls march on the stage in spick and span uniforms and render a program of popular selections that would make the regulation brass band blush with envy. Miss Corson who directs the girls has the reputation of extracting harmony from the largest horn ever turned out by instrument makers. It takes two men to place the horn in position. Incidentally the girls have been entertaining folks from their home State, Oklahoma, in the official building at the World's Fair. Bob Albright who has changed his stage title from the "Male Melba" to "Oklahoma Bob," is back again for the tenth consecutive trip over the circuit. Albright is doing a brand new act with the assistance of a piano player, and has a stack of song hits written expressly for him. He has a new wrinkle of singing by request any song asked for by the audience. Charles Wayne, a former legitimate star, will make his first vaudeville appearance here in a sparkling comedy playlet called "Nursing a Husband." Miss Winona Wilkins, a dashing stage beauty, is in support of the star. Harry Holden and Lucy Harron have a crackling little skit called "The Messenger and the Lady." Raye Snell and her dancers in "The Dance of the Goblins," and Kennedy and Cac, acrobatic comedians, will round out the vaudeville program. "The Darkening Trail," a six-part motion picture feature, with William S. Hart in the leading role, will be the added picture attraction.



JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

The noted war correspondent who will give his war talk at the Cort Theatre commencing Sunday night, June 6

### Billie Burke in "Jerry"

Miss Billie Burke will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, June 7, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays, in "Jerry," her latest and, some say, her greatest success. It is by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, the American playwright, and it is the first American play that Miss Burke has appeared in. She did it first at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, last spring and the critics agreed that it was one of the best vehicles she had had since she became a star. That was confirmed a little later in Chicago, and this season on tour Miss Burke has been enthusiastically received by crowded houses wherever she has gone. She has just completed a tour through Texas and Oklahoma that was a genuine record-breaker.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June 19, 24 and 27
THREE CONCERTS
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CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS
Assisted by Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, Pianist; Miss Ada Sassoli, Harpist; Mr. Horace Britt, 'Cellist; Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, Organist; Exposition Chorus of 300 Voices; Sousa and His Band of Sixty Performers; and the Exposition Orchestra of Eighty Musicians.
PRICES—$1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c; box seats, $2.00. Seats ready at Exposition Box Office, 343 Powell Street, Monday, June 7, at 9 A. M. MAIL ORDERS accompanied by checks payable to P. P. I. E. Company, 343 Powell Street, will receive prompt attention.

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CORA YOUNGBLOOD CORSON and Her "Girls from the Golden West," America's Famous Lady Musicians; "OKLAHOMA" BOB ALBRIGHT, the Male Melba; CHARLES WAYNE & CO. in "Nursing a Husband;" HARRY HOLDEN & LUCY HARRON, "The Messenger and the Lady;" KENNEDY & MAC, "Acrobatic Fall Guys;" RAYE SNELL & CO., "The Dance of the Goblins;" THE CAVELIER TRIO, Singers and Dancers. Picture Feature: WILLIAM S. HART in "THE DARKENING TRAIL," a Gripping Tale of the Yukon.

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PHONE KEARNY 2
Commencing Monday, June 7th
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
SECOND BIG WEEK
KOLB & DILL
In Their Greatest Triumph
"A PECK O' PICKLES"
By Frank M. Stammers
EVERYTHING NEW BUT THE TITLE
PRICES—Evening, 50c, 75c, $1. Matinee, 50c and 75c

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, Matinee Every Day
PEERLESS VAUDEVILLE
MARIE NORDSTROM (Mrs. Henry E. Dixey) in "Bits of Acting" by Frances Nordstrom; MR. HYMACK, the Chameleon Comedian, at "Missitt Junction;" RICHARD HAVEMANN'S KINGS OF THE FOREST AND DESERT; THE JORDAN GIRLS, a Comely Trio of Wirests; ELIZABETH MURRAY, Dialect Songs and Stories; HOEY & LEE, Character Parodists; Last Week NAT M. WILLS, "The Happy Tramp;" and ADELAIDE & HUGHES, America's Representative Dancers, Assisted by Edward Davis.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

Mrs. Cushing wrote the piece expressly for Miss Burke who had frequently remarked that it was her fondest ambition to impersonate an American girl. As "Jerry" Miss Burke has a chance to use her charming personality and also her ability as a comedienne. She also has a chance to wear some very fetching clothes—including the pink pajamas that caused a sensation when she first appeared in them in New York. The supporting company is of the best. Shelley Hull, Selene Johnson, Alice John, H. Lawrence Leyton, William H. Sams, Thomas Reynolds and Edwin Burch are in the cast.

### Rare Perfume at Techau's

There is no doubt whatever about the ever-increasing popularity of the two dancing favorites of Techau Tavern, Miss Van Derhoff and Mr. Foote, late of the Ruth St. Denis company. The basis of their vogue is grace and technique, but its long continuance is due in no small degree to the fact that they continually originate new and attractive dances until their repertoire seems inexhaustible. In spite of the war the Tavern management has at last succeeded in securing a large shipment of Carolina White perfumery from V. Rigaud of Paris, France, makers of the famous Parfum Mary Garden. Carolina White souvenir bottles will be presented to lady guests at a date to be announced in these columns. The Candy Dances, with Foster and Orear's confectionery as souvenirs; the Carnival Nights, on Wednesdays, with their presentation bags of fun-making souvenirs, and the Cake Walk contests insure an evening of unalloyed enjoyment at the Tavern every night in the week.

Marion—How hopelessly out of style that woman is.

Vivian—What makes you say that?

Marion—Why, I found her knitting socks for her husband instead of for the soldiers abroad.

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Stella—What does her husband look like?

Bella—Like she had shopped for him by phone.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason
Phone Franklin 150
Two Weeks Beginning Monday, June 7
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Charles Frohman Presents
MISS
BILLIE BURKE
In Her Greatest Comedy Success
"JERRY"
Evenings and Saturday Matinee—50c to $2.00
Wednesday Matinee—50c to $1.50

MISS BILLIE BURKE

In her new comedy "Jerry" at the Columbia Theatre commencing Monday night, June 7th

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14914, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. PICKARD, Deceased.

CLARA E. PICKARD, administratrix of the estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. Pickard, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real property of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Wednesday, the 30th day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administratrix to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, San Francisco, this 22nd day of May, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administratrix,

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

### NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600 and 1601 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 23rd day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: May 17, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 17, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The trade reviews report a slow but steady improvement in the volume of business, although the best activity, as it well known, arises from war orders placed by foreign governments. The United States Steel Corporation has begun to feel an appreciable gain in business from this source and practically every available plant in the country is taxed to the utmost to fill the demand for munitions of war. It is true that, in one sense, this is a temporary condition, but the orders placed, which cannot be cancelled, will keep the plants busy for some months to come and there is no sign of an early ending of the war. The more recent developments in the war zone rather indicate, to the contrary, that the war will last longer than had been generally supposed and that the number of men engaged will be far larger than all estimates, so that the demand for war materials promises to be larger rather than smaller. There are many who keep in mind that the end of the war is expected to be followed by a world-wide depression, owing to the enormous destruction of life and property, but that is in the obscure future and should not be allowed to blight the bright prospects for industry during the war which, after all, may be longer than anyone now expects. Besides the business created by the war, the high prices for grains have enriched the producer to such an extent that his buying power is very great and the trade authorities report that merchandise buying in that section has already reflected this. Another encouraging factor has been the larger buying by the railways of equipment, which is bringing the steel mills a larger demand for their products besides creating activity in the car plants. There has been modification of the optimism regarding the promise of a bumper crop of wheat during the week as the reports of damage have become very circumstantial and it is admitted that considerable harm has been done in some sections. The indicated crop was so large before the damage, however, that the outlook is still for big crops of winter and spring wheat, while the other crops are starting under favorable conditions. The East in the financial conditions continues extremely fa(vorable to renewed industrial activity, as many large enterprises have been financed and the conditions promise that others, needing help, will be placed in a position to progress. The Wabash organization is nearly a fact and the affairs of the Missouri Pacific and the Rock Island are being taken hold of in a manner that promises to result in rehabilitating their credits so they can be developed and expanded along normal lines.

**Wheat** during the week has ruled both higher and lower than the level prevailing. The higher prices were made on the theory that damage by Hessian fly and chinch bugs was widespread and serious; this view, however, particularly as it pertained to the Southwest, has undergone amendment, rains having fallen freely in that section and relieved the situation. As a result of this, the market displayed particular weakness for a time and until an oversold condition was created; at this juncture other sections began to report unfavorable conditions and brought about a recovery in values. The buying has been mainly in the way of short covering, there being some reluctane among the trade to embrace the long side with political conditions in an unsettled state and the aggregate crop promise large, notwithstanding some damage. Primary receipts have been running of fair quantity, as have also the clearances. Argentine shipments are again liberal; advices touching on European conditions indicate that requirements will not be so insistent. The market at present appears to be sustained by the technical conditions, but as this is gradually eliminated and we draw closer to the crop moving period, prices are likely to subside to a lower level.

**Corn** has shown a more or less easier tendency, there being little at hand to stimulate interest. Country offerings have shown a tendency to increase, while the demand, both domestic and foreign, is rather slow. The state of the Argentine crop is reported as improved, owing to the more favorable conditions of the weather which have prevailed there. In this country planting has progressed, and while the weather has been somewhat cold during the last several days, no complaint has been heard. It is likely that unless present conditions of supply and demand undergo a notable change, prices are likely to be further depressed through liquidation.

**Cotton**—During the early part o fthe week the market was under severe bear pressure with about the only support coming from scattered investment buying. All the news was bearish and shorts were encouraged by private crop reports indicating a very high condition, to be issued by the Government on June 2. It is generally expected the report will show up fully ten points higher than last season, when it was 74.3. It is thought Texas condition will be around 85, as compared with 65 last year. Liverpool is also very bearish and some firms over there are predicting a further decline of 1 cent per pound. While we are likely to have a continuation of favorable crop accounts for the next thirty days the present low price, which represents less than the cost of production, makes the bull side very attractive. The cotton crop, as a rule, is at its best during the month of June. This is the time to buy, for deterioration and crop scares always come in July and August. At present the contract market is in an oversold condition, and an advance of 30 or 40 points is more than likely within the next week or two, due to short covering, if nothing more. Several of the large local spot interests have been conspicuous buyers. The investor can find nothing safer to put his money in than cotton around present prices.

---

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Mrs. Mainline—Yes, and she says she is too.

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Assets ..... $58,584,596.93
Deposits ..... 55,676,513.19
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,908,083.74
Employees' Pension Fund..... 188,521.05
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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 60712.

JOHANN CLEMENS PETERS and LISETTE GRUETER, Plaintiffs, vs. FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, deceased, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: FLORA SUNDERER, as trustee under an instrument dated October 30th, 1913, and admitted to probate as the Last Will and Testament of WM. PETERS, also known as W. PETERS, ANTON PETERS, HENRY PETERS, VICTOR PETERS, PAUL PETERS and RUDOLPH PETERS, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
201 Sansome St., Cor. Pine (Royal Insurance Bldg.),
San Francisco, California. 4-3-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, Deceased.—No. 18804 N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, Paul F. Fratessa, 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of MARTIN SCHNEIDER, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

CERTIFICATE OF USE OF FICTITIOUS NAME
No. 2202.
(Cancelled, 10 cent Revenue Stamp.)

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under a fictitious name, to-wit, under the name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX."

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, San Francisco, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1915.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

Witness:
A. COMTE, JR.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 20th day of May in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, FLORA HALL, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Endorsed: Filed May 21, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.—No. 18945; Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARGARET A. FISHER, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

AGNES NOLAN,
Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 5th, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18887; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER, as Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of real property of said estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said JOHN W. SLATER, Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased ELIZABETH LOONEY as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 21st, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Estate,
Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

PHILIPPINE REYMOND,
Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 29th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, Esq., Room 1012 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.

GROVER GRADY,
Administrator of the estate of MARY F. LUCY, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 8, 1915.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

EDGAR A. MIZNER,
Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 15, 1915.

KEOGH & OLDS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524 Foxcroft Building,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-15

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN B. DOYLE as executor of the estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

JOHN B. DOYLE,
As Executor of the Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 22nd, 1915.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,
Attorneys for said Executor,
504 Grant Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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### Bryan's Resignation

When William J. Bryan was appointed Secretary of State we observed that he was no more fitted for the office than Jane Addams was for the command of a battleship. A man of superlative disqualifications, a hack politician of obvious deficiencies of education, incapable of detachment from domestic politics and personal interests, no greater blunder was ever made in the politics of this country than the selection of William J. Bryan to take charge of the international relations of the Government and direct its diplomatic policy. Consequently it was in Mr. Bryan's power to render his country a service by resigning his office. But by procrastinating he rendered the service at the wrong time. It may be as Mr. Bryan says that he resigned because it would be inconsistent with his aims to concur in the note that had been prepared for transmission to the German Government this week. But long before that note had been prepared there were indications that Mr. Bryan was no longer persona grata to the President. The man who once had a constituency that took in most of the United States had been reduced to a nonentity and a figurehead by the man who expressed the hope some years ago of seeing him "knocked into a cocked hat." Weeks ago newspapers in the East were discussing the humiliation of Bryan. Even the most loyal of the Administration organs called attention to the obliteration of Bryan in the important events of the past few months. And apparently they were pleased. That their words wounded Bryan we have been told by a writer in the New York Times, according to whom Bryan complained and made it evident that he was aggrieved with the whole wide world. It appears that the work of the State Department in all important matters was done by the President, generally without even consulting the Secretary of State. All the notes to Germany were written by the President. Bryan contributed nothing but his signature. The issuance of the "strict accountability" note was preceded by several days of industrious announcement that the President was not consulting the Secretary. Before writing the note the President did not consult Mr. Bryan even as a matter of form. But Bryan did venture to make one suggestion. It was made in the presence of his colleagues of the Cabinet. The President rejected it. In the Lusitania affair Mr. Wilson emphasized his aloofness in a way that made Bryan's detachment obvious. Interviewed by reporters Bryan had to admit from day to day that he had not seen the President or heard from him, and his demeanor plainly showed that he was smarting under the treatment. But apparently Bryan never perceived that he was in danger of becoming inconsistent with his aims until he received the German note suggesting "a determination of facts" as to the Lusitania's bulkheads, etc., pending further negotiations. For by this suggestion Germany was plainly stealing Mr. Bryan's thunder. The "determination of facts" is the great principle of Bryan's blanket peace treaties, which the simple-minded Secretary believed to be a colossal conception by which war would be made nearly impossible. Bryan regarded those peace treaties as the grand masterpiece of his statecraft. And so Germany invoked Mr. Bryan's pet principle, and the first person to turn it down was Mr. Woodrow Wilson. In the circumstances it seemed logical and discreet for Mr. Bryan to divorce himself from official duties, and thus ensure himself freedom from criticism as an artist in Chautauqua.

### Before the War

Only gradually has it dawned on the perceptions of some folks how curiously the world wags these turbulent days. Realization came with the war now called monstrous. Yet we have been living in stirring times nearly half a generation. The century was prodigal of happenings before we had taken a tithe of it. Long ago Nature herself might reasonably have been suspected of conspiring with Man to surpass all records and make puerile all precedents in the exuberance of her gigantic play, as at Mount Pelee, Messina, and nearer home. All that is most spectacular in human history was packed into the first decade of this century. That decade was rich in wars and revolutions as well as in cosmic upheavals. Then came the second decade, and in the first year of it there were countries in both hemispheres rocking on the tide of some vast energy making for transformation. There was an awakening of spell-bound China, there was war between Italy and Turkey, there was the Moroccan affair and the Persian affair; the Albanians rose against the Young Turks; there was sedition in India; the suffragettes were terrorizing London; there were signs of treason in Ulster; in short almost every nation was having its peculiar expression of the forces of unrest and revolution. Never since the beginning of recorded time had the world offered to wide-eyed mortals such a thrilling and varied spectacle of portent. And while in the field of politics forces were active, shaking off the yoke of ancient tyrannies and moving through perilous seas toward a new order of human relations, science was bubbling with new discovery. Physics, taking to new interpretations, began to offer endless vistas of practical control of inorganic matter. Psychology was giving promise of doing much for the inner order and progress of our lives. On all sides were little esoteric movements, and everywhere the products of human knowledge seemed to justify the incredible, swelling vanity of Man. Presently the illuminati became absorbed in the parlor philosophy of Bergson, and in the midst of the marvels of New Thought none but the backward person of deep religious feelings was indifferent. Perhaps he felt something of sorrow, for he perceived that in none of the spheres of human activity was there room for any operative Providence.

### Change That War Is Making

A newspaper correspondent tells us that in Vienna and Paris "couples that lived in what was called 'free union' have lately legitimized their relations." In England hundreds of volunteers have been marrying before going to the front. From all lands devastated by war we hear of a religious awakening and a turning toward the old standards of morality; also of much agitation against the crime of race suicide. Come to think of it this was a very selfish world we were living in up to yesterday. True there was much talk of altruism, but the aspirations of man were mainly pathological and sociological, and there was a weakening apprehension of spiritual things. Perhaps after all war with all its horrors is not irrational. At any rate this war has disturbed an orderly life and proved the absurdity of the conclusion that the world had entered into a course of steady and consistent development in accordance with scientific expectation.

### The Ideal of Maternity

The grand pageant that passed to strains as solemn as a funeral march was as a gay masquerade, splendid and raucous. The peoples of the earth are sobering up after their long debauch of materialism. Once more they are taking a profound interest in the mysteries of life and death. And while colossal forces are making for change in the world of today the voices of yester-

day are sinking into silence and the old enthusiasms are subsiding. Already we hear of new ideals which are to inspire the events of the years to come. One of them is the ideal of maternity. After this war fashion, nor frivolity, nor politics will make it expedient for the women of Europe to avoid the stress of the large family. The war has made the problem of the decline in the birth-rate one of the utmost importance. The Western nations have in their different degrees long been sensible of this problem. To Germany before the war it appeared only as a cloud on the horizon, yet plainly visible and threatening; to England it has lately taken the shape of an imminent peril; for France it has become a national tragedy. Now with the tremendous emphasis war has laid on the factor of numbers as an ultimate criterion of a nation's wealth and strength, the paramount importance of the problem of the decline of the birth-rate is generally understood. After the war birth-rate statistics will be studied with an attention they have never received before and a new feminine movement will take the place of the old.

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### The Patriot D'Annunzio

Most impassioned of all the rabble-rousers in Rome just before Italy plunged into war was Gabriel D'Annunzio, poet and novelist. At every opportunity he harangued the multitude, appealing to their patriotism and firing them with hatred of Austria. From what we read in the despatches it appeared that D'Annunzio was the most furious of all the war agitators in Rome. And now that he has obtained a commission and joined the army we know that he was very much in earnest and that his sentiments were from his heart. It often happens that the men that shriek for war want none of it for themselves. D'Annunzio is not of that breed. He is ready to hazard his hide for his country. Perhaps on the battlefield D'Annunzio may win glory enough to cause people to forget some of the things that lowered him in the world's esteem. Like Byron and Shelley this great Italian poet has been given to eccentricities in his love affairs that caused him to be regarded as a man of loose morals and no very keen sense of honor. Doubtless he has been judged in a measure by his art. Years ago it was said of D'Annunzio that for him there existed only two things—sex and art; and Ouida, who was one of his most ardent admirers, wrote of him that he was "absorbed in the sensual ecstasies of early manhood and the fumes of voluptuous delights." She deplored his incessant recurrence to obscenity, his studies of depravity and his exultation in the examination of physical diseases and moral leprosies. But Ouida saw too that D'Annunzio was an intense patriot at heart, and she perceived in him the latent qualities of another Rienzi. D'Annunzio has probably wearied of the sexual ecstasies of his young manhood. At any rate he has thought much of Rome as well as of his art in recent years. "Art!" he exclaimed in one of his prefaces, "Here is the one faithful passion ever youthful, nay immortal; here is the fountain of pure joy unknown to the multitude; here is the divine food which makes men like to gods." More than once has D'Annunzio appealed to his countrymen. In the person of Claudio Cantelmo he speaks in furious invective of the modern desecration of Rome which he attributes to "the ceaseless combat of gain," the "savage fury of avarice" and the "disordered haste of commercial activity." In the midst of his phillipic on the desecration of Rome he says: "And day after day, at sunset, along the princely avenues of the Borghese Park we can see in gorgeous brannew equipages the new elect of Fortune, from whom no barber, nor tailor, nor bootblack has the power to take away the ignoble stamp." To his contemporaries he appealed to defend Rome against her rulers. "Let your satires," he exclaimed, "bear such corrosive acid in them that they shall pierce to the very pith of the spine. Brand to the very bone the stupid forehead of those fools who would mark every soul with the same label." It was probably in the same impassioned language that the poet roused the rabble against Austria.

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### The Looting of the Public

Excessive, burdensome taxation: has not this always been, in all lands, the first, paramount cause of discontent and disturbance? To keep taxes coming in, in sad seriousness this is the end of all Governments. When taxes are kept coming in to defray the cost of royal entertainments taxpayers become dissatisfied; but is it less disagreeable to taxpayers to pay taxes that conscienceless politicians in public office may practice Tammany politics? We think not; nor do we think it premature to look forward to the time when in this country public sentiment will be asserted to the dismay of the rascals in public office who use public funds for their own political aggrandizement. These rascals are everywhere—in the chambers of Congress, in every State capitol, in every city hall. Through all the ramifications of our government—federal, state and municipal—there is a mixture of gross incompetency and downright criminality. The burdens thus entailed we were able to bear when times were good, but in these lean years excessive taxation is intolerable. Wherefore it is a great and timely service the California Tax Association has rendered the people of San Francisco in presenting a report on the mismanagement of our municipal government. This report shows how hollow are the pretensions of the so-called business men by whom the municipality is governed. Before the bar of public opinion Mayor Rolph and the Supervisors have been indicted on charges quite as ugly as the charges that Schmitz and the paint eaters faced in the criminal courts. It appears from the report of the California Tax Association that under the Rolph administration the business of government is shamefully, if not criminally, mismanaged. By reason of extravagance, waste and the practice generally and assiduously of the Tammany brand of politics the per capita cost of government has increased under the direction of Mr. James Rolph, business man and reformer, and it is now twenty-four per cent higher than in the average American city of about the same population. What the remedy is apparently nobody knows. Assuredly it is not in the extension of the principle of municipal ownership. Also assuredly it is not in the principle of non-partisanship. The cost of government has increased 165 per cent in San Francisco in fifteen years, a period during which party lines have been fading to imperceptibility. When men in public office are beholden to a strong party organization they have a keener sense of their responsibilities than when they are beholden only to the dear old asinine public. Whatever is the people's business is nobody's business. This lesson we have learned not only as taxpayers of the city but as taxpayers of the State. It has been emphasized alike by Rolph and Johnson, one of whom is for more municipal bungleship and the other, being without a party, is for non-partisanship.

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### A Question of Honor

It is assumed in this country that the recent complications between China and Japan were adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. A quite different view of the matter is taken in Europe. Absorbed as the peoples of Europe are in their own affairs, nevertheless they viewed with astonishment the crisis brought on by Japan, and England is by no means pleased with the conduct of her Ally in the Far East. It has been pointed out in the press that Japan and England shared in military operations at Kiao-Chow, and that they have joined in a guarantee of China's integrity and independence. And it is argued that in proceeding to act on her own account and to dictate terms Japan has given rise to a question of honor which must be taken up for consideration later on. For the time being, says The Nation of London, the matter must rest, but the affairs of China "cannot be excepted from the general settlement after the war. One Ally can no more remove them from the consideration of the Congress than one Ally can claim to dispose of Turkey. "It ought to be clearly understood," says The Nation, "that we are in no way bound to recognize any concessions, economic or political, which Japan may extort from China by force." In the meanwhile what is at stake, according to English sentiment, "is primarily Japan's moral standing in the world."

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# Varied Types

## CCXXXIII—ALFRED HAYMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

This is not a pleasant interview. It may hurt our local pride. For we are very touchy in San Francisco. Bret Harte said of the city that it was "serene, indifferent of fate." Perhaps San Francisco is that way only when it is conscious of exciting admiration. It is so easy to be "serene, indifferent" when somebody is saying nice things about you, paying you attentions, making a fuss over you. Every debutante knows the trick by instinct. But it is difficult to be "serene, indifferent" when somebody is pointing out your faults, telling you your mistakes. Like the cat, San Francisco hates to be rubbed the wrong way. Therefore we may be inclined to feel a little resentment at what Alfred Hayman said about us.

Alfred Hayman criticizes us for a certain unfortunate negligence in regard to our World's Fair. He talks bluntly, but with the kindliest feeling. He could not speak otherwise than in kindly fashion, for he is a San Franciscan himself, and he loves his old city. Alfred Hayman is the younger brother of Al Hayman who used to run the Baldwin Theatre and is now a powerful member of the Theatrical Syndicate. Alfred Hayman has risen in the world since he helped Brother Al at the Baldwin. For years he was associated with the late Charles Frohman. Business having to do with Maude Adams, Billie Burke and other Frohman stars has brought him back to the old town.

It is significant that business, not pleasure brought Alfred Hayman back to San Francisco in this year of the World's Fair. He did not come to see the Exposition, because his interest had not been properly aroused. But in the intervals of business he has seen a great deal of it, and he is very enthusiastic. He is so enthusiastic about it that he cannot stomach the thought of its possible financial failure. He has the theatrical man's appreciation of a good show; but he has also the experienced theatrical man's conviction that a good show will fail unless it is properly advertised. And he does not think that the World's Fair has received the publicity to which it is entitled and of which it stands in imperative need. So Alfred Hayman speaks a warning to San Francisco.

"What is the matter with the publicity bureau of the World's Fair?" asks Alfred Hayman. "Why has it not made the World's Fair known to the world at large? Why is not this Fair the big topic of talk all over the United States? Why are the newspapers of the East not full of it?

"People are not talking about this Fair in New York. Their interest has not been aroused. You do not hear people saying that they are coming to San Francisco this year. They don't know about this Fair. About all the New Yorker knows about it is that there is a Tower of Jewels. People are not going to cross the continent to see a Tower of Jewels.

"Why, this is the most magnificent show that was ever given. It is so wonderful that it has to be seen to be believed. You have things here that people never dream of seeing at a World's Fair. Properly advertised to the country these buildings and the exhibits in them would draw everybody who could possibly afford the trip. But they are not being advertised properly. And unless they are advertised properly this Exposition will die a natural death. It is not too late yet.

"When I came here I knew nothing of this Fair. I only remember seeing one picture of it in a New York newspaper. Think of it! The newspapers of New York spend two or three thousand dollars every week to give their readers interesting pictures with the Sunday paper. Pictures such as you have to offer of this Fair are just the sort of pictures they are publishing in the illustrated Sunday supplements all the time. Yet I can only remember seeing one such picture. Here is a means of advertising which is at your command for the asking, and yet it seems to have been neglected.

"When I arrived in San Francisco I was told about the magnificent buildings and exhibits contributed to the Fair by France, Italy, the Netherlands, the Argentine, Canada, Australia, Sweden and other countries. I laughed at what I was told. I thought it was exaggeration. But I did not laugh when I went to the Fair grounds and saw for myself. I was astonished. There has never been anything like this before. It is the most elaborate show on earth. Why have we not been told about it?

"As a showman I know that when you have something of merit to tell the public about you can always find space in the newspapers. This show is not getting newspaper space, and the reason must be that the proper efforts to obtain it are not being made. You cannot expect the papers to send their men out here. You must send your men to them. Have you a publicity man in New York? Have you a man in any of the large cities? Or are you content to advertise this Fair in California? It seems to me that you don't have to advertise it here.

"I am told that the chief of your publicity department is not a newspaperman. That is unfortunate. You should have a man who knows the newspaper game thoroughly, a man who is familiar with the channels of publicity. When you want a diamond set you go to a jeweler, not to a butcher. When you want publicity for a show you go to a newspaperman, not to an advertising man.

"So far as I have seen, the railroads are practically alone in giving this Fair publicity. But that is not enough. You must reach the people through newspapers, and I cannot see that you are doing that.

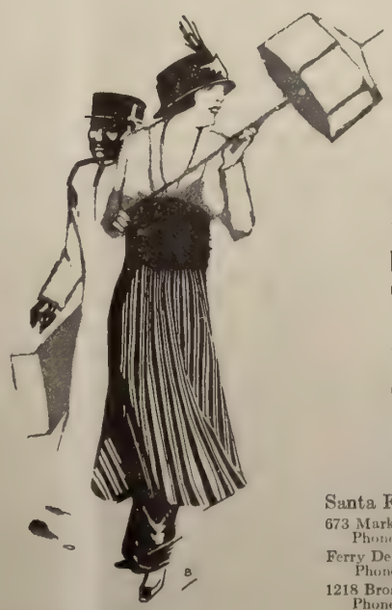
"As I have said, it is not too late. Reorganize your bureau of publicity if necessary. But go ahead and get publicity. Let people know of the wonderful things you have to show them. Get photographs of these magnificent buildings and courts and fountains and so on into the papers. Excite interest and curiosity. If you don't, your Fair will be a financial failure. If you do it, and do it properly, your Fair will be running a year from now and people will be flocking to see it."

Does it hurt to be told this? Does the reader resent Alfred Hayman's frank criticism? If the reader does, I don't think he is quite fair to this old San Franciscan who has our welfare at heart. There is no use in blinking facts. Within the past two weeks I read this in a New York periodical of pretty wide circulation:

"There is no doubt in any impartial mind that the Panama-Pacific Exposition ultimately will come to be considered a great moral success and a great financial failure."

That was not intended as a "knock," but as an item of news impartially set down. I have read other statements of similar purport in the New York press. Now there is no reason why the Fair should be a financial failure; its best months are still to come. The Fair is doing well, but it could do better, so why not bestir ourselves? We must bestir ourselves. There is no doubt that there has been something wrong with the publicity campaign. That big electric sign on the Ferry Building may be taken as a symbol of the mistake.

"You don't need it here," said Alfred Hayman; "it ought to be somewhere on Broadway."

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Santa Fe

# Perspective Impressions

Morality means for the average man the ideal he ignores.

It serves very well as a theory of what one ought to do.

Nowadays in its essence morality is something sharply divorced from practice.

Satiety of pleasure is the one malady against which science will never find a prophylactic.

Now that the California Tax Association has reported will Mayor Rolph have the nerve to advocate another bond issue?

William Howard Taft is making the same impression as an ex-President as was made by Grover Cleveland. He is very human, very genuine. Rejected by the people, the welfare of his country has not ceased to be in his thoughts, and for his country he is doing everything but politics.

Some folks are able to write witticisms on the war.

But this is a queer world, and there are some folk who are able to smile at witticisms on the war.

Do our clergymen acquiesce in the coming of Billy Sunday, or what does their silence mean?

We have read the Rev. George Burlingame's exaltation of "the long-haired fanatic" and infer that the reverend gent won't object to our calling him one.

The United States has a new fraternal society. It is called the Order of the Fronded and Waving Ear. Wonder if David Starr Jordan is a charter member.

More resignations in the Cabinet would doubtless be welcome to our fatigued President who is now suffering from the effect of what was once political expediency.

Experts pronounce Lassen's mud good fertilizer. But it's untimely mud that comes when crops are growing.

Is the humble pedestrian never to rise up in his wrath against the murderous jitney driver and protect himself?

The bronze plaque is one of the leveling influences in San Francisco life.

When adulterers elope they confess that their zest for romance is not sufficiently heightened by guilt, but needs the added spur of publicity.

"The Steel Trust decision will help business," says President Gary. Perhaps that is why Mr. Wilson's Department of Justice has decided to appeal the case.

Famine, Rape and Murder are now the Three Graces of the City of Mexico where the dear people are "working out their own salvation" free from the dictation of the wicked Huerta.

# Monsieur L'Abbe

**(From a Correspondent in France)**

It was in the darkest corner of the hospital that I first saw him. When the Rosy Cross Hospital was the smart caravanserai of our town, we were wont to think of it as a place radiating light, rather garish light, by night and by day. But now with the windows conscientiously daubed with white, it must have taxed the Abbé's clear grey eyes to read his breviary or to write those post-cards to the widowed sister, which I soon discovered formed his sole extravagance and dissipation.

I should explain that I was there to distribute "brioches," and a curious combination of sweets and crackers, known as "surprises," dear to the childlike heart of the French "Poilu." At first sight the long ward seemed deserted. Outside sea and sky, an amazing orgy of color, throbbed with jubilant vitality, and the wounded had flocked to the terrace to laugh and talk, to watch the porpoises playing in the bay, or simply to sun themselves and to rejoice that they were still alive. So the Abbé had the empty dormitory to himself, if indeed a room can be said to be tenantless where many a man has faced and fought the last fight.

He had left his little parish, somewhere in the forlorn northeast, on August 4. He had loaded and unloaded trains of wounded at a central junction for many weeks. Then had come the journey to the front, and then his wound. He was just one of the many thousand French priests who are part of a nation in arms. Of the romance of war I think he was totally unaware. Romance of any kind had passed the Abbé by. He had never been in a motor car, and he craved to see the town of X—. I possessed a car, and X— was only 20 miles distant.

The Abbé suddenly waxed enthusiastic and declared that it was the day of his life. No, till he was wounded and brought south he had never seen the sea, though he had often puzzled his brain over what it must look like. He presumed that in England people were generally acquainted with this phenomenon. Well, perhaps the population of the Midlands did not habitually enjoy this privilege, still there were cheap excursions. The Abbé was quite ready to answer leading questions, and as he talked something of the tragedy of the curé de campagne, a drab tragedy, unfolded itself before my eyes. His life story was quickly told. The Grand Séminaire at 15, the Petit Séminaire at 20, the priesthood at 25, a curé in a country of deep clay, where only the fruits of northern Europe ever ripen, a country where spring comes more laggard and more grudging than in the Scottish Highlands. Nor was the life of the spirit more quickening. No fervor, and little piety, not even many devout women—the factories had seen to that—while "les athées" were not the almost fabulous rarity to the Abbé that, after a half-century's acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men and women, they were to men born and bred elsewhere. No books, unless a neighboring priest died and his library was distributed amongst his colleagues. The stipend? Twenty-four pounds a year, from which four pounds must be deducted for rent. It is true that in this parish of some four hundred souls the fees might be worth another eight pounds. Even "les athées," probably, find it more satisfactory to be married and buried with the rites of the church. But since "le sonneur," "le chantre" and the "enfants de choeur" are part and parcel of the ceremonial on such occasions only a fragment of the fee remains with the priest. Moreover, as the Abbé sadly remarked, there were the absolutely impecunious who could not afford any fee.

"How do you manage to live, M. l'Abbé?" There was the garden, he replied. He grew vegetables. In fact, he had adopted the diet of those holy Eremites whose virtues he was pledged to celebrate. As we approached X— there was much to point out and explain. X— is set in a landscape of unrivalled beauty even in a country where the eye is never weary of gazing. It is, however, a centre and playground for the fair, the "poor, pretty, gay, fluttering things," as Mr. Wesley called them. Of course there is a cathedral and M. l'Abbé acquiesced in the propriety of a visit to the shrine of Ste. Reparate. But it was the empty racecourse that caused him real excitement. What must it be, he exclaimed, filled with "toutes les élégances!" In fact, the Abbé was fast becoming lyrical on the subject when all else was eclipsed by the sight of the Restaurant-Casino erected on the pier. "What an original idea! so original," he repeated. Truly it was a day of wonders for the Abbé. To me that afternoon while the air breathed joy, X— spoke mainly of sadness. But to the Abbé X— transcended all he had ever seen. X— was his Paris, his Rome, indeed, his Babylon, mighty Babylon! Yes, and when we finally reached the cathedral, X— became his Jerusalem.

At a discreet distance I watched the little man's pilgrimage from one altar to another. Truth compels me to state that his prayers were longest at the least artistic, at the most modern altar. St. Antony of Padua is, however, accounted an amiable, a gracious Saint, above all one who is not disdainful of the Day of Little Things, for with the perspicacity of the blessed he knows that of all days it is the one that calls for the spirit heroical.

The Abbé's day was over, though the sunshine lasted till we said good-bye. "M. l'Abbé, if you go back to the front it must be a comfort to feel that your example and that of your brother-priests is promoting a return to a happier, a more religious spirit." A silence—"They like to have someone to bury them, and transmit messages to their people." "And if you return to the Presbytére you will find your bees just setting to work for the summer." "My bees will be dead," said the Abbé.

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# The German War Book

By George Bernard Shaw

(England's most popular playwright has been very busy since the beginning of the war lampooning the British Government and its defenders among the journalists and literary men of London. While he has added to his reputation as a wit and polemic he has fallen in the esteem of all men with a fine sense of taste. When one's country is engaged in a life and death struggle and one's compatriots are shedding their blood in defense of their country, and all around are broken homes, widowed mothers and fatherless children, it is a poor time for intellectual pride to wear a broad grin, it is hardly decent to engage in the business of supplying the enemy with suggestions for argument in a debate before the bar of the world's opinion. But this is precisely what G. B. S. has been doing, and there has been much bitter denunciation of him.—Editor's note.)

I must really, as an honest reviewer, warn the public against the pretenses on which this book has been placed on the market. I opened it with eager anticipations of having my blood raised to boiling point by a manual of such cynical perfidy and cruelty as only the stony heart and brazen forehead of the Prussian enemy could set down in print for the horror and execration of all good Britons. The publishers promised me, on the very jacket of the book, to make my flesh creep. Professor Morgan has padded the volume with fifty pages of expatiation on its infamy. Thus primed, I skipped large and quite interesting chunks of the Professor so as to get to the Prussian monstrosity as fast as possible. And what did I find?

Suppose a policeman were to wake you up at night to tell you that he had found a burglar of the most repulsive appearance, crime-stained, cross-eyed, bullmouthed, crouching in your coal cellar. And suppose on hastening downstairs to give the loathsome ruffian in charge, you found the Dean of Westminster, irreproachably dressed, waiting for you in your drawing room. That will give you an idea of how completely sold I was when I read the German War Book. I declare before heaven and earth that it might be one of the publications of the S. P. C. K. It would be perfectly in its place in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Offered to a Parish Magazine it would be rejected as not lively enough. My favorite writer on military subjects is Sir Mark Sykes; but I find Colonel Maude and Major Stewart-Murray stimulating and entertaining; and the eulogistic notices in which the Daily Mail used to praise Major Stewart-Murray as a disciple of "the great Clausewitz" have lately taken on a fresh delight for me. I can imagine the scorn with which these British militarists will receive the Prussian War Book—the ribald but manly laughter with which they will dispose of its anxious correctness, its namby-pamby sentimentality, its careful respect for civilian and pacifist opinion, its scrupulous piety, and its constant appeals to chivalry. Do not the following passages almost call for an organ accompaniment?

"Chivalrous feelings, Christian thought, higher civlization and, by no means least of all, the recognition of one's own advantage, have led to a voluntary and self-imposed limitation, the necessity of which is today tacitly recognized by all States and their armies."

"Wide limits are set to the subjective freedom and arbitrary judgment of the commanding officer: the precepts of civilization, freedom and honor will have to guide his decisions."

"As regards the personal position of the inhabitants of the occupied territory, neither in life nor in limb, in honor nor in freedom, are they to be injured; and every bodily injury due to fraud or negligence, every insult, every disturbance of domestic peace, every attack on family honor and on morality, and, generally, every unlawful and outrageous attack or act of violence are just as strictly punishable as though they had been committed against the inhabitants of one's own land."

Could any gentleman say more? I will not quote the passages which deal with prisoners of war: let it suffice that no Englishman can read them without sincerely envying the lot of the soldier who falls into the hands of the enemy. Free postage, free carriage of presents, a committee to look after him, and an absolute exemption from lodgment in a prison or penal establishment of any sort are but drops in the brimming cup of his comforts and privileges.

The book is open to one criticism, and one only. It is that until we have armies of angels officered by saints and commanded by prophets and martyrs, the chances of its pious injunctions ever receiving much attention in actual warfare are hardly worth considering. They will most certainly not be carried out by us; and the Germans themselves have had to give them up as a bad job. Take for instance the following passage: "A prohibition by international law of the bombardment of open towns and villages which are not occupied by the enemy, or defended, was, indeed, put into words by The Hague Regulations, but appears superfluous, since modern military history knows of hardly any such case." Alas! it is but a few weeks since these good resolutions ended in a rain barrel in the innocent village of Heacham. The Germans dropped an incendiary bomb into it. In this they showed a double want of judgment. In the first place a rain barrel is the last spot on earth that lends itself to the successful operation of an incendiary bomb. In the second, the bomb did effectually explode the notion that the Germans have a perfect system of espionage on our East Coast. If they had, they would have known that Mr. Robert Blatchford lived just around the corner from that rain barrel, and that he is the sort of man to make more noise about a single bomb dropped in his own village than about a hundred dropped in Dunkirk, Düsseldorf, Freiburg and other towns where the women and children, being foreign born, are conventionally assumed by us to be naturally bomb-proof. The bombarders of Heacham can only plead that a village occupied by Mr. Blatchford can hardly be described as "not occupied by the enemy."

And here I would suggest to the authors of the German War Book that since the extension of war to the air has made an end of the notion that any place can now be considered undefended, it would be well to restate the case for civilian immunity from the modern point of view, which is, I take it, that whereas a bombardment of Woolwich, with its crowded streets of working people and their closely packed families, would be a horrible business, and could have no effect in inducing the governing classes, none of whom live in Woolwich or ever intend to live there, to make an end of the war and avoid wars in future, a single bomb neatly dropped into the grand stand at Goodwood at a suitable moment, and systematic demolition of our country houses (not, of course, the Red Cross ones, where there are only common people and soldiers and middle-class professionals like nurses and doctors), of expensive pleasure resorts, and generally of all places in which two or three of our governing classes are likely to be gathered together, would produce more effect than the destruction of a thousand poor suburbs and the slaughter of all their unconsidered denizens. The hint need not be lost on our own commanders. Bomb-dropping on Essen and Cuxhaven leaves Germany cold: it does no harm that cannot be repaired by making the poor work overtime. But Homburg now—? I will not press the point: still, if we are really making war on Junkerdom, is it not common sense to aim our bombs at the Junkers?

But the indiscretion of these remarks shows how much more prudent it is not to write war books, however pious. For it is impossible to give any sort of practical advice to an army or codify the usages of war without either dishonesty or atrocity. The German War Book pleads for chivalry and generosity to the verge of making itself rediculous. It forces us to ask the authors bluntly whether the Germans suppose that omelettes can be made without breaking eggs. Yet what does its anxious chivalry come to after all? The authors, being honest according to their lights, are compelled to admit that though they are bound to declare that the inhabitants of an invaded country should not be compelled to give information serviceable to the invaders, yet it is hopeless to expect that any mortal army will refrain from such compulsion. They say frankly that anything may, or at least will, be threatened or done if it promises to attain its military object; and Belgium be their witness that they were entirely right in their estimate of human nature under the test of war. Finally, they sum the whole position up in what they call the double rule, which is that though "no harm must be done, not even the very slightest, which is not dictated by military considerations (Hear, hear! Fine Fellows!), every kind of harm may be done, even the very utmost, which the conduct of war requires, or which comes in the natural course of it" (Yah! Huns! Pirates! Child Killers! Shame!).

Before endorsing these execrations, please read the quotations from British authorities quoted in the February supplement to the Berliner Tageblatt. They refer to something that happened in 1807; but that was the last time our national independence was at stake in a European war; and its further relevance to the present situation is established by the fact that Major Stewart-Murray, in a war book—nominally a peace book, by the way—published in the present century with a preface by Lord Roberts, selects this very incident to show that pacifist senti-

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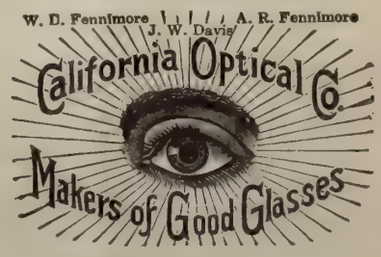


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mentalities about international law are not war, and that when we suddenly bombarded and plundered the capital of a neutral country (Denmark) without declaring war, we were thoroughly justified by what the German Chancellor calls "a state of necesity," the plain implication at the time when Major Stewart-Murray's book was issued being that we should be acting strictly according to British precedent if we suddenly attacked and sank the German fleet without notice or declartion of war, as, from the militarist point of view, we no doubt ought to have done if public opinion would have stood it. The situation in 1807 was that Britain, being at war with France and Russia, suddenly discovered that these two countries had secretly agreed to seize the fleets of the three neutral States of Denmark, Sweden and Portugal, and with them to make good the losses suffered by the French navy in the battle of Trafalgar. The only way to prevent Napoleon doing this was to be beforehand with him; and accordingly Canning promptly sent out a fleet under General Gambier and an army under General Cathcart to seize the Danish fleet before Napoleon could lay hands on it. The Danes naturally objected to surrender their fleet; and their objection was overcome by bombarding Copenhagen for three days. The Berliner Tageblatt quotes our official justification of this coup de main, from the King's proclamation downwards.

The Berliner Tageblatt simply adds: "Eines Kommentars werden diese Zitate nicht bedürfen." It cannot condemn Britain and Canning without condemning Germany and Bethmann-Hollweg. But it can and does put us in the same predicament. We cannot condemn Germany and Bethmann-Hollweg without condemning Britain and Canning. Let Mr. Podsnap, at present distracting us from the serious work of beating the Germans by his blatant trumpetings of his own moral superiorities, take heedful note, and, in the happy phrase of Mr. H. G. Wells, cease flapping his mouth on the foe.

The truth is, war, as between the belligerents, is a suspension of morality and religion and ethics and all the social commandments, just as it is a suspension of law and constitutional government within the belligerent countries; and this German War Book makes the best of it without dishonestly attempting to conceal the worst of it. The shrieks it has provoked only prove that many of our journalists have not the least notion of what war really is, and conceive it quite simply as a state in which it is glorious and heroic for Englishmen to shoot foreigners, but dastardly and murderous for foreigners to shoot Englishmen. They are very much in the mental condition of the late Duke of Cambridge, who is said to have had all his doubts as to the wisdom of the Crimean War swept away, and replaced by a furious hatred of the Russians, when he saw them firing at the Guards as callously as they were wont to fire at mere line regiments with whose messes the Duke did not dine. Even my glorious compatriot Sergeant O'Leary, whose portrait shows the remarkable forehead which enabled him to keep that long head of his whilst other men were losing theirs, and to attend to them dispassionately with a magazine rifle, seems from his letters to his family to be under the impression that "the Huns" behaved most reprehensibly in trying to slay the Irish Guards. Perhaps they did; but the reproach comes oddly from the slayer of a whole trenchful of them. A regiment of O'Learies would wipe out a German army corps: let us therefore applaud the heroism of the German troops who still confront the Irish Guards so devotedly. I dare say it is unpatriotic and pro-German of me; but I do think it is a rotten thing to call men approbrious names when they are fighting for their country for all they are worth.

I will not say that I wish the belligerents could learn to fight like gentlemen; for if we fight like gentlemen and sportsmen we shall be beaten by any nation which makes a serious business of killing us. That is how the French were beaten at Crecy and Poitiers. We are at present being driven to the last and meanest atrocity of war: the atrocity of starving our enemy. And we have driven the enemy to the villainy of hiding in the depths of the sea and torpedoing every keel that passes above. When it comes to that, we have both got pretty well down on the raw of necessity and self-preservation. But at least I can express a wish that the civilians on both sides would fight with their pens as cleanly and good-humoredly and bravely as the soldiers do with their guns and bayonets. When Mr. St. John Ervine let fly the other day about "our cowardly press and our contemptible parliament" he gave a good many of our journalists and politicians no more than they deserved. To me and to many others not the least of the horrors of this war has been the degradation of that national literary staff whose luty it is to keep our public character up to the mark in emergencies. It is pitiable to see how some of us have succumbed to the strain. We have run about screaming with panic when the example of a stout countenance was of all things required from us. We have changed from humane, humorously self-possessed gentlemen to vituperative hysterical cads. Whatever standards we may have borne in the endless strife for civil liberty and justice, we have thrown them away and fallen on our knees in abject surrender at the first roar of the German cannon. Too many of the clergy have become a mere rabble of apostates, shrieking for blood. Professors, unnerved and overstrained, have lacked even the lusty brutality of the Jingo clergy. Decent poets have scribbled hymns of hate, and tried to score music hall claptrap for the cornet and banjo. Responsible editors have written as if there were a mafficking mob under their windows ready to hang them at the first calm and masterful word, instead of a rather disgusted public—especially the enlisted public—wishing that somebody would talk a little sense. A thousand German spies and ten army corps within sight of London could not have dismayed us as much as the more terrified of our own compatriots have dismayed us. But there is no reason to suppose that these nerve cases are representative of the nation. Nobody is a penny the worse for their shrieking: the men who keep their heads also keep the attention of the people and come through the test of public meetings and press publicity triumphantly. The panic mongers are, so far, nowhere. In France the mobbing of Anatole France and the blacklisting of Puccini (we beat the French there by our good sense about German music) were despicable enough; but at least there is Clemenceau to hold the fort for free thought and free speech, and Gustave Hervé, the most readable of the French journalists, to chaff himself and his friends in La Guerre Sociale, and, always debonair, to snap his fingers at the enemy instead of throwing mud that never reaches them. In Germany there is Maximilian Harden, whose common sense about the war, by forcing us to admit that the German spirit is still elate and formidable, frightens us more than the gibberings and clawings of all the delirious German professors and parsons and journalists who reassure us by going on like some of ours. What is happening in Russia I do not know, though there was some hope in the old joke, now stale, about England being resolved to fight to the last drop of Russian blood. You can always rally a nation while it has some wit left. America, to judge by some of its papers, is mad with British patriotism, Polish nationality and Belgium freedom; but it is not for us to quarrel with them for this. More power to their elbows, say I, even though, like the young lady in Fanny's First Play, I can't help smiling.

But the fact that others are as bad as we is not a brave man's consolation. I call on the sacred fugitives from my profession to pull themselves together and quit themselves as manfully as the soldiers. It is useless for romantic literary men to tell me that I am incapable of understanding that war has ennobled them. I quite understand how easily our vanity persuades us that excitement is ennoblement. Patriotism, Love and Drink are potent producers of that flattering illusion. I am not taken in, though I admit that a frightened man's anxiety for his skin may be sincerer and therefore better for him than a dilettante's anxiety about his soul and about the fine arts. It is not noble to rave abusively at your enemy (not to mention your friend) instead of "covering him steady" with the pen as Sergeant O'Leary did with the magazine rifle. The men who wrote this German War Book are more formidable than the men who have tried to tear it to pieces; and we should be in a bad way indeed if our own General Staff had not more sense and pluck than most of the book's reviewers. It is a quite useful, interesting, instructive, well written, honest book, telling the truth exactly as our soldiers would tell it; and the sooner we learn to look facts in the face as its authors do, the sooner we shall be able to convince them that peace with us is better for them and the world than war.

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# Poems About San Francisco

## CC—MOUNT TAMALPAIS FROM THE CITY

(The following verses are from the pen of Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, one of our best known and most versatile writers. Mrs. Mighels is the author of novels, of a play and of that deeply interesting book on California literature "The Story of the Files." This book is out of print and is much sought by collectors of Californiana. Mrs. Mighels is about to publish a sequel to it.)

By Ella Sterling Mighels

Home of the elements—where battling bands
Of clouds and winds the rocks defy—
Mute, yet great, old Tamalpais stands
Outlined against the rosy sky.
His darkened form uprising there commands
The country round, and every eye
From lesser hills he strangely seems to draw
With the uplifted glance that speaks of wonder and of awe.

It is the awe that makes us reverence show
To men of might who proudly tower
Above their fellow-men; the glance that we bestow
On one whose native force and power
Have lifted him beyond the race below—
The pigmy mortals of the hour.
We almost bend the knee and bow the head
To the mighty force that marks his kingly tread.

And gazing on old Tamalpais, dark
And grand in all his stately guise—
His head among the clouds—a hierarch
Of hills—we envy him the size
Of greatness, fame and glory's mark,
When there appears before our eyes,
Beneath the grandeur of his royal crest,
That deep-graved scar upon his weary breast.

The night-winds steal upon us from the sea,
The fogs roll in like forms of white,
The Mountain slowly fades from sight,
The careless heart breaks into jubilee.
Then why, O Heart, desire to carve a lofty name?
Remember still the scars as well as joys of Fame!

The sparks of lamp-light leap from hill to hill,
One brilliant star comes trembling forth,
A cold wind blows from out the North,
The careless heart rejoices still.
Then why, O Heart, desire to feel the dazzling flame?
Remember still the scars as well as joys of Fame!

O Tamalpais! Mount of Eloquence!
Gazing on us from afar,
What gift gives Fame as recompense
For wearing of that deep-graved scar?

# The Spectator

### Champions of Efficiency

It may be remembered that the Chamber of Commerce once investigated the conduct of our street cleaning department and pointed out evidences of great extravagance. Mayor Rolph waxed wrathful over the report, called the Chamber of Commerce men "obstructionists" and threatened to "knock their blocks off." I am wondering whether Mayor Rolph will treat the officers and directors of the California State Tax Association in the same manner. Are these men also "obstructionists?" Are they in peril of having their "blocks knocked off" by His Honor? The California State Tax Association has committed the same offense as the Chamber of Commerce. It has pointed out extravagance in the conduct of the municipal government. It has put its finger disapprovingly on inefficiency. So far the Mayor has said nothing about the lengthy report issued by this association and reviewed pretty fully in the papers of last Sunday. Perhaps he has not had time to read it. When may we expect him to rush to the defense of his "business administration?"

### Origin of the Association

The California State Tax Association was started by John S. Drum, president of the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company of this city. Drum was in Sacramento during the legislative sessions of 1913 in the interest of the banks of California which were dissatisfied with the manner in which they were taxed under the new laws separating State and local taxation. These new laws were passed after the Constitution had been amended, and they introduced a system of taxation for which Carl Plehn, Flood Professor of Economics at the University of California, was principally responsible. The salient feature of the new system was the removal of all corporations from the sphere of city and county taxation. The system did not prove a success, and the banks were among the corporations which began agitating for a new program of tax reform.

### To Interest Taxpayers

In preparing the case for the banks John S. Drum went deeply into the entire subject of taxation, both State and local. He sought outside guidance, and one of those with whom he corresopnded was Edwin R. Seligman, Professor of Political Economy at Columbia and President of the National Tax Association. Drum speedily realized that little could be accomplished without organization, and the result was the California State Tax Association, a non-partisan and non-political organization devoted to promoting a wider public interest in the vital subject of taxation. This association of which Drum is president, fought and won one of the hardest battles of the last Legislature, that for Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 38, and in consequence the people will be allowed to say at the polls this year whether or no they are in favor of abandoning the Plehn system and substituting a new method of taxation. Meanwhile the Governor has been empowered to appoint a commission to devise that new method. He has signed a bill appropriating $75,000 for this work. The investigation of municipal business methods in this city was undertaken by the California State Tax Association as a step toward municipal efficiency. A corollary of the association's main proposition is that when the taxable limit of a community is approached strict economy becomes of vital necessity. This report points the way to economy in San Francisco's public business. It is a report which will receive the approval of every taxpayer, however much it may offend the taxeaters.

### Makeup of the Association

A few words about the makeup of this California State Tax Association. Its president is John Drum. Its first vice-president is J. F. Sartori, president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank, the biggest savings bank in Los Angeles. Its second vice-president is Mark L. Requa, oil man and mining engineer. Its secretary is Dudley Cates, a newspaperman with a great deal of experience of legislative sessions. On the board of directors are Allen G. Wright, Allen Chickering and B. F. Schlesinger, well known lawyers; George T. Klink, a certified public accountant; Marshall Hale, the dry goods merchant; and C. O. G. Miller, banker and director of the California Wine Association. Los Angeles is represented by George I. Cochran, president of the Pacific Mutual Insurance Company; W. E. McVay, vice-president of the German-American Bank of Los


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Angeles; W. W. Mimes, president of the Real Estate Board; and H. W. O'Melveny, the attorney. Clearly this is a pretty representative body of men. I should say that Mayor Rolph would show a great deal of courage were he to attempt to "knock their blocks off" for criticizing his "business administration."

### Interesting Reading

The report on this city's high taxes comes at the psychological moment. Taxpayers, rebelling under the ever-increasing burden of taxation, probably paid more attention than usual to the preparation of the budget for the next fiscal year, and they cannot but have been disgusted by the manner in which funds were jockeyed to provide more money for tax-eaters at the expense of the pressing needs of schools and institutions. The report starts with an arresting statement. "San Francisco's expenditures," it says, "have increased 165 per cent in fifteen years, with an increase of but 46 per cent in the population." Like the first sentence of a novel of adventure, that grips the interest of the reader, and he finds the pamphlet good reading from the first page to the last. If I were running for mayor I'd write my platform out of this book, and I'm sure the information I drew from it would impress every man who pays a tax bill in this city.

### A Typical Instance

I haven't room for a summary of what the report contains. Besides, a summary does not do justice to it. I should think that every taxpayer would be eager to read it through. But let me quote a typical instance of the way things are done under a "business administration." The superintendent's residence at the Isolation Hospital was completed December 9, 1913, by private contract, at a total cost of $3,899. Two weeks later the building was partly destroyed by fire. What caused the fire? The official report of Battalion Chief Charles Murphy stated that the fire started under the hearth, where an iron plate on which the brick rested had been laid in direct contact with a double wooden floor in violation of the Building Ordinance. The cottage had been built under the supervision of an inspector of the Board of Works. So much for that! Messrs. Walker and Baker of the City Architect's office, with Consulting Architect Reid, surveyed the damaged building and made what they declared in their report was a liberal estimate of the cost of restoring it to its original condition. Their estimate was $2,178. The estimate of the Repair Bureau was $2,800. The supervisors appropriated $2,800, and the Building Repair Bureau did the work, spending exactly $2,805.43. One of the items of reconstruction was a fireplace and chimney. An outside contractor who had built a similar fireplace and chimney, offered to do the job for $175. It cost the Repair Bureau $295.68. The architects' estimate of the cost of lumber, millwork and removing the burned portions, including labor, was $865. The Repair Bureau brought the actual cost to $1,270.42. The architects' estimate on painting was $375. This item cost the Repair Bureau $508.18. The specifications on which the Building Repair Bureau based its estimate called for complete restoration. An examination made in May, after all of the appropriation had been spent, disclosed the fact that none of the doors fit their frames, several of the doors would not close at all, the windows would not remain closed unless they were locked and they could be locked only with great difficulty. The wiring for the telephone in the superintendent's bedroom was carried inside the wall and there forgotten until the room was plastered. In an attempt to locate the wire, several holes were drilled in the plaster, but finally the search was abandoned and new wiring was carried in on the outer surface of the wall. The holes in the plaster were covered with sticky flypaper. Flypaper was also used in the hall to cover holes made by a careless workman. Although the specifications included cleaning up the rubbish after the job had been completed, extra help had to be hired for this work and paid from the hospital maintenance account. The superintendent of the hospital, explaining the diligence of the Board of Works employes who constructed the cottage, said:

"They came to work when it suited them and quit when they pleased."

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### The Inexhaustible Markham

Edwin Markham is the Man with the Poem. He produces poems as a conjuror produces rabbits, bricks and cards. Presto, change! There was no poem in evidence a minute ago, but now Markham has materialized one. He's at it all the time, the hardest working poet in the world, not even excepting Ella Wheeler Wilcox and James J. Montague. Since he came to town he has given us at least one new poem a day. Every time he is called upon to speak he speaks a piece, and the piece is his own, written for the occasion. When school closing time came he wrote a poem for the school children to read in vacation (which they most assuredly will not do). When he was called on at the Press Club luncheon to Governor Whitman he was moved to recite one of his efforts. When he was asked to settle the tremendous controversy between Mrs. Carolan and Dana Burnett he declared he was greatly interested in Burnett's verses to King Albert of Belgium because he himself had written a poem on the same subject. I'll bet he wrote it that morning. He bears the same relation to poetry that the Lakeview Gusher bore to the oil industry. You can't stop his flow, and there isn't a pipe line on Parnassus big enough to receive all his outpouring. He writes while you sleep, and reads while you eat. He reminds me of the singer who trolled:

When I lived in Timbuctoo,
Almost every one I knew
Used to play upon the sackbut, singing toodle-doodle-doo,
And they made ecstatic ballads,
And consumed seductive salads
Made of chicory and hickory and other things that grew.

Markham is an expert on the sackbut, and everything that happens inspires him to ballad-making.

### The Clockwinder and the Judge

Justice William P. Lawlor handed down his dissenting decision last week in the case of the Oakland attorney who was committed for contempt of court for refusing to betray his clients. Early the next day his Honor wended his way to the Chronicle office to solicit a boost from his friend the editorial writer, and then he footed it to the water front where he called on his friend The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. The distinguished jurist entered the little room where the wheels go round, and there he found the homely sage reading a book. Justice Lawlor beamed on the clockwinder.

"Well," he said, "contrary to your advice I rendered that dissenting opinion. Did you see it? What do you think of it?"

The clockwinder bestowed a look of compassion on the jurist. "I'm sorry, judge that you didn't take my advice. If you had just stood pat and hadn't written a word, you might have got away with it, but when you gave your reasons —well—"

"What's the matter with my reasons? Weren't they conclusive?"

"Yes, judge, they were conclusive—they were conclusive of one thing, that if ever you practiced law you practiced it by ear."

The distinguished jurist showed signs of frothing at the mouth. "Look here?" he exclaimed, "I didn't come up here to get insulted."

"Now, judge," said the clockwinder in soothing tones, "don't get hot in the collar. I'm talking to you as an old friend. You know that I've always stood for you. You know I'm your friend, doncher?"

"Yes," said his Honor, "I know you're my friend, but—"

"Listen now. I hate to see you make any bad breaks. It's all right to make a hit with the crowd. There wasn't anybody could beat you at that game down below, but up there when you go to writing dissenting opinions the lawyers all over the State get wise. They tell me that just by reading one of those opinions the lawyer who knows his business can tell how much you know and how much you don't know."

"They tell you,—who tells you?" Justice Lawlor demanded—and the clockwinder hesitated.

### Some Unpleasant Views

Justice Lawlor was on his feet in a threatening attitude, his eyes burning into the clock-

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winder. "Now I want to know if any crooked lawyer has been talking about me," he said.

"No, judge—cross my heart—no crooked lawyer."

"Well, any lawyer."

"Well, I heard Tommy Hickey and Percy Long talking it over."

"What were they saying?"

"I didn't pay much attention to them, but I heard Tommy say that your idea of administering justice is the making of informers. Percy said you ought to be on the Burns detective staff instead of on the bench. And Tommy laughed right out before everybody. And then Percy said that you had no respect for the best traditions of the lawyer's profession because you never was a lawyer."

By this time the distinguished jurist was walking up and down in deep meditation. Presently he observed that the opinion of lawyers of the Long and Hickey brand didn't amount to much. "What about Matt Sullivan?" the clockwinder blurted out, and then apparently wished that he could recall the question.

"Matt is my friend and he's a lawyer. What does he say?"

"He says you delivered a good stump speech, but there was no law in it."

His Honor frowned.

### The Clockwinder Dissents

Out of a profound reverie the distinguished jurist was roused by the clockwinder: "Just as you came in, judge, I was reading my law library."

"Your law library?"

"Yes, this book. This is my law library. It's called Lieber on Civil Liberty and Self-Government. If you want it I'll lend it to you. It might make a lawyer out of you. You can find almost anything in it. Read it carefully, and you'll see how wrong it is to knock out old rules offhand just to make somebody's conviction a cinch, or to turn some political trick in a particular emergency."

"I have no use for it," said Justice Lawlor. "I have common sense. That's enough for me."

"No, you haven't, judge. If you had common sense you wouldn't have written that opinion."

"What's wrong with the opinion?"

"Well, I'm not a lawyer, judge, but I can see that you've made a pretty bad break. I've just been reading in Lieber that old Lord Jeffreys, as tough an old judicial murderer as he was, thought it a shame in his day that a man accused of a crime was not allowed the services of a lawyer to defend him. Nowadays a man accused of crime is entitled to a lawyer, but according to your decision it would be better for him not to have one, for your opinion very plainly implies that a lawyer may be employed to betray his client. Worse than that,—you would compel a lawyer to betray his client, and all upon the theory that a client in danger of being betrayed might turn informer. That's pretty tough, judge. It seems to me we've had enough of informers here anyway."

Apparently Justice Lawlor dissented again, for he took his leave without saying good-bye.

### Why "Red" Kelly Closed

The glory of the Thalia has departed. "Red" Kelly's place on the Barbary Coast is dark, and "Red" is devoting his time to other enterprises. When the sale of liquor was prohibited in the dance halls of the Barbary Coast the Thalia suffered severely, as did the rest of the places along "Terrific" Street, but dancing and near-beer attracted enough patrons to make it worth while to continue in business. The last straw broke the camel's back during the recent convention of the National Grocers' Association. Word came to "Red" Kelly that one hundred and fifty of the grocers were to visit his dance hall on a certain night. He prepared for them. When they arrived he met them and handed them to the best seats at the best tables in the Thalia. He had visions of these grocers spending enough money to make up to him for a month of bad business. The grocers were interested, but they gave no orders to the waiters hovering near. An hour passed, and not a drink or a cigar had been bought by the hundred and fifty sightseers. "Red" Kelly grew uneasy. Finally one of the grocers approached him. "Red" Kelly met him with a smile.

"The fellows would like to know," said the spokesman, "when the Salome dancer goes on."

"Red" Kelly's smile vanished. He swallowed hard.

"You fellows have a drink on the house and get out," he said. "I'm going to close the joint."

And so "Red" Kelly retired from business on the Barbary Coast.

### Our Poetical Mayor

San Francisco had one poetical mayor, and hardly voted him a success. There were those who affirmed that "Fuzzy Wuzzy" Taylor was neither a good poet nor a good mayor. And now poetry is cropping out on the mother lode of Mayor's Rolph's versatility. At a banquet one night the Mayor surprised the toastmaster by making a poem instead of a speech. It was an impromptu, like many of the Mayor's talks, and striking rather than brilliant. It will not take its place in the Home Book of Verse or any other anthology. Perhaps it will some day appear in the Municipal Record; so far other publication has been denied it. The Mayor has not since attacked the slopes of Parnassus, but he has burgeoned forth as a great quoter of poetry. Thus at the New York State Building dedication the Mayor recited that poetical masterpiece "Give My Regards to Broadway." At the Danish celebration last Saturday the Mayor's mouth was as full of verse as an egg is full of meat. Speaking of the early Danish navigators he said: "In the words of the Ancient Mariner, 'They were the first that ever burst into that silent sea'." Looking about him at the walls of the building he said: "In the words of Tennyson, 'The splendor falls on castle walls'." He also quoted "From Greenland's icy mountain." When the Mayor handed a bronze plaque to Luther Burbank he explained that the plant man had been given to California by the New England State which produced Paul Revere, and then he quoted the first two lines of Longfellow's poem on that famous night-rider. Why all this poetry, revelant and irrevelant? Is the Mayor spending his leisure moments with his old Third Reader? Or has Ed Rainey discovered Bartlett's Familiar Quotations?

### Neuhaus On the Exposition

The literature of Expositions is only a little less ephemeral than the Expositions wherewith it deals. This is not to be said of a book that has just come off Paul Elder and Company's press. This book is called The Art of the Exposition. The author is Eugen Neuhaus of the University of California, chairman of the Western Advisory Committee and member of the San Francisco Jury in the Department of Fine Arts of the Exposition. So obviously it is the work of one who may be presumed to be en rapport with his subject. Mr. Neuhaus is himself an artist in paint. His book proves him an artist in verbal expression also. He has given us in this book (which, by the way, is itself a work of art), his personal impressions of the architecture, sculpture, mural decorations, color scheme and other esthetic aspects of the Exposition. And he has given us also thirty-three fine illustrations. In this work one may find much that is instructive, for it is really a series of excellent art criticisms done by a man who has made a sympathetic study of the art of the Exposition. The sincere intention of these studies is evident. Mr. Neuhaus has found much to praise, but he has given us discriminating criticism, and he has made clear some things that are a little obscure. "The buildings as a group," he says, "have all the big essential qualities that art possesses only in its noblest expressions." This however is not true of the much admired Tower of Jewels, the chief merit of which according to

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Mr. Neuhaus, "lies in its colossal proportion and its relative position." His criticism of it is that it lacks the "onenes of conception that characterizes almost every other architectural unit in the Exposition," and he adds: "One feels too much the stacking up of story after story, that effort to fill the requirements of a given great height, very much as a boy sets up blocks of diminishing size, one on top of the other, until he can go no further because there are no smaller blocks."

### Other Neuhaus Observations

Notwithstanding the imperfections that he has found, the tower in Mr. Neuhaus's opinion has "a feeling of dignity and grandeur commensurate with its scale and setting." The critic has some interesting things to say of the Fine Arts Palace. "It presents," he says, "the astounding spectacle of a building which violates the architectural conventions" but which nevertheless and possibly for that very reason has "a note of originality that is most conspicuous." He says that the small-fry of the art world spend their time picking out the faults "which are really the reason for its supreme beauty." Mr. Neuhaus has been unable to find any harmony in the Zone save a "harmony of ugliness." It is a hodge-podge "that will serve as a wonderfully effective illustration of the taste of the great masses." One remarkable thing about this book is the price—only one dollar and a half.

### Roncovieri of Jefferson

From Philadelphia comes the news that Louis Roncovieri, second son of Superintendent of Schools Alfred Roncovieri, graduated with high honors last Saturday from the historic Jefferson Medical College which was founded a century ago. Roncovieri won special distinction in a class of 144. He is the second member of his family among the graduates of Jefferson. His brother Dr. Alfred Roncovieri, now attached to the Emergency Hospital service, was the honor man of his class at Jefferson a few years ago. From boyhood the brothers have planned to practice medicine together in their "home town" and now they will be able to do so.

### The Ornamental Guards

There is much worth hearing as well as seeing at the Exposition—for example the questions the guards are called upon to answer and the answers sometimes given. They are a patient lot, these guards, and as courteous as they are ornamental. In the beginning they attended for an hour daily a school of instruction presided over by an army officer. But teacher had no idea of some of the information the guards would be asked to give. For instance: "Did the water in the Panama Canal concession come from Panama?" and that purplish portrait of a lady in the Fine Arts Building, "Is she a native daughter?" Occasionally one hears a guard endeavoring to elaborate the knowledge he has received, and in the generosity of his heart giving out the results of his individual research. A visitor, not knowing the authorship of Mrs. Burrough's Fountain of Youth asked a guard. He didn't know, but not to be disappointing said, "The fountain on the other side was did by a woman too—Mrs. Whitney who died the other day at the age of ninety." "Pardon me, you are wrong," spoke up another guard who overheard. "Mrs. Whitney is not very old—only thirty-five. She's alive and you can read editorials from her every few days in the Examiner."

### A Fair Encounter

The patient school teachers who had to take their classes to the Fair had troubles of their own. For little boys are not easily managed on the Zone. One day I saw a boy try to steal a ride on the white snail. He fell off. His teacher saw him, and taking him by the shoulders shock him up a little. "I protest," said a busybody lady who happened on the scene. She belonged to some club or society, so she said, at the same time giving the name which I did not catch. "I protest against your touching this child." Then the teacher shook him again before explaining that she was attending to her business. "Oh!" Mrs. Clubwoman exclaimed, "you're a perfect hyena!"

"Well, then," said the teacher, "I can laugh at you." And she smiled sweetly.

### A Fine Display

Among the exhibits in the Palace of Education at the Fair, that of Fine and Applied Art at Sixth street and Avenue B is attracting considerable attention. This whole exhibit was installed by Frederick H. Meyer, director of the California School of Arts and Crafts in Berkeley. There is a group of eight model rooms which is proving extremely interesting to the public. One of the rooms which has had a great deal of favorable comment is the model studio. It is a very satisfactory studio from every standpoint. Its practicability is established by the fact that it is used daily as a work room. In the installation of the whole exhibit Mr. Meyer has shown an unerring taste. In order to present the display to the greatest possible advantage, simplicity was observed in the construction of walls and cases. The backgrounds are neutral shades and are relieved by finely lettered signs naming the exhibitors, and by stenciled designs about the windows and arches. This latter work was done by students in the class of advanced design in the California School of Arts and Crafts. The whole exhibit is the finest possible tribute to the work which this well known Berkeley school is doing.

### Apropos The Lantern

Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day have long been known for their work in "Town Talk" (San Francisco) which is one of the lively, wide-awake weeklies of California. Recently they launched "The Lantern"—a periodical of lucid intervals—a magazine of a literary and critical nature, and the early numbers have been such as to meet with favor among the discriminating. The contents for April were: "Our Diminishing Discomforts" by Theodore Bonnet, "The Return, a Poem" by Arthur Symons, "Mr. Samuel Weller" by Edward F. O'Day, and "Charles Baudelaire" by Theodore Bonnet.—Los Angeles Times, May 30.

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There was a sudden loud report, and Wiggles brought his car to a standstill.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Wiggles. "What was that? It sounded like a revolver."

"It was," said Wiggles wearily. "It was our off hind-wheel. It has stopped revolving."

---

"That cat's name must be Random."

"How do you know?"

"Look at the things that are fired at it."

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**ORDER APPOINTING TIME OF HEARING OF PETITION TO EXECUTE CONVEYANCE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19134; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EMMA J. C. KEYES (also known as and called EMMA KEYES), Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of MELVINA CATHERINE HOLT (also known as Vina Catherine Holt and also as Lavinia Holt), Executrix of the Estate of Emma J. C. Keyes (also known as and called Emma Keyes), deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing the said Executrix of the above named estate to complete the agreement of her decedent, by executing a deed of conveyance to Niels K. Andersen and Mary F. Andersen, his wife, of that certain real property situate in the County of Alameda, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Thirty-seventh Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet westerly from the western line of Market Street; running thence westerly along said line of Thirty-seventh Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being lot number 14, in block "B," as laid down and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Map of a portion of Mrs. M. J. Envoy's Property, Subdivided December 5th, 1876, W. F. Boardman, C. E., etc., filed May 2nd, 1877, in the County Recorder's office of Alameda County."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the 12th day of July, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number 10 thereof, located in the City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, be and the same hereby are, appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any persons interested in said estate may appear and make objections to the granting of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to publish due notice thereof in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for not less than four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

L. T. JACKS,
Attorney for Executrix,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**Bobby's Ambition**

Bobby Eyre is one of the best dancers in the smart set, and one of the most assiduous. He divides his time between the golf links and the tea dances, attending to his business interests at odd moments. Bobby dances every night in the week except Tuesday night when he plays the drum in the orchestra of the Family Club. When Gertrude Hoffman was in town Bobby had the ineffable pleasure of dancing with her at the charity ball of the Catholic Humane Bureau in Scottish Rite Hall. And his dancing won encomiums from that great dancer. Ambition grows by what it feeds on, and Bobby is very ambitious. The other day he went to Will Greenbaum, and said:

"Will, I want to dance with Pavlowa."

"Do you mean on the stage?" asked the impresario.

"No, no," explained Bobby. "I want to dance the one-step and the hesitation with her. I don't care where, and I don't care how much it costs."

Greenbaum explained that Pavlowa was not going about much, but promised that Bobby should know of the first time she went to Pavo Real or the Cliff House so that he might present himself and have an opportunity to satisfy his ambition. At last accounts the opportunity had not presented itself.

**Virginia a Bluestocking?**

I read with interest in the Examiner that Virginia Jolliffe Jackling has been buying art at the Fair. I sympathize with her desire to possess a good piece of Luca della Robbia's work, and applaud her caution in taking steps to satisfy herself that the piece is genuine. There are so many spurious antiques! Even the great Dr. Bode of Berlin got caught on that wax bust attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and George Barron has a Millet at the Park Museum which is not a Millet. When Dr. Bode and George Barron have been deceived, Virginia cannot be too careful. Perhaps after she has attended to the della Robbia, Virginia may think of buying that fine specimen of Benvenuto Cellini's goldsmithing in the Italian Building. And there are ever so many other things a woman of means may acquire at the Fair. But while I am interested in Virginia's art purchases, I must protest against the Examiner writer's insinuation that she's a bluestocking. The writer speaks of Mrs. Jackling's "thorough education in the classics." It's not a nice thing to say of a society lady. Of course Virginia knows the classics—all the Jolliffe girls are highly educated—but why flaunt her erudition? She doesn't flaunt it. It is not fashionable to be a "blue." Plenty of society ladies read the classics, but not on the country club veranda. They'd hate to be suspected of ultra-bookishness. I know one society lady who knows Sanscrit, but wild horses shall not draw her name from my lips. It might imperil her standing in the Francisca if I gave her away. Examiner writer, let Virginia's classics alone!

**An Eligible's Ideal**

William F. Humphrey, one of the most eligible bachelors in the city, was a judge in the Chronicle's beauty contest. After consultation with the other judges, Charles Rollo Peters and Eugen Neuhaus, the painters, and Haig Patigian and Earl Cummings, the sculptors, "Bill" agreed that the prize belonged to pretty Irene Whorff of Mill Valley. And "Bill" gave his reasons as follows:

"Miss Whorff is as fresh as a spring flower, which shows in her complexion, her large eyes, regular features, beautiful mouth and her expression of intelligence. Intelligence must always enter into the consideration of beauty, and in comparison with her nine beautiful rivals she is superior in all these respects. She comes nearer to my ideal of a woman than any other type, and in addition shows real womanliness."

When certain society girls read that they immediately took steps to make themselves as much like Irene Whorff as possible. They are not overlooking any means of landing "Bill," the eligible.

**It Was Some Punch!**

The jolly delegates who are here for the convention of the National Electric Light Association had a ball at the St. Francis Monday night. It was a beautiful ball, resplendent with color (as might be expected of the ball given by light experts), and the beauty of the ladies was finely set off by the beauty of the gowns. There were bright eyes a-plenty at this ball, and a keen observer might have noticed that bright eyes brighter grew every time a cup of punch was tipped over a dainty lip. There was merriment in every sip of that punch. A strangely tasting punch it was, most delicious and insidiously exhilarating. It contributed a great deal to the gaiety of the occasion. Most of the guests had never tasted such a punch before. But a few knowing ones sampled it and exclaimed: "Pisco punch!" and to these knowing ones "Wallie" Briggs of the Great Western Power Company, chairman of the entertainment committee for the ball, nodded a smiling head.

**Patriotic Anna Held**

The public knows Anna Held as the gay, frivolous actress caring only for the bright things of life. Her friends on and off the stage are familiar with the serious side of her character and of her devotion to high ideals. So they are not surprised to learn of her doings in France. She has steadfastly refused to come to America to be safe and comfortable. She has remained in France, giving her money, time and energy to her country. In Paris she has been indefatigable, giving performances to raise money for the ambulance service. She organized and trained a company of French boy scouts, and under her command they have appeared at many benefit performances. Recently Miss Held was in Monte Carlo for a much needed rest.

**At the Plaza**

A number of exclusive parties with private trains de luxe are being booked by the Hotel Plaza for the Exposition visitors. Two of them are arriving this week from the middle States. There is quite a large party of wealthy Norwegians headed by Mr. E. C. Bye of Chicago who came to help celebrate Norway Day, and are remaining for sightseeing. A special "house party," as they call themselves, numbering forty people will make merry in the Mulberry dining room during their week's visit to the Exposition in July. Professional people are making the Hotel Plaza their favorite rendezvous. This week Prof. E. C. Van Dyke came in for a day or so. Prof. E. F. Blichfeldt of Stanford was also a guest for a few days. Among the newspaper fraternity were noted Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Beaumont of the Fresno Herald, Mr. Edgar Williams of the Redlands Review and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Harrison of the Danville, Illinois, Commercial News. Wealthy Hawaiian planters still continue to favor the Plaza as their home while visiting the Exposition City. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cole of Honolulu are among the most prominent. Mr. Cole is the owner of plantations in the islands. Mr. David H. Schuyler of Philadelphia is a guest with a party of Pennsylvanians who are making a tour of the entire Pacific Coast, including both Expositions. Mrs. Noble T. Biddle, a member of one of the most distinguished families of Pennsylvania, gave a Liberty Bell dinner in the Mulberry dining room to her Pennsylvania friends on the evening of June 9. This was a small but very elaborate dinner. In the centre of the table was a Liberty Bell made of flowers; the rest of the decorations were in red, white and blue and included flags and facsimile Liberty Bells. The Plaza Orchestra gave a special program during the entire evening. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Irish and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Davis of Santa Cruz motored up and have been guests during the past week. Mr. B. L. Sharp, one of the big fruit growers of Rio Vista, is a guest, bringing Mrs. Sharp. Mrs. Harwood and Mrs. McIntosh, well known social leaders of Los Angeles, are registered. Dr. and Mrs. Jonathan Dwight have been guests while Dr. Dwight was attending the International Convention of Naturalists. Dr. Dwight is one of the most famous naturalists of this country. Mr. Roy W. Sanford, one of the big automo-

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bile men of Sydney, Australia, is at the Plaza after a business trip to the East, and is on his way home to be married. Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Pratt have been spending their honeymoon at the Plaza. Mr. Pratt is one of the largest wholesale dry goods men of Phoenix, Arizona.

### At the Cecil

The Hotel Cecil is becoming one of the headquarters for the army and navy folk, and it is a pleasure for the service folk when they register at this popular hotel, after coming on a long journey to San Francisco either by water or rail, to find so many of their friends who are living at the hotel. Captain and Mrs. E. W. Crockett, U. S. A., came to San Francisco Monday. The captain has been stationed in the Philippines. During their stay in the city they will be guests at the Cecil. A number of the army folk as well as civilians enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. C. B. Ryland at a bridge party Saturday evening. The hostess' apartments at the hotel were attractively decorated for the occasion. There were four tables in play, and at the conclusion of the game delicious refreshments were served. Among the beautifully appointed dinners given recently at the Cecil was the function presided over by Mrs. Charles Graff. The color scheme was pink and green, and the private dining room where the dinner was served was decorated in pink roses, sweet peas and maidenhair ferns. The guests included General and Mrs. Edward McClernand, Colonel and Mrs. John H. Gardner, Mrs. George Weeks, Mrs. Mary Hulme and Colonel Alfred Hasbruck. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Miller and their daughter Miss Marjorie Miller have closed their apartment at the Hotel Cecil, and will pass the coming fortnight at Yosemite Valley. Miss Dora Ahlborn of Berlin will spend the major part of the summer at the Hotel Cecil. Miss Ahlborn arrived this week from Honolulu where she enjoyed a delightful winter.

### At the Somerton

Mrs. C. Batchelder and Miss Batchelder of Chicago are sojourning at the Hotel Somerton. Mr. C. B. Rockwell and Miss J. Rockwell of Bristol, R. I., are among the recent arrivals in this city. They have apartments at the Somerton. Mrs. W. C. Robbins and Mrs. J. Brownlee of Suisun will enjoy a week's sojourn in the city. They came down for the Exposition and are making their headquarters at the Hotel Somerton. Ensign Robert W. Carey, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island Tuesday and registered at the Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Poorman of Woodburn, Ore., gave an informal dinner of eight covers Teusday evening at the Somerton. Later the party went to see Billie Burke at the Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. James L. Slayden of San Antonio are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. They are guests at the Somerton.

### At the Chancellor

Among the guests at the Hotel Chancellor are: Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Taylor, Ocala, Fla.; Mr and Mrs. Fred Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Curtiss, Jackson, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wells, Honolulu; Miss Emma Meloin, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. S. M. Richardson, Shanghai; Miss Alyce M. Tyson who for the past three weeks has been a guest at the Chancellor Hotel visiting the Exposition, has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Marradon, Lynn, Mass., are registered. Also Miss Marie L. Bain, Lexington, Kentucky; Paymaster and Mrs. G. M. Adee, U. S. navy, are making their home at the Chancellor. Mrs. M. Cohn, Mrs. Danz and Miss Ruth Cohn of Seattle are registered. Mr. and Mrs. Glen W. Salkeld are guests. Mr. Salkeld is a member of the Imperial Merchandise Co. of Perry, Ohio.

PEGGY HOPKINS

Washington society favorite, in Silver Foam Dress, by Hickson, with The New York Fashion Show next week at the Orpheum

### Perfume at the Tavern

The ladies who visit Techau Tavern are delighted with the souvenir bottles of Carolina White perfume presented by the management. This perfume is made by V. Rigaud of Paris, and was secured with no little difficulty, owing to war conditions. An entirely new corps of Cake Walkers has been engaged to carry on this popular feature, the revival of which has added much pleasure to evenings at the Tavern. The Candy Dances, every night, are still in high favor, each lady receiving a beautiful souvenir box of Foster and Orear's delicious candies. The exquisite Grant avenue store of these premiere confectioners has become one of the most popular places in the entire shopping district.

Departing Pupil—Ah, professor! How can I ever thank you? I owe everything I know to you.

Professor—Madam! Please do not mention such a trifle.


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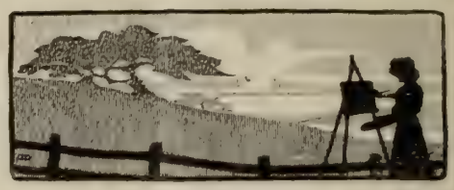

Note: See our studio in model room section, mural painting and general art and craft exhibit in the Applied and Fine Arts Section, Palace of Education.

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Copies of "VACATION" may be had free at 874 Market street (Flood building), Sausalito Ferry Ticket Office, or on application to J. J. GEARY, G. P. & F. A., 808 Phelan building, San Francisco, Cal.

# Billie "In Her Latest"

By Edward F. O'Day

Most frolicsome, kittenish, roguish of charmers,
Prankful, cutuppy and mischievous Billie,
You are a dear in those pink silk pajamas,
But aren't they chilly?

Giddy and impudent girlie most fairylike,
Tricksy you are and a mad harum-scarum!
What would you do in cavorting so airylike,
If you should tear 'em?

Almost volcanic you are in your jollity,
Crater vesuvial of mirthful mount-lassenings!
But hist, do you ever, while chasing frivolity,
Fear for the fastenings?

Really, I'm rapturous just at the sight of you,
You pink of perfection pajama'd in pink!
Yet I can vision the terrible fright of you
If they should shrink.

Am I unwittingly, Billie, displeasing you?
Tell me to stop and I'll willingly do so.
Only one question and then I'm done teasing you:
Were they part of the trousseau?

Adios, Billie! We're awfully strong for you;
Even a poor play does not make a bore of you.
Come again soon, for we look and we long for
Hope to see more of you.

# Gossip of the Theatre

**Marie, Nat and Others**

I wish some of our ambitious young actresses could be induced to study Marie Nordstrom who is doing "Bits of Acting" at the Orpheum this week. Miss Nordstrom is showing us how scenes should and should not be acted. Her work is largely of a satirical order, with the point of her satire aimed not only at bad actors but also at bad playwrights. So the playwrights too might learn something from her. One does not look to the Orpheum for lessons in the technique of acting, but when they are presented in a fashion which makes for instruction as well as amusement, there is reason for gratitude. I noticed that Emma Eames and her husband Emilio de Gogorza were much taken with this act of Miss Nordstrom's. I could not tell what the two distinguished singers thought of Nat Wills. Nat is always amusing, though he has never freed himself from a tendency toward coarseness. It crops out now and then. I was rather surprised when Nat told as one of his stories an antique witticism with which schoolboys of a generation ago were very familiar. It is to be found, I believe, in McGuffey's Fifth Reader under some such title as "The Way to Tell Bad News." Is it possible that Nat Wills' real name is "Anonymous?" The most amazing act on the bill is Richard Havemann's animal act. This showman is perfectly at home in a cage of tigers, lions and leopards. I hope Mr. Meyerfeld pays Mr. Havemann a great deal of money. He represents my idea of a very bad insurance risk. Elizabeth Murray sings ragtime in her inimitable way. Adelaide and Hughes dance like a couple of twentieth-century sprites. Mr. Hymack contributes a quick-change act the like of which, I believe, we have never seen before. The Jordan Girls have a very good wire act. Charles Hoey and Harry Lee are good Hebrew dialecticians.

—E. F. O'Day.

**La Loie Fuller at Exposition**

La Loie Fuller who appeared with her remarkable company of 200 at Festival Hall on the first of the month and was greeted by an audience of 3,500 enthusiasts, will give two more of her delightful entertainments on the evenings of Saturday and Wednesday, June 12 and 16, at half-past eight. The productions of La Loie are in a class distinctly by themselves and it is safe to say that a more wonderful and gorgeous riot of colors has never been presented by anyone else. Her costumes and scenic effects are marvels of art and beauty and her dancing girls, brought direct from Paris, are the perfection of grace. There is absolutely nothing stereotyped about the dances of these young maidens and they have a youthful abandon that is refreshing. Miss Fuller's numbers will be accompanied by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty musicians, under the direction of Georges George, the distinguished French conductor. Some of the features of the program will be "A Thousand and One Nights," the Oriental spectacle with music by Armande de Polignac, "The Sirenes," incidental music by Debussy, "A Night on Mont Chauve" which will be presented for the first time in this country, music by Moussorgski, and the "Dance of the Great Opal," with Debussy's music. There will be no waits nor delays between numbers, and seats may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

**The Saint-Saens Concerts**

Camille Saint-Saens, the illustrious composer and one of the most remarkable figures in modern music, will conduct three concerts, devoted entirely to his own compositions, at Festival Hall at the Exposition on the evenings of June 19 and 24 and Sunday afternoon, June 27. This genius has long since passed the time when the founts of inspiration are supposed to be dry, yet now, in his eighties, he works with the vigor and facility of a man in the prime of life and today his latest compositions show a youthfulness of spirit that is simply astounding. Those who have seen the score of his "Hail California," written especially for the Exposition, say that it would be an extraordinary work for a man in his middle thirties, and is an astounding composition for a man in his eighties. San Francisco may well deem itself honored in the presence of this remarkable man who, in these troublous times, has traveled nearly 7,000 miles to be present at its Exposition. At the Festival Hall concerts M. Saint-Saens will be assisted by the Exposition Chorus of 300, Sousa's Band of 65, the Exposition Orchestra of 80, Katherine Ruth Heyman, pianist, Ada Sassoli, harpist, Horace Britt, 'cellist, and Wallace A. Sabin who will play the Exposition organ. There is a large demand for seats at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

**Elsie Ferguson to Bring "Outcast"**

Without question the Columbia will offer a most brilliant attraction commencing Monday night, June 21, when Elsie Ferguson makes her appearance in Hubert Henry Davies' new play "Outcast." Both in New York and Chicago the star received great recognition and the engagements extended over unusually long periods. The New York Evening Sun said: "The story of 'Outcast' contains a vital theme and will appeal with particular force to feminine audiences." The New York American said: "'Outcast' is by long odds the best and most satisfactory work produced this season. Miss Elsie Ferguson has won no little honor for herself by her artistic and appealing presentation of the case of Miriam." There is already a tremendous interest being shown in the engagement, mail orders for which are now being received. The advance sale opens next Thursday.

**Dancing Around With Al Jolson**

When "Dancing Around" with Al Jolson, the Winter Garden's rollicking rhapsody of fun and frolic, song and dance, which appears at the Cort Theatre beginning Monday, June 21, was seen in Chicago lately, the critics were enthusiastic in their praise of the entertainment, and Al Jolson. The Herald said: "Jolson's fun simply stopped the show. He triumphed completely." The Journal: "Dancing Around with Al Jolson is certainly a fleet, flashing and attractive show." The Post: "Jolson can be more continuously amusing than any other person on the stage." The News: "There was so much joy over Jolson that he could not get away long enough to let the play go on." The American: "Dancing Around is a whirlwind, and Al Jolson is a genius—a big word, but not too big. It is the best laugh show, the best girl show and the wisest and fleetest metropolitan entertainment ever seen in Chicago." Al Jolson's last appearance in the West was as the star of the Winter Garden's extravaganza "The Honeymoon Express." It will be recalled that Al Jolson made an extraordinary hit with his witticisms and songs in this show. There is nobody exactly like Jolson, and for the reason that he never plays his part twice alike, and because he is undoubtedly the greatest singer of comic songs of our time.

**Billie Burke Continues**

Miss Billie Burke has scored the biggest hit she has ever made here, at the Columbia this week in "Jerry," a new American comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. She will continue at the Columbia all next week. "Jerry" is the most "billieburkish" of all the plays Charles Frohman discovered or had written for his popular and charming star. It is the first "American made" play Miss Burke has done. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday

matinee is at special prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.50. Every lady in the audience next Monday night will be presented with an autographed photograph of Miss Burke—the same kind of photograph that is now being sold at the Columbia in aid of the war sufferers.

### "This Way Out" Revived

The week beginning Monday night, June 14, will be the farewell week of Kolb and Dill at the Alcazar. By special request they will be seen for six days only in their greatest success "This Way Out." This production was launched at the beginning of their Alcazar season and scored a record run. It is tuneful, jolly and funny. All of the principals will be seen in their original roles. These include Eva Fallon, Nana Bryant, Alice Hills, May Gorham, Earle Benham, H. Guy Woodward, James Liddy, Thos. Rolfe, George M. George and others. There is a big beauty chorus. The last performance will be given on Saturday night, June 19. The following week "The Clansman" or "The Birth of a Nation," D. W. Griffith's world's masterpiece motion picture, will return for a limited engagement at the Alcazar.

### "Richard the Great" at Pantages

"Richard the Great" who is billed by his trainer as "the monkey that made a man of himself," will be the star attraction on an exceptionally strong bill at Pantages. The chimpanzee does all the remarkable stunts that well-trained simians go through, but from reports he goes his predecessors one better. Rodney Ranous, Marie Nelson and players will present a romantic sketch with a touch of religious thought called "Conscience." Winona Winters, the "cheer-up-girl," is a pretty miss who teems with magnetism, impersonates everything from a department store saleslady to a Swedish servant girl, and does it so well that she is the big comedy hit of the bill. Barnes and Robinson, both plump and clever, have renamed their jolly little skit "Sayings from Tiny, Tuneful Tots," which explains their specialty. Another girl with a lot of breezy personality is Florence Rayfield who sings character songs. The show is given a great start by three men, Fern, Bigelow and Meehan who indulge in a combination of acrobatic twisters, flip flops and "rough house" comedy. There will be two other special acts and comedy films.

### Music Matinee at K. and C. Hall

There will be two soloists at this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall. These artists will be the distinguished California musicians Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fickenscher, pianist and soprano. Mrs. Fickenscher is an unusually competent singer with a voice of exceptional power and flexibility. She has an emotional style of interpretation, and her study of the declamatory art of singing has enabled her to render the compositions of the classic school to the satisfaction of the most fastidious. Mr. Fickenscher is an able accompanist, also a composer of individuality. He will accompany Mrs. Fickenscher and play a few solos. They recently returned from Berlin where they had a series of artistic triumphs. The war compelled them to return to California where they have been wel-

ADA SASSOLI

Harp soloist at Saint-Saens' concerts at Festival Hall June 19, 24 and 27

AMUSEMENTS

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2ND AND LAST WEEK BEGINS MONDAY, JUNE 14
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Charles Frohman Presents
MISS
BILLIE BURKE
In Her Greatest Comedy Success
"JERRY"
Evenings and Saturday Matinee—50c to $2.00
Wednesday Matinee—50c to $1.50
Every lady in attendance Monday will be presented with an autograph photo of Miss Burke
Monday, June 21—ELSIE FERGUSON in "OUTCAST"

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE
MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
RICHARD THE GREAT, "The Monkey that Made a Man of Himself;" MARIE NELSON, RODNEY RANOUS & CO. in "Conscience;" BARNES & ROBINSON, "Two Tiny, Tuneful Tots;" WINONA WINTERS, "The Cheer-Up-Girl;" FLORENCE RAYFIELD, "The Breezy Comedienne;" FERN, BIGELOW & MEEHAN, Three Men of Acrobatic Fun; THE BLACK DUO, Songs and Fun; DEAVES' MANIKINS, Mechanical Puppets; COMEDY MOVIES.

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PHONE KEARNY 2
Commencing Monday Night, June 14th
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
FAREWELL WEEK
KOLB & DILL
(By Request)
"THIS WAY OUT"
Their Greatest Musical Comedy Success
PRICES—Evenings, 50c, 75c, $1. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c.
NEXT WEEK—Return Engagement (by Popular Demand)
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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

comed with open arms. G. Vargas will again attend to the numbers allotted to the Knabe player piano. He will have an opportunity to exhibit his artistic skill in some of the accompaniments and several instrumental solos which he understands so well how to make effective. He has solved the problem of getting absolute artistic results from an apparently unresponsive instrument and proves to everyone's satisfaction that the player piano has conquered for itself an important position in the musical world.

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**Fashion Show at Orpheum**

Fashion has penetrated to the stage, and the Orpheum will introduce next week the novelty of a sartorial pantomime. Beyond several explanatory songs introducing morning, afternoon and evening gowns, no word will be spoken. Pretty and fashionably garbed women will enter through a garden doorway one by one, showing what the American woman of wealth wears from rising hour till bed. The cost of the female finery exhiibted in this Fashion Show amounts to fifty thousand dollars. Everything designed by Lucille (Lady Duff Gordon), Redfern, O'Sullivan, Patnerak, Bonwit-Teller, Joseph, Hickson, Abercrombie and Fitch, George Bernard, Maison Maurice, Estelle Merchon, Harry Collins, De Pinna, Nardi, Maison Bernard, J. M. Gidding & Co., Monte Sano & Vergo and Jean are displayed by Peggy Hopkins and twenty beautiful models. Miss Hopkins is a Washington society girl. In the social register she is set down as Mrs. Sherburne Hopkins Jr., and her father-in-law is a Washington lawyer. Fisher and Green will appear in their comedy skit "The Partner" in which they scored a hit at the Empire Theatre, London. Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin who have been winning golden opinions in the leading vaudeville theatres of the East, will present a delightful offering of song, dance and patter. Fritz Bruch who in spite of his youth is recognized as one of the best 'cellists on the concert stage, will be a delightful feature of the coming bill. His sister Lucy who appears with him, is an exceedingly fine violinist. The other contributors will be the Jordan Girls, Richard Havemann's Kings of the Forest and Desert, Mr. Hymack and Marie Nordstrom.

---

She—I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory.

He—What did he do?

She—Made me pay in advance.

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**FESTIVAL HALL**

**EXPOSITION GROUNDS**

**June 19 and 24, at 8:30, and June 27, at 2:30**

THREE CONCERTS

By the Illustrious Composer

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS

Assisted by Katherine Ruth Heyman, Pianist; Ada Sassoli, Harpist; Horace Britt; Wallace A. Sabin, Organist; the Exposition Chorus of 300; Sousa's Band of 65; and the Exposition Orchestra of 80.

PRICES—$1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c; box seats, $2.00. Seats at Exposition Box Office, 343 Powell Street. Phone Sutter 6646.

MISS BILLIE BURKE

One of the most beautiful women on the American stage, now appearing in "Jerry" at the Columbia Theatre

**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14914, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. PICKARD, Deceased.

CLARA E. PICKARD, administratrix of the estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. Pickard, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real property of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Wednesday, the 30th day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administratrix to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, San Francisco, this 22nd day of May, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administratrix,

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**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

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**NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.**

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

**ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING**

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600 and 1601 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 23rd day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: May 17, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 17, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It seems true that all the domestic factors ordinarily controlling business are favorable to improvement, as money is plentiful, the crop outlook is promising and the railways are showing a disposition to order more freely. The sentimental effect of a possible break with Germany is being counted on, however, and for the time being is responsible for a large degree of conservatism. The existing circumstances make less serious the situation with Germany than would be the case if that nation was not hemmed in on all sides by powerful foes, and many believe that the ultimate effects of a break with Germany would be far less disastrous than is generally supposed. It is argued that with our banks in such a strong position, the financial situation would not be seriously affected and that with other factors so strongly in favor of business and addded to by the demand for many materials from our Government that would follow efforts to increase the strength of the army and navy, the facts in the case would more than offset any sentimental influence in case we were forced to break with Germany. The President has issued a call for aid for the suffering in Mexico and it is believed that this is preliminary to intervention in the affairs of that unhappy country. It is significant that this announcement was without effect on the stock market and the apathy of speculators to our probable intervention in Mexico indicates that, to a large extent, holders of securities have become inured to war rumors and much the same can be said of business. For the time being the critical state of our relations with Germany and the probable necessity of our intervention in Mexico are checking activity rather than causing liquidation and while much apprehension exists, it is not accompanied by any feeling of panic. The exports of the United States continue to show heavy gains while imports are held down so that we are constantly adding to the already enormous credits we have accumulated with foreign Governments. The steady flow of gold this way and the low rates for foreign exchange indicate that Europe is getting to the point where it will become a problem to meet our demands. There is always the resource in case of necessity that holders of our securities abroad will be called upon by their Governments to part with them in exchange for bonds of their own Governments, so they can be sold and the proceeds used to pay for materials bought here. As the holdings of our securities in Europe have been estimated at from three billion to six billion dollars, it is obvious that Europe has ample means of paying us, even if the war lasts another year or more.

**Wheat**—Prices are somewhat below last week's for the deferred months, with a notable decline in the current month. The latter is depressed through scattered liquidation of long holdings and selling by cash houses, there being an insufficient demand until the reaction had attained considerable proportions. At the extreme decline a better cash demand was said to have developed, which had the effect of causing prices to recover some of the loss. The steadiness in the July and September is consequent on an oversold condition and the numerous damage reports which have come from various sections of the winter wheat belt. These advices were quite unanimous in their claims of damage in the earlier part of the week, but during the last several days reports have been received speaking more favorably of the prospect. There have been moderate export sales of old wheat, while the demand for the new crop is practically in abeyance. Primary receipts are considered liberal, and are probably somewhat above last week's, while the clearances are of good proportions. Argentine shipments for the week are liberal. The foreign situation is regarded as comparatively fair viewed in the light of the conditions imposed by the war. Notwithstanding the emphasis which has been placed on the damage done by the various untoward conditions, the buying power seems easily exhausted and prices appear to be sustained by an overextended short interest. This circumstance warrants the belief that the market will develop a declining tendency with an alteration in weather conditions as we approach nearer to the crop.

**Corn** has shown particular firmness during recent days and at present is ruling above the figures of last week. Rains have been so general and heavy that complaints have come from sections of Nebraska and Iowa that planting and germination have been interfered with and retarded. This factor has caused an improvement in the demand through commission houses and driven the short interest to cover. Country offerings are said to be light and the domestic demand is nominal, while the reported seaboard inquiry is practically nil. Clearances, however, are of fair proportions and Argentine conditions, which have been more or less favorable, are again affected by wet weather. There appears to be little at hand to stimulate values, and we believe that with a cessation of the present cold, wet weather prices will seek a lower level.

**Cotton**—There was very little activity in the cotton market the past week, and the range was limited to about forty points. Outside trade was light and the market was in control of the professional element, who were scalping the market. Crop news was quite favorable, although there were some reports of too much moisture in the Eastern belt where the crop is becoming too grassy, and a return of clear warm weather is needed to give the plant proper cultivation. The Government report early in the week, showing a condition of 80, was just about as expected, although it was a little less favorable than private reports had made it. The condition is about six points better than last year and well above the ten-year average. The report did not give the acreage, but it is generally believed the acreage report in July will show a reduction of from 15 to 20 per cent as compared with last year. This is the season of crop scares and we believe that cotton is selling too low and with any damage to the growing crop prices will work higher.


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN B. DOYLE as executor of the estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

JOHN B. DOYLE,
As Executor of the Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 22nd, 1915.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,
Attorneys for said Executor,
504 Grant Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5


**The German Savings and Loan Society**

(THE GERMAN BANK)

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526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner Haight and Belvedere

DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR., Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. A. Sanderson, California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the, and his, place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR.,
Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. A. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Executor,
California-Pacific Building,
San Francisco, California. 6-12-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 16550; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as a portion of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract lying, situate and being in Contra Costa County, State of California, which said Subdivision "A" is shown on a map of said Tract made by Elam C. Brown and was filed in the office of the County Recorder of said Contra Costa County on the 6th day of February, 1905; and which said portion of Subdivision "A" of said Tract is more definitely described as follows, to-wit: All of Subdivision "A" to the center of the levee thereof, lying East and Easterly of a straight line extended Northerly and Southerly across said Subdivision "A" at the narrowest place in said Subdivision "A" between Piper Slough and False River; said leased tract estimated to contain 181 acres;

And now it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street between 8th and 9th Streets, on the 28th day of June, 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have, or any one of them may have why the realty hereinbefore described should not be leased to S. Belluomini and A. Belluomini for and during the crop year 1915 at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-third of all barley raised, harvested, thrashed, sacked and put upon the levee at a convenient shipping point; one-third of all beans sacked, crated or boxed to be placed upon the levee at a convenient shipping place; and one-fourth of all potatoes and onions sacked and delivered on the levee at a convenient shipping place, and there to be divided before any shipments are made.

For further particulars as to the terms of said lease reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is hereby ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for two successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, June 8th, 1915.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for Estate,
1055 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-3

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

AGNES NOLAN,
Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 5th, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

PHILIPPINE REYMOND,
Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 29th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

EDGAR A. MIZNER,
Administrator of the estate of ELLA WATSON MIZNER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 15, 1915.

KEOGH & OLDS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524 Foxcroft Building,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-15

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18887; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER, as Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of real property of said estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said JOHN W. SLATER, Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased ELIZABETH LOONEY as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 21st, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Estate,
Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

LOUISE FILIATRAULT,
Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

### CERTIFICATE OF USE OF FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2202.

(Cancelled, 10 cent Revenue Stamp.)

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under a fictitious name, to-wit, under the name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX."

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, San Francisco, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1915.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

Witness:
A. COMTE, JR.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 20th day of May in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, FLORA HALL, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed May 21, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXV. No. 1191 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 19, 1915 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

### Bryan and the President

We are told there is much sympathy for the President on account of the Bryan incident. Our sympathy is for the Republic on account of the maltreatment it is receiving at the hands of a contemptible clique of pharisaical mediocrities. The President is doing his best according to his lights, and we sympathize with him in his efforts to maintain the dignity of his country and preserve the people from harm, but we cannot forget that it was Woodrow Wilson who appointed William J. Bryan to a high office calling for special fitness that has been occupied, among others, by Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, William H. Seward, James G. Blaine and Elihu Root. We cannot forget that Mr. Bryan was appointed to that office not because he measured up to the moral or intellectual standards of the men who made its traditions, but because of his merely partisan and personal relations with the Administration. And if we are reluctant to forget it is because of the use to which Mr. Bryan has seen fit to put the prestige that was bestowed upon him by the President and of the obvious reluctance of the President on parting from his Secretary to treat him with the contempt he deserved.

### Bryan the Mischief Maker

While it was Mr. Bryan's privilege to resign from the Cabinet it was not his privilege, nay, it was tantamount to disloyalty to his country, to make it appear in Germany that there was a split in the Cabinet because the President would not stick to an American principle embodied in a number of our treaties with foreign countries. This is precisely what was implied in Mr. Bryan's statement of the case. Mr. Bryan virtually advised the people of Germany that the President was disposed to be truculent, or, at least, not inclined to be so sweetly reasonable as his Secretary of State. But fortunately the President's conciliatory letter made it clear in Berlin that Mr. Bryan was only playing politics. However the Peerless One has given some people in Germany the impression that they have lost a friend in the Cabinet, an American statesman whose disinterested views are in harmony with their own. But what chiefly concerns Bryan is not the impression he makes in Germany but rather the impression he makes on pro-German sentiment in this country. And it does not matter to him that at a time when inflamed Germans in Germany were questioning the good faith of the President color was given to mean suspicion by the conduct of a Cabinet officer. A professed apostle of peace, Mr. Bryan has been playing the part of a very dangerous mischief maker, for the principles which in his colossal egotism he is upholding as the only ones that are safe and sane, have been disavowed by the President, and it is the President's principles that must be recognized before an understanding can be reached.

### His Motives and Conscience

Mr. Bryan asks us to consider his motives and to have faith in his conscience. Mr. Bryan's motives have never been shrouded in mystery, his conscience we have always recognized as his most obedient servant, always serene as himself. We could see a Bryan motive as long ago as the Spanish war, when the great Pacifist sheathed his tongue for a brief space and took up the sword. In the one war in American history of which we are not to be reminded without a blush Mr. Bryan was a volunteer. He did no fighting, but he made a record for future reference. When as Secretary of State Mr. Bryan took to Chautauqua once more we perceived his motive though at first it was imperceptible to himself. In a foreign newspaper appeared a signed statement by Mr. Bryan containing these words: "I speak on educational subjects only. It is for this object that I give the lectures, not for a lucrative end." Some weeks later Mr. Bryan explained his appearance on Chautauqua in the Commoner. He said nothing about the non-lucrative end. He said he lectured to enable himself to supplement an inadequate official income. So Mr. Bryan is not always a credible witness of his motives. Mr. Bryan is today telling us that he objected to signing the note to Germany because it was inconsistent with his peace policy and might lead to war. Yet we know that it is the most temperate of all the notes that have been sent to Germany. He says that by our peace treaties we agree there shall be no declaration of war until the matters in dispute have been investigated by an international commission. But Mr. Bryan insists that we should go further than our peace treaties. He insists that pending investigation we should abandon rights already guaranteed. And as a matter of fact there is not a thing in the President's note to justify the fear that it would precipitate a declaration of war. So all things considered we are not inclined to give the volunteer Colonel of the Spanish war a clean bill of health either as to conscience or motives. Once upon a time we thought it a reflection on Mr. Bryan's intelligence to suppose that he takes himself as seriously as some of his admirers do, but we have concluded that we were mistaken. Mr. Bryan has hypnotized himself as well as the groundlings, and doubtless, such is the good nature of the American people that he will long continue to capitalize the commonplace and derive an unfailing income from it.

### When Passion Is On Reason's Throne

These days one must make a lot of allowance for the criticisms of Uncle Sam that come from Europe. It is well to remember that the largest part of our judgments is prompted by passion. All of us approve more or less what passion suggests, and believe it reasonable. And when controlled by passion we have no patience with those who do not agree with us. So we should not allow ourselves to be irritated by Germans who censure us for not putting an embargo on munitions and accuse us of being more desirous of profits than peace. This is the honest opinion of many people in Germany. But their opinion of us is no worse than opinions uttered in England. While Germans think we are far from neutral Englishmen think we are behaving very badly. Here for instance is Mr. Archibald Hurd who finds all kinds of fault with us in the Fortnightly Review. According to Mr. Hurd we should have joined with England as a "defender of right against might" and as "the champion of civilization." And he accuses us of treachery for showing a disposition to promote the efficiency of our naval armament at the very time when events are depleting the navies of the belligerent Powers across the Atlantic. Here are two of this solemn Britisher's accusations against the United States: "She has been, except when her material interests have been concerned, a mere spectator of events; new precedents sanctioning outrage and murder on land and sea have been created, and the United States has uttered no effective protest." Our material interests! Our zeal for our material interests is the blot on our escutcheon. Are the peoples of Europe above all sordid considerations? Are they fighting for ideals? Now the fact appears

from the records that in the first six months of the war we sent more millions to Europe to assuage human suffering than were received from Europe for the munitions of war. Also, the fact appears that there are manufacturers of munitions in this country who, though they are privileged to sell in the European market, have refused to do so; and such is the capacity of their plants that if we were drawn into the war they would be able to supply all the needs of this country without any assistance from the plants now exporting to Europe. These are matters that we think it worth while calling to the attention alike of foreign critics and Americans with sympathies abroad who blush for their adopted country.

### A Fizzle

The Chicago street car strike reminds us of a street car strike that was vociferously heralded in San Francisco not long ago. That strike never came off. Nevertheless we like to think of it. We think it well to remind the dear people of it. The dear people have a lazy memory and they are too seldom mindful of the past. The strike that did not come off deeply concerned the Mayor of our city. It quickened the philanthropic impulses of that grand young statesman, the Hon. Andrew Gallagher. In expectation of the strike, which they assured us was imminent, they solemnly gave it official recognition. Conferences were held, ostensibly to avert the catastrophe, and Tartuffe Crothers, thinking that he perceived a chance to revive waning circulation, emitted a hullabaloo in the hope of starting the kind of trouble that he has always found profitable. If these three patriots could have induced the president of the United Railroads to sit down with a few agitators and permit himself to be baited doubtless verisimilitude might have been given to their malign theatricalities. And as to this they were not at all remiss. The stage was all set for the prologue of the familiar drama, but the essential protagonist disappointed expectations. The president of the United Railroads was too wary to be trapped. Not since then has anything been heard of the strike. What has become of the powerful body of men that was organized to compel the United Railroads to grant the carmen shorter hours and more pay? Where are all the dissatisfied ones by whom it was made clear to Mayor Rolph, Supervisor Gallagher and the ineffable patriot and philanthropist of the Bulletin that a strike would be pulled off if certain concessions were not made? Was it a mythical organization that was getting ready to tie up the town and start a little bloody work? Of these things we are not informed. We know only that there was at least a spark and that somebody tried very hard to fan it into a flame. What a tiny spark it was!

### The Negative Man

There is a type of man, meek, sleek and impersonal who has an humble reverence for the mode of the day. He has likes but no dislikes, takes little count of qualities save in relation to his own interests. He is never known to disparage anyone. He is very careful to preserve every man's good opinion. He can be on the best of terms with two deadly enemies, never concerning himself in the quarrel of either. The vocabulary of this type of man is innocent of invectives; and the obnoxious ejaculations bah! and pshaw! are known to him only by disrepute. He is affected by attitudes toward himself, but he never resents any. Though he has no interest in the hidden effects and subtle causes of life, though free from enthusiasms, and never given to strong convictions, he has much admiration for all things that are characteristic of Respectability. And when he hears a man talking in vague generalities of the beauty of high ideals and the sweetness of altruism he nods his head in approval. Men of this type are sometimes successful in business and in politics. But as a rule inconspicuousness is bestowed on them by a sort of tacit plebiscite on the part of their fellow-citizens.

### About Strong Wills

Of an eminent personage one of our profoundly thoughtless editors informs us that we must admire him "on account of his strong will." For some men a strong will has a curious fascination; for us none at all. Indeed we know a lot of men whom we might be tolerant of were it not for their strong will. And there are others whom we pity because, to use a once familiar term, they are "headstrong," among them being the eminent personage who is said to be deserving of our admiration. We much prefer to admire Lady Macbeth or Jezebel, strong willed ladies both. Persistent resolve is often to be commended, but not always. A man unflinchingly working out what he conceives to be his destiny may succeed in making out a fine historical figure of himself. It all depends on whether he is impelled by good sense or an hallucination. Evidence of a strong will is not conclusive of powerful mental faculties. It is often found where ignorance is bliss. Men intent on revenge and not to be turned aside are usually men of strong will, but revenge is not a passion to boast of. The abject pleasure of an abject mind is what Juvenal called it, and if we observe closely we shall see that it is commonly the sin of the uneducated. And there is the very sound objection to it that it often has the effect of a boomerang. The strong will is a characteristic of busybodies who spend their time tampering with our liberty of action, which is perhaps the principal reason why it does not always command admiration. It is not pleasant to have our affairs arranged for us by minds of a small calibre. Behind the propensity to reform society is usually an unsympathetic, narrow, often well-meaning, mind under the spur of a strong will working in some dry domestic or commercial sphere. Of course there are strong minds worthy of admiration—the strong mind, for example, of the man who knows what he wants and goes the straight way to get it. It is not to be gainsaid that singleness of aim if unvisited by scruples is better than the deliberate subservience characteristic of men forever engaged in balancing and weighing while certainty and choice are constantly eluding them. It is the vacillating man who is easily lost in admiration of strong wills.

# Perspective Impressions

If you would find Bryan, look under the cocked hat.

Saint Anthony Comstock the Suppressor has been suppressed at last. Let's give him a garland of fig leaves.

The cross of gold signalized Bryan's emergence from obscurity. The double cross marks his return.

That Rudolph Spreckels is a glutton for punishment is evident from the fact that he still writes letters to Mayor Rolph.

Colonel House is back. Back House to Texas where you belong!

The rumor that Josephus Daniels thought of quitting was too good to be true.

One Berlin newspaper supposes that Bryan resigned to cultivate the pro-German vote in America. Not a bad guess considering the distance.

Have you counted the men who have told you they are determined to start in some day to do the Fair systematically?

On Flag Day President Wilson urged us to uphold ideals. Why not let Bryan do it?

In the civic street parade we missed the chart showing the gradual rise in taxation.

But we saw all the carmen in uniform who are paid, we understand, merely for reporting on, and we forgot to thank God for municipal ownership.

If we were sure that Bryan really did receive the double-cross we'd change our mind about the President and feel there was less cause than we had supposed to worry about the country.

# Varied Types

## CCXXXIV—DR. THEODORE D. ADLERMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

The eclectics are in town. They swarmed in at the beginning of the week from Brooklyn, New York; from Des Moines, Iowa; from Forest, Ohio; from Guthrie, Oklahoma; and from a lot of other places where eclecticism flourishes. You know the eclectics. They are the medicos who advertise, and scold the other medicos for not doing it. They are very serious fellows, as you may learn by looking them over at the Civic Auditorium where they are in eclectic convention assembled. But don't get them mixed up, as I did, with the bartenders who are also convening in the Civic Auditorium. It makes a bartender kind of peevish to be taken for an eclectic.

What is an eclectic? I looked it up in the dictionary, and this is what I found:

A school of medicine in the United States, the followers of which principally employ indigenous vegetable remedies and aim to conserve the vital energy of the patient. They generally discard venesection and poisonous mineral remedies, and many of them in later years have embraced the German dogma of specific medication.

When I read that it pretty nearly destroyed my confidence in the Standard Dictionary. What's the use of a definition if it doesn't make things clear? Hoping to get light where the dictionary only shed darkness, I rang up my doctor, and asked him what an eclectic was.

"He's generally a faker," was the reply.

This seemed harsh, but it was no harsher than the reply of a bartender in the Civic Auditorium. When I mistook the convention of bartenders for the convention of eclectics, and had been reprimanded for the mistake, I asked a bartender what an eclectic was.

"From what I've seen of him, he's a nut," said the mixologist.

Mayor Rolph cannot share the opinion either of my doctor or of the bartender, for when the eclectics descended upon us Mayor Rolph was Jimmy-on-the-spot to welcome them. I do not know whether Mayor Rolph is in favor of indigenous vegetable remedies and the conservation of the vital energy of patients; I have never heard him say how he stands on venesection and poisonous minerals; and I'm inclined to think that if I asked him to state his views about the German dogma of specific medication, he would decline on the ground that ours is a neutral nation. But just the same Mayor Rolph gave the eclectics the official welcome-to-our-city.

The first thing that happened after that was the reading of a paper by Theodore Davis Adlerman, A. B., M. D. Dr. Adlerman must be the most important employer of indigenous vegetable remedies, the most prominent conserver of vital energy and the most eminent discarder of venesection and poisonous mineral remedies in the United States; not to mention that he must also be the most distinguished embracer of the German dogma of specific medication. Always supposing, of course, that you follow the dictionary in this matter of eclecticism and not my doctor or the bartender. For Dr. Adlerman who hails from the other end of Brooklyn Bridge, is the president of the eclectics. In his paper Dr. Adlerman took a smash at the Rockefeller and Carnegie medical foundations.

"I view these institutions with more than suspicion and distrust," said Dr. Adlerman, "and with a great deal of worry. We must concentrate all our efforts toward nullifying those bodies and in compelling the United States government to take them over for the usefulness they can be turned into for the whole people."

Without pausing to explain what useful purpose these foundations might serve after being nullified through the concentrated efforts of all the eclectics, Dr. Adlerman proceeded to say:

"We should not allow such autocracies to exist, as they constitute an ever growing, ever increasing menace to our liberty and to our system of medicine. Let us not forget that it is only a short step from such autocratic control of vast fortunes and big institutions to a tyrannical control of the government itself."

This excited my curiosity when I read it in the newspapers, so I went to the president of the eclectics and asked for details. After I had found that the bartenders were not eclectics and had heard what one bartender thought an eclectic meant, namely a nut, I found Dr. Adlerman in a room where the eclectics were eating ice cream and examining Wassermann test tubes. The president of the eclectics speaks with a German accent, although he obtained his A. B. from a college in Nebraska.

"These foundations," he told me, "are concentrating medical teaching in a few hands. They are driving the smaller, independent colleges of medicine out of business by bringing pressure to bear on the medical boards in the different States."

I asked him how they were doing this.

"There are lots of ways to skin a cat," replied the president of the eclectics, and I almost thought for a moment that he must be a taxidermist instead of an eclectic.

"Suppose," he elucidated, "that the Rockefeller Foundation should say to the University of California, 'We'll give you a donation of a million dollars if you raise your entrance requirements to our standard.' That's one way of doing it. They are making it impossible for a poor young man to study medicine. Pretty soon we'll have the same condition as England has, where only the sons of the rich can become doctors and the poor have to go without medical attention. You don't have to know about the fourth dimension and how to talk French or German in order to be a doctor. Anybody with a common school education can learn medicine.

"When these foundations get control of the schools, what will they do? Why, they'll teach the young about the beauty and goodness of trusts. That's what they're aiming at. They want to raise our children in the belief that trusts and monopolies are good things."

It didn't sound very convincing. In fact it was almost as bewildering as the dictionary definition of eclecticism. But in the midst of my bewilderment a thought came to me.

"Did they ever succeed in putting any of your colleges out of existence?"

"Yes, several of them—for the time being, until we could raise money to meet the requirements of the State medical boards on which these foundations exerted pressure."

That seemed to explain a good deal.

"I'm going to read another paper tomorrow," volunteered Dr. Adlerman.

"What about?" I asked.

"To prove that the races are going insane."

"All the races?" I asked in astonishment.

"This paper will deal with the Semitic races," Dr. Adlerman explained. "Last year I read a paper proving conclusively that the American race is going insane. I showed that insanity is growing faster than population in America. This year I'll prove the same of the Semitic races."

"What's driving us insane?" I asked in considerable trepidation.

"Liquor, women, too much mad rush. Nine men out of every ten are neurasthenics, and neurasthenia is the first step to insanity. The Latin races, the Semitic races and the Germans have a tendency to insanity. The Anglo-Saxons haven't, but it's coming just the same. Come and hear my paper."

I thanked the president of the eclectics. Decidedly I'd rather hear him on insanity than on the medical foundations that are making it so hard for poor boys to pass from the common schools to medical college. The topic has possibilities. His syllabus of the paper gave me food for thought. I decided to cut out the mad rush. . . . . .

I've been thinking a good deal about those definitions of eclecticism. I have the greatest faith in my doctor, and as for that bartender—well, most of the bartenders I know are highly intelligent men.

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# The Oasis of Peace

By Henry W. Nevinson

We had crossed the wide plains and long ridges of France and passed along the open "gap of Belfort," where among the round and fir-covered hills of the Vosges upon our left, the boom and thud of distant guns could be heard. And so we came to the frontier of a neutral land, and after nearly ten months of war in various countries felt for the first time what peace was like.

The Jura in spring seems the natural home of peace. An old poet once said that the mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness. Till little more than a century ago, this was something of a paradox; for gloom and terror dwelt among the mountains, and the brigands and robber chiefs of the hills followed no code of righteousness. Perhaps the poet was trying to imagine a peace so universal as to extend even among the mountains and hills; or perhaps, in some valley of Hebron, he had conceived a picture of what the entrance to the Jura looks like now. For Alpine pastures are already deep in grass and innumerable flowers. From every side there comes the sound of running water, often hidden in grass, but sometimes pouring with grey, glacial torrent under the bridges by which the white roads cross. On the sides of the valleys, the larch and beech stand in their most vivid green; the walnuts along the road are still brown with uncurling leaves. The mountain houses shine white in the sun; the orchards around them are white with blossom; the cow-bells tinkle again, and the smell of mountains is over all.

In the midst of the war, one enters such a scene of peace with a sense of exhilaration. It is like a return to youth from a parliamentary atmosphere and many suppressed hopes and memories and delights begin to sprout again. And yet even there, in the midst of youth and peace, some ominous sign suddenly may appear, chilling as the ghost of age. The land is at peace, but a restless and apprehensive spirit pervades it. It was the evening of Ascension Day when we entered, and to celebrate that triumph of spirit over dull routine, the villages were holding little festivals. But nearly all the men at the feasts were dressed in dark blue, and wore ugly grey hats, surmounted by little round balls of various colors. For the army was mobilized, and there were the merry Swiss peasants prepared for war.

War might come from any side. The country lies like an oasis of peace, with a howling wilderness all round it. To her extreme limits, surrounded by war, Switzerland stands waiting in apprehension.

Here in the north other dangers are obvious. From the coast between Dunkirk and Ostend the lines of conflict wind in unbroken length down to the very point where Switzerland begins. The conflict continues with deadly loss and upon almost unmoving lines because there is no way round—no open flank at which one side or other could strike. From the sea to the Jura no flank is exposed. But how if one side or other struck through the open salient of Bale? There the beautiful city stands, just at the angle where the Rhine sweeps northward with powerful current, unfordable, difficult to bridge. On the right, or further, bank, the strip of territory for some three miles along the river and two miles deep is Bale in name. But in the very centre of that strip stands the great German station to which several main lines could bring a German army; from wooded hills (the beginning of the Black Forest) only two or three miles beyond, the German forts command the bridges over the river, and in two days could batter the city into ruins like Ypres.

On that side no defense of the place could be attempted, and it is from that side the danger would most likely come. For one thing, there is always the off-chance of acquiescence, and even of treachery. The nationality is Swiss, but the race mainly German. The language is German, abbreviated, simplified, and spoken through the nose. Nearly everyone can speak good, heavy German as well. For generations, intermarriage with neighboring Germans has been at work, and the result of intermarriage is sometimes kindly. Business is almost as powerful as marriage, and nearly all the business is with Germany. Under German influence, a young generation is growing up, inclined to make rather light of nationality compared with a comfortable competency. What are the myths of Tell and Stauffacher to them when German civilization offers big public buildings, well-furnished homes, excellent concert halls, and cafes crammed with marble-topped tables? Certainly, there is the French part of the country to be considered. All the cantons are pledged to fight the first invader who violates any corner of the land. If Bale or any other city or canton yielded without resistance, there might be civil war. The whole country might be split between German and French, as most of Western Europe itself is. But even so, the Germanizing party could count on Bale, Zurich and Constance for wealth, men and supplies. On the French side there would be little but Geneva to set in the balance.

So, if one of the two great conflicting nations seeks to get a new grip by forcing a flank through Bale, it will probably be Germany. France, indeed, is almost precluded from such an attempt by the very origin and terms of our active alliance, whereas the German Staff, having gained an immense military advantage by striking at the French left flank through Belgium, might, with even less scruple, attempt the right flank through Bale. Such were my obvious reflections as I crossed one of the great bridges over the Rhine last week in a tram bound for the German frontier. From many high buildings, and at various points along the river banks, large Swiss flags were flying, not so much in national pride as to warn airmen against breaches of neutrality. For airmen are always tempted to go the way the crow flies, and from certain points in France, a crow making for the Zeppelin station at Friedrichshafen on the further side of Lake Constance would unwittingly violate the neutrality of the air, not distinguishing any important difference between the Swiss flutter of colored rag and the German. But the airman who ought to know better and yet followed the crow, would expose himself to a tremendous fire from every Swiss who has a firearm to discharge. I think no airman has yet been hit, but the Swiss thoroughly enjoy shooting for its own sake.

Leaving the Rhine, we passed east through the town or suburb across the river (where that vast, new German station now stands deserted) and so emerged into the brilliant meadows and hillsides of spring again. Through the large Swiss village of Riehen we passed, and were proceeding quietly along a country road whose signposts pointed to the next village of Lörrach, when suddenly the tram stopped as dead as in a strike, and we all had to get out. I saw that someone had constructed a flimsy barrier of iron garden-railings and pine-branches right across the road, blocking the tram-lines completely. That seemed a silly sort of thing to do. It was the frontier.

Less than fifty yards further up the road, I saw another silly sort of thing—another barricade of railings and branches. It was rather more strongly built. In fact, the makers of it had cut down a largish tree, dragged it across the road, and left it there, just where it would be most in the way! On the left hand of the road, between the barricades, stood a white villa in a garden, and the owners of that desirable residence must have had a trying time in whichever direction they took their walks. At each barricade they would have to show passports, and papers, and photographs, and, I suppose, thumbprints, to prove they were themselves and not somebody else. All these performances, at all events, the wretched villagers of Lörrach had to go through when they left the tram and plodded on for the mile or two to their homes, to which the tram used to carry them without extra charge. And every woman who comes in from Lörrach to sell an egg in Bale has to do the same, only hoping that the egg will remain "new-laid" through all the fuss and waste of time needed to show she is Frau Gutmann, whom every human soul on the road has known these ten years past.

Leaning on the iron railings of the Swiss barricade, I looked up the road across that narrow zone of half-and-half safety. There stood our enemies, sure enough—so close that if they had sung "De Mai ist gekommen," or "In einem tifen Grunde," I could have joined in the song without lagging much behind. Some fifteen or twenty men in old-fashioned Prussian-blue uniforms they were—"Landsturm" men dressed in the old German uniforms, much as though our National Reservists wore scarlet in guarding our tunnels, just to save the khaki. But with them were two officers in grey—the terrible grey of the modern German army. With straight knees and square shoulders, the officers strolled about in their usual fashion, while the men leant against the barricade like myself, talking and smoking. Four of them changed guard, their "manual exercise" swift and simultaneous as a little row of piston-rods. I watched the enemy for some time, and they watched me in return, displaying no sign of friendliness or regard. The Swiss peasant soldiers around me were amused at my interest, and from the windows of the "douane" some of them leant out, laughing heartily at the situation. But I didn't laugh. It was all far too ludicrously horrible.

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# Horses For the Allies

By T. H. Browne

In view of the enormous number of the troops in the field and the still greater number by which the allied armies of France, Russia and England will be reinforced before the end of the Great War is in sight, the question of the supply and maintenance of a sufficient number of horses becomes one of more than academic interest.

The question, it may at once be said, is one with which England is the most nearly concerned. Russia is by far the greatest horse-breeding country in the world, and will probably be well able to find all the horses she requires. Many of these horses may be unorthodox in make and shape, and undersized; none the less they do their work, are hardy of constitution and very enduring. They exist, moreover, in such numbers that wastage can readily be made good. Russia has, indeed, paid great attention to the development of horse-breeding for many years. Always in touch with Eastern breeders, she availed herself of Barb and Arab blood, to which, no doubt, is due the hardiness and activity of what are now known as Russian native horses. In 1722 Peter the Great issued a proclamation instituting horseracing as a means of selecting the best and fittest horses for stud purposes. From that day until now persistent efforts have been made; the best blood has been imported regardless of expense, and the development of the horse-breeding industry in Russian finds its expression in statistics which tell us that in the last census there were over 34,000,000 horses in the Russian Empire. For a good many years Germany has been a buyer of Russian-bred horses for military purposes, and is now short of cavalry remounts in consequence of an embargo having been laid upon the exportation of horses from Russia to Germany. Of the Allied nations Russia is well able to find all the horses she may require in the course of the present war. The more so that the Russian is admirable both as a horseman and a horse master. It might be added—the latest returns are not available—that at least 150,000 mares are annually covered by stallions owned and placed at the disposal of all classes of breeders by the Russian Government.

In France splendid results have been achieved by years of lavish and judicious expenditure in the purchase of the very best British thoroughbred strains of blood. The French thoroughbred of today is indeed very nearly, if not quite, equal to the best of British stock, and—thanks to the admirable methods adopted for the improvement of the general supply of horses in England—the French remounts are superior to the English in quality and were almost sufficient in numbers to meet the requirements of the French army. In the breeding of these remounts it may be noted that there has been recourse, free recourse, to Barb and Arab blood as well as to that which we call "thoroughbred." It would, however, appear that the French military authorities foresee that they may not have a sufficient number of remount horses to carry them through the war, for they have quite recently been trying to purchase horses in Canada. We may therefore assume that France will be in need of horses.

Still greater will be the necessities of England—so great indeed that it is difficult to see how they can be met. Taking the English army as it was before the war broke out, we might with some reserve accept the statement that a sufficient number of horses could, at a pinch, be found, but between that and supplying horses for an army of a million or three million in number, there is a very wide difference. Assuming then, that Russia can take care of herself as far as a due supply of horses is concerned, the needs of France—on a comparatively small scale—and of England on a vast scale, remain to be satisfied. As a source from which horses can be obtained, Austro-Hungary, from whence a large number of horses were secured for the South African campaign, is not now available. Canada, America and the Argentine Republic remain as England's principal sources of supply. Canada will probably require a considerable number of horses for the use of the troops she has sent and is sending to the assistance of the Allies, but it may fairly be assumed that she has still horses to spare. At least 25,000 have already reached England, and it is within the knowledge of the writer that a private offer to supply another 25,000 at the average price of thirty sovereigns—the price quoted being for delivery, subject to veterinary examination in Canada—was submitted to the home authorities, but declined on the ground that they had a responsible agent in Canada, through whose intermediary the purchases must be effected.

In America the supply of horses is not as great as it was before repressive legislation against betting broke up the majority of the great breeding and racing establishments. Still, horses are to be bought in the United States; 30,000 were offered at about the same price as that quoted for Canadian horses, but the offer met with the same reception—declined with thanks—as that accorded to the offer from Canada. In the South African campaign a lot of horses were scraped together in the Argentine Republic: some of them were good and useful remounts, but the majority were a sorry lot—a fact rather due no doubt as much to hasty and injudicious buying as to real inferiority on the part of Argentine-bred stock. Be this as it may, a proposal to supply 1,000 horse per week, for as long as might be desired, delivered in England at an all-round rate of £50—subject to veterinary examination before embarkation—has been declined. For artillery and transport purposes mules have been found useful in time of war. A few weeks ago 5,000 mules, big, powerful animals in hard condition, were, I am informed, offered from Brazil—but declined. The War Office, in fact, will not entertain any offers emanating from private sources, preferring to trust entirely to the buyers by whom it is officially represented in various parts of the world. As indicating confidence in their own agents or officers, the refusal to entertain "outside" offers represents a sound principle, but that it is equally sound from a business point of view is exceedingly doubtful. A case in point occurred when, owing to a lamentable deficiency in the supply of horses for the army, animals of all sorts and descriptions were being bought for the use of the troops in South Africa. A lot of mules were offered—at so much a head—directly to the War Office. The offer was declined, but a few weeks later on—less than a month—the same animals were bought by the Government buyer on the spot at an increase of price per head which represented an aggregate loss of close on £27,000. The Austro-Hungarian market is, as I have already pointed out, closed, but in the South African campaign large purchases were there effected on behalf of the Government, so large that the Hungarian remount department was instructed to report on the advisability of allowing the exportation of horses to continue. They saw no reason to interfere, and endorsed their report with the remark, "We shall not have any more bad horses in Hungary; the British Government has bought them all," and that at a price exceeding the market value of the best.

There is, I would add, reason to believe that far more care is now exercised in the purchase of remount horses, but it is not long since there were standing in York about 200 horses bought and paid for by remount buyers, but returned as useless from the various depots to which they had been sent. Taking them at the very conservative estimate of £30 each, here was a loss of £6,000. And this was not an isolated instance. Remounts can be bred—none better—in Great Britain, and in sufficient numbers if due encouragement is given to breeders. The subject is now receiving the attention of the Board of Agriculture, but it is open to doubt whether the steps they are taking will be of much practical use: they will certainly be inadequate.

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# Forty-Two Days in a Submarine

**A Trip from Wilhelmshaven to the Dardanelles Where Two Warships Were Torpedoed**

When the two battleships, the Triumph and the Majestic, were sunk near the Dardanelles by a submarine the despatches reported that the deadly submersible traveled all the way from Wilhelmshaven. The story was incredible, but it has been verified. It was the German submarine No. 51 that performed the wonderful feat. It was in command of Captain Otto Herzing, who reached Constantinople where he told his story of the hardships of forty-two days in the little vessel, a story that is now among the great romances of the sea. Captain Herzing began Germany's torpedo campaign by striking the Pathfinder and since his latest double exploit has received the order of Pour le Merite. This is his story:

"We left Wilhelmshaven, thirty-three of us, April 25. When I was told that I was going to Constantinople I said, 'Good! That is worth while.' I let only the first officer and the chief engineer into the secret to explain the increased supplies taken aboard.

We slipped quietly out of Wilhelmshaven like so many other submarines going into the war-zone. We kept to the surface most of the time, watching for big enemy ships, but failed to see any for a long time to our great disappointment.

Off the coast of England we were finally fired upon by a destroyer and had to dive for safety, but along the French coast we encountered no enemy. When 100 miles from Gibraltar we were fired upon by another British destroyer. We waited outside Gibraltar and passed through the strait early in the morning in plain view, but without attracting the least attention. Those were tense but gratifying hours.

Once within the Mediterranean the watch, already exacting, was redoubled. Here again we encountered enemy ships near a small island, but dived to safety under fire. While passing Malta we were fired upon by a French destroyer, but were untouched. We then proceeded south of Greece into the Aegean Sea and to the Dardanelles. We arrived there on the night preceding May 25, having come from Wilhelmshaven in exactly one month.

In the early morning light we saw the Triumph and Majestic lying off the coast, constantly encircled by destroyers. Through the periscope I saw a destroyer coming directly for us. We dived and the destroyer passed immediately over us with a sound like that of a motor car.

We came up immediately. I took aim through the periscope, pressed the button, automatically firing the torpedo, and the projectile slipped noiselessly into the water. We dived again. The explosion which followed was as terrific as though it had been in the forepart of the submarine itself.

Then we lay hidden two days and a half, after which we came up again in the midst of the British ships. Just before noon looking through the periscope I saw the Majestic, surrounded by ten ships steaming around her in a constant circle for her protection. I could see the Majestic sailors on the deck taking their noonday nap. 'Shall I disturb them?' I thought. Then seeing a welcome space between the encircling ships I pressed the electric button and the torpedo was going. It caught the Majestic a little to the rear of amidships. We dived again in silence.

We remained submerged for several hours and then came to the surface to find that the British had disappeared, and all search for them was in vain. We came to Constantinople, arriving yesterday, having spent nearly forty-two days in the submarine without rest or let up."

"A great deal of tommyrot has been written about our having bases on the Irish coast and in the Mediterranean," said Engineer John Heine, "also about the new fuel burned in our engines. We made the trip with the usual fuel, all of which we brought with us."

Most of the crew on the No. 51 had not come on deck during the entire voyage, and had forgotten how to climb the ladder or really how to walk. They staggered up at Constantinople with clothes damp, shoes whited and themselves blinking in the sunlight and tottering like babies.

Once in the Mediterranean Captain Herzing stayed fifty-two hours at the periscope.

"Training has everything to do with it," said Lieutenant Dietrich Niebuhr, son of the famous historian, who was one of the officers. "One soon learns to stay twenty-four standing in the same place, though one does get sleepy at the end of it."

Though the air is oxygenized there is no device to keep it dry. Clothes even of silk are soon shimmering, and shoes are whited by the moisture, while drops of water constantly fall from the low vaulted roof.

"But on such a journey good humor saves the situation," said Captain Herzing. "We all know we are facing death, but we have to die some time, be it tomorrow or ten years from now. We make up our minds to it, and so every one is jolly. Another essential is unquestioning discipline, without which the submarine would be lost. Built like a watch, it is impossible to do anything without complete confidence, for if one fails every one is gone. The crew must have confidence in the commander and he in his crew."


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# Poems About San Francisco

## CCI—FROM THE HILLTOP

("Christian Binckley wrote the only sonnets I ever liked," said Joaquin Miller in an interview about two years before his death. The poet who received that high praise wrote "Sonnets from a House of Days," a book of poems of high merit published by A. M. Robertson and now out of print. The following is taken from that volume.)

**By Christian Binckley**

Below the city lies in light,
  Steeped in the sunset through and through,—
A dream in gold and marble-white
  Encircled with a bay of blue.

Upward ascend the vapors curled,—
  I hear the lessening toil of men;
I have my vision of the world,
  And go upon my way again.

For be it truth or spell of sun,
  The world-noise, strident, bit by bit,
Is blent and molded into one,
  And spheral music mellows it.

# The Spectator

**Whence the Money?**

That William J. Bryan did not give his real reason for quitting the Cabinet is apparently generally assumed in New York. All the leading newspapers that have correspondents in Washington share the belief that at the bottom of his political self-consciousness there exists a less creditable, an immeasurably more plausible explanation than any which he sees fit to avow to his countrymen. The New York Sun goes so far as to suggest sordid considerations. "Whence the Money?" the Sun asks in a headline beneath which it says: "To carry out the elaborate campaign against the President which William J. Bryan has begun a great sum of money will be needed." And the Sun reminds us of Bryan's lust for money, notwithstanding which he has given up the salary of $12,500 in the Government employ. This salary he found inadequate to the demands made on his purse, and so he went on the Chautauqua circuit. And later we found him with the Prohibition propaganda, which, as I have pointed out, has many disciples in the Peace propaganda that is financed by Andrew Carnegie. There is a strong affinity between peace and prohibition propagandists and they all appear to be feeding at the same savory trough. Of one thing we may be certain,—that Bryan will not go broke obeying the dictates of his sleazy conscience.

**Making Merry Over Bryan**

Bryan has always been considered legitimate prey for the humorists; indeed it may be said with a fair show of probability that there have been more jokes pointed at Bryan during his public career than at Roosevelt. One of the New York newspapers varies the monotony of mere jibing by telling this story which is in circulation on the Rialto:

Charles Dillingham was surrounded by a group of newspaper men interviewing him upon his recent acquisition of the Hippodrome Theatre. In rushed a fair-haired, breathless reporter from a morning paper.

"Mr. Dillingham," he cried palpitantly, "our paper is getting the views of prominent men upon the resignation of Secretary Bryan from the Cabinet, and we wish yours."

Mr. Dillingham glanced at that which had entered.

"I know nothing about vaudeville," he responded wearily.

**"Ahboob Bill Bryan"**

Of course the comic verse-writers have been at it too. An irreverent scribe in the Chicago Tribune doggerelizes the ex-Secretary of State as follows, under the title of "Ahboob Bill Bryan:"

Ahboob Bill Bryan (may his jaw have rest!)
Awoke one midnight from a dreaming fest
And in the alcove where he kept his thinks—
Likewise his grape-juice and some other drinks—
He saw an angel in a nighty clad,
Who banged a battered Remington like mad.
Excessive speech had made Bill Bryan bold,
So in his deep Chautauqua voice he trolled:
"Why typest thou?" The Vision snarled, "Go hence!
I write the names of future presidents."
"And is mine one?" Ahboob asked. "Nope, not yet,"
Replied the writing Angel. "You should fret."
And Ahboob, though his inmost soul was vext,
Just swallowed hard and muttered, "Put me next."
The Angel wrote and beat it. The next night
He came illumined by a tungsten light,
And gave to Ahboob, with a loud tee-hee
A carbon copy of his screed, and—Gee!
Bill Bryan's name stood first of any man's
Among the list of famous Also-rans.

**The Clockwinder Talks of Dr. Aked**

"That's what he gets for neglecting his Bible and chasing after such false gods and goddesses as Edwin Markham, Gertrude Atherton and the author of White Slavery." The speaker was The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was speaking of Dr. Aked.

"Why do you think he has neglected his Bible?" I asked.

"Because," said the clockwinder, "a man who reads the Bible and studies it and takes it to heart, has too much sense to do a damphool thing like that."

"Like what?" I asked, for the clockwinder had begun his conversation somewhat abruptly.

"Congratulating a man on making an ass of himself."

"When did he do that?"

"When Bryan resigned. I think he has split his congregation."

"Nonsense," said I.

"Nonsense? Well, perhaps you know his congregation better than I do. But he has surely done enough to split a congregation. He got them all to follow his example, didn't he?—all but about ten that wouldn't stand. Don't you think they have been able to see the light? Don't you think they can see now that Dr. Aked has made a laughing stock of that fine bit of concrete work at Post and Mason? Don't you think—"

**The Bad Break**

I had risen to open the window to give the clockwinder air, for he was growing somewhat impassioned. He paused, and fixed me with his glittering eye. "Perhaps," he said, "you don't care to hear me on Dr. Aked. Is he a friend of yours?"

"He's a friend of humanity."

"Yes, I know, and he's a friend of Bryan too, but is he a friend of his congregation? I don't know. Perhaps. It's probably as I say he neglects the Bible and doesn't know any better."

"What has he done that's so wrong?" I asked,

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hating to hear the scholar from Liverpool so bitterly arraigned.

"You're almost as dull as Rowell of Fresno," said the clockwinder. "Listen. Bryan resigned, didn't he? Well. He resigned, he said, because his conscience told him not to sign a letter, as the letter might start something in Germany. Naturally Dr. Aked concluded that it was a pretty tough letter, tougher than any Bryan had ever signed."

"Naturally. That was my conclusion."

"It was everybody's conclusion, but nobody but a damphool would send a telegram congratulating Bryan until he saw the Wilson letter, would he? The Bible says, 'Day unto day uttereth speech, and night showeth knowledge.' Why didn't Aked take a tip from the Bible and wait till night? Why didn't he? Why—"

### He Becomes Perfervid

The clockwinder had paused while I was raising another window. He mopped his brow, and resumed. "As I was about to say: 'Who diggeth a pit,' as the Good Book says, 'shall fall therein.' That's what this fashionable clergyman did. And then he digged another for his congregation and they fell too. 'Wisdom,' says the Bible, 'is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding.' Dr. Aked'd rather get culture. And now look at him! And just think—this is Sir Oracle of the pulpit, this impulsive person who jumped in with his congratulations to Bryan, to the man with the wandering wits—and for what? For making himself the most contemptible creature in contemporary American politics. Read the leading newspapers and you will see what is thought of Bryan. And then reflect that our leading fashionable preacher who has been telling us how we should regulate our conduct congratulated Bryan for becoming what he is."

"Don't get so hot about it," I suggested seeing the clockwinder perspiring again.

"Yes, I will," he exclaimed, "I'll get as hot as I like. Here's this man without a country—"

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"I mean what I say. He has forsworn England, and he isn't yet a full-fledged citizen of this country, and here he is mixing in our politics in the midst of an international crisis and congratulating publicly a cheap-john hack politician for trying to embarrass our President. Why shouldn't I get hot? Indirectly he has expressed his opinion of the President. I have my right to express my opinion of him. I think he has damned bad taste. We have enough demagogues over here without importing English preachers to help breed more of them for us." By this time my friend who had completely lost his philosophic calm was thumping the table to emphasize his remarks, and I backed out of his presence.

### That Open Letter

The Mayor's genial secretary, Mr. Ed Rainey, met the clockwinder in the Ferry Building last Tuesday.

"Did you read the Mayor's open letter to Rudie Spreckels?" the secretary asked.

"Indeed I did," said the clockwinder.

"What do you think of it?"

"It's a corker."

"I'm glad to hear you say that."

"Oh, yes, I think it's fine, but say, Ed, when is he going to write an open letter to the California Tax Association?"

Mr. Rainey's smile vanished. "He, er—that is—well, I don't think he's going to write one."

"That means, then," said the clockwinder, "that he isn't going to run again."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because if he hasn't anything to say about taxes he might as well quit. But I think it's all off with him anyway."

"You do?"

"Yes, I hear nothing but 'P. H. McCarthy.' They say there's one thing about P. H.—that nobody can loaf on the job when he's around. And he's a crank on low taxation. He told me months ago that they were spending money like drunken sailors at the City Hall, and that the poor man was being taxed out of his home."

"You astonish me," said Secretary Rainey.

"So will McCarthy I think, when he gets busy. We used to know P. H. as president of the Building Trades Council, but he's more than that now. He's for San Francisco, and God knows San Francisco needs somebody with the courage to ignore factions and rival newspaper publishers—"

By this time the clockwinder was talking to himself, for Rainey had fled the scene.

### It Looked Familiar

John O'Hara Cosgrave, the Sunday editor of the New York World, has been in town for several days renewing old acquaintances and enjoying the Fair. Last Saturday he motored through Golden Gate Park with his old friend Charles Sutro.

"Does it look familiar, Jack?" asked the broker.

"Well," Cosgrave answered, "the trees have grown a good deal since I left here fifteen years ago, but yes! yes! it does look familiar. There's the Garfield statue, erected in a moment of crass enthusiasm!"

### The French Paviilon

Is it any wonder everybody says that this is the best exhibition on the Fair grounds? Here are interesting exhibits for every taste of man, woman and child, presented in that brilliant fashion which is characteristic of the French mind. Paintings, statuary, tapestries, china, books, engravings, manuscripts, historical relics and—by no means least, though last in this imperfect list—such a fashion show as women are probably dreaming of when they smile in their sleep. As for this fashion show, I shall say nothing in its praise, lacking the expert knowledge that is needed to do it justice. And there were so many other men crowding about the show cases that I saw little of it—just enough to stimulate my desire to see more. I'll say only this: the names of the couturiers, modistes and all the rest of them had, as I spelled them out, a very expensive sound. And one thought more: The fortune-favored creatures who wear all these silken and filmy nothings—what a lot of loveliness they hide from the casual eye!

### Among the Relics

But if I dwell too long on that part of the French display Mr. Commissioner Tirman and his charming associates will consider me frivolous, and there is nothing your Frenchman despises so much as frivolity when seriousness is called for. I passed a fascinated hour among the historical and literary relics. I looked with proper reverence upon the sword, the cocked hat and the other belongings of Lafayette who would have a much more brilliant place in history had he died in our Revolutionary War. But much more interesting to me was that shabby little low table and that carpet-covered arm chair which Balzac used. Here he sat for interminable hours pouring out his amazing mind on paper. This brass ink well and these quills contributed to the building of that huge monument of genius, the Comedie Humaine. Here too is one of those pages of corrected proof with which he used to drive printers to distraction and drink. I should like to come to this room at night and see if it be not haunted. Who knows? The ghosts of Rastignac, de Marsay, Bixiou and Rubempre, of Vautrin, of the two old "nut crackers," of Nucingen and his beautiful wife, of the Duchesse de Langeais and "the Thirteen," of Ursule Mirouet and of her who was "the lily of the valley"—these and other spirits may come to cluster about this broken old desk.

### Priceless Treasures

Have the autographs of the great an influence upon your imagination? They have on mine. I could spend hours inspecting these signatures of Voltaire, of Danton, of Lamartine and Chateaubriand, of Dumas pere and Hugo, of Kleber and Murat, of the countless glittering figures in the


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pageant of French history. I know nothing at the Fair fit to be compared with this part of the French display except the Lincoln room in the Illinois building and the Nobel prize winners' photographs in the building of Sweden. Interest of another kind attaches to the room of photographs where France shows us some of her wonderful old cities. Here are all the magnificent cathedrals, the chateaux and those quaint old fortified towns of which Carcassonne is one. Another room is given over to the Rodins for which we must thank a San Francisco woman. But these must not be looked at hurriedly. They must be studied quietly. A morning is the best time to see these, as a moonlit night is the best time to stand before "The Thinker" in the court.

### Goethals on Saloon Regulation

That was an interesting series of articles on the Panama Canal contributed to the Hearst papers by Major General George W. Goethals. In the concluding article, published last Sunday, the great canal builder devoted some space to the liquor problem as it was studied and solved on the isthmus. It seems that when the United States assumed control of the isthmus there were saloons in all the existing settlements. These were not disturbed. But when new settlements were established saloon licenses were not extended to them. Consequently there were some "wet" and some "dry" towns. The license fee was $1200 a year. Analysis of all liquor was made from time to time, and licenses revoked where adulteration was discovered. The saloons were segregated, kept under constant supervision by the police, and the hours for business prescribed and strictly enforced. The giving of credit by saloon keepers to patrons of the saloons was discouraged. All cases of alcoholism treated at the hospitals were noted on the personal records of canal workers. The use of chairs and tables in the bar rooms was prohibited, thus minimizing loitering and undue conviviality. In other words, Major General Goethals approximated what reasonable men regard as the ideal treatment of the saloon problem, namely, strict regulation. Some of his methods would be out of place anywhere else on American soil, but the important point is that here was an intelligent and efficient handling of the liquor problem. What did his experience in this matter teach the great engineer?

### "Wet" and "Dry" Spots Contrasted

Let Major General Goethals himself answer the question. "It is a curious fact," he writes, "but the police record showed that there were more arrests for disorderly conduct due to liquor in the towns where liquor was not sold than in the others, and this was for the reason that in the former places the men would bring the liquor out from the terminal cities by the bottle and drink until the supply was exhausted, while in the latter, being obliged to stand as they drank, there was not so much temptation to overindulgence, and the men, after they had satisfied their thirst, went to their homes or about their business."

### Advice for Ministers

Colonel Goethals goes on to give us a little insight into the activities of clergymen in respect to this question of drinking. I must quote him again: "The ministers employed by the commission, and others, protested against the granting of licenses within the Zone, and occasionally letters on the subject reached us from the United States. The work was of the earth earthy, and the men engaged on it were more of the sinning class than saints. We employed the ministers to look after the spiritual welfare of our people, and I suggested to them that if they would make the men more saintly through their teachings and labors among them the saloons would disappear without the necessity of administrative action. So long as liquor was so easily purchasable in the terminal cities, I much preferred that the saloons be kept in the Zone, where our men could remain under the observation of our own people and where unadulterated liquor could be bought."

### Song of "The Roseleaves"

Some of "The Roseleaves" who are going on a twenty-five-years-after cruise on the Frolic Sunday may not have good memories, so they may find it hard to recall the songs which they used to sing on those Sundays in the late eighties when Commodore Harrison's boat was in the heyday of its career. For their benefit I have dug up the words of a song written for "The Roseleaves" by Dan O'Connell. It concerns a young man named McCarthy who sailed a yacht against the wind of his father's prohibition, and runs thus:

Now old McCarthy drew the prize,
  And it was a glorious day
When to the bank the old man went
  To salt the coin away.
But young Dick, he was a blood, you bet,
  From his head down to his heel,
And every day he'd stale away
  To take the schooner's wheel.
Miss Daisy Green is very ill,
  Miss Aggie Riordan's worse,
Tim Fagan lays aside his pipe
  Anne Finnerty to nurse;
And though they are as limp as rags,
  They are too game to squeal,
And say, 'The Lord is with us while
  McCarthy's at the wheel.'

### How a Vote Was Lost

I met a lady from Los Angeles the other day, and as we both take an interest in politics the talk turned on the election of Chief of Police Sebastian to the mayoralty.

"I intended to vote for Sebastian," she told me. "Not that I think very well of him, but as compared to Whiffen, his opponent, I regarded him as the lesser of two evils. But at the last moment, when I was about to stamp his name, I changed my mind."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because at the end of the Sebastian trial Mrs. Sebastian went up to Mrs. Pratt and kissed her."

### The Guide's Rebuke

It was in the French Building. Father was attracted by Lafayette's sword, and disregarding the injunction "Do not handle the exhibits," he reached over and picked it up for closer inspection. Mother noticed a guard bearing down upon Father, so she hastened to prevent the meeting.

"You see," she bubbled to the guard, "Father is an old soldier and he is interested in swords."

"I am an old soldier too," replied the guard drily, "and I learned that the first duty of a soldier was to obey orders."

Father took the hint, and Mother took him away to look at "them corsets and things."

### The Taste of Alameda

"What," asked a friend of mine, "do you think


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were the most popular places of resort at the Fair on Alameda Day?"

I answered that not having been to the Fair on that day I was unable to say.

"The Food Products Building and the 101 Ranch," answered my informant. "In the former the food was free, and in the latter the entertainment was free. So you see, the Alamedans still show their fondness for crawling in beneath the tent. I noticed another thing. The Alamedans never took a second look when they saw one of those signs, 'This exhibit in bond.' They're sensitive on the subject of that last word."

### McComas Rebelled

Francis McComas met a friend at the St. Francis the other day, and the friend insisted on talking art. As McComas had been working very hard for days on the Fine Arts jury at the Exposition he was rather tired of the subject and said so.

"I'll tell you what I wish you'd do, Frank," said the friend. "One of these days I'd like to have you take me out to the Palace of Fine Arts and show me the good pictures there. I'm a good deal of a lowbrow in these things, and I'd like to have your guidance."

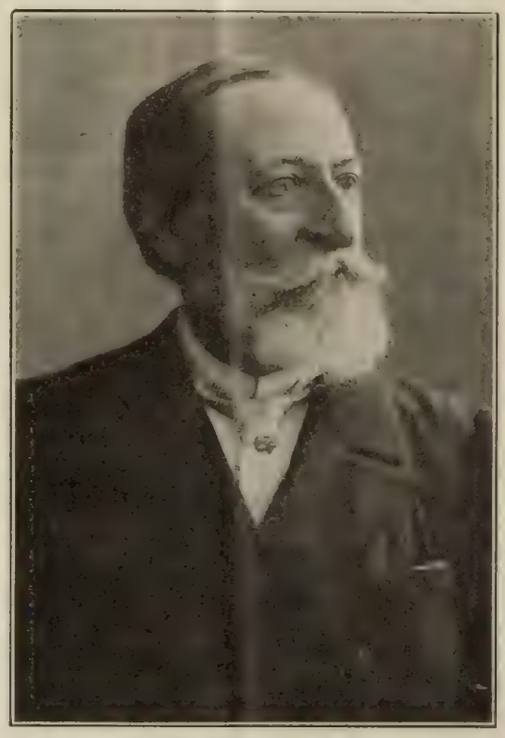
McComas said that he had had an overdose of pictures, but that a little later on he would be glad to comply with this request.

"If there are any of Maxfield Parrish's pictures there, I want to see them," continued the friend. "He's my favorite artist."

"If that's the case," replied McComas, "I refuse to take you out to the Palace of Fine Arts. But I'll take you down to the Palace bar and show you the Pied Piper."

### A Sign of the Times

You have noticed the largest policewoman in the world? She is employed by the souvenir watch concession on the Zone. She is an amiable, chatty, good-humored woman, and she has made friends with the newspapermen assigned to the World's Fair. She was chatting with one of them the other afternoon.



CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS
Who will conduct three concerts at Festival Hall

"I got my final decree of divorce yesterday," she said, "and when I finished my day's work I celebrated. How do you think I celebrated?"

The newspaperman gave it up.

"I went home and studied for the Civil Service examination for municipal policewomen."

### A Boas Story

The death of Judah Boas reminds me of a story which admirably illustrates part of the philosophy of that excellent old gentleman. It is narrated that he met one day a young man in whom he took an interest, the young man's father having been one of his friends.

"What are you doing for a living?" asked Boas.

"Working in the City Hall," was the answer.

Judah Boas grunted, and walked away. About a year later he met the same young man, and asked him the same question.

"Working in a livery stable," was the answer this time.

"That's good, my boy, that's good," said Boas. "You may own the livery stable some day, but you could never own the City Hall."

Few things are so futile as a bachelor and a married man giving each other advice.

The man who feels that he is a law unto himself always respects the law.

### Communion With Nature

(An experiment in vers libre)

Wrapped in a trancèd maze, I stood
Communing with a Mountain, mighty, shaggy, imperial,
The Vast within me reaching out to grasp
Its Fellow Vastness.

Then at length Emotion's inner surges burst
The barriers of my reticence.

"Speak, Kindred Mountain, speak!" I cried;
"Reveal the secret of the irresistible,
Mysterious, subtle, ineluctable Sympathy
That seems to weld our Twain-ness into One-ness."

"Life," it replied, "perchance hath wrought alike with us—
Perchance it thrills in thee as in my bosom rocky,
My tracts of tossing pines,
My hollows and waste places,
My flanks of living green,
My precipices sheer—"

"No more!" I cried; "I now perceive the sympathetic links:
I, too, find life inexpressibly rocky,
My spirit also pines,
I feel, ever and anon, famine-bred hollows in waist-places,
I, too, am green,
And of precipitous mischances I surely have my sheer!
Twin Brother of my Soul, I get you now!"

And thereupon
We
Two,

The Mountain and Myself,
Moved by fraternal impulse, laid our heads
Each on the other's shoulder, and then both
Burst into tears.

—Victor Kilspindie.

Husband was home that afternoon, and when wife told him that she expected a party of guests, he made haste to put away all the umbrellas in the hall.

Surprised, the wife asked: "Do you fear my guests will steal your umbrellas?"

"No, dearie," said he, "but that they will recognize them."

### The Letter E

Some one has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time.

But we call his attention to the fact that "e" is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the centre of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no editors, devils or news.

### Charitable

Teacher—What do we call a person who has an uncontrollable desire to take things that do not belong to him?

Reddy Backrow—A neighbor.

About the only things some people never put off till tomorrow are the disagreeable things they can do today.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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Puzzle of Aimee

Is she Aimee Gouaraud or Aimee Miskinoff? That is one of the questions New York is trying to answer just now. The spectacular lady who started life in California as Amy Crocker has all her friends guessing the answer. She insists that she is still Mrs. Gouraud, not having changed her name since the death of Jackson Gouraud three years ago. But the records of the St. Martin's registry in London show that last winter Aimee Crocker Gouraud, aged 40, widow, married Alexander Miskinoff, "son of a government official of the tax department," aged 26. Shown a copy of this record the lady to whom it is supposed to refer said: "It would be a terrible thing if I had married all the men to whom the newspapers have tried to wed me. I have had a few husbands, I admit, but I am still Mrs. Gouraud. Now really, I have no husband." And yet, at the hotel where both she and Miskinoff were living in New York, it is said that hotel attendants addressed her as "Madame Miskinoff" without embarrassing her. It is a piquant mystery.

### Trouble Over Her Ward

The mystery began to agitate Gotham the other day when Mrs. Gouraud (we may as well call her by the name she prefers) and Miskinoff who likes to be called "Prince" Miskinoff, separated after a quarrel over Mrs. Gouraud's ward Yvonne. It seems that the "Prince" had been very attentive to the ward who is a girl of remarkable beauty. He took her to cabarets, and it is said that Mrs. Gouraud took umbrage at his apparent interest in the girl. At any rate both Mrs. Gouraud and the "Prince" left the hotel where Mrs. Gouraud maintained an elaborate suite and went their separate ways to other hostelries. Lawyers were called in before they parted, and it was rumored that the "Prince" wanted Mrs. Gouraud to settle $12,000 a year on him. It develops that the "Prince" was in the habit of paying Mrs. Gouraud's bills. His room, we are told, closely resembled a receiving teller's cage at the rush hour, the floor, dresser, bed, tables and chairs being strewn with currency of all denominations. And he used to display a bankroll of a thousand or so every week. Where all this money came from has not been disclosed.

### Is He a Prince?

In New York they do not think that Miskinoff is a prince. The Russian Embassy has denied it, and the name Miskinoff is said to be as common in Russia as Smith or Jones is here. Just the same Miskinoff has always insisted on the princely designation. He is an exceedingly handsome young man, over six feet in height and weighing about 210 pounds. He wears a small black mustache and a wrist watch. Mrs. Gouraud seems to be done with him forever. She says she is going back to Paris which she regards as her home. She adds that she will not attempt to do any nursing, as her health will not allow of such strenuous exertion.

### Saint-Saens Not a Lion

You who read the social chronicles every day have not noticed much entertainment in honor of the great Saint-Saens. The truth is, the famous composer is not a lion. He has never fancied the accomplishment, popular with lesser men, of roaring in drawing rooms. He has made few friends here, and has not been impressed with the claims of our society. His aloofness reminds me of the time some years ago when a distinguished French admiral visited this city. Society in and out of the French colony was eager to entertain him. But he would have none of it. He insisted on spending his leisure in his own way. And he confided that he did not enjoy having society people practicing their French at his expense. I shouldn't be surprised if Saint-Saens felt the same way. There are lots of society people of whom the bavardes are fond of saying that they speak French "with the accent of the faubourgs"—I believe that is the correct phrase—but these are usually stricken dumb in the company of French visitors. Or if they are not stricken dumb, their French makes the French visitors dumb, it is so remarkable in the matter of verbs, not to mention pronunciation. Many a society lady who thinks she speaks the French of Paris actually speaks the French of Bearn and speaks it brokenly. I can imagine what the sufferings of a Saint-Saens would be in the presence of such a one. Perhaps it is because he would avoid suffering that he has secluded himself from what we call "our society."

### A Reception to Bishop Hanna

Archbishop Hanna will be the guest of honor at a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney on Tuesday, June 22nd. This will be the first formal function in honor of the esteemed prelate since his elevation to his present dignity. It appeared to be taken for granted by the Catholics of this city that it would be as well understood at Rome as it was by themselves that Archbishop Riordan's successor should be the beloved associate of his declining years. So the news of Bishop Hanna's promotion was received as a matter of course, and though he received many felicitations there has been no formal demonstration of the gratification that has been felt. It remained for Mrs. McEnerney, president of the Catholic Humane Bureau, to provide the opportunity for Archbishop Hanna's friends to meet him under pleasant auspices. The guests will be received by Mesdames McEnerney, James A. Folger, William Sproule, Frederick Kohl, J. B. Casserley, M. H. de Young, Thomas S. Baker, Bernard M. Breeden, A. Compte, Edward L. Eyre, Daniel C. Heger, Alexander Garceau, William Greer Hitchcock, William C. Hopper, Frank W. Griffin, Alfred Kelly, B. T. Lacey, E. O. McCormick, Charles C. Mohun, J. C. Nolan, Smith O'Brien, B. P. Oliver, J. J. Baumgartner, Charles Lathrop, Thomas Driscoll, E. J. Bates, Dent Hayes Robert, Joseph M. O'Brien, Clement Tobin, all of whom are directors of the Humane Bureau. The four officers of the Auxiliary of the Humane Bureau will share with the ladies of the parent organization the honor of being hostesses. These include Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Harry Sullivan, Mrs. Marshal Dill and Miss Alma Tobin.

### The Beringer Club Concert

The Beringer Musical Club which has proved such an excellent factor for culture among the younger musical element of this city, will give its thirty-third recital under the direction of Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer at Century Club Hall on Thursday evening, June 24. An excellent program is being prepared, and music lovers are looking forward to the event with much pleasure. Miss Maya C. Hummel, Miss Myrtle Dow, Miss Genevieve Holmberg and Miss Irene De Martini will be heard in operatic and song selections. The pianists will be Miss Loie Munsil, Miss Eleanor Alberti, Miss Zdenka Buben and Miss Louise Cameron. Helen McKinlay will appear for the first time with the club, and Professor Beringer will assist by playing the second piano part to his own valse brillante, "The First Messengers of Spring."

### Popularity of Paso Robles

It is doubtful whether beautiful Paso Robles has ever been more popular than it is this season. Not Californians merely but visitors from other parts of this country and from abroad, are

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registering at the delightful hostelry every day. So far this year Paso Robles has entertained guests from every State in the Union except one. On its register are to be found guests from seven foreign countries. This is a remarkable showing, and it proves that the attractions of Paso Robles are winning golden opinions from visitors who do not forget the beautiful place after they leave, but tell their friends about it. Most of the visitors from abroad come to take the baths and drink the waters, for European resorts are not available in this year of war, and the virtues of the baths and waters at Paso Robles are known to be just as valuable as those in the most noted resorts of Europe.

### Cecil Hotel Notes

Dinner parties have been the order of the week at the Cecil where on several evenings groups of guests have been entertained at one or another of the flower-laden tables. Thursday evening was the occasion of an informal dinner party presided over by Brigadier General Edward J. McClernand, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. McClernand who are spending the Exposition season at the Cecil. The McClernands have an attractive home in Easton, Penn., where they reside during the winters, but the lure of California and San Francisco in particular brings them back to the coast very often. General McClernand was colonel of the 1st Cavalry during part of its time at the Presidio, so he and his very attractive wife have a host of friends here. Mrs. George J. Henry entertained a group of her friends at dinner on the same evening. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crane had a company of guests for dinner, and Tuesday afternoon was the occasion of a prettily appointed luncheon for a congenial coterie of the friends of Mrs. James C. Covert of Troy, New York, who is spending several weeks at the Cecil. Mrs. Elmer S. Highly and Miss Blanche Highly made Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rickard and Mrs. W. M. Hagnes of Buenos Ayres their guests at dinner. Later in the evening Mrs. Highly and Miss Highly entertained their friends at a theatre party at the Columbia. Pink carnations adorned the table at which Mrs. A. M. Burns was a dinner hostess recently. Her guests included Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke, Charles Boericke, A. Boericke and John Pew of Belvedere. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hinkey and Miss E. Wadsworth are a trio of Chicago visitors registered at the Cecil. Mrs. Mary C. Phelps and Miss Charles Stewart Smith are guests from New York. Mrs. Berta McKee is out from her home in Pittsburg for an indefinite visit. Capt. E. W. Crockett and Mrs. Crockett returned from the Philippines the past week. Capt. Crockett has just completed his tour of service in the Orient. Mrs. William T. North, Miss Helen North, D. North and Miss Priscilla Cardes of Chicago are enjoying a short stay. Mrs. John R. Gott is another Chicago guest.

### Somerton Hotel Notes

Col. Margerum of New Jersey, the genial commissioner from that State to the Exposition, and Mrs. Margerum who has been sharing her husband's popularity in San Francisco, were the specially honored guests at a dinner party given during the week at the Hotel Somerton by Mrs. W. F. Morris. Eight friends were asked by Mrs. Morris to meet her guests of honor, the party enjoying dinner at a tablé resplendent with masses of flowers of the Exposition colors. Blossoms of red and blue and golden orange were grouped with pleasing effect for a center piece on the table around which were seated, besides the hostess and Col. and Mrs. Margerum, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rounsefell, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mitchell, Captain and Mrs. R. O. Crisp, Mr. Nat Sims and Mrs. James C. Covert of Troy, New York. Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Dowling and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Brown are a party of New York visitors who are making the Somerton their headquarters while on an Exposition visit to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Odell of Salem, W. W. Taylor of Crescent City and Miss A. O. Johnson of Dillon, Montana, are recent arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Nally, accompanied by Miss Nally and Master Nally, are at the Somerton from New York. Other eastern visitors are Miss Emily Duckworth, Boston; Miss S. L. Curtis, Gloucester; Mrs. M. R. Gibbons and Mrs. Mulligan of Wilkes Barre, Penn.; J. C. Richardson and Mrs. Cuite of Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Anderson and Miss Ida Shively are up from Santa Paula. Mrs. M. A. Mitchell and Mrs. A. J. Harris are two navy women who are guests. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Percy and their two children have taken apartments for an indefinite visit in San Francisco. Another family party includes F. C. Hoose, a Kansas City business man, who with his wife and children will remain here for some time. W. H. Maddock of Springfield and Miss Bessie Salmon of Boston are registered. Other recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. George Durkee who are chaperoning Miss Margaret New and Miss Madeline Capelle. The party comes from Evansville, Indiana.

MISS ZDENKA BUBEN

A talented young pianist who will render Liszt's Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody at the concert of the Beringer Musical Club in Century Club Hall on Thursday evening, June 24

### A Beautiful Flower Shop

Motroni's has been the premier flower shop in the Western Addition for a dozen years. It is an established institution there, like the school houses and the parks. And so its innumerable friends will be glad to know that Motroni's is now in a new shop in a new location. The new place is at 1806 Fillmore street near the corner of Sutter, and it is known as the Motroni Art Floral Company. It is unnecessary to say that the beautiful new flower shop carries a complete stock of the choicest flowers the market affords, and that all orders including those for flowers to be sent out of town are executed with the care and promptitude which have always distinguished Motroni's.

### The Dinner Hour at Techau's

The dinner hour at Techau Tavern is now enlivened by the ever popular Candy Dance, so long in favor among the ladies as an entertainment during the later evening hours. The change to the dinner hour meets with quite general approval and brings a large attendance. Foster and Orear's candies, in art souvenir boxes, are presented to the ladies, who appreciate a gift of this well known confectionery.


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**AN AWARD THAT SPEAKS VOLUMES**

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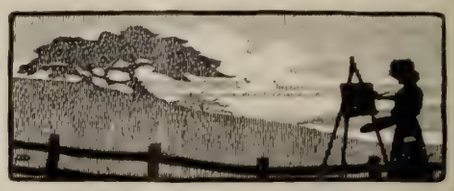

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# Gossip of the Theatre

**The Pantages Show**

At the Pantages this week appears Richard the Great, "the monkey who made a man of himself." The trainer of this monkey spent years of tedious labor getting him to perform what he does. This is his third appearance in this city. Every time he has done something new, and he seems always willing to learn what his master teaches. He smokes, drinks, skates as well as you or I, and even does tricks we can't do. If he could speak he would be pretty near equal to some men. He knows his cues and needs no coaxing. Rodney Ranous and Marie Nelson present "Conscience." This episode is aimed at the fellows who marry for companionship and not to raise a family. It ends with one of them realizing his folly. He gives his wife the thing she longed for most, and that of course is love. Of the other five acts Winona Winter's was the most entertaining. She has winsome ways and is a good impersonator. Barnes and Robinson, being the only ragtime singers this week, were loudly applauded. A six-reel motion picture of Capital and Labor entitled "The Middleman" was also a feature.

—The Second Nighter.

**The First Saint-Saens Concert**

The first of three concerts to be given by the illustrious composer, Camille Saint-Saens, will take place at Festival Hall this Saturday evening at half past eight. It is safe to say that no musical happening of recent years has occasioned greater interest than this appearance of the most imposing figure in music living today. No great composer now living is so widely and intimately known and beloved through his works. His superb orchestral compositions are in the repertoire of every orchestra and there is no violinist, however humble, who does not aspire to play his Rondo Capriccio, no pianist who is not familiar with his Concerto in G minor and smaller pieces, and no singer to whom Delilah's airs are unknown. He was in the United States eight years ago, when he was honored by musicians and the public. That he now comes to the Exposition to take part in the great event is eminently characteristic of the man. The first program will include the first presentation anywhere of the symphonic episode, "Hail California," written especially for and dedicated to the Exposition, which will be played by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty and Sousa's Band of sixty-five, with Wallace A. Sabin at the organ. Then will follow "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" and the Concerto in A minor for violoncello and orchestra, Op. 33, Horace Britt, soloist. Then Saint-Saens will conduct his Symphonic Tableau, "La Foi," after which Ada Sassoli will play his Fantasie for the harp. The program will conclude with the Ballet Divertissement from "Henry VIII." The programs for Thursday evening, June 24, and Sunday afternoon, June 27, will be entirely different, with the exception of "Hail California," which will be repeated. Seats for all the concerts may be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

**Psychic at the Orpheum**

The headline attraction next week at the Orpheum will be Mercedes, the psychic, accompanied by the marvelous occultist Mlle. Stantone who will present their revelation "The Musical Enigma." No less an authority than Professor J. H. Hyslop, former head of the department of psychology at the Columbia University and now the leading spirit of the school of psychic research, sponsors Mercedes' exhibition of thought transmission as extraordinary. Youth, vivacity, ability and good looks are the factors which make Newhoff and Phelps an exceedingly popular team in their comedy skit "In Care of General Delivery." Tudor Cameron and Bonnie Gaylord, two of the most popular artists in vaudeville, have joined forces and are playing with great success a skit called "Hired and Fired." Cameron is a capital comedian and so is Miss Gaylord. Kramka Brothers who rank among the best eccentric and comedy acrobats in vaudeville, will furnish a diverting and original act. The Pantzer Duo will contribute a graceful contortion novelty. Mr. Pantzer is a first class pantomimist comedian, while Mrs. Pantzer displays remarkable grace and flexibility. Fisher and Green will continue their laughable skit "The Partners," and Fritz Bruch, 'cellist, assisted by his sister Lucy, violinist, will be heard in new selections. It will be the last week of the New York Fashion Show in which Peggy Hopkins and twenty beautiful models are fascinating features.

ELSIE FERGUSON

To appear at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday, June 21, in "Outcast," the season's greatest dramatic success

**"The Clansman" Returns**

Beginning with the matinee Monday D. W. Griffith's $500,000 motion picture production of "The Clansman," or "The Birth of a Nation," will return to the Alcazar for a special limited engagement. This return engagement is in response to requests that have poured into the box office. There are so many visitors in the city who found that "The Clansman" was to be shown in their home towns just after they left that they made the request for its revival at the Alcazar when they discovered that it had already been shown there. Since its first production at the Alcazar it has been shown in all the leading cities in the United States and had the same phenomenal success that marked its presentation here. In New York City it is now in its sixth month. In Los Angeles it has played many weeks. The same big symphony orchestra and augmented chorus will accompany the screen play and people are advised to secure their reserved seats in advance and thus avoid standing in line. There will be matinees every day at two o'clock sharp, and performances will be given every night at eight sharp.

**Mme. Baron at Music Matinee**

The soloist to appear at this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall will be Mme. Eva Baron. This brilliant soprano is a Russian artist who recently came to San Francisco after artistic triumphs in the leading European music centers. Mme. Baron possesses a mellow voice of wide range and impressive volume, and she uses it with true Slavic abandon, securing those rhythmic and emotional effects so dear to the heart of the genuine music lover. Her repertoire is extensive, comprising concert and operatic works, and, being quite a linguist, Mme. Baron enunciates with splendid clearness and accuracy. G. Vargas will play the accompaniments on the Knabe player piano, and will introduce a number of new solos in the way of salon pieces. He has made such an excellent impression on his audiences by his skill in the manipulation of his instrument that his work is really regarded as a feature of the program.

**Al Jolson at the Cort**

"Dancing Around," with Al Jolson, will be the attraction at the Cort beginning Monday evening. While the renowned "Vesuvius of Vocal Velocity," otherwise Al Jolson, follows the title, he is, of course, the mainstay of this huge Winter Garden aggregation. Al Jolson, in short, is a star who prefers to be featured. There is but one Al Jolson, and he is inimitable. He is generally referred to as being "the greatest entertainer of the American stage." There are twenty-two numbers on the musical program. Of these, Al Jolson is scheduled for four numbers; but in the way of songs, he is unlimited. With encore numbers, it is no unusual thing for Jolson to sing as many as a dozen songs in a night. There is no performer on the stage of our time who has made famous so many song hits. Some of these are "Get Out and Get Under," "I'm Glad My Wife's in Europe," "Rum Tum Tiddle," "You Made Me Love You," "When Grown Up Ladies Act Like Babies" and "Then He Would Row, Row, Row." In "Dancing Around" Jolson has introduced a number of new ditties which are proving immensely popular. But it is not in the singing of songs alone that Jolson excels. He rampages through "Dancing Around," cracking jokes and "spilling out" sidesplitting stories. Some of Jolson's assistants in merriment are: Frank Carter, Kitty Doner, Harry Clarke, Mary Robson, Fred Leslie, Eileen Molyneux, Rae Bowdin, Earl Foxe, Mae Dealy,

Harry Wilcox, Ted Doner and a drove of one hundred "dainty dimpled divinities." In the matter of feminine loveliness, "Dancing Around" is said to eclipse any other Winter Garden spectacle.

**Elsie Ferguson in "Outcast"**

For the first time in San Francisco "Outcast," the four act play by Hubert Henry Davies, an ex-San Franciscan, will be given at the Columbia for a limited engagement beginning Monday night. With it will be seen that brilliant and talented actress Elsie Ferguson, who has not hitherto appeared on the coast in a stellar capacity. The cast, with Charles Cherry as leading man, is precisely the same as it was during the six months' run of the play in New York this season. Miss Ferguson comes from Chicago where "Outcast" has been the bill for the past two months, since the termination of its run in New York. San Francisco and Los Angeles are the only coast cities which the star will visit, her tour closing in the latter place the last of next month. The scenes of "Outcast" are laid in London, hence it is timely to state that all the actors, with the exception of the star, are English, and critics have been unanimous in their opinion that a better balanced dramatic company has seldom been gotten together. The tour is under the direction of Charles Frohman, Klaw and Erlanger. In Miss Ferguson's support will be found, besides Mr. Cherry, a local favorite, Marguerite Leslie, Nell Compton, Gillian Soaife, Warbuton Gamble, J. Woodall Birde and Leslie Palmer. The advance sale of boxes and seats, which began Thursday, has been one of the largest of the Columbia's season.

**"The Balboa" at Pantages**

Do you dance the tango? If so, you are now out of the swim entirely as "The Balboa" has been accorded the prize by the Dancing Teachers' Convention recently convened at the Exposition. Miss Lydia Browning who originated the dance, has been especially engaged by the Pantages management to show the newest society craze and with her dancing partner, Signor Vartassi, will present all the dances passed by the Dancing Teachers. In addition to the dances Miss Browning will teach "The Balboa" to patrons of the Pantages after the matinee each day. These lessons will be free to all desirous of learning the latest steps. The regular headline attraction of the new show will be Stuart, "The Male Patti" who has just returned from a tour of Europe after twelve years' absence. Stuart is the same big sensation as he formerly was. "Childhood Days," that rollicking travesty on school frolics, will be the offering of the Jules Held company. This act is of the usual fun provoking kind, and keeps an audience in a continual howl of laughter. This year the company has added an epilogue which shows the youngsters grown up and in full dress attire. The Six Fultons present an acrobatic novelty which is filled with the newest twisters and sensational flip flops. Harry Antrim and his dainty partner Betsy Vale, return with their classy little skit

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After a Twelve Years' Sensational Tour in Europe, STUART, "The Male Patti," World's Sensational Soprano; Society's Latest Dance Craze, "THE BALBOA," Presented by MISS LYDIA BROWNING, Assisted by Signor Vartassi. Miss Browning Will Instruct, Without Charges, Patrons of the Pantages Desirous of Learning "The Balboa," after the Matinee Performance Each Day. Special Extra Feature! 3 GIRL HIKERS FROM PORTLAND, a Trio of Pretty Portland High School Misses Who Reached the Exposition by Walking from Their Home City. The Girls Will Tell of Their Adventures on the Road. A GREAT EIGHT ACT BILL!

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Sunday Matinee, June 27—NAZIMOVA in "WAR BRIDES."
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
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with the same riotous "tom-cat" song and 'cello imitations. Carletta, the human dragon; Florence Rayfield, the dainty singer, and Gruney and Lizzo, black-face funsters, are other acts. As an extra added feature the three girl "hikers" from Portland will be on the program. The girls left their home town on a bet to walk to the Exposition.


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

MARGUERITE MASSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 19th, 1915.

CHARLES S. WHEELER,
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorneys for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14914, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. PICKARD, Deceased.

CLARA E. PICKARD, administratrix of the estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. Pickard, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real property of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Wednesday, the 30th day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administratrix to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, San Francisco, this 22nd day of May, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administratrix.

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

### NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO CONVEY REAL ESTATE, ETC.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 12,888, N. S.; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of PETER BERGEVIN, Deceased.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING

The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity, having filed in the above-entitled proceeding its petition praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing Adeline M. Telfer, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Peter Bergevin, deceased, to execute and deliver to The Greek Church of the Holy Trinity a good and sufficient deed, under and pursuant to Sections 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600 and 1601 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, conveying all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the North Easterly line of Stanley Place, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet South Easterly from the South Easterly line of Harrison Street; running thence South Easterly and along said North Easterly line of Stanley Place fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles North Easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles North Westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches, to the North Easterly line of Stanley Place and the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 23rd day of June, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the Temporary City Hall, located at Number 1231 Market Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, be, and the same are hereby, appointed as the time and place of hearing said petition, and that notice thereof be served upon said administratrix with the will annexed, personally, and be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: May 17, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 17, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

M. L. CHOYNSKI,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Merchants Exchange Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Leading men of affairs all over the country hailed the victory for the Steel Corporation as a most promising omen for the future and predicted that it would result in a revival of confidence in commercial as well as financial circles. The only discordant note found in the comment on the decision is from the officials of the Government directly connected with the litigation, whose professional pride seems to have been hurt. The average man can see little ground on which the Government can justify an appeal from either the United Shoe or the United States Steel decision, but officials of the Government will undoubtedly push appeals in both. In a way, it will be for the best to have the Supreme Court decide the case, for such decisions are final and end any dispute as to the questions at issue; in other words, permanent peace between the Government and big business will only be assured through such decisions, and permanent peace between the Governemnt and big business is worth anything it may cost. The week has been marked by other favorable developments than the steel decision and altogether has been full of promise. The volume of the orders placed by the foreign Governments has been greatly increased and already many are wondering how the allied nations will pay us. It will be a long time, however, before the enormous gold holdings of France, Great Britain and Russia will be materially weakened and beyond that is the fact that Europe holds billions of our securities. It is true that these securities are owned by individuals and corporations but if it becomes necessary, the European Governments will force holders to utilize them in financing the cost of the war, and, as far as we are concerned, payment in the securities of our corporations will be the very best form of settlement.

**Wheat**—There were many good reasons for weakness, and none that under the existing conditions indicated probability of higher prices. Even with such encouragement to bears, there were many buyers, especially of July delivery, because of the impression prevailing that there would be more old wheat wanted than could be provided from what was left. However, unless something radically wrong should go amiss with the crop as it now appears, there will be, before July is ended, so much wheat offered for that month's delivery, and hedged in the pit as it is bought from the farmers, that buyers of July will be overwhelmed. June prices, however, might easily go higher should actual scarcity occur before the current month is out. Cash wheat of winter kind is now bringing from 10 cents to 17 cents over July without short sellers for the next month showing uneasiness, but a further advance, say to 25 cents over, might cause alarm and create a covering craze among July shorts that nothing but enormous hedging sales could control, and such sales in sufficient volume are not likely to be forthcoming before the latter half of July. Beyond that month Europe will be harvesting her crop, and the importing countries are not likely to buy wheat here then unless it is offered at bargain prices. The chance of a scarcity of old wheat is not imminent, however, as the European importers seem to have bought and already taken delivery of enough to carry them through till their own wheat matures, and it is scarcely conceivable that an American farmer having any old wheat left will refrain from selling it to the last bushel, with such a bearish outlook as exists for the plethoric crop that is now fast ripening. The immediate future of prices in this market, therefore, appears to depend on the remaining surplus of last year's crop.

**Corn**—The corn market was weak early in the week, but heavy general rains with cooler weather gave the market a firmer tone and later in the week shorts became frightened and prices were bid up to the 75 cent level for both July and September options. Reports from the northern tier of the corn belt were quite discouraging and told of a good deal of replanting as well as a large area that had not been planted owing to excessive rains. Outside of this, crop conditions were generally favorable, but a week of clear, dry weather is needed. Receipts of corn were light and stocks showed a further large decrease for the week. The Eastern demand showed some improvement but could be a lot better. Argentine weather was more favorable and offerings were said to be equal to 5 cents under what Chicago corn could be landed in New York for. With a return to more normal weather, prices should show a fair decline from this level.

**Cotton**—During the week bearish features have predominated. They included unfavorable political developments, a favorable weekly weather report on the growing crop and a sharp falling off in exports. Shorts increased their lines and Liverpool straddlers sent selling orders. Bears again called attention to large stocks and the poor spot demand. In other words, after their failure to break the market, they are now trying to talk it down. Holders of spot cotton are not at all worried over the situation and their attitude is not helping the short side, for this cotton is not available except at higher prices. The technical position as well as the price strongly favors the bull side.

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**ORDER APPOINTING TIME OF HEARING OF PETITION TO EXECUTE CONVEYANCE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19134; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EMMA J. C. KEYES (also known as and called EMMA KEYES), Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of MELVINA CATHERINE HOLT (also known as Vina Catherine Holt and also as Lavinia Holt), Executrix of the Estate of Emma J. C. Keyes (also known as and called Emma Keyes), deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing the said Executrix of the above named estate to complete the agreement of her decedent, by executing a deed of conveyance to Niels K. Andersen and Mary F. Andersen, his wife, of that certain real property situate in the County of Alameda, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Thirty-seventh Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet westerly from the western line of Market Street; running thence westerly along said line of Thirty-seventh Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being lot number 14, in block "B," as laid down and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Map of a portion of Mrs. M. J. Evoy's Property, Subdivided December 5th, 1876, W. F. Boardman, C. E., etc., filed May 2nd, 1877, in the County Recorder's office of Alameda County."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the 12th day of July, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number 10 thereof, located in the City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, be and the same hereby are, appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any persons interested in said estate may appear and make objections to the granting of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to publish due notice thereof in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for not less than four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

L. T. JACKS, Attorney for Executrix,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

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DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR., Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. A. Sanderson, California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the, and his, place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR.,
Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. A. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Executor,
California-Pacific Building,
San Francisco, California. 6-12-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 16550; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as a portion of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract lying, situate and being in Contra Costa County, State of California, which said Subdivision "A" is shown on a map of said Tract made by Elam C. Brown and was filed in the office of the County Recorder of said Contra Costa County on the 6th day of February, 1905; and which said portion of Subdivision "A" of said Tract is more definitely described as follows, to-wit: All of Subdivision "A" to the center of the levee thereof, lying East and Easterly of a straight line extended Northerly and Southerly across said Subdivision "A" at the narrowest place in said Subdivision "A" between Piper Slough and False River; said leased tract estimated to contain 181 acres;

And now it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street between 8th and 9th Streets, on the 28th day of June, 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have, or any one of them may have why the realty hereinbefore described should not be leased to S. Belluomini and A. Belluomini for and during the crop year 1915 at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-third of all barley raised, harvested, thrashed, sacked and put upon the levee at a convenient shipping point; one-third of all beans sacked, crated or boxed to be placed upon the levee at a convenient shipping place; and one-fourth of all potatoes and onions sacked and delivered on the levee at a convenient shipping place, and there to be divided before any shipments are made.

For further particulars as to the terms of said lease reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is hereby ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for two successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, June 8th, 1915.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for Estate,
1055 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-3

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

AGNES NOLAN,
Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 5th, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

PHILIPPINE REYMOND,
Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 29th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN B. DOYLE as executor of the estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

JOHN B. DOYLE,
As Executor of the Estate of JOHN DOYLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 22nd, 1915.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD,
Attorneys for said Executor,
504 Grant Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-22-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18887; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER, as Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of real property of said estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said JOHN W. SLATER, Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased ELIZABETH LOONEY as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 21st, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Estate,
Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

LOUISE FILIATRAULT,
Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

### CERTIFICATE OF USE OF FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2202.

(Cancelled, 10 cent Revenue Stamp.)

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under a fictitious name, to-wit, under the name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX."

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, San Francisco, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1915.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

Witness:
A. COMTE, JR.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 20th day of May in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, FLORA HALL, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed May 21, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

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# TOWN TALK

## THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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NAZIMOVA
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# TOWN TALK

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## A Simple Problem

As the municipal campaign is approaching we expect to hear a great deal presently about all the improvements that have been made by a zealous Administration. Unquestionably a lot of work has been done. There is really something to show by way of justifying the increase in the cost of government. But what the cost would have been had fewer public improvements been made by men on the city payroll is a question that it may be worth while asking. It costs the taxpayers a great deal of money to support a political machine. The machine grows by what it feeds upon, and it is therefore politically expedient to provide work for the voters employed by the city. These reflections are made with the municipal asphalt plant in mind. Formerly this plant had a daily capacity of about six thousand square feet. In private hands it would have kept twenty men hard at work. Operated by the city it kept two hundred good voters on the payroll. Doubtless in proportion as the capacity has been enlarged the voting strength of the political machine has been increased. It is this sort of thing that makes understandable the offer that was made by a contractor to do some work in the civic center for $37,000 after Mayor Rolph and the Supervisors had appropriated $71,500 to pay the cost of doing it with the city's asphalt plant. The contractor gave Mayor Rolph an awful shock, for to have the work done under private contract meant no work for the men of the machine. But the Mayor recovered from the shock, and rejected the contractor's offer. Now a great deal of work has been done by the machine. The difference between the actual cost and what it might have cost is a little problem in arithmetic which respectfully we submit to the experts of the California Tax Association.

## Asquith's Weak Cabinet

There is more trouble ahead for Premier Asquith. His reconstructed Cabinet has far from given general satisfaction. The Unionists are dissatisfied, feeling that they are entitled to more than eight offices in a Cabinet of twenty-two. The rank and file of the Liberals are dissatisfied because of the elevation of James H. M. Campbell, who, as one of the chief lieutenants of Sir Edward Carson in his anti-home rule agitation before the war, encouraged armed rebellion in Ulster. The Nationalists also complain of the elevation of Campbell, and with good reason. One cannot but surmise that Asquith and his associates were in a pretty bad mess when they deemed it expedient to conciliate Carson and Campbell notwithstanding the mischief that was done in Ireland. And one cannot but suspect that notwithstanding the war there is great room for improvement in the principles and morals of the politicians who are at present governing England. It is not to be gainsaid that in times like these consideration of the public wellbeing demands the fostering of the spirit of compromise and the abatement of factional strife, but assuredly it was not a high order of statesmanship that failed to perceive the folly of alienating Irish sentiment at a time when the adherents of the cause of home rule were shedding their blood for England on the battlefields of France and Belgium. It is not to the credit of Carson and Campbell, in view of all that has happened, that they insisted on thrusting themselves into power in the government to which they were disloyal at the very outbreak of the war. Were they fashioned of the right stuff they would have had no inclination to give offense in a time of national peril to a party by whom they are justly execrated. It is not a pleasant commentary on the spirit of their countrymen that these impudent and disloyal politicians were not kicked into oblivion.

## A Possible Disaster

Rumor has it that the President may transfer the Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, to the State Department. It is to be hoped that the President is not thinking of making this change. The President now has the opportunity to strengthen his Cabinet, and he is more likely to do so by looking outside of his official family for a Secretary of State than by creating a vacancy in the War Department. We know that Lindley M. Garrison is an excellent Secretary of War. We should hate to see him succeeded by a man of the calibre of Josephus Daniels; and it is men of this calibre that are most ready to hand in the party in power. Secretary Garrison is the one man in the Cabinet who has lived up to the best traditions of his office. Competent critics have high praise for Secretary Garrison. They say he was quick to learn his duties, and that in the performance of them he has proved himself a level-headed man of first-rate ability and the requisite enthusiasm. He is now carrying out a new military policy of great importance, and it is said that his work will be monumental in character. According to the Army and Navy Journal it would be "akin to a disaster to the army" to have Mr. Garrison transferred to another department. In view of the disaster to the navy caused by the President's confidence in Mr. Daniels it would certainly seem to be advisable to leave Mr. Garrison where he is.

## The Quick School of Medicine

The physicians of the so-called eclectic school who held a convention in this city last week are crusaders against the Rockefeller and Carnegie medical foundations. Their objection to those institutions is that they are doing all in their power to raise the scholastic standards in colleges that train young men for the medical profession. The theory of the eclectic school is that education is not a matter of much importacne to physicians. They hold that it is enough for a man to get a knowledge of pills and pains. In other words, they stand for a smattering of science. And they are convinced that the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations are gradually making it impossible for a poor young man to study medicine. The course prescribed by the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations is too long, consumes too much time, time that might be spent in earning a living in eclectic hospitals and at the bedside of the sick. There is much to be said for the eclectic school, it is so thoroughly American. Whatever is in the nature of a short cut is racy of the soil. Faith in a little learning—this is peculiarly American. Are not our statesmen distinguished for the scantiness of their knowledge of the science of government? What study of law is required to qualify a man for the bench? Do we educate our ministers of the gospel? If so what becomes of them after they have been educated? All things considered, the eclectics have much to justify them in the position they have taken.

## Business and Politics

The prospect of our being drawn into the war has been growing dim. At present there is hardly any likelihood of our becoming involved in the colossal conflict. Unless something of an extraordinary nature should occur President Wilson may soon find time for a glance at domestic affairs and for considering ways and means of generating a breeze sufficiently brisk to waft us out of the doldrums. Not to the war should we attribute the lassitude now prevailing in business. The war at its outbreak accelerated tendencies toward contraction and depression, but of late we have become indebted to the war for forces which are inducing a revival of industrial and financial activity. Yet there is still something lacking. If business confidence rallied despite the uncertainties caused by the war there is still a wobbly feeling due to the uncertainties of politics. The spirit of enterprise is languishing, which is a sign of the times, for it is only when new enterprise is going forward briskly that we have genuine prosperity. It is only when money goes into new enterprise that business men have courage and feel justified in taking a chance with the future. The courage of our business men has been oozing out ever since the deluge of declarations of intention from Washington regarding the importance of devising means of restricting business opportunity. Of these declarations there has been little let-up though of late they have been interspersed with promises of a new order of things. President Wilson

has professed of late to be eager to know what it is the business man wants that it may be given to him, but there remains much for him to do to stiffen the backbone of him whom the politicians in their ostentatious righteousness have been knocking from pillar to post. There is much that President Wilson is able to do and there is also much that he is not able to do. He is not able for instance to repair the damage that has been done by excessive taxation. Our politicians have done more than destroy business confidence. While diminishing the revenues of business they have increased its overhead expenses and reduced its profits. According to the monthly financial letter of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank for June the public debt of the country—national, State and municipal—increased over seventy per cent from 1902 to 1913. In California reform has come higher than anywhere else. In 1902 says the bank letter the politcal subdivisions of California owed $14,942,852. In 1913 they owed $136,528,824, an increase of 813 per cent, and they owe more now. "Our increase of municipal debt," says the letter, "mostly for purposes not productive of revenue, has been remarkable." As a consequence of the financiering of our politicians, not a little of which is done either at the dictation or with the acquiscence of our lovely newspapers, owners of public utilities and industrial plants and bankers whose business it is to market their securities are somewhat concerned about the future of the investment situation. "They do not see," the bank letter tells us, "where the money is coming from" to enlarge their plants. Their securities are subject to the provisions of the drastic income tax laws, but evidences of public debt are absolutely tax free. Consequently it is feared that investors will prefer foreign loans or tax free public bonds. On the whole our politicians and reformers have been putting us into a pretty mess. How many of them can tell us the way out?

---

**Marching Germany**

The nations of the earth are viewing with amazement the evidences of German preparedness for the war the Teuton allies are now waging. With all the world to draw upon for the munitions of war the enemies of Germany have not been able to keep themselves adequately supplied, and as a consequence they have been repulsed and beaten time and again. Yet all the while Germany, almost isolated from the world and compelled to depend on her own resources, has found them adequate. Apparently all the problems of this war were thought of in Berlin long before the call to arms. We are viewing the perfection of detail in all things deemed essential either to the realization of the German ideal or preparedness for the inevitable. One or the other was the object of all the years of study that Germany gave to the problems of war. It was for one or the other that united, imperial Germany marched in step down the decades to a good swinging tune. At any time during those years one might fancy he heard the word of command ring out, followed by a clatter as of machinery as arms were grounded and bayonets fixed. What was the ultimate purpose of all the discipline of those years of armed peace? As to this there is a difference of opinion. Germans tells us that they were sensible of the imminence of war. Others say that Germany fell under the spell of ideals preached by the prophets of the Master Morality, by some called the new brutality. Among these prophets was Nietzsche. Another was Gobineau, a Frenchman who preached the destinies of the Aryan race, and in particular of the Teutonic stock, assailing the Jews, suspecting the Slavs and preaching the master-morality that befits an elongated skull and a blonde complexion. Gobineau's central idea was the all-importance of race. He believed in blood and the predestination of race with a fanaticism seldom encountered. In the Gobineau philosophy is to be found what has been pronounced the German ideal of nationality. And we are told that what Germans regard as patriotism is a chauvinism that identifies nationality with racial predominance. This may not be true, but it is the conception of German patriotism that has been spreading through Europe for some years. And this conception has been very industriously propagated the world over since the beginning of the war. It is thus that feeling against Germany has been embittered. Now to be sure the average German does not concern himself about racial predominance. Like the average citizen of any other country the average German is satisfied with the world as he finds it. And like the average citizen of any other country he is proud of his fatherland. But when a man is proud of his country his pride is born of something more than mere sentimentality; he is conscious of his country's achievements, or of what it stands for. Patriotism is national enthusiasm, and to be patriotic a man must have something to be enthusiastic about. Hence the color that has been given to the widespread conception of German patriotism; for in foreign eyes nothing so strongly appealed to German enthusiasm as German militarism. There were other things for Germans to be proud of, things much more worthy of admiration; for the Germans are a great people who have contributed much to the wellbeing of mankind; but as a nation Germany has been preoccupied with the art wherein she has attained a proficiency that has made all the world marvel. This we may learn from high German authority—none other than the former Chancellor Prince Bernhard von Bülow. In his book Imperial Germany which made its appearance more than a year ago is a statement of the daily purposes which governed contemporary German statesmen. According to von Bülow Germany, although an industrial Power, is also a military Power, and as such she must have a strong monarchy and accept Prussian leadership. The tariff must be kept at a level which is economically indefensible because only a self-supporting nation with a strong agricultural population could face a European war. It appears, according to the views of the former Chancellor, that for State reasons everything in peace had to be subordinated to the possibility of war. For this France was partly responsible; since according to von Bülow, "France moves in a circle round the thought of Alsace-Lorraine." Then of course there was possibility of war with England owing to a tension beginning in the period of the Russo-Japanese War when England sought German aid against Russian encroachments in China. In von Bülow's opinion England wanted to use Germany as a cat's-paw against Russia, and Germany had to decline the invitation because she had to think of the risks to which she would thereby expose herself in Europe. Again, there was the Morocco affair in which France and England assumed that they had the right to settle the fate of Morocco without consulting third parties. All the while Germany was marching somewhither. Was she pursuing the phantom of racial predominance? Or was she merely getting ready to reach for her place in the sun? Germany is still marching? Where is the goal?

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**The Marvellous**

"Marvellous things are happening in this war", says a correspondent. One does not have to be anywhere near the front to be aware that marvellous things are happening. Marvellous is the German army, marvellous its resources and its achievements. But the world is not wondering at the marvellous. The world is wondering chiefly as to when the war will be over. Nowadays marvellous happenings are taken as a matter of course. We have become so accustomed to marvellous things that we have lost the sense of astonishment. Nothing excites wonder. When formerly we were so fortunate as to be as simple as little children we wondered at the tricks of the prestidigitateur. We used to raise our eyebrows at the phonograph. Now we take wireless messages from an instrument as we take water from a tap. The sense of mystery has almost vanished from the world. It exists only among the highly educated. Everybody has a little learning, and everybody has the conviction that all things are explicable. Only the highly educated are concerning themselves with the superstitions. It is they who cling to the hope of a proof that the dead are alive. It is they who are speculating deeply on the marvellous phenomena of the most remarkable war of all time.

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# Perspective Impressions

So Bryan is coming to the Fair! Why not let him tend bar in the grape juice concession?

The Fair people may now be numbered among those who do not take plaques seriously: they gave one to the Eclectics.

In Biblical days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak. Now nothing short of a miracle will keep Bryan silent.

Apparently it takes on old master or a new grandson to separate former United States Senator Clark from his money.

When Bill Bryan comes to the Exposition it would be well to have Dr. Aked deliver the address of welcome.

It sometimes happens that the maid who ran away and got married is precisely the same person who later on ran away and got a divorce.

Of course the Nobel prize would more than reimburse the former Secretary of State.

There isn't much difference between a statesman's policy and a politician's prepossession.

If the "twilight sleep" is a means of enabling a lady to have a baby without knowing it isn't it contrary to public policy?

The Governor's non-partisanship proposition is meeting with the united opposition of all parties—a sort of non-partisan opposition.

"It is only because man has a fighting history that war is possible," says Professor George Malcolm Stratton of the department of philosophy, U. of C. Stimulated mentally by this forcible presentation of a tremendous idea, we venture to add that it is only because universities have a piffling philosophy that certain professors are possible.

Newspapers headline: "New Revolt Looms in Mexico." Let it loom, for we are watching and waiting.

Christianity has been barred from Korean schools. Which shows that the Koreans have become acquainted with American missionaries.

Direct government appears to have been balked in the enlightened State of Georgia where the pee-pul were denied the privilege of tearing their Governor into fragments.

President Faunce of Brown University speaks of "peace heroic and sacrificial." Which means we suppose the heroism of sacrificing the other cheek.

One of the papers calls him Rudyard "Ripling." Can't you imagine Gilbert Gesterton, Hilaire Helloc, John Jalsworthy, Rider Raggard, Hall Haine and Marie Morelli weeping over this misprint and sobbing, "Such is fame?"

# Gone!

**By John Galsworthy**

Not possible to conceive of rarer beauty than that which clung about that summer day three years ago when first we had the news of the poor Herds. Loveliness was a net of golden filaments in which the world was caught. It was gravity itself, so tranquil; and it was a sort of intoxicating laughter. From the top field that we crossed to go down to their cottage, all the far sweep of those outstretched wings of beauty could be seen. Very wonderful was the poise of the sacred bird, that moved nowhere but in our hearts. The lime-tree scent was just stealing out into air already bereft of the scent of hay; the sun falling to his evening home behind our grove of pines and beeches. It was no more than radiant warm. And, as we went, we wondered why we had not been told before that Mrs. Herd was so very, very ill. It was foolish to wonder—these people do not speak of suffering till it is late. To speak, when it means what this meant—loss of wife and mother—was to flatter reality too much. To be healthy, or—die! That is their creed. To go on till they drop—then very soon pass away! What room for states between, on their poor wage, in their poor cottages?

We crossed the mill-stream in the hollow, to their white, thatched dwelling; silent, already awed, almost resentful of this so-varying Scheme of Things. At the gateway Herd himself was standing, just in from his work. For work in the country does not wait on illness—even death claims from its onlookers but a few hours, birth none at all. And it is well; for what must be must, and in work alone man rests from grief! Sorrow and anxiety had made strange alteration already in Herd's face. Through every crevice of the rough, stolid mask, the spirit was peeping, a sort of quivering suppliant, that seemed to ask all the time: "Is it true?" A regular cottager's figure, this of Herd's—a laborer of these parts—strong, slow, and active, with just a touch of the untamed, somewhere, about the swing and carriage of him, about the strong jaw and wide, thick-lipped mouth; just that something independent, which, in great variety, clings to the natives of these still, remote, half-pagan valleys by the moor.

We all moved silently to the lee of the outer wall, so that our voices might not carry up to the sick woman lying there under the eaves, almost within hand-reach. "Yes, sir." "No, sir." "Yes, ma'am." This, and the constant, unforgettable supplication of his eyes, was all that came from him; yet he seemed loth to let us go, as though he thought we had some mysterious power to help him—the magic, perhaps, of money to those who have none. Grateful at our promise of another doctor—a specialist—he yet seemed with his eyes to say that he knew that such were only embroideries of Fate. And when we had wrung his hand and gone, we heard him coming after us. His wife had said she would like to see us, please. Would we come up?

An old woman and Mrs. Herd's sister were in the sitting-room; they showed us to the crazy, narrow stairway. Though we lived distant but four hundred yards of a crow's flight, we had never seen Mrs. Herd before, for that is the way of things in this land of minding one's own business—a slight, dark, girlish-looking woman, almost quite refined away, and with those eyes of the dying, where the spirit is coming through, as it only does when it knows that all is over except just the passing away. She lay in a double bed, with clean white sheets. A white-washed room, so low that the ceiling almost touched our heads, some flowers in a bowl, the small latticed window open. Though it was hot in there, it was better far than the rooms of most families in towns, living on a wage of twice as much; for here was no sign of defeat in decency or cleanliness. In her face, as in poor Herd's, was that same strange mingling of resigned despair, and almost eager appeal, so terrible to disappoint. Yet, trying not to disappoint it, one felt guilty of treachery. What was the good, the kindness, in making this poor bird flutter still with hope against the bars, when fast prison had so surely closed in round her? But what else could we do? We could not give her those glib assurances that simple souls make so easily to others concerning their after-state. Secretly, I think, we knew that her philosophy of calm reality, that queer and unbidden growing tranquillity which precedes death, was nearer to our own belief in perfect rest than would be the gilt-edged optimisms of the orthodox; but nevertheless (such is the strength of what is expected), we felt it dreadfully that we could not console her with what we did not ourselves believe.

"You mustn't give up hope," we kept on saying. "The new doctor will do a lot for you; he's a specialist—a very clever man."

And she kept on answering: "Yes, sir." "Yes, ma'am." But still her eyes went on asking, as if there were something else she wanted. And then to one of us came an inspiration:

"You mustn't let your husband worry about expense. That will be all right."

She smiled then, as if the chief cloud on her soul had been the thought of the arrears her illness and death would leave weighing on him with whom she had shared this bed ten years and more. And with that smile warming the memory of those spirit-haunted eyes, we crept downstairs again, and out into the fields.

It was more beautiful than ever, just touched already with evening mystery—it was better than ever to be alive. And the immortal wonder that has haunted man since first he became man, and haunts, I think, even the animals—the unanswerable question, why joy and beauty must ever be walking hand in hand with ugliness and pain—haunted us across those fields of life and loveliness. It was all right, no doubt even reasonable, since without dark there is no light. It was part of that unending sum whose answer is not given; the merest little swing of the great pendulum! And yet ——! To accept this violent contrast without a sigh of revolt, without a question! No, sirs, it was not so jolly as all that! That she should be dying there at thirty, of a creeping malady which she might have checked, perhaps, if she had not had too many things to do for the children and husband to do

[illegible] and the curtain, one of us leaned out. Herd was standing there in the bright moonlight, bare-headed, with roughened hair. He came in, and [illegible] That will be all right."

[illegible] stand by the hearth, and putting up his dark hand, gripped the mantel-shelf. Then, as if [illegible] he said: "Dude evenim, [illegible]." He stayed for a full minute, and his hand, taking some little china thing, turned it over and over without ceasing, and [illegible] his brother [illegible]. Then, very suddenly, he said: "[illegible]." And his hand turned over and over that little china thing, and the tears were [illegible]. Then, [illegible] and swaying like a man in drunk, he made his way out again into the moonlight. We watched him across the lawn and path, and through the gate, till his footfalls died out there in the field, and his figure was lost in the black shadow of the holly hedge.

And the night was so beautiful, so utterly, glamorously beautiful, with its star-flowers and its silence, and its trees clothed in moonlight. [illegible] was [illegible] as a dream of sleep. But it was long before our hearts, wandering with poor Herd, would let us remember that she had slipped away into so beautiful a dream.

The dead do not suffer from their rest in beauty. But the living ——!

---

# A City Taken

By Rothay Reynolds

[illegible] monastery and no city is more fragrant with the prayers of [illegible].

I arrived in Czenstochowa—the name is pronounced Chenstochova, with a strong accent on the syllable [illegible] nothing after a night in one train from Warsaw. The main street in the town, a broad thoroughfare paved with cobbles, had a dreary appearance. The people I passed spoke either Polish or Russian. Few Russians live there. The broad street led to a [illegible] of trees and beyond was a towering wall of rock, crowned with battlements above which rose the roofs and tolly towers of the Monastery of St. Paul. And the history of this monastery is the history of Czenstochowa. It was built a fortress as well as religious house. The Swedes besieged it twice: in 1665, when [illegible] and again in 1707, when [illegible] who are quartered in the town now may remember that that [illegible] the Lutheran [illegible] Polish by [illegible]. The last page of Czenstochowa was in 1806, when the [illegible] of Russian Poland. And they will hardly [illegible] Queen [illegible] the monastery, [illegible] Czenstochowa [illegible] from Germany and Austria as well as from Russia.

[illegible] Czenstochowa a pilgrimage [illegible] Czenstochowa was [illegible] the Pope [illegible] Poland, [illegible] Portuguese [illegible] possessed houses only in Poland and Portugal. The people of the countryside came to pray before the picture the Evangelist had painted and they claimed that their prayers were heard. Tales of miracles worked at Czenstochowa were told and, believing that the Virgin had chosen that spot in which to show surpassing pitifulness and benignity, pilgrims flocked there to pray. Lands were bestowed by the great on the monastery,—at one time a thousand of all the territories in Poland belonged to it—and kings came [illegible] to behold the miraculous picture. To the Virgin of Czenstochowa was given the title of Queen of Poland. The earthly prince wears the crown of Poland now and the sweet Majesty of Czenstochowa remains the undisputed sovereign of Polish hearts. And this is not a rhetorical phrase; it is a statement of the truth, as will be seen.

From the windows in front below the heights on which the monastery of St. Paul stands, I [illegible] the long road leading to the top of the Jasnagora, the Bright Hill, and found myself on an open front of level ground, a terrace, on the edge of which the [illegible] I crossed over a stone bridge, spanning the dry moat of the monastery, and, going through a great court-yard, entered the church. I had come straight from the station and it was not yet seven. Within the church, a vast building which can hold [illegible] people, and from a chapel came the sound of violins making music while a priest read mass. On either side of the confessionals knelt rows of men in long tunics and high boots and women [illegible] on their heads. They knelt so close that it seemed certain some must hear the secrets whispered through the gratings of the confessionals, on which were crucifixes or fortifying pictures of [illegible] who refused to reveal a Queen of Bohemia's confession to her husband and was thrown into the river at Prague by the King's order. And as each penitent was shrived, he went up the great church and into the Holy Chapel, a spacious place with galleries and cherubic carving that gave it a Jacobean air.

When I entered this chapel a priest was saying mass and the number of people kneeling before the altar was so great that there did not appear to be room on the floor for the feet of [illegible]. Pressed on by those behind me, I struggled through the crowd and stood still, [illegible] I had forgotten my [illegible] wondering whether it was a mistake that I found room for my limbs on the stone paving. The people round me were absorbed in their devotions, reading prayers from Polish prayer-books, or repeating the Paters and Aves of the rosary, or praying with eyes fixed on the wonder-working picture above the altar. And the picture was a blackened board on which were roughly marked, all but obliterated by time, the forms of the Holy Virgin and her Divine Child. The Madonna of Dresden, most lovely and most appealing of all Madonnas, is visited by tourists and connoisseurs of art; before the Madonna of Czenstochowa, black and not comely, the prayers of pilgrims have ascended for centuries. And after praying with the fervor of Salvationists, the crowd went up to the altar rails. The priest placed the white host upon their tongues and they returned, walking slowly with half-[illegible] eyes.

And all day they thronged the church and the precincts of the monastery. Some lay flat on their faces in the court-yard before the church, purifying themselves with prayer before they entered its doors. Some walked round the ramparts, stopping before each of the bronze groups of statues, representing the incidents of Christ's progress from Judgment to the Cross, which were raised up on piles of granite, whose bases were in the moat, now a pleasant garden. A pilgrimage arrived. First came a brass band, then girls in white dresses, bearing an image decked with flowers, then a little procession of men and women. They swept into the court-yard and the band stopped playing before they entered the church. When they came out, I talked with one of the men who spoke Russian.

"Our village is two days' journey away," he said.

"And you have come on foot?" I asked.

"Of course," he said.

In these parts, where misery has made faith strong, a pilgrimage to the shrine of Czenstochowa is the most thrilling, the most splendid of adventures. There is the strange experience of sleeping in a pilgrims' hostel, of picnicking there with other pilgrims, of talking with strangers, and, when religious exercises are over, the delight of going to see a panorama of Jerusalem. On winter nights they tell the tale of a pilgrimage to Czenstochowa in a thousand Polish homes.

Above the head of the black Virgin I saw that a crown of diamonds sparkled. It was stolen a few years ago and Pius X sent a new one. They said that the Tsar suggested that it had not occurred to him to forestall the Pope's generosity. Had he done so he would have been praised in

(Continued on Page 17.)

# Poems About San Francisco

## CCII—THE CHINESE

(From the time that Bret Harte celebrated "The Heathen Chinee" the Chinese have been a favorite subject with Californian writers. San Francisco's Chinatown has been the inspiration of many poems, several of which, by Ralph Gibbs, Wallace Irwin and others, have appeared in this series. The following is taken from Howard V. Sutherland's "Songs of a City" published here in 1904.)

By Howard V. Sutherland

By twos and threes
From out the mist
The weird Chinese
Glide forth to tryst.

Yellow and drawn are their passionless faces,
Dull are their eyes;
Blue are the lips of each mouth, closely shaven,
Stranger to sighs.
Each has a pigtail that dangles behind,
Each lets his shirt-tail fly loose in the wind;
And, added to that,
Every Chinaman's hat
Is wide in the brim, in the crown very low.
Other hats seldom go—
Not with John.

Work is now over for them. They have served us
Better than Japs—
Cooking, and washing, and waiting, and dusting,
Stealing, perhaps.
John is a good one at gravies and pies,
And other creations from shortcake to lies;
And if he provides
For his own folk besides
Perhaps he's a pull with his favorite Joss—
"It's nobody's loss,"
Thinketh John.

They look pretty solemn. And yet, if you followed
Slumming tonight,
Then you might see how those eyes, strangely leaden,
Smoulder with light
Born of strange fancies that opium gives,
When, for an hour, the Chinaman lives;
And the cares of the day
Are driven away
By visions of almond-eyed maidens who smile
For a very short while
On poor John.

By twos and threes
Behind the mist
The weird Chinese
Glide forth to tryst.

# The Spectator

**A Plea for Neutrality**

"Sacry blue!" exclaimed the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, and as he uttered this expletive in the best Embarcadero French he tossed a newspaper behind him.

"What's troubling you?" I inquired in some concern.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know whether you know it, but I'm neutral."

I intimated to the clock winder that he was talking in riddles.

"Ma foy!" he rebuked me, "I thought a quick garcon like you would comprenny my drift. I'm so neutral that any violation of neutrality gives me pain. And the newspapers are violating neutrality to beat the band."

I asked for a bill of particulars.

"Neutrality," the clock winder expounded, "can be violated by silence as well as by too much talk, and that's the way the newspapers are violating it just now. My French friends have a legitimate kick coming."

"As for instance?" I queried.

"As for instance, the way the French Building at the Fair has been overlooked by the papers," he answered. "I've been watching the papers every day for news of the French building, and it's mighty little I find on the subject. The only showing the French make in the papers these days are the ads for the White House and the City of Paris, and the commoonikays from General Juff. The papers are trying so hard to be neutral that they're overdoing it. And I don't like it. If I was Raphael Weill I'd have something pretty plain to say and do about it."

**Rubbing It In**

"Take the Examiner, for instance," continued the clock winder. "My dear old pal Hearst is very fond of the Germans, but he is kind of attached to the French, the Irish, the Italians and some other nationalities as well. But is he giving the French a fair shake at the Fair? When the French opened that building of theirs, what did the Examiner do? Did they send out an American reporter to tell how reshershay and tray sheek the French building was? No, the Examiner did not. It sent out a German art critic who pointed out that of course it was a fine building because the original of it was built for a German prince. That's what I call rubbing it in. And when Mr. Hovelacque came out here to lecture, did the Examiner report what he said about French art and French literature? I should say not. It quoted a few passing remarks he made on war conditions, so you'd think

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he was lecturing against the Germans. Is it any wonder they're kind of cold to Examiner reporters around the French building? The French are beginning to wonder whether they violated American neutrality by exhibiting at the Fair. They don't know what to make of the treatment they've received. They hadn't figured on neutrality being carried so far. They're proud of what they've done at the Fair, and they ought to be proud. They send a statue of Lafayette out here, and what does the Examiner's art critic say about it? He reminds us that Lafayette helped to destroy English domination in America. You know what I think?"

I begged the clock winder to give me his thought.

"Why," he said, "I think the Examiner is trying its best to be neutral by saying nothing of the French because the Examiner knows that whatever it says will have to be said in superlatives, and the Germans mightn't like that. And I think that Count Montgelas of Munich is putting one over on the Examiner. Every time I see him these days he has a smile on his face, and I think I know why he smiles. And as he's a loyal German I don't blame him a bit. But it's pretty hard on the French, nessay par?"

### Impressed by Feminine Beauty

An octogenarian with an eye for the woman beautiful is M. Saint-Saens. This I learn from a correspondent who has seen the albums presented to the United States by representative artists and writers of France to token their appreciation of the generosity which Americans have shown to France during the war. Saint-Saens was among the contributors to the writers' album. He wrote from San Francisco these words:

"Do not go to America, I was told. Everything there will shock you, displease you. 'Let us see for ourselves,' I said to myself. And behold, from the very first I have been charmed by this extraordinary country, where the future of humanity is being worked out. And besides, how not be pleased in a country where the women are so beautiful and so well dressed?"

### Bergson's Contribution

All the leading writers of France contributed to this French album. Professor Bergson who is coming to the Exposition wrote the following:

"I consider the fundamental note of the American soul to be idealism, an idealism with which sometimes is allied a certain mysticism and which always has strongly sentimental echoes. By idealism I mean a combination of tendencies difficult to define, but scarcely needing definition; curiosity about matters of the mind and spirit and a habit of placing them above all others; a desire to give to life an ever richer framework, and an object that is always more and more elevated, and above all a very keen feeling for the eminent dignity of the human being. Whoever has lived in America knows that all that is very American."

### Anatole and Maurice

Anatole France sends a brief apostrophe to the country. "America," he writes, "born gloriously in the tempest, nurtured from childhood by liberty on the milk of the strong, thou, who dost consecrate thy robust youth to superhuman works, people just and magnanimous, Hail!" Some of the contributors took occasion to express their anti-German sentiment, as, for instance, Vincent d'Indy, the composer, who indulged in a conditional prophecy thus: "The day that the United States rids its orchestras and schools of German musicians, I am firmly convinced, that then will arise, for liberated musical America, the dawn of a new art, which will spread itself over the world in works truly beautiful and original." M. Maeterlinck's thoughts turned naturally to his country and he swatted the enemy. He says:

"A huge preying people, to punish an inoffensive little people for loyalty and heroism—which should have been venerated and knelt before, had the slightest feeling of human honor remained among it—a huge preying people had stealthily resolved to exterminate a race whose soul it knew was too lofty to be enslaved or rendered like its own. It was about to succeed, in the silence, powerlessness, or terror of the universe, when, from the other side of the Atlantic a great and generous nation took the little heroic people under its protection."

### Some New Sacraments

I quote from the Examiner of June 17:

"As in the days of long ago, when Balboa and his crew of adventurers set forth, the little band of officers and men who compose the crew of the Argentine training ship the Presidente Sarmiento, assembled in the romantic halls of the Argentine pavilion at the Exposition yesterday and received the sacraments of low mass."

I think the catechism will bear me out in my statement that the Catholic Church has seven sacraments, as follows: baptism, confirmation, penance, holy eucharist, extreme unction, holy orders and matrimony. The Examiner writer would have us believe that there are other sacraments, "the sacraments," namely, "of low mass." I should like to learn what these are, and when they were added to the list of seven I have enumerated. And I wonder if there are also "sacraments of high mass?"

### The Problem Solved

The water problem has been solved in precisely the way Town Talk has repeatedly said it should be solved. Several years have passed and much money has been wasted since it was first observed in these columns that there would be no water famine if the Supervisors and the water company would get together and agree on a rate that would produce revenue sufficient to enable the corporation to make necessary extensions. This was obvious enough, but it was deemed preferable to bulldoze the dear people. The advocates of municipal ownership had determined to force the people to buy Spring Valley, and to that end the people were to be made thirsty. But the people were stubborn. And the people began to clamor for water and now they are going to get it. There is one man in the Board of Supervisors who had the courage to revolt against the tyranny of a corrupt press and to upset the plans of Mayor Rolph and his associates. That man is Colonel James E. Power. It was Colonel Power who got down to brass tacks. He demanded to know on what basis the water company would pipe water to the districts in need of water, and then he proposed the fixing of a suitable rate. We have a few Supervisors with the courage of their convictions, but we also have a few corporation baiters playing the old game of proving their devotion to the people by nagging the public service corporations. These are the men responsible for the failure of the board to compromise on a gas rate, the consequence being that the city is involved in costly litigation with a company that has proved that it is deserving of a square deal.

### The Convention Bore

The World's Fair is in the heyday of the convention season, and the convention bore is having the time of his life. All sorts of organizations are in our midst, fighting over the annual election of officers, paying polite inattention to learned papers read by savants who never studied elocution, and enthusing momentarily over bronze plaques. Some of these conventions are the conventions of eminently respectable scientists, some of them are the conventions of men not quite respectable, and there are also the Eclectics. All of these conventions are receiving a great deal of notice in the newspapers which, with an overstrained neutrality, devote as much space to a convention of nobodies as to a convention of somebodies. And at all of these conventions the same phenomenon is to be observed. I refer to that curious person, the publicity seeker. This is the man who has studied the art of publicity more carefully and to better effect than he has studied his specialty. Perhaps I should say that publicity is his specialty. He knows that the easiest way to break into the newspapers is to be unconventional at a more or less conventional convention. He has never dreamed of advancing science, but sleeping and waking he dreams of advancing himself. And so, while the scientists give to their brethren in convention assembled the mature results of deep study and laborious research, this man seeks only to startle by being preposterous. Whether this man is the result of yellow jour-


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nalism, or has helped to make journalism yellow is a puzzle. Perhaps he and the saffron press have interacted about equally. To the serious-minded men who attend conventions he is a dreadful bore, but to the lay reporter who reports scientific conventions he is the one man worth while, since he is always good for a first-page story.

**Some Examples**

We have been treated to the antics of this convention bore in all their infinite variety, and the end is not yet. Take Dr. Wilse Robinson of Kansas City. It must be that the convention which brought this medico to San Francisco has suffered from his vagaries before, since he found the only platform for his preposterousness in the pulpit of the Hamilton Methodist Episcopal Church last Sunday. He preached there on "Fear and Anxiety as Causes of Mental and Physical Disability," as nearly spiritual a subject as has been discussed in certain local religious circles for some time. Sleep, he told the congregation, is not essential to life or health, and he proved to his own satisfaction that victims of insomnia who fear that their condition menaces them with insanity are the victims of an hallucination. Coming from a pulpit this sounds perilously like a special plea, since the preachers are wonderful provokers of sleep and would doubtless welcome the spread of insomnia among pew holders who find somnolence rather than edification in the Sunday sermon. There is also Dr. E. F. Otis, a delegate to the Pan-American Medical Congress from the Dominican Republic. Dr. Otis achieved the publicity he craved by banning the kiss. Osculation and tuberculosis go, if not hand in hand, at least lip to lip, in the opinion of this learned gentleman. He claims to be an authority on the transmission of diseases, though his remarks seem to stamp him merely as an authority on the transmission of kisses. One cannot help thinking that if kissing goes by favor, Dr. Otis must be ill-favored. He hasn't kissed the right ones. Then there is Dr. Thomas G. Elliott who finds hygienic peril in the ball room dances. He would have women dress more stuffily and dance less alluringly. This was sufficient to win Dr. Elliott a headline, and it is headlines he is after rather than converts. There is also Dr. Noble Price Barnes who has investigated, for newspaper publicity purposes merely, the effect of the tango on the big toe. Dr. Barnes finds the tango (which, he will be surprised to learn, is no longer danced) as great a menace to the big toe as it used to be considered to morals. He and Dr. Elliott may be taken as poison and antidote, or vice versa. The important thing is not to take them seriously, and nobody takes them that way in the conventions where they "spread themselves." They and all their kind are the necessary evils of the convention system. If there were a society for the suppression of bores they would be among the first to be silenced. Unfortunately, however, common sense is about the only thing which cannot be organized or assembled in convention.

**The Convention Myth**

Conventions have their place in science, just as (if Governor Johnson will pardon me) they have their place in politics. But there is a convention myth just the same. It consists in the delusion that conventions accomplish things. They don't accomplish things; they are the clearing house for things accomplished. If you don't believe this, consider the convention of dancing masters. The Turveydrops in convention assembled solemnly resolved that the fashionable dances should give way before their own invention which is called "The Balboa." So "The Balboa" has been much talked of in the press, and its steps have been carefully illustrated with very uninviting photographs. Should "The Balboa" become a really popular dance I shall be prepared to admit that what I call the convention myth is a convention fact. But I have never yet heard of dancing masters, in or out of convention, popularizing any dance. They tried hard to introduce that dance which Pope Pius was supposed to have praised in the height of the tango craze—"The Furlana," I think it was called. But they didn't succeed. And so the dancing masters in convention may boost "The Balboa," but they will continue to pay their rent and support their families from the fees of pupils who come to learn the one-step and the hesitation. The convention myth is also exposed by the inability of a Tooley-street convention to effect men's styles in dress. Every time the tailors convene they lay down new rules for evening dress, but what man ever pretended to follow these rules? Men buy a new outfit of evening clothes about every ten years, and in ten years the styles (as dictated by tailors' conventions) change about a dozen times, and nobody is the wiser.

**Mrs. Mighels' Book**

Twenty-two years ago Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels who was then Ella Sterling Cummins, brought out her book "The Story of the Files." Mrs. Mighels had gone to the magazine and newspaper files of California, and out of their riches had fashioned an exceedingly interesting and an immensely valuable book on the literature of this State. That volume is now out of print. Copies of it bring fancy prices at book auctions. It is one of the rarities of Californiana. Some time ago she was asked to get out a new edition, but refused, saying characteristically that the work was done and over with. But now she is going to bring out a new book to be called "Literary California" which will be a broad survey of the whole field of California literature, a rich field as all admit. The forthcoming publication of this work brings to mind the pother that was made just before Mrs. Mighels' other book was published in 1893. She


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had announced that she was about to publish a work entitled "A Review of California Writers." Certain members of the Women's Press Association took umbrage at this title, presumably in the fear that such of them as had not been born here would be excluded from the book. Ambrose Bierce came to Mrs. Mighels' rescue by saying it was true few California writers were born here, because the earliest emigrants did not belong to the "genius-bearing sex," but that they did their writing here and so were to be considered California writers. Arthur McEwen said that writers were Californian if they got their viewpoint here. But there was so much to-do that Mrs. Mighels changed the title of her book to "The Story of the Files," a title which she never liked.

### Champagne Competition

There has been keen rivalry at the Exposition among California wine men, and when the awards were made there was naturally a good deal of disappointment, for of course every brand couldn't win a grand prix. I was curious regarding the contests between the champagne manufacturers, and I was puzzled by what I read in the newspapers, for apparently a grand prix was awarded to two houses. On inquiry I received a very simple explanation of what appeared to be a confusion of awards. There were several white champagnes in competition, among them being Golden State and Paul Masson, which are the best known among California champagnes. The grand prix was awarded to Golden State. Paul Masson, however, received a grand prix for his Oeil de Pedrix, a fine pink champagne, which was entered in a class by itself, in which there was no competition. The Italian Swiss Colony is deserving of felicitations on its success and on its maintenance of standard. Golden State has been pronounced a champagne of the finest quality by several international juries. It received the grand prix at Turin, Italy, in 1911, at Ghent, Belgium, in 1913 and a few months ago at Genoa, Italy. At our Exposition the Italian Swiss Colony was awarded the grand prix for its Tipo Red, its Asti Rouge (sparkling Burgundy), its Chateau d'Asti and Chablis; also seven medals of honor and thirteen gold medals.

### The Tiniest of the Allies

There are now twelve nations at war. Doubtless you will have some difficulty in trying to name them all. You may think of Montenegro, and you may remember Japan, but what about San Marino? Here is the model republic of all the world, but how few of us count it among the combatants! Some of us never heard of San Marino until the other day when she threw in her lot with Italy. Yet San Marino is a very old nation. She is a republic so well governed that the makers of our Constitution deemed her worthy of study, and John Adams wrote about her in his "History of Republics." A tiny republic is San Marino, but not a toy one. She takes herself with becoming seriousness, and though her territory comprises only thirty-eight square miles of Appenine rocks and valleys, and her army consists of only 950 soldiers, she holds her head up as high as Monte Titano which rises a sheer cliff to more than 2600 feet above the valley, the highest point in the republic. San Marino is in Italy about twelve miles from the Adriatic coast and about the same distance from Rimini. Across the country from north to south is seven miles; from east to west, about five. It is wedged in between the provinces of Urbino, Pesaro and Forli. From Rimini an excellent road leads to San Marino through a rich, beautiful plain covered with olive trees and vines. As it ascends Monte Titano there is spread out a gorgeous panorama with the Apennines to the south and west and the Adriatic to the east; while far to the north stretches the Pineta that Boccaccio made famous in his "Decameron" and of which Byron sang in "Don Juan."

### The Father of His Country

San Marino was founded sixteen hundred years ago by a Dalmatian stone-cutter named Marinus, who after working for years at Rimini embraced Christianity and withdrew to Monte Titano to escape persecutions under Diocletian. His fame as an austere anchorite reached the ears of the noble lady to whom it belonged and she presented the mount to him and in addition a tract of land, thinking that Marinus, as was usual in those days, would found a monastery. He did this and more, for he founded a republic. Dying he gave Titano to his disciples, recommending them never to abandon it and "to organize a civil society and live always in perfect communion and peace based upon principles of virtue." Marinus was canonized after his death. His body rests in the principal church in the republic and his fete, which is the most important in the land, is celebrated on September 3.

### Her Model Government

There is much to be learned in San Marino by students of government. Men who have given much time to the study of government point to San Marino as a republic that has endured because it is so small. They say that the republican form of government is suitable only to a small stretch of territory and that big republics fall to pieces because of conflicting interests and the tendency of the multitude to rely on might rather than on right. Now while San Marino is a very small country of less than 10,000 people it has been deemed wise therein to safeguard the people against their own impulses and to look out for vested interests and to see that the majority shall not dictate to the minority. The government of the republic is really in the hands of a Great Council of Sixty, twenty nobles, twenty landowners and twenty peasants. The executive power is vested in two capitani reggenti, who are selected twice a year. With this short tenure of office there is not much of an opportunity for oppression by the executive, and with the close surveillance of the state accounts and treasury exercised by representatives of the Council of Sixty there is still less chance for graft by the officials. The judiciary is peculiar in that the judges are not chosen from among the people of San Marino, but from a foreign country. The last two judges, who have held office for two terms of three years each, were members of the Italian bar. San Marino has ministers plenipotentiary and consuls, the same as any other European country. She has a legation at Paris, and consuls at Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles, and she had a consul-general at Vienna and a consul at Trieste.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

**Mrs. Carolan, Connoisseur**

Let me voice the appreciation all art lovers feel toward Mrs. Carolan for lending a landscape by John Sargent to the Palace of Fine Arts. It was a nice thing for her to do. Landscape painting is Sargent's latest love, and we cannot have too many exemplars of his work in this medium. The landscape which Mrs. Carolan has lent to the Fair is a distinct enrichment of the Sargent room in the Palace of Fine Arts. And while I am expressing appreciation let me also voice my gratitude to the reporter on the Examiner who wrote the news of Mrs. Carolan's thoughtful act. I am indebted to this writer for the knowledge that Mrs. Frank Carolan is "an art connoisseur of international reputation." I did not know this. I have heard, of course, of such art connoisseurs of international reputation as Dr. Bode of Berlin and Dr. Berendsen of Munich. I shall now add Mrs. Carolan of California to my list.

**Her Services Needed**

As an art connoisseur of international reputation Mrs. Carolan can do Mrs. Daniel Jackling a service. Mrs. Jackling is worried by doubts as to the genuineness of a Luca della Robbia exemplar at the Fair. I should like to hear Mrs. Carolan's opinion on this work of art. Mrs. Carolan can be of great service to other people in society. There are, for instance, certain prominent people who think they have Corots, but haven't. Mrs. Carolan might point out to them that their Corots are spurious, and if they decide to replace them by true Corots she might pass upon the Corots they contemplate buying and so save them from repeating the mistake. And there is that picture in one of the "retrospective" rooms of the Fine Arts Building at the Fair which is marked thus —Velasquez? The question mark indicates, of course, that there is question as to the genuineness of the work. Will Mrs. Carolan please tell us whether the question mark belongs there? Then there is the so-called Millet in the Park Museum. What does Mrs. Carolan think of that? Indeed, there is a great deal of opportunity for Mrs. Carolan to display her connoisseurship in and about San Francisco.

**Mrs. Brice's Whistlers**

From the same authority I learn that Mrs. Elizabeth Tallant Brice, the widow of John J. Brice, has a collection of thirty-five Whistlers. I cannot but envy Mrs. Brice such a collection, especially since, as the Examiner reporter truthfully points out, "they are priceless from a sentimental and historic point of view and have an intrinsic artistic value besides." It might be well to explain, however, that Mrs. Brice's Whistlers are not peculiar in this regard. I think I may quite safely say that all Whistlers have "an intrinsic artistic value." Strange as it may seem, art critics regard the "intrinsic artistic value" of all Whistlers as greater than the "sentimental and historic" value on which the reporter lays particular emphasis. But perhaps the reporter was just stringing words together.

**A Million for the Kiddie**

If I were a little boy I'd choose a grandfather like former United States Senator Clark! Here is a man who is so delighted when he is presented with a grandson that he immediately settles a million on the youngster. He went down to San Mateo the other day to see the infant heir of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, and left a check for that very comfortable sum behind him. I don't suppose the youngster was much impressed with the gift, but he will be some day. If there were more generous multimillionaires like Grandpa Clark, there wouldn't be so much race suicide in high society.

**Charles Oelrichs Here**

Charles Oelrichs, the father of Mrs. Peter Martin, is in town, and has been seen almost daily lunching at the Palace with his daughter who is in the deepest mourning. Charles Oelrichs bears a striking resemblance to his deceased brother Herman. He is quite a young looking man, and as a matter of fact is only twenty years older than his daughter.

**The Reception to the Archbishop**

It is seldom indeed that men can be induced by their mothers, wives and brothers to attend an afternoon reception. So the presence of a large number of men at the reception to Archbishop Hanna Monday afternoon was a remarkable circumstance. The explanation of this unusual interest in the sort of social affair men are wont to avoid is to be found in the winning personality of the new Catholic Archbishop. Distinguished men left their professional or business duties for the afternoon and presented themselves at the Broadway home of the Garret McEnerneys to testify to the honor and esteem they have for the most prominent prelate of the West. The reception was notable as a society gathering. The most prominent women of the smart set were there, and the beauty of the gowns gave the occasion the semblance of a fashion show. It was a splendid tribute to character and personality, and hereafter Archbishop Hanna need not think of himself as a newcomer in San Francisco. The guests at that reception made it very clear to the Archbishop that he was "one of us." The reception was tendered by the Catholic Humane Bureau, a splendid charity in which Archbishop Hanna takes an especially keen interest. As president or the Humane Bureau Mrs. McEnerney, looking very beautiful in a gown of ultramarine lace over silver tissue, stood beside Archbishop Hanna and greeted the hundreds of men and women who called in the course of the afternoon. The tea table was presided over by Mrs. Marshall Dill who had the assistance of Mrs. Harry Sullivan. The McEnerney home was beautifully decorated with American beauty roses, sweet peas and asparagus ferns. It is needless to say that those who met Archbishop Hanna for the first time were immediately won by the charm of his manner and conversation.

**Hearst Buys a Room**

William Randolph Hearst is blossoming forth as something of a collector. He has just bought a famous Elizabethan room for his apartment on Riverside Drive, New York. The room is the oak room known as the "Julius Caesar Room," which was one of the state rooms in the mansion of Rotherwas in Hereford, England. It is one of several rooms of the highest historical and artistic importance which have been sold out of this mansion. It is described as a noble example of the finest period of late Elizabethan or early Jacobean decoration. The mantelpiece enriched with beautiful carvings contains the arms in polychrome and gold of the Bodenham and De la Barre families. Sir Roger Bodenham who built the room, married the De la Barre heiress.

**A Distinguished Guest**

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy will have for their guest for several weeks at their country home at Menlo Park Miss Marie English Jefferies who has been studying for grand opera in Europe. Miss Jefferies' voice has attracted some of the greatest singers of Europe, and she is well known to a great many of the most prominent singers everywhere. She has been under the tutelage of Mme. Sembrich for several years. Miss Jefferies was to have made her debut in Europe this year, but the war conditions prevented. Mme. Sembrich and Miss Jefferies were at Mme. Sembrich's villa in Switzerland when hostilities broke out. They were forced to leave and come to New York. Miss Jefferies is the grand niece of William H. English who was a candidate for Vice-President when Hancock ran for President. Her uncle is Mr. Alexander Hudnut, a New York banker. Mme. Sembrich has said many times to her intimate

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friends that Miss Jefferies will be the Sembrich of the future. Mme. Sembrich and Miss Jefferies hope to return to Switzerland the latter part of August.

### An Interesting Concert

Of interest to society as well as to musical circles of this city will be the song recital to be given on the evening of June 29 by Miss Elizabeth Latham at the St. Francis Hotel. This will be San Francisco's first opportunity to hear her exquisite voice since the concert she gave two years ago, just before her departure for New York where she has been studying, latterly under Professor Frederick E. Bristol. During the past few months Miss Latham has given song recitals in the homes of several of the social leaders of New York, among them Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. At these concerts she made a special feature of ballads from old English and French sources. She has, however, included more difficult numbers, selections from the world's greatest masters. Professor Bristol who has been Miss Latham's teacher has also had among his pupils singers famed the world over. Madame Nordica and Alice Nielsen are among those who have taken instruction from him. He predicts great things for Miss Latham's voice—an unusually clear, high soprano. The concert at the St. Francis Hotel Tuesday evening will have for its patronesses Mesdames Charles B. Alexander, S. Louise Bee, Arthur Francis Bridge, Francis Carolan, William H. Crocker, M. H. de Young, George W. Gibbs, Joseph D. Grant, George W. Hooper, Emma Shafter Howard, George W. Kelham, C. Frederick Kohl, John Dempster McKee, C. O. G. Miller, Charles C. Moore, Arthur Murray, William Mayo Newhall, James Otis, Henry Payot, Osgood Putnam, Henry T. Scott, Stanley Stillman and Miss Jennie Hooker.

### The Bryans and Society

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan has been snubbed a good deal and very markedly since her husband resigned his Cabinet position. Two or three prominent hostesses who were to entertain in her honor have made excuses of a rather transparent sort to get out of their dates with her. One found it necessary to leave Washington. Measles or the whooping cough suddenly developed in the nursery of another. And so on. Wires have been pulled to prevent others from following suit, and it is said that in one instance the President interfered to save Mrs. Bryan from embarrassment. The Bryans have not been popular, and when Bryan resigned the veneer of politeness which covered ill-will or indifference was brutally ripped away.

### At the Cecil

Judge and Mrs. J. M. Hyland entertained at dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel Cecil. The table was adorned with Duchess roses and maiden-hair ferns. After the elaborate repast the party attended the theatre. Colonel and Mrs. L. Mervin Maus, U. S. A., have been guests for the past week. They entertained a coterie of army friends at dinner Monday evening. The circular table was ornamented with pink carnations and lace ferns. The dinner was given in the private dining room of the hotel. Among the passengers on the steamer Korea from Manila were Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Carmen. They have taken an attractive apartment. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hartzell and Mr. John Hartzell are among recent arrivals. They belong to one of the most prominent families in Minneapolis.

### At the Somerton

Among the visitors from Southern California are Mr. and Mrs. A. Noble, Mrs. N. A. Fisk, and Mrs. W. W. Fisk who are residents of Pasadena. They are registered at the Somerton. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Harwood of South Bend, Ind., are enjoying their visit hugely. Mrs. G. H. French and Mrs. F. E. Woving of Brookline, Mass., have taken an attractive apartment. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hobart arrived from Chicago Monday and are registered. They plan to be in San Francisco for a fortnight.

### Ratto's New Place

There is no need of telling the gourmet who Ratto is. Every San Franciscan who was familiar with the best places to eat knew Ratto and Ratto's place in the good old days before the Fire. Ratto started thirty-five years ago, so he has one of the longest culinary records of the Italian restaurateurs of the city. And now Ratto opens in a new place. He is taking the location on Pine street where Coppa used to be. Ratto's will have cooking of the same old splendid quality; there will be the same jolly Bohemian atmosphere; there will be the same old regular dinners and luncheons for those who want them, and the a la carte service for those who prefer that. And there will be the special dinners for which Ratto is famous, the dinners for which he cooks the paste with his own skillful hands. You who know Ratto's, are you not glad to hear this news?

### The New Floor at Techau's

The new maple floor in the center of the main cafe at Techau Tavern is a busy spot during the dinner hour every evening. The enjoyable Candy Dances now begin at eight o'clock, and the change seems to be greatly appreciated judging by the attendance. Souvenir boxes of Foster and Orear's unequalled candies are presented to the ladies at these dances, and the reputation of this confectionery is so favorably established that the attendance is undoubtedly increased by reason of this feature. Each Wednesday night is still Carnival Night, and the bags of fun-making souvenirs, one of which is presented to each guest, do much to enliven these occasions.

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# Gossip of the Theatre

**Elsie Ferguson in "Outcast"**

In the years that have passed since he worked on Town Talk Hubert Henry Davies of San Francisco and London has learned to write good plays. "Outcast" is a very good play. It has truth, sincerity, naturalness and interest—elements not very frequently found together in the plays of today. Thanks be to Davies, there is no "punch" in "Outcast." There is no melodrama either, and only a moment or so of sensationalism. In the correct sense of the word, this is a comedy. The theme is a very old one, but that is no drawback, since it is a very live one. The problem of the kept woman is being faced all the time. Every man who keeps a woman must some day face it and solve it for himself. Generally speaking, experience, his own or that of others, is of small help. We have this problem in "Outcast," as we have had it in hundreds of plays. This time the man solves his problem by marrying the woman. That solution supplies a happy ending for the play, though I for one couldn't help thinking that with this "happy ending" the man's worst troubles—and the woman's—were just beginning. But that is neither here nor there. The point of interest is that the man in this play takes a mistress without prating of the evils of marriage or the sacred liberty of love; that he treats her as most men who have mistresses in real life treat them—with kindness, generosity and tact; that he breaks with her for what looks like a slight thing, but is really a very important thing; and that he takes her back and makes up his mind to marry her for reasons which are quite satisfactory to any person of intelligence. In other words, Davies' man acts as a real man might act. Not like every man might act, but as some men might and do. His play is as different as can be from the caricatures of reality, the hodge podges of melodrama, heroics, bathos and sentimentality which we are used to seeing on the stage when the playwright's theme is the kept woman. It is therefore a very welcome play, the more so as it is carefully written as well as rationally conceived. And it is very well acted by Elsie Ferguson, Charles Cherry and the six others who make up the small cast. Elsie Ferguson is a clever actress with limitations which she will probably transcend when she is a little older and more experienced. She is a comedienne with the ability to elicit tears as well as smiles. The tears I saw on a neighbor's cheek were not elicited during her big scene at the end of the third act, but during a charming bit of comedy at the end of the second act. When Miss Ferguson weeps herself, she is not quite convincing, and her storming is not quite impressive. But her lighter scenes she handles admirably, and I think that the other knack will come in time, for she seems to possess more than ordinary talent. Charles Cherry is a delightful actor, as we all know. How sad that there are not more like him on the stage! You never hear a false note from Charles Cherry. Davies is lucky to have two such players as these interpreting "Outcast." And speaking of luck, the lover of a good play well acted will be down on his luck if anything prevents him from going to the Columbia during the present engagement.

—Edward F. O'Day.

**The Saint-Saens Concert**

All that were there will long cherish the memory of it. The works of Saint-Saens are a joy in themselves. Given under the direction of the venerable composer himself they are imbued with a freshness and a buoyancy that are truly exhilarating. Saint-Saens was received with affectionate enthusiasm by his large audience, everyone in the hall rising to greet him as he appeared and walked to the conductor's stand. Never was audience in more sympathetic mood. It vibrated with emotion, and it thundered its applause. The Symphonie Episode Hail California, composed in celebration of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, is a colorful composition buoyant and uplifting, and especially captivating in the second movement. It is expressive melody at once pictorial and poetic, characteristic of the musician of whom Von Bulow said in his youth that nothing of a musical nature was unknown to him. There is no straining after effects in Saint-Saens, and nothing to remind of the impress of other composers' influence. The brilliant Saint-Saens helped France to understand Wagner, and he has always expressed the greatest admiration of the superiority and power of the great German's work, but musically he says that he never has belonged or ever shall belong to the same religion. . . . . On Saturday M. Saint-Saens conducted again and in other numbers. The "La Foi" number with its beautiful strands of tone was played in a way that made one feel the warm luxurious air of Egypt, and in the ballet from Henry the Eighth we were transplanted to ye earlie times of merry England. Saint-Saens has a fondness for writing organ parts in his orchestral pieces, but as played under his baton there is no impression of painting the lily or perfuming the rose. Miss Ada Sassoli had the honor to play a Saint-Saens harp fantasie and she delighted her listeners as did Mr. Horace Britt as 'cello soloist with the orchestra.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

**The Clever Jolson**

There is true gayety and real joy at the Cort Theatre, for there Al Jolson, the best musical comedy comedian on the American stage, is sparkling in a setting of beauty and sprightly mirth. It is the inimitable Winter Garden spectacle. This time it is called Dancing Around. It is in twelve sumptuous scenes, through which romp countless girls of all sizes and types, all young, graceful and pretty, and dressed and coiffed and turned out to look almost as alluring as the dainty French figurines in the French pavilion at the Fair. The Winter Garden shows have become fashion shows, so I suppose there is an excuse for the inevitable "run" through the auditorium. There are some pleasant-looking young men in the show, among them Harry Clarke who sings, but principally one goes to see and hear Al Jolson. He is screamingly funny as usual, daringly lively and refreshingly melodious. If this clever comedian were to devote three or four years to serious cultivation of his really fine voice there would be a new American baritone in grand opera. But of course he never will. He is too happy where he is. His imagination and intelligence will continue to make songs like "Sister Susie" and "Everybody Rag With Me" all the rage.

—H. M. B.

KITTY DONER

In "Dancing Around" with Al Jolson at the Cort

### "The Clansman" Continues

"The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," as it is more generally known, will start on its second big week at the Alcazar Monday. Despite the fact that this wonderful spectacle produced by D. W. Griffith has been shown for ten weeks in San Francisco, the popular demand for extending its presentation has been so great that the theatre management has arranged for the eleventh week of the exhibition. It is estimated that more than 150,000 persons have seen "The Clansman" during its run in San Francisco.

### Nazimova at the Orpheum

The announcement that the great emotional actress Nazimova will begin a two weeks' engagement next Sunday matinee is the most important that the Orpheum management has made since that of Bernhardt. This will be the first appearance here of Nazimova in vaudeville, and it is safe to predict it will prove one of the greatest of theatrical sensations. Nazimova is peerless as an exponent of emotional roles and in Marion Craig Wentworth's one-act drama "War Brides" she has achieved probably the greatest triumph of her career and created a tremendous furore wherever she has presented it. She wishes it understood that "War Brides" is neutral, its locale being any country at war. Little Nap, the chimpanzee, will return for a brief engagement in order that the school children of this city who are now enjoying a vacation may have an opportunity of seeing him. He is the only educated monkey who gives his performances alone, his trainer being absent from the stage. His different stunts are simply marvelous. Joe Cook, a master of travesty who by himself gives a humorous interpretation of an entire vaudeville show, will be a comedy feature. He burlesques all the familiar acts from overture to exit melody, including trapeze, magician, etc., and greatly to the enjoyment of his audiences. The Terada Brothers, two wonderful Japs, will present a really astounding perch act. Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin whose recent successful engagement was limited to one week, will return for another week only. Newhoff and Phelps in their successful comedy skit "In Care of General Delivery," and the Pantzer Duo will close their engagements with this program. It will be the last week also of the psychic wonder Mercedes and the marvelous mystic Mlle. Stantone in their occult revelation "The Musical Enigma" which is causing much wonder and discussion.

### Two Soloists at K. and C. Hall

There will be an unusually attractive feature at this Saturday's matinee of music given under the auspices of Kohler and Chase. There will be two soloists entirely new to the musical public of San Francisco. They are Miss Luz Marin, lyric soprano, and Miss Amalia Marin, pianist, who recently arrived here from Mexico. The former possesses a voice of fine flexibility and range suited to the interpretation of lighter vocal compositions, inasmuch as she sings with refinement of style and daintiness of execution. Miss Amalia Marin is a pianist of splendid artistic resources, being an exceedingly clever interpreter as well as an accomplished technician. She will undoubtedly make an excellent impression on her audience. The father of these two capable young artists Roberto T. Marin, recently died in Mexico City where he was known as a leading baritone soloist and head of the vocal department of the Conservatory of Music of the City of Mexico. He was one of the most distinguished musicians of his country. G. Vargas will add to the pleasure of the afternoon by playing some of the accompaniments to Miss Luz Marin's vocal solos and also a series of instrumental compositions on the Knabe Player Piano.

### Al Jolson in a Great Show

Al Jolson begins the second week of his engagement at the Cort in "Dancing Around" Sunday, June 27. In this new Winter Garden extravaganza, with its "drove of dainty dimpled divinities," a company numbering over a hundred, Al Jolson has achieved his old-time success,—a success which consists in convulsing audiences with his drolleries and delighting them with comic and sentimental ditties.

MISS ETHEL OHL
Champion lady rough rider in "Pastimes of the Plains" at Pantages next week

### The Last Saint-Saens Concert

The third and last of the Saint-Saens concerts will take place at Festival Hall this Sunday afternoon, at half past two. The program will be of peculiar interest, for the composer will conduct, for the first time here, his Oratorio, "The Promised Land," which will be sung by the Exposition Chorus of three hundred voices, organized by Robert Husband and trained by Wallace A. Sabin. The soloists for the Oratorio will be Mrs. Marie Partridge Price, soprano, Miss Fernanda Pratt, contralto, Charles F. Bulotti, tenor, and John Francis Jones, barytone. "Hail California," the symphonic episode, will again be given by the Exposition Orchestra of 80, Sousa's Band of 65 and Wallace A. Sabin who presides at the organ. The remaining numbers of the program will be the "Marche Heroique," the symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," the barcarolle, "A Night in Lisbon," and two movements from the delightful "Suite Algerienne." Seats are to be obtained at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.

### Two Big Features at Pantages

A brace of strong headline features head the new bill at Pantages Sunday, consisting of "Arizona Joe" and his band of cowpunchers, and a genuine sensation in the musical comedy field "Stars of the Movies." The last named production is now playing its third week in Los Angeles where it has created one of the biggest hits that city has known. "Stars of the Movies"


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shows lifelike portrayals of pets of the silent drama. Ed Armstrong, the well known musical comedy producer, who has been associated with the Essanay company for the past year, has arranged it for the vaudeville stage. This is the second trip of "Arizona Joe" and his cowpunchers. The troupe give a great offering called "Pastimes of the Plains" which feature Miss Ethel Ohl, the champion lady rough rider of the world. "Wampus," the unbreakable broncho, is still the life of the act. Leonard, Anderson and company will keep the audience in giggles with a travesty on Julius Caesar entitled "When Caesar C's Her." The Three Rianos have a jolly acrobatic offering. Venita Gould with her impersonations showing well known stage celebrities, and Edna Northans and Jack Ward, neat and refined singing and dancing duo with a Charlie Chaplin comedy, will round out the rest of the show.

**Second Week of "Outcast"**

Miss Ferguson has brought with her the original New York and Chicago company in "Outcast," and no less popular a player than Charles Cherry is the leading man of the organization. "Outcast" has made a big hit and the second week of the engagement is already being bought up in big blocks by theatergoers. There will be no Sunday night performances. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**La Loie at the Fair**

La Loie Fuller and her company of artists from Paris are announced for four more delightful entertainments at Festival Hall during July, Saturday evening, the third, Sunday afternoon, the eleventh, Wednesday evening, the twenty-eighth, and Saturday afternoon, the thirty-first. Those who have witnessed the wonderful spectacles offered by Miss Fuller do not wonder at the success achieved by this mistress of light during her long stay in Europe. The announcement of the coming performances will undoubtedly be greeted with pleasure by those who love the artistic. Incidental music will be furnished by the Exposition Orchestra of 80 musicians, under Richard Hageman, while Georges George, Miss Fuller's own conductor, will conduct the dancing numbers. By request the beautiful "Dance of the Great Black Opal" will be repeated, along with "A Night on Mont Chauve" and "The Sirenes." The prices will be popular, from fifty cents to $1.50. Seats at the Exposition box office, 343 Powell street.


**FESTIVAL HALL**
**EXPOSITION GROUNDS**
**Sunday Afternoon, at 2:30**
**LAST CONCERT**
**By the Illustrious Composer**
**SAINT-SAENS**
**Assisted by Eminent Soloists, Exposition Chorus of 300, Exposition Orchestra of 80, and Sousa's Band of 65**
Splendid Instrumental Program and Saint-Saens' Oratorio
**"THE PROMISED LAND"**
Prices—$1.50, $1, 75c and 50c; box seats, $2. Seat sale at 343 Powell Street. Phone Sutter 6646.

**FESTIVAL HALL**
**EXPOSITION GROUNDS**
**July 3, 11, 28, 31**
**LA LOIE FULLER**
And Her
**COMPANY OF ARTISTS**
From the Theatre de Chatelet, Paris
**Assisted by the Exposition Orchestra of 80**
POPULAR PRICES—50c, 75c, $1 and $1.50; box seats, $2. Seats at 343 Powell Street. Phone Sutter 6646.


# A City Taken

(Continued from Page 8.)

all Poland and far beyond the Russian frontiers, in Austrian Poland and in Prussian Poland. For the 24,000,000 Poles of the world remain one. Ruled by three Emperors, dispersed over Europe and the American continent, they are still united, and wherever they are they think lovingly of the picture of the heavenly Queen of Poland.

The scene is a huge barber's shop in London; and do not think that I am jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous, on the contrary the little incident I have to relate seemed to me sublime. I had in my pocket-book a little picture of the Virgin of Czenstochowa and, finding that the man who was attending me was a Pole, I gave it him. He was an old man and had not been in Poland for years, but when he looked on the little copy of the ancient picture I saw that tears were not very far from his eyes. To him it was a symbol of Polish unity. And it is that to Poles who are not humble barbers or peasants, but men of education and great position. When the new crown of the Virgin of Czenstochowa was laid on her brow the coronation was attended by the greatest nobles of Poland and by her most noted public men and politicians. Men whose ancestors had been ministers of Polish kings thought themselves honored to bear the regalia to the Regina Poloniae in the magnificent ceremony. And in the plain below the ramparts of the monastery, where the coronation took place, half-a-million persons knelt in homage.

And Czenstochowa is now in the possession of Germans. Accustomed to calamity, the Poles are perhaps not greatly moved. While they are divided under the sway of three Emperors their attachment to their rulers can hardly be profound. They are more to be pitied than any people in Europe during the war in which the nations are involved. Poles are fighting in the armies of Russia and Austria and Germany. Men united by ties of blood and of relationship find themselves enemies. But out of the welter of war the Poles hope good will come. Boundaries must change when the time of reckoning and of settlement arrives. The Poles hope that fate will again unite them and that under whatever Power they may be placed, Europe will see that the promises of the conservation of their nationality, made to them a hundred years ago at Vienna, shall at last be fulfilled.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

BANK OF ITALY, Southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets; MARKET STREET BRANCH, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1915. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1915, will earn interest from July 1, 1915.

L. SCATENA, President.
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank, 526 California street; MISSION BRANCH, corner Mission and 21st streets; RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, corner Clement street and 7th avenue; HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1915.

2 GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14914, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. PICKARD, Deceased.

CLARA E. PICKARD, administratrix of the estate of ORSON L. PICKARD, also known as O. L. Pickard, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real property of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Wednesday, the 30th day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administratrix to sell the whole or so much of the said real estate as may be necessary.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, San Francisco, this 22nd day of May, 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

EDWARD J. LYNCH,
Attorney for Administratrix,

**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 64420; Dept. No. 10.

MAMIE CARY, Plaintiff, vs. MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MICHAEL CARY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1915.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
705 Chronicle Bldg.,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-29

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.—No. 19178; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ROSE G. HALLER, Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Wise & O'Connor, 516 Wells Fargo Building, corner Second and Mission Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

ROSE G. HALLER,
Executrix of the estate of JOSEPH P. HALLER, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

WISE & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Executrix,
Wells Fargo Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.—No. 19155; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his Attorney, PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ., 901-907 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in matters connected with said estate of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

AXEL SONDERUP,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELEONORA CAMILLA SAXTORPH, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 26, 1915.

PAUL F. FRATESSA, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executor,
901-907 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-5

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1915, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1915. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1915.

2 H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The main speculation has still kept away from the railroads and old line investments and has concentrated particularly on the mining and war stocks. These issues are marked up day by day due to the constant rumors of further orders and mounting prices for copper and other metals. It is in such stocks that speculative profits can be made rather than in the former leaders of a bull market. This country's financial position is growing stronger each day. Standard railroad stocks and bonds were strong and in fair demand, though reports of earnings indicated hesitation in business circles. Net earnings have increased by the reduction of costs of maintenance and operation rather than by the heavier traffic. Gross earnings reflect business done, and the railroads are not yet reaping the full benefit of the revival in new business. If the industrial situation has improved nearly as much as the prices of many industrial and mining shares, railroad earnings will soon show large gains over last year. Copper, lead and zinc are selling at prices that should bring the output of every real mine up to full capacity. The mining regions of the West are also sheep and cattle country and the price of wool is relatively as high as copper or lead. The ranges are in good shape, having received more snow and rain than usual and the whole intermountain country is more prosperous and hopeful than in many years. This means long and profitable hauls for the railroads and larger purchases of dry goods, furniture, lumber and mining machinery from the East. In the grain belt the farmers sold last year's crops at high prices and have in sight crops equally as promising. The winter wheat harvest in the Southwest is in full swing and the yield is satisfactory. For mixed farming recent rains have done more good than harm by improving pasturage and oats even if corn is backward. In the South the only thing to worry about is the possibility of having too much cotton, the weather having been so nearly ideal in the last six weeks.

**Wheat**—Prices are at a much reduced level compared with that of a week ago, our decline being led in a degree by weakness in spot prices at Liverpool. The influence in our market has been the near approach of the new crop with the anticipated pressure of hedging sales which are expected to gradually increase in volume. The size of this selling so far is not large, but the effect of it on sentiment has been accentuated by the absence of an export demand for new crop wheat. There has been a moderate foreign demand for old wheat, but Liverpool has been reported as reselling the new. The Government's figures give promise of a large crop notwithstanding that some damage has been done and some is yet being reported. Crop conditions in the countries at war are not so favorable even on a reduced acreage, according to advices being received at present, but prices at Liverpool were regarded as being depressed by more liberal Indian shipments, better conditions in the Argentine and the larger yield expected in Australia, Canada and the United States. Clearances from this country are below former weeks, while the primary movement is nearly equal to last week's. The big decline which has already occurred in prices no doubt discounts to a considerable extent the effect of the new crop, and as the expectation of lower prices has become quite general, congestion may easily develop around this level from an oversold condition; besides which, there is the foreign demand which may at any time now come to the surface.

**Corn**—Prices have changed but little, although they were at one time considerably below today's figures. There has, however, been a recovery which is fairly well maintained, the strength being the result of a good demand through commission houses and liberal purchases for the short interest. This demand originates from the fact that conditions are looked upon as being quite backward in some sections because of unfavorable weather. Country offerings are moderate, while the domestic demand is fair, with some export inquiry. Around the levels of recent days the market displays a strong undertone and great resistance to pressure, making it probable that prices are likely for the present to show an advancing tendency.

**Cotton**—The range of prices in the cotton market the past week did not exceed 20 points either way. There seemed to be a good demand around 975 for October and plenty for sale around the 10 cent level. Outside trade was small and of a scalping kind. Local professionals are all bearish and furnish the cotton on the swells. Crop reports are uniformly good, although the crop is said to be late in some sections of the belt. Spot demand is quiet and the Liverpool market has shown a declining tendency and a very indifferent demand for the actual cotton. Holders of spot cotton in the South are holding on with the expectation of a crop scare next month to give the market an upward trend. Next month is the real beginning of the crop scare period and owing to the limited use of fertilizer this year, a crop scare is in order. Growing conditions to date are almost perfect with few complaints of insects, and it will take a period of crop scares to take the market out of its present rut. On the other hand, if conditions remain as they are for another 30 days, holders of spot cotton will become uneasy and prices will decline. The visible supply is large and even with a small crop the carry-over from last year's crop will make the supply this year look like a big crop. We believe prices will work lower.

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**SUTRO & COMPANY**
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Detailed Information in Regard to Any Security Will Be Furnished Upon Request
MEMBERS
The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

**ORDER APPOINTING TIME OF HEARING OF PETITION TO EXECUTE CONVEYANCE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19134; Dept. 10. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of EMMA J. C. KEYES (also known as and called EMMA KEYES), Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of MELVINA CATHERINE HOLT (also known as Vina Catherine Holt and also as Lavinia Holt), Executrix of the Estate of Emma J. C. Keyes (also known as and called Emma Keyes), deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing the said Executrix of the above named estate to complete the agreement of her decedent, by executing a deed of conveyance to Niels K. Andersen and Mary F. Andersen, his wife, of that certain real property situate in the County of Alameda, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Thirty-seventh Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet westerly from the western line of Market Street; running thence westerly along said line of Thirty-seventh Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle easterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being lot number 14, in block "B," as laid down and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Map of a portion of Mrs. M. J. Evoy's Property, Subdivided December 5th, 1876, W. F. Boardman, C. E., etc., filed May 2nd, 1877, in the County Recorder's office of Alameda County."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the 12th day of July, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number 10 thereof, located in the City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, be and the same hereby are, appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any per[illegible] interested in said estate may appear and make objections to the granting of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to publish due notice thereof in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for not less than four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of Superior Court.

L. T. JACKS, Attorney for Executrix,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

**The German Savings and Loan Society**
(THE GERMAN BANK)
Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial
**526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO**
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco
The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:
MISSION BRANCH, S. E. Corner of Mission and Twenty-first Streets
RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner Clement and Seventh Avenue
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner Haight and Belvedere
DECEMBER 31, 1914

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets | $58,584,596.93 |
| Deposits | 55,676,513.19 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,908,083.74 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 188,521.05 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,442 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.
For the 6 months ending Dec. 31, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

**E. F. HUTTON & CO.**
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MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR., Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. A. Sanderson, California-Pacific Building, No. 105 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the, and his, place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

WILLIAM H. CRIM, SR.,
Executor of the Will of ROBERT HIGGINS, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. A. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Executor,
California-Pacific Building,
San Francisco, California. 6-12-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 16550; Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as a portion of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract lying, situate and being in Contra Costa County, State of California, which said Subdivision "A" is shown on a map of said Tract made by Elam C. Brown and was filed in the office of the County Recorder of said Contra Costa County on the 6th day of February, 1905; and which said portion of Subdivision "A" of said Tract is more definitely described as follows, to-wit: All of Subdivision "A" to the center of the levee thereof, lying East and Easterly of a straight line extended Northerly and Southerly across said Subdivision "A" at the narrowest place in said Subdivision "A" between Piper Slough and False River; said leased tract estimated to contain 181 acres;

And now it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street between 8th and 9th Streets, on the 28th day of June, 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have, or any one of them may have why the realty hereinbefore described should not be leased to S. Belluomini and A. Belluomini for and during the crop year 1915 at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-third of all barley raised, harvested, thrashed, sacked and put upon the levee at a convenient shipping point; one-third of all beans sacked, crated or boxed to be placed upon the levee at a convenient shipping place; and one-fourth of all potatoes and onions sacked and delivered on the levee at a convenient shipping place, and there to be divided before any shipments are made.

For further particulars as to the terms of said lease reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is hereby ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for two successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, June 8th, 1915.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for Estate,
1055 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-3

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. J. Lermen, 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

AGNES NOLAN,
Administratrix of the estate of DELIA M. MULLEE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 5th, 1915.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Administratrix,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 66004; Dept. No. 15.

EMILY CLARK, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE CLARK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

PAUL T. OLIVIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
705 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-10


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Pullman Sleeper on train from Oakland Pier, connecting with boat from San Francisco Ferry Station 7:00 p. m. Leave Oakland (16th Street) 7:38 p. m. Connection at Truckee with Lake Tahoe Railway for Lake, arriving 8:30 a. m.

For Fares, Berths and Illustrated Folder, Ask Agents.

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXPOSITION LINE.


### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

PHILIPPINE REYMOND,
Administratrix of the estate of J. A. REYMOND (also called J. A. B. Reymond, also called G. A. Reymond, also called Joseph Reymond), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 29th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St, San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

MARGUERITE MASSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANCIS P. MASSON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 19th, 1915.

CHARLES S. WHEELER,
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorneys for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18887; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, Deceased.

JOHN W. SLATER, as Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH LOONEY, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of real property of said estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of June, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said JOHN W. SLATER, Administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased ELIZABETH LOONEY as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, May 21st, A. D. 1915.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court

ACKERMAN & OPPENHEIM,
Attorneys for Estate,
Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29


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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

LOUISE FILIATRAULT,
Administratrix of the estate of CLAUDINE COLETTE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1915.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-12-5

### CERTIFICATE OF USE OF FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2202.

(Cancelled, 10 cent Revenue Stamp.)

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under a fictitious name, to-wit, under the name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX."

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, San Francisco, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1915.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

Witness:
A. COMTE, JR.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 20th day of May in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, FLORA HALL, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed May 21, 1915.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-29

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